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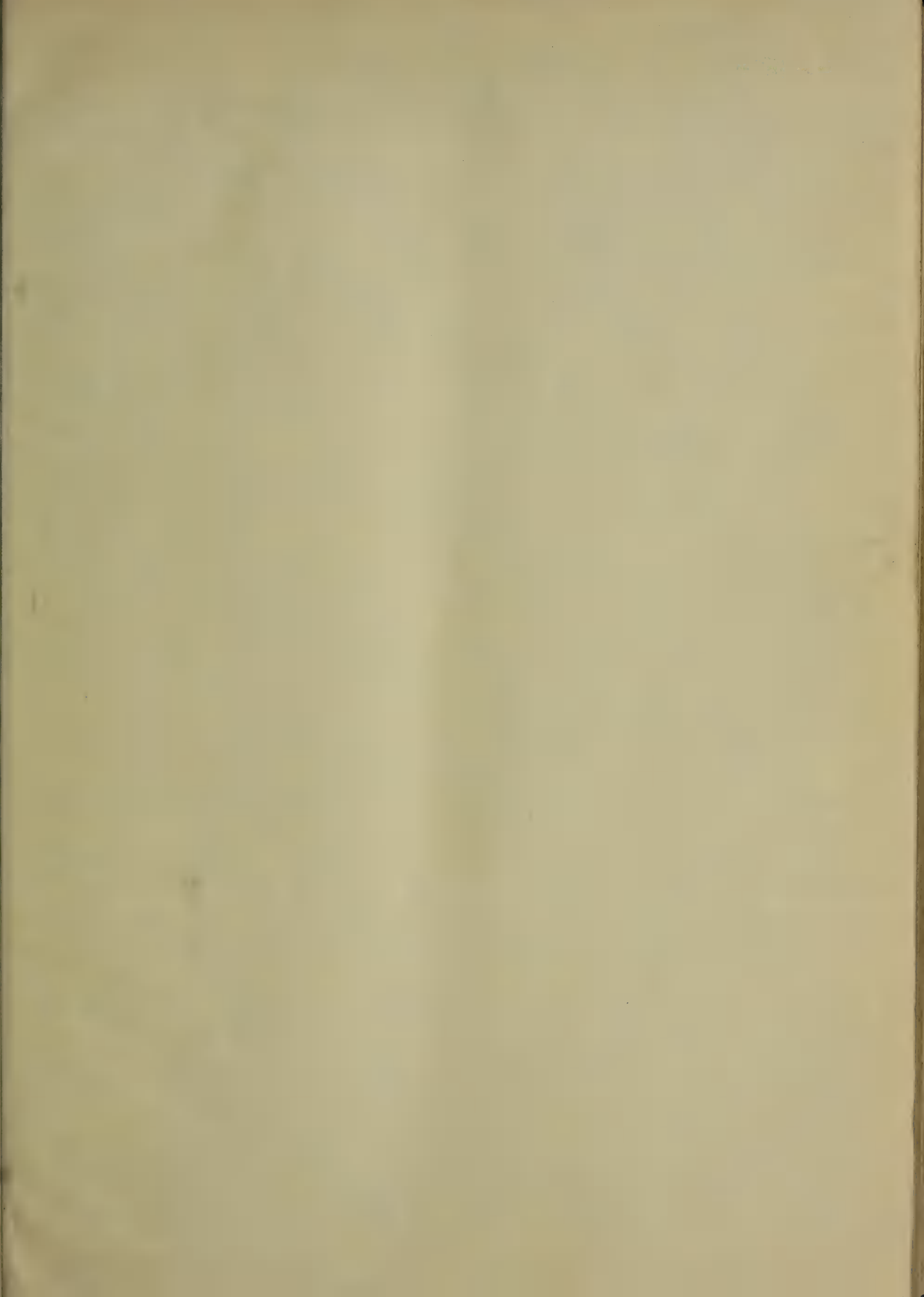
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LIBERTY IS A BIG WORD. Add American and you have a façade so imposing and opaque that one automobile magnate and three munitions manufacturers can hide behind it with scarcely a motive showing. The American Liberty League, "a non-partisan group," was founded last August to preserve constitutional rights, among others "the right to work, earn, save, and acquire property." At the December 20 performance of the munitions hearings—that hit of the Washington season in which the insurgent impresario from North Dakota is presenting the Three du Ponts in a little skit under Senate auspices—the cradle of the American Liberty League was revealed for the first time as being somewhere in Delaware. "You haven't much to do," wrote John J. Raskob last March to R. R. M. Carpenter, retired vice-president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, "and I know of no one that could better take the lead in trying to induce the du Pont and General Motors groups . . . to definitely organize to protect society from the suffering which it is bound to endure if we allow communistic elements to lead the people to believe that all business men are crooks and

that no one should be allowed to get rich." The organization, he continued, should encourage people to work and to get rich; and he concluded by saying, "Pierre, as a citizen, has set us a fine example. . . ." Pierre as a Citizen was followed by a sketch of Pierre and His Brothers as Munitions Makers, in which Senator Nye produced this letter from Major Casey of the du Pont Company to its Paris agent:

You must realize that our price schedule on rifle-powder sales to the United States government is 71 cents a pound. . . . The prices you have quoted figure, in the instance of sales to England, a gross selling price . . . of 54½ cents and in the instance of Belgium, of a price of 57.6 cents. . . . Since our sales to the United States total approximately 700,000 pounds of rifle powder annually, we cannot take the chance of this reduced figure being divulged.

At the same hearing it was disclosed that the du Pont Company made a net profit of \$228,731,000 from 1915 to 1918 and paid salaries and bonuses of \$225,015,000. Pierre, as Mr. Raskob said, has set us a fine example.

JAPAN'S ACTION in abrogating the Washington naval treaty marks the end of the first serious attempt at the international restriction of armaments. It is important to recall that the pact was concluded in conjunction with the Nine-Power Treaty, and that together the two agreements represented an effort to stabilize the status quo in the Pacific. Like all political documents, these pacts were the outcome of a compromise. The United States, which was at the time engaged in a huge naval building program, agreed to grant Japan a 5-3 ratio and to refrain from building fortifications in the Pacific, while Japan, in exchange, accepted in principle the territorial integrity of China and the Open Door policy. This agreement was broken, not by Japan's recent repudiation of the 5-3 ratio, but by its invasion of Manchuria in 1931. The subsequent fortification of its Pacific mandates in violation of the agreement with the League further destroyed the basis of the 1922 compromise. That the arrangement as a whole has proved a failure is evident. It has not restrained Japan from pursuing its imperialist course in Asia, nor has it prevented a race in naval armaments. The cause of the failure, however, would appear to lie in peculiar qualities of Japanese psychology and in the turbulent domestic situation in that country rather than in any inherent flaw in international agreements.

DESPITE PREMIER FLANDIN'S widely heralded recovery measures, it is evident that economic conditions in France are rapidly drifting from bad to worse. The recent closing of the Citroën automobile factory, one of the largest in Europe, because of acute financial difficulties is but a symptom of general economic deterioration. In the first week of December registered unemployment reached a record high of 385,000, and this figure is said to represent less than one-quarter of the actual number of jobless. Industrial production is falling, and bankruptcies are the highest of any period in the depression. Wholesale prices have declined 12 per cent in the past year without, however, bringing any ap-

preciable reduction in France's abnormally high cost of living. In agriculture the situation remains grave, though the Flandin government has introduced measures somewhat akin to the Roosevelt AAA program in an effort to prevent further overproduction of wheat and grapes. Only one industry appears to be flourishing and that—the arms trade—must, according to Premier Flandin, be accelerated at all costs. Despite the furor for government economy, the Chamber of Deputies recently approved a supplementary appropriation of 800,000,000 francs for defense, the bulk of which is to go directly to the munition firms.

ANOTHER THREE DOZEN or so bills have just been passed by the Louisiana "legislature," with Senator Long cracking the whip. Through a state budget commission, which he will of course control, the Senator now has complete power over the 15,000 school teachers in the state. Moreover, Long, in accordance with his plan to turn Louisiana into a single province governed by him, has abolished, through his Senate Finance Committee, local self-government in East Baton Rouge and has announced his intention in the near future of proceeding in like manner with the city of Baton Rouge. He also forced through both houses a bill, which the lawmakers had formerly rejected, removing from office the mayor and two commissioners of Alexandria, a city of 23,000 persons (who had, to be sure, duly elected their city officials), and levied a general and sweeping manufacturers' tax on every commodity except ice, bread, and milk. The third special session of the Louisiana Legislature thereupon adjourned *sine die* without having gone contrary to the wishes of Senator Long one single time. In the general chorus of meek acquiescence to the whims of King Huey there was one lone dissenting voice. A hero named G. W. Lester—may his fame be writ in enduring bronze!—rose and denounced his fellow-legislators as "putty-faced stooges" for accepting the Long program without a protest. When you count in the two journalism students at Louisiana State University, and Biff Jones, coach of the university football team, that makes at least four men in the state who are not afraid of the Louisiana Hitler.

FOR ABOUT TWELVE HOURS on December 19 there was civil war in Shelbyville, Tennessee, when a mob attempted to take a Negro prisoner, accused of the rape of a fourteen-year-old white girl, from the courthouse and was repulsed by the National Guard. Three of the mob were killed and a number seriously injured in the fracas; and when the militia had temporarily retreated after conveying the Negro to Nashville, the attacking party formed again and burned the courthouse to the ground. Out of this desperate and bloody story stand the important facts that the law was upheld, and that the Governor, Hill McAlister, when advised that violence was imminent and a lynching would be attempted, was courageous enough to order out the troops to protect the prisoner and the court. There are instances recorded of lynching mobs which were repulsed by a determined sheriff with a pistol; that the Shelbyville rioters could be conquered only by tear gas and machine-gun bullets is perhaps to be accounted for by the increasingly bitter economic competition between Southern whites and Negroes for the few jobs that exist. Race prejudice has been heightened by unemployment and starvation, as it undoubtedly was in

the recent torture and lynching of Claude Neal in Florida. All possible credit is due to Governor McAlister for preventing a repetition of that nightmare; but both the Marianna and the Shelbyville episodes should result in enormous pressure on Congress for the enactment early in the coming session of a federal anti-lynching law.

WHEN GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR brought suit for libel against the Washington *Times* Company, as publishers of the Washington *Herald*, and against Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, co-conductors of the Washington Merry-Go-Round, a column in that newspaper (and some 250 others), the case was front-page news all around the country. The sum involved was an impressive one for even a Chief of Staff to demand—\$1,750,000. The alleged libel lay in several statements by the columnists intimating that the General had pulled political wires to insure his reappointment and had otherwise conducted himself in ways unbecoming a high-ranking army officer. The suit was news for other reasons. In "City Editor," Stanley Walker of the New York *Herald Tribune* pointed to its importance as a test to determine the freedom of newspapers to comment on public officials. It was even rumored that men high in the ranks of the government were strongly, though not openly, backing the prosecution. Now the General has withdrawn his suit. The *Editor and Publisher* duly noted the fact and quoted a statement from Messrs. Pearson and Allen in which they said: "No money was paid by us to General MacArthur. . . . No apologies or retractions were given or asked for. Our position in the case is the same as it was when the General first filed suit, namely, that we stood ready to prove the truth of all that we had published." They also pointed out that "the abandonment of the suit emphasizes more clearly than ever the wide latitude which, under a free press, must be allowed for criticism of public officials." But in spite of this quite obvious moral, the General's retirement was not mentioned in the New York *Times* and was given little more than an inch in the *Herald Tribune*.

S. KLEIN, owner of the famous dress cafeteria on Union Square, New York, is having labor trouble. Specifically he is charged by the regional labor board with discharging sixty-four employees in November for union activity. The case was referred to Washington because the regional board has been unable to make a settlement, and Mr. Klein went personally to Washington to appear before the National Labor Relations Board. According to testimony before the regional board, Mr. Klein went to great lengths to keep "my kids," as he calls his employees, from self-organization: he intimidated employees who cast a friendly eye at the union and established an espionage system. The store has been picketed by the dismissed employees since the trouble began; their ranks have been kept more than full by the labor sympathizers to whom Union Square is unofficial headquarters; and a crisis occurred on December 18 when pickets and police met in a good old-fashioned Union Square "clash," in which fourteen pickets were arrested. Next to his low prices Mr. Klein is most noted for his elaborate precautions for preventing his customers from stealing clothes. His feeling toward labor unions and customers who steal seems to be the same. It might be stated simply as "God help those who help themselves."

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1934

FOR the seventh time *The Nation* offers a list of Americans who have distinguished themselves in various fields during the past year. Some of these persons have accomplished important and enduring work; others have merely shown personal courage and commendable adherence to high principles in particular situations. All of them are worthy of the appreciation of their fellow-citizens.

LLOYD K. GARRISON, for his excellent work as head of the National Labor Relations Board. Under his chairmanship the board faced squarely the basic issue of union recognition and defined it in a series of unequivocal decisions (most of them unhappily not yet enforced).

FRANCIS BIDDLE, who showed himself to be a worthy successor to Lloyd Garrison as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board when he and his colleagues decided the Jennings case on its merits and refused to back down before the concerted attack of the entire American press.

The EDITORIAL STAFF of *Fortune*, for their articles on the munitions industry, which stimulated the important Senatorial investigation of the subject.

DOROTHY DETZER, executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, for persuading, almost single-handed, the progressive Senate leaders to demand an inquiry into the arms trade, and for her many realistic activities in the interest of peace.

GERALD P. NYE, Senator from North Dakota, for his courage in demanding and his skill in conducting the investigation of the munitions industry.

MARY VAN KLEECK, for her brilliant analysis of the causes of social insecurity before the National Conference of Social Work, and for initiating one of the first practical attempts to remove this insecurity through social planning.

FERDINAND PECORA, for his skill in marshaling and presenting before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency evidence proving the illegal and socially destructive operations of our financial high-binders.

CHARLOTTE CARR, Secretary of Labor and Industry of the State of Pennsylvania, and CORNELIA BRYCE PINCHOT, for unflagging support of labor's fight for the benefits and rights promised by the New Deal.

UPTON SINCLAIR, who not only enlivened an otherwise dull election by his spectacular campaign for the governorship of California, but in so doing revealed the unscrupulous nature of the economic group at present controlling that state's destinies.

ROBERT M. AND PHILIP LA FOLLETTE, for their persistence and skill in establishing the new Progressive Party in Wisconsin and carrying it to victory a few months after its organization.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Senator from Nebraska, for winning the people of his state to support an extraordinary experiment, the abolition of their bi-cameral legislature and the

substitution of a single house of not more than twenty-five members.

HEYWOOD BROWN, whose role as president and chief defender of a trade union for newspaper reporters is probably the most ingratiating and important of his long career.

JAMES BRYANT CONANT, president of Harvard University, for his forthright letter refusing the scholarship offered to Harvard by Ernst Hanfstaengl, Hitler's right-hand man.

JOHN L. SPIVAK, for doing, in the *New Masses*, a lively and convincing job of muckraking, in nine articles revealing the extent and character of anti-Semitic Nazi propaganda in the United States.

JESSE H. CUTLER, student of Louisiana State University, who resigned his editorship of the campus newspaper, and, with DAVID R. MCGUIRE, was distinguished by being dismissed from the university for daring to criticize Louisiana's little autocrat, Huey Long.

JOHN WECHSLER, editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, for his able and courageous journalistic attack on all forms of reaction at the university.

CONSTANCE ROURKE, author of "Davy Crockett," who continues to apply great imaginative gifts and her talent for creative research to the important but little-heralded task of incorporating American backgrounds into American consciousness.

LOUIS ADAMIC, for "The Native's Return," which happily combines the best features of literature and propaganda.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, for "Wine from These Grapes," in which is demonstrated her capacity to sustain and develop her lyric inspiration.

PEGGY BACON, for "Off with Their Heads!" a volume of caricatures each accompanied by a brief word picture as witty and incisive as the drawings themselves.

THE GROUP THEATER, for its consistent and successful effort to take seriously all the arts of the theater, and, specifically, for its current production, "Gold Eagle Guy."

THE THEATER UNION, for steady progress in creating a "revolutionary theater" in which artistic integrity is not disregarded, and, specifically, for its production of "Steve-dore" and "Sailors of Cattaro."

HAROLD C. UREY, of Columbia University, for the discovery of "heavy water"—an achievement which not only is of great interest to pure scientists but seems to open up a new field of investigation likely to produce important practical results in medicine.

G. V. McCAULEY and J. C. HOSTETTER of the Corning Glass Works, whose skill and patience were largely responsible for the successful casting of a 200-inch mirror—the most difficult single feat in the construction of a new telescope which will put into the hands of astronomers an instrument far superior in penetrating power to any now in existence.

A Message to Congress

(Which the President Might Read to It)

TO THE CONGRESS: I come before you at the opening of the Seventy-fourth Congress deeply imbued with the profound responsibility placed upon me and the majority party by the result of the last election. It went far beyond any personal or party tribute; it was a vote of confidence, I believe, less in men than in the measures the Administration has advocated for the purpose of restoring prosperity and of giving relief to the millions of our fellow-citizens and their families who are still without the means of support by their own labor. I should be less than human, however, if I were not moved to the depths of my being by my share in this unprecedented popular approval of what we have tried to do and have done. For my own part, may I take this opportunity to say most solemnly that I accept it as a mandate to proceed with our double task, first, of assuring a return to normal conditions, and, second, of modernizing our political and economic life, with complete social justice as our beacon-light?

That the problems before us are so vital and far-reaching as inevitably to make this session of Congress one of historic importance must be clear to you as to me. Some of the questions to be settled will profoundly affect the national development for years to come. They cannot be answered in a short time, nor should they be decided with undue haste. The decreased minority in Congress makes it incumbent upon the majority to proceed with circumspection and care. Primarily, the Congress must decide the fundamental issue of the relations of labor and industry. This brings up at once the question of the permanence of any or some of the features of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which, as you are aware, expires by your limitation on June 16 next. To me, labor's retention of the right to collective bargaining and the duty of capital to deal with representatives of labor's own choosing remain the fundamental points in the reorganization of our economic life. I believe that labor should have equal weight with capital, and I am determined to bring to book those corporations which, after having solemnly signed their names to the codes for their businesses, are refusing to honor their signatures by obeying the law, and are seeking to defy the government itself. There is no more important duty before the Executive than to make it clear to the entire country that the government of the United States cannot be defied successfully by any individual, any corporation, or any group. The issue of how far government supervision over industry shall go is squarely before you. I believe that it must be sufficient to guarantee justice for labor, and the blocking of any further drift toward an economic oligarchy or toward monopoly.

The next most important field for your consideration is that of social security. In my message to you of June 8 I notified you of my plan to ask for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Specific bills covering these subjects accompany this message. I lay them before you as a basis for your consideration. The beginning of complete social security for the American citizen must no longer be post-

poned. It is for you to decide finally the details of unemployment insurance—how much industry shall be taxed for its support, who shall administer it. It is also imperative that you go a step farther and draft adequate legislation for insurance for the sick and the aged. In my message of June 8 I asked for authority for the modernization of existing homes and the building of new homes. The measures voted by your honorable body have made possible great advances. As I am not satisfied with our progress in this field, I hereby promise you that every effort will be made to double the speed of construction with the definite goal of a decent home for every American and the elimination of all slums. A British Minister has lately declared that there will not be a slum left in England after five years. Shall we lag behind Great Britain in achieving this great end? Again, it would in my judgment be a profound error to fail to embody in our permanent legislation minimum wages, shorter working hours, elimination of the sweatshop and, above all, of child labor. It is my earnest hope that the several states will ratify without delay the child-labor amendment to the Constitution and thereby bring us up to an equality in this matter with other countries. American childhood must be kept out of mine, factory, and field; it must not be exploited for private gain.

There is still another and a specific issue of profound import to which I invite your attention. The passage of the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill is an immediate duty. It cannot have escaped your attention that our national honor has been foully besmirched by the recent lynching of Claude Neal, a Negro, near Greenwood, Florida. This prisoner was in the law's hands; his guilt was certain and confessed. The mob which took him from the jail advertised its purpose and accomplished it with a sadistic fury, an obscene barbarity, which make the printing of all the details an impossibility. Shocking as was the murder of the prisoner's victim, the fiendish conduct of the mob makes it impossible for Americans to point the finger of scorn at lawlessness anywhere in the world. It stains our flag, as it tarnishes our honor. I cannot guarantee that the Costigan-Wagner bill will stamp out mob murder, but I do know that it will give to the United States government some of the powers it needs to check this evil, which in its importance overshadows the government's war against gangsters, bootleggers, and the other organized elements among our criminals. The killing of four citizens at Shelbyville, Tennessee, last month by troops, in order to prevent the lynching of an American citizen accused of crime, is still further proof of the menace of this lawlessness to our national life.

Our goal is plain. It is the creation of a more ideal economic order. There shall be in the United States special privilege for none, economic equality for all, with the motive of private profit subordinated to the general welfare. That the road lies open, the field ready for cultivation, is obvious. The spirit of the Tennessee Valley Authority, which I have promised shall rise in every state, is the best pledge of that.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Confusion in Germany

SINCE early December it has been apparent that the heavy industries and the Reichswehr are preparing for a new advance against the National Socialist regime. General von Fritsch, chief of the Reichswehr, presented a memorandum to the Chancellor which has been compared to Papen's speech of June 19. The Reichswehr insists that the semi-military party organizations, the SA and the SS, be still further shorn of power and importance. In line with these protests, there are rumors of Blomberg's impending retirement and the appointment of Göring as Minister of Defense in his place. Göring is looked upon as the man to clean up the SA; and because of his close connections with the Junkers and the big industrialists he can be relied on to do the bidding of those elements. But Göring's appointment to this highly important post would aggravate factional strife among the National Socialist Party heads to a degree which might lead to another June 30.

The Reichswehr knows the importance of going along with Hitler and Göring, the two men who created the political basis for German rearmament. But its leaders hold that the integrity of the troops must suffer if the new recruits continue as heretofore to be forced into the Nazi fold. It is generally admitted that there are many former Social Democrats and Communists among the men now being recruited from the SA and the Steel Helmets into the Reichswehr, men who have demonstrated that they cannot be won for the Nazi cause. The Reichswehr is also decidedly opposed to National Socialist political instruction in the army, under the direction of Minister of Propaganda Goebbels.

More important still as a symptom of the shift in National Socialist policy is the pensioning off of Gottfried Feder, author of the original National Socialist program. In "My Battle" Hitler attributes to Feder "everything I have learned of the necessity of a national revolution." Immediately after the *Führer's* appointment to the Chancellorship, Feder was made undersecretary in the Ministry of Economics, where he soon came into conflict with his chief, Dr. Karl Schmitt. He was removed from the ministry and given the much less important post of Commissar for Suburban Land Settlement. For his insistence on the enforcement of the National Socialist program he was again removed from office and appointed to the professorship from which he was pensioned a few weeks ago.

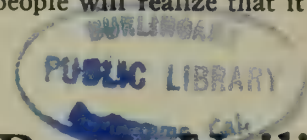
Feder's retirement is important because he and Agricultural Minister Darré were the last prominent representatives of the Nazi doctrine of "blood and soil." Germany's peasantry had looked to the National Socialist regime to solve its immediate problems at the expense of the Junkers, whose tremendous holdings were to be used to provide land for the sons of the poor farmers. How completely the Nazi regime has failed to satisfy the farming population was made clear recently by the "coordinated" *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which reported that the farmers in several districts were refusing to pay their taxes and to meet their debts, and were in open rebellion against National Socialist winter relief, concealing their crop surplus to prevent confiscation.

Much as they may differ among themselves in their personal, political, and economic points of view, Feder, Darré,

Goebbels, and the leader of the Labor Front, Dr. Ley, are united in their opposition to the "System Schacht." The president of the Reichsbank is fighting on two fronts—against the export industries, which blame his inflexible financial policies for Germany's failure to recover its lost export trade, and against the "socialist" wing of the Hitler party, which insists on higher wages to offset rising prices.

Adolf Hitler has stood by Schacht through the vicissitudes of the last year—even to the extent of sacrificing the friendship of the two greatest industrialists of Germany, Thyssen and Krupp. He has bestowed tremendous power upon this man, whose record for reliability and efficiency is doubtful to say the least. Yet it is not impossible that the world will learn one of these days that Germany's economic dictator has gone the way of Feder and so many others before him, scapegoats for Hitler's failure to meet the exigencies of an increasingly difficult situation.

Hitler's Germany is facing difficult days. A begging campaign that brought cabinet ministers to the streets with collection boxes has failed to alleviate the sufferings of the middle and lower classes. But so far the Third Reich stands firm. Despite confusion in the government and conflicts of interest among capitalist groups, against the industrial and peasant masses they stand together. Opposition to the National Socialist regime is only in the first stages of organization. Nevertheless, inner disintegration continues, and the opposition of the masses grows in strength. The millennium which Hitler predicted for his regime will end before many years have passed, and people will realize that it only *seemed* like a thousand years.



Lo, the Poor Utilities!

IF the New York public utilities are faced by the most severe crisis in their history, they have only their own stupidity to thank. Accustomed for years to assess charges without any genuine regard for costs, they sought callously to transfer the city's 3 per cent tax for unemployment relief to the consumer by a 7 to 8 per cent increase in rates. In this they were blocked by the Public Service Commission on the ground that the prevailing rates were already excessive. Doubtless the utilities were prepared for at least a delay, but what they apparently had not counted on was the city's reaction to their effort to attach a surcharge of 4.4 to 6.9 per cent on the existing rates for current purchased by the municipality. It must have been a shock to them when Commissioner Davidson rejected their bids with a pointed reminder that existing charges were already from 37 to 68 per cent above the rates for comparable service elsewhere in the country, and still more disturbing when Mayor LaGuardia departed for Washington and returned within twenty-four hours with a definite promise that the PWA would advance sufficient funds for the construction of a municipal power plant to supply city and federal needs. It is even hinted that the new plant might offer current to the public at rates substantially lower than those now charged.

And as if these troubles were not enough, the state legislative committee investigating utilities chose this moment to open hearings in New York. Evidence was presented show-

ing that various companies had watered their assets to justify existing rates, and that the industry had maintained close connection with both the Republican and the Democratic organization. Most interesting, however, was the proposal to establish municipal plants in certain cities as a yardstick by which fair rates might be determined. Considerable success was reported where this scheme had been tried. In Cleveland, for example, the private company, after years of fighting, had won the right to charge ten cents a kilowatt hour, but when obliged to compete with current from the municipal plant at 3 cents a kilowatt hour, it hastily reduced its rates to 5 cents. Threatened with widespread adoption of "yardstick" plants, several of the upstate companies have already indicated a willingness to make moderate reductions.

The extent to which the utilities are really frightened by the recent turn of events is illustrated by the almost hysterical letter which Thomas N. McCarter, president of the Edison Electric Institute, recently addressed to President Roosevelt. Mr. McCarter spoke touchingly of the "multitude of investors who see their life savings in jeopardy." He sought to defend the prevailing rates on the ground that they have been scientifically determined and that their burden, after all, is slight in comparison with the amount which persons normally spend for food, clothing, and other necessities. Even the cost of operating our national, state, and local governments, he continued, is reflected by the burden of taxation on the individual is "nearly ten times the amount of the electrical item in the budget." Having thus drawn up a clean bill of health for the much-abused utilities, he besought the President to cooperate with them by requesting prompt action by the Supreme Court in testing the legality of TVA legislation. In reply to Mr. McCarter's plea, Frank R. McNinch, chairman of the Federal Power Commission, pointed out that while it is true that the average electric bill in this country is less than \$3 a month, the Canadian consumer pays only \$2.24 and obtains twice as much electricity. He also reminded Mr. McCarter that more than half of the Canadian power is generated in publicly owned plants.

In an attempt to defend the position of the utilities, Frank W. Smith, president of the New York Edison Company, in a speech which was reprinted as a half-page advertisement in all the leading New York newspapers, made a desperate plea against the threatened "experiment in municipal socialism" and laid the blame for his company's high rates on excessive taxation. He asserted that the operating taxes of the companies which he represented were almost nine times as high as in 1914 and 78 per cent higher than in 1928. He did not deny, however, Commissioner Davidson's charge that in spite of taxation five of the principal electric companies in the Consolidated Gas System have paid a quarter of a billion dollars in dividends to the parent company during the past five years. Thus while the utilities are on the defensive they have never been since the development of their vast interlocking empire, it is evident that they are still wholly unrepentant. Although the Public Service Commission has ordered a reduction of rates in New York City on several occasions within the past eighteen months, the companies have resorted to every conceivable device to prevent the new schedules from coming into effect. Nothing short of a competing municipal plant is likely to bring them to terms. Recognizing this, Mayor LaGuardia should allow nothing to deflect him from his purpose. Even though the resultant daily sav-

ing is, as Mr. McCarter asserts, "less than the cost of a package of cigarettes," it is right that the consumer should have it rather than the group of racketeers who now dominate the industry.

For Art's Sake?

"ART for art's sake" is no one's slogan today, but the phrase is not permitted to die. As an accusation, at least, you may still hear it hurled in arguments more remarkable for heat than for light, and like many another unfortunate catchword it survives to confuse discussions which might otherwise get farther than they commonly do. Perhaps it once served the purpose of startling an audience, but it has long outlived any usefulness it may have had, and we propose here to bury it, without, we confess, too confident a hope that the funeral will be generally recognized or that the corpse will be allowed to rest in peace.

Obviously the phrase in itself is the purest nonsense. The most solitary poet who ever soliloquized a poem which he never intended to write or utter was at least talking to himself and not to Poetry or the Art of Versification. He was creating art for the sake of a man if not for the sake of mankind, and art cannot exist for art's sake unless paintings can contemplate themselves or novels read their own pages. There is, to be sure, a point at issue, but never was an issue worse defined than when the debate is allowed to rage over art for art's sake versus art for humanity's sake. The real question is not whether literature and music and the rest exist for man or themselves; it is simply what kind of service they can or should perform, and that question is one which can at least be debated in intelligible terms.

It is also, to be sure, the only one that any sensible person ever wanted to debate, no matter how badly he may have formulated his position, and fortunately it can be stated in very simple terms if only the disputants can be persuaded to use them. If art is merely a means toward ends commonly pursued by other means also, if it serves man in the same way that education and preaching and oratory are supposed to serve him, then it may properly be judged in accordance with its effectiveness in promoting those ends. But if, on the contrary, it serves him in some way of its own, if it employs certain faculties and supplies certain delights otherwise unemployed and otherwise unknown, then it must be judged by its effectiveness in doing just that, and anyone who opposes it for political reasons is as absurd as he would be if he regarded fresh air, good food, and the pleasures of exercise as necessarily corrupt because they have been most accessible to members of a hated class.

We have, be it understood, no intention of debating the question here. We leave to other disputants the mysteries of the aesthetic experience and the attempt to decide—granting that it exists at all—how much and in which way it differs from experiences of a different kind. But we insist that the question is the only one worth debating, and that to attempt to choose between art for propaganda and art for art's sake is to create a dilemma which is completely unreal. The question is not whether art should exist for humanity, but what it is that art can do for that humanity to which it so obviously belongs.

Issues and Men

Middle West and Texas in December

DARK, somber skies; in Illinois's Egypt the added disheartening pall of soft-coal smoke; during two weeks no sign of the sun. Flurries of snow and freezing temperature add to the discomfort. Not many rays of encouragement but some, and everywhere amazing courage and confidence. People sound resigned, accustomed to bad times; complaints are few and far between. Indeed, they are certain to tell you that things are not as bad in their town as they hear conditions are elsewhere—local pride to the front again. Even those who are deeply stirred intellectually and emotionally by the plight of the country and its struggle for safety and prosperity stress little the actual suffering around them. There are many of these, and they are looking forward to great changes; they ask you eagerly: "How soon will Mr. Roosevelt make it clear that he is going to the left?" Yet it would be idle to say either that a revolt is at hand or that a revolutionary mood is abroad in the land. The people I met were eager for change, but patient (I got into no working-class groups). No one has yet stirred their hearts to mutiny and rage.

But there is much thoughtful dissatisfaction. The colleges and universities report increased enrolments. Everywhere college teachers declare that their students are showing an unprecedented interest in public affairs; students have in some degree begun to feel that they must know more about what is going on and what it signifies for them and their future. In every college community I found groups who put into moving words the gratitude they feel for *The Nation's* long fight for liberalism and progress, for its point of view, its program, the hope that it brings to them every week. I enjoyed the privilege of being the first speaker at three new forums; from what I hear they are springing up everywhere. There is a great urge to discuss, and hear discussed, the issues of the hour. In one western Pennsylvania mining town, conservative by all its traditions, 125 men of the leading Protestant church decided last fall that they were going to have a forum in order to know more about what was happening in the United States. They underwrote the expenses and invited liberals and progressives to speak, men whom a few years ago they would probably have shunned. On a cold, raw, blustery Sunday afternoon that church was packed with persons come to hear the story of the munitions makers.

Not always, of course, is there such tolerance or eagerness to hear the unfamiliar side. Thus the Y. M. C. A. in the home of Abraham Lincoln felt that the contributing editor of *The Nation* was still "too dangerous" to be heard before its forum! The dissentients got together, brought the aforesaid editor to Springfield, and informed him with unholy joy that in his place the conservative forum had accepted—Max Eastman, friend of Communists and devoted defender of Trotsky. They reported that later in self-defense the Y. M. C. A. group declared it had thought Max was Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Coordinator of Railroads! Such are some of our lay guides to heaven. But the church itself I found stirring everywhere. Many churches are open to lib-

eral thought where campuses are still closed. They reflect vigorously the newer attitude of revolt against war and all its attributes.

Wherever I asked about conditions in any locality, the encouraging reply was that things were distinctly better than a year ago, and the farther I got into the Southwest the more emphatic was the report that there had been a great gain in the last twelve months. This was particularly true in cities like Decatur, Illinois, with a farming hinterland, for the farmers are admittedly much better off because of the high prices of wheat, corn, and soy beans. When I asked, however, if there were still many unemployed, the answer was invariably: "Yes, about as many as last year; our factories are not doing any better." In other words, the increased retail sales were due to the farmers' purchases. The heavy industries are, as the figures clearly show, not gaining; Pittsburgh, by the way, rejoices in the cleanest air it has enjoyed in the memory of men, the price of this being countless smokeless chimneys. As for the unemployed load, the communities visited seemed to be shouldering that now as a matter of course. In St. Louis, however, there is much restlessness among the destitute, somewhat stirred up by Communists. But when bona fide unemployed came to the City Hall to protest recently, they had the usual experience of being denied their constitutional rights to approach their rulers in free assembly with free speech, were roughly treated by the police, and then given absolutely outrageous sentences.

In Texas the scene was vastly brighter—the sun brilliant, the weather beyond improvement. It reflected the cheerful mood of the people. If one sees vacant stores and empty houses, the general air is none the less one of cheer. Even the cotton exporters, whose businesses have been shot to pieces by the policies of the Department of Agriculture, growled much less than one would have expected, and the farmers overwhelmingly sustained in their balloting the Bankhead Cotton Act and approved its extension for another year. Houston reported imports and exports for 1933 larger than ever before, and the figures for this year are surpassing those of 1933. As in every large harbor that I have visited in the past year, there were steamers loading scrap iron for Japan—the wonder is that there is any left in the United States. The one bad note related to the really Forgotten Man in America—the Negro. His plight on the farms and ranches is described as overwhelmingly bad, bearable only because he has so long been accustomed to next to nothing. That there is practical economic slavery no one denies. But Dallas, Houston, and Galveston are cheerful and confident. The newspapers report increased advertising; the hotels were crowded; business is nearly as usual, always excepting heavy industry.

Dwight Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



MADAMOISELLE:

"COURTING, EH? WELL YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK MY PEOPLE."

HANDSOME ADOLF'S ROMANCE.

Father Coughlin

II. *The Phase of Action*

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

FATHER COUGHLIN, in launching the National League for Social Justice, carefully avoided saying anything about a new political party. Before details of the scheme were made public he spoke simply of setting up a national lobby, which he hoped would have five million members. The scheme itself proved to be far more ambitious. It is to be organized first by local units, then by Congressional districts, which will send delegates to state conventions, which in turn will send delegates to a national convention, "where the principles and policies of the organization will be further determined." A lobby that holds state and national conventions is of course not a lobby, but a potential political party. A few weeks before it was launched, when its form and principles must have been well defined in Father Coughlin's mind, he spoke at a political banquet in Detroit. The political campaign was at its zenith. He had been expected to support the Democrats as New Dealers, at least by implication. He astonished his audience by predicting that in twelve years both the Democratic and the Republican Party would have disappeared. In their stead, he went on, would be born a conservative and a liberal party. He prophesied the achievement of certain reforms in the twelve years, some of which not surprisingly were to be found later among the sixteen planks of his platform.

That Father Coughlin should not be explicit about his intentions is in keeping with his mentality. He is not the explicit kind of person. The reporters in Detroit, for whom his Sunday discourses are a recurring chore, complain that while he sounds convincing over the air he does not often use the factual material which makes it possible to write a readable story. He will start many a quotable affirmation, and then add a few words which make one wonder what it is all about. It is important to appreciate this characteristic, for it reveals the man and the nature of his potential action. A significant instance is to be found in one of his sixteen planks. It is the tenth, on collective bargaining. "I believe," says Father Coughlin, "not only in the right of the laboring man to organize in unions, but also in the duty of the government to facilitate and protect these organizations against the vested interests of wealth and of intellect." This is clear down to the last two words. But what are the "vested interests of intellect" against which the government must protect labor unions? Is it only a phrase thrown in for rhetorical effect, on the assumption that radio listeners have a prejudice against intellectuals? Or does an intent lurk behind the words? In an interview in the *Detroit Times* on October 10, when this phrase already must have been formulated, he stated: "Make the Department of Labor a real power! Let it take over the functions of collective bargaining—the functions which the A. F. of L. is now trying to fulfil. Let it supplant the A. F. of L. entirely. Why should the workers pay dues to a labor organization to protect a right which is guaranteed by law? The service of the federation should be a government service paid for by taxation." The "vested interests of intellect,"

then, are apparently the labor union heads, and the plank on collective bargaining takes on an entirely different meaning. Germany and Italy, on the one hand, and Russia, on the other, have government-organized unions. Which is Father Coughlin thinking of? The question is easily answered: he is a foe of communism. "Strikes and lockouts are absolutely unnecessary," he declared in a recent discourse. He wants a fascist solution of the labor problem.

But Father Coughlin does not often explain himself in parallel statements. As a rule he sticks to rhetoric and remains incomprehensible. Thus he denounces un-Christian American capitalism because it runs its production exclusively for profit. At the same time he denounces communism, whose production is for use. Christian capitalism, he goes on to say, is "production for use at a profit." Now what the essential difference is between production for profit and production for use at a profit Father Coughlin, so far as I know, has never clearly set forth. Maybe, as in the question of collective bargaining, he has concrete ideas and really means government-controlled production with the retention of the profit system, another fascist conception. I admit I am only guessing. But a platform which omits any reference to free speech and even democracy entitles one to this kind of guess.

After reading and hearing many of his speeches I am struck by their technical similarity to those of Hitler. These, too, are vague and emotional. Carefully analyzed they do not read as radical as they sound. Like Hitler's, the priest's speeches tap the underlying prejudices of listeners. Hitler for years played chiefly on the resentment against the Versailles treaty and against social conditions. Coughlin plays on the widespread animosity toward the bankers and the yearning for social justice. A minimum of explicitness and a maximum of feeling seem to make the best formula for founders of new movements. Whether Father Coughlin knows this, and is deliberately vague, only he can say. And he alone can unfold the secret of his ambitions, and what he foresees as his role in the next years. He is in close contact with the Committee for the Nation. The *Detroit News* of November 21 reported that five groups—the Committee of the Nation, the National Grange, the American Farm Federation, the National Farm Union, and the Sound Money League—had come to an agreement with Father Coughlin. This he denies. He says he still is a New Dealer, but he has cooled off a good deal about President Roosevelt and makes disparaging remarks about him in private. Publicly he asserts that if Roosevelt fails he will be followed by a dictator. If he thinks of himself as this dictator he does not announce it, and naturally would not. Nor does he say it would content him to be the power behind the throne. But more nearly than any demagogue in America he has the formula for a fascist party, a semi-radical program which is "safe" on the labor question, which guarantees the profit system, and which appeals simultaneously to agriculture, the middle class, and the big employer. Already he is first in the field with this

kind of party, and he must know that no other fascist movement can grow in this country without him.

Let us consider for a moment what kind of man he is. He is likable. Once a caller reaches him—and he can make himself as inaccessible as a bank president—he finds him quite the human being. He is quick, intelligent, friendly, unpretentious in his dealings, leaps up and paces the floor, talks in a flood of language. He smokes cigarettes endlessly, he dots his conversation with manly-sounding “damns” and “hells.” Furthermore, he is sincere, if sincerity means that the aim of his enterprise is not to line his own pockets. But ambition preys on his soul. Writing a foreword to a recent book on his work he unwittingly revealed how near the surface of consciousness his lust for power lies:

Do you know how I would live if I renounced religion and was illogical enough to disbelieve in a life beyond—in the real life? Why, if I threw away and denounced my faith, I would surround myself with the most adroit high-jackers, learn every trick of the highest banking and stock manipulations, avail myself of the laws under which to hide my own crimes, create a smoke screen to throw into the eyes of men, and—believe me—I would become the world's champion crook. If I didn't believe in religion and in a happy beyond I would get everything for myself that I could lay hands on in the world.

Fortunately, most people do not need either religious faith or a belief in eternity to keep them from becoming world-champion crooks.

In type he is an actor, with an advanced sense of stage management. He plays several roles. He may talk to his visitor as the Builder of the Church, as the Martyr Who Is Being Misunderstood, as the New Dealer, as the Social Philosopher. Few visitors get to know the real Father Coughlin, perhaps because there is no real Father Coughlin. The reality may be just this succession of parts. If his visitor is to be impressed, he is received in the top tower room at the Shrine of the Little Flower, and the conversation gets under way. A secretary will open the door: “The Governor of Pennsylvania is on the telephone.” The Father begins speaking at the telephone. “How do you do, Governor. . . . Oh, no, Governor, I don't think I would use the troops in the mining crisis. . . . I am sure there is some better way of handling the situation. . . . Yes, I will think it over and let you know.” Then conversation proceeds with the visitor. Again the secretary appears at the door: “Professor Raymond Moley wants to speak to you by long distance.” Father Coughlin waves his hand impatiently. “Tell Professor Moley I am busy and will call him later.”

This was one visitor's actual experience. I cannot say that Governor Pinchot and Professor Moley did not call up on that occasion. But the visitor thought Father Coughlin was trying to impress him. Skepticism is expressed in Detroit, too, about the famous “bomb” found in Father Coughlin's home during his affray with the *Detroit Free Press*. It consisted of a large cardboard box of powder with a long fuse, and was found, unlighted, in the basement of the priest's home. Nobody suggests that Father Coughlin placed it there himself, and then conveniently found it. But nobody believes that the *Detroit Free Press* and the bankers of Detroit, whom Father Coughlin was fighting at the time, placed it there. The upshot of the discovery was that the priest had some passing glory from being in personal peril for fighting the

financial powers of Detroit. The police never discovered who planted the “bomb” and quietly dropped the investigation.

The *Detroit Free Press* brought out the fact that Father Coughlin, while denouncing Wall Street, was using the services of a Wall Street broker to handle some of his funds. The *Free Press* called it speculation. Father Coughlin replied he was investing, as he had a right to do, and the money anyway was not his, it belonged to his radio league. Then when the government published the list of all holders of silver, the largest in Michigan proved to be the young woman who was secretary of Father Coughlin's organization. She had 500,000 ounces, at the very time when Father Coughlin was crying over the radio: “The restoration of silver to its proper value is of Christian concern. I send to you a call for the mobilization of all Christianity against the god of gold.” The priest, in other words, was trying to boost the price of silver from which his own undertaking was going to profit. This probably comes near the border line where ecclesiastical censure might be forthcoming. But when the truth transpired, it did not flurry the priest. He denied that he would personally benefit from the silver speculation; he said that he had always advocated the purchase of American commodities and allied himself with the President in anticipating an increase in the price of silver. But I have the impression that it is foolish to accuse Father Coughlin of profiting from these deals personally, or indeed of profiting financially from his radio activities. He was accused of having underpaid his income tax. A government investigation was made, and \$8 which he had paid was refunded to him; he was actually below the lowest income-tax bracket. I see no reason to doubt it. Father Coughlin is a good actor and he is colossally ambitious, but avarice is not his weakness. He lives unpretentiously. He has simple tastes. And if he now can occupy a handsome tower with a staff of over a hundred clerical helpers, travel freely, and when in Washington live in a suite in the Mayflower, that is hardly a great pecuniary gain. The man is much more comprehensible if he is believed to be not cheaply and irreverently dishonest in money matters. He is at least worth taking seriously.

Knowing that Father Coughlin, during the automobile strike last spring, had spoken sympathetically of company unions and had criticized the A. F. of L., one might also assume that large if secret contributions come to him from the grateful automobile manufacturers of the Detroit district. But this does not appear to be true. The Fisher brothers are Catholics, and their mother belongs to the Royal Oak parish, so they are supposed to have contributed generously to build the church. But I was assured in Detroit that the automobile manufacturers are much too “dumb” in such matters to appreciate that Father Coughlin is a comfortable man to have about in a city which is 52 per cent Catholic. Quite childishly they loath him for his attack on the bankers, and like most people think he is as radical as he sounds, and fear him.

Nobody outside the organization gets to read his letters. He says he has 2,000,000 names on file, and someone to whom he showed his filing-room asked to see the list from his home county in a nearby state. Father Coughlin at once complied. He pulled out a great handful of cards, several inches thick. The visitor went over them; the names were of persons he knew, and they pretty well covered the county. Father

Coughlin recognizes that his letters are his stock in trade. "I believe I possess in them the greatest human document in our times," he says; "I am not boasting when I say that I know the pulse of the people. I am not exaggerating when I tell you of their demand for social justice which is sweeping like a tidal wave over this country."

If Father Coughlin has hopes of leading a radical-fascist party, the attitude toward him of the Catholic church becomes of signal importance. He says that he maintains offices in Rome, Geneva, New York, and Michigan. The Rome office might be the liaison between his League for Social Justice and the Vatican. Evidence on this would be hard to find. So far Father Coughlin, even though preaching good Catholic liberalism based four-square on the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI, has had a mixed reception from his coreligionists in America. Three times Cardinal O'Connell has criticized him, and after the organization of the new league he denied the right of Father Coughlin to speak for the Catholic church in America. In New York many Catholics are intent on keeping him out of the city, since his speech in the Hippodrome which drew 8,000 into the hall and a mob of 30,000 outside it. Al Smith in the *New Outlook* called him a "crackpot," and he came back with the charge that Smith had tried to borrow money from Morgan. No doubt many Catholics feel the cause of the church would not be served by a new party under the guidance of the forty-three-year-old priest. The feud with Cardinal O'Connell may bring the issue to a head. Father Coughlin was not cowed by the red hat in Boston. He slashed back viciously, charging the conservative Cardinal himself with failure to preach the doctrines of the church. He openly paraded the protection he had in this attack from his Detroit Bishop, Michael Gallagher. Gallagher, now a white-haired veteran,

has always been a bit of a radical himself. He was an ardent Irish patriot, was bitterly anti-British during the war, and made a stir by letting De Valera hold one of his big meetings in Detroit at a time when hostility to Britain counted as almost un-American. The Vatican, one can imagine, is piqued and interested, and greatly puzzled too. The church looks far back in history and can look far ahead into the future. Does it speculate on what will happen if Roosevelt fails? Does it foresee dictatorship in America, and recall the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan and appraise the latent intolerance of the American mob? It may argue that there is something to be said for a priest who would save Catholicism from persecution in a fascist era. But if the new league is a flop, if the radio priest is not a flaming comet in the heavens but just another meteor, the church would suffer. And the success of the league is no foregone conclusion. It is one thing for a man to appeal to a national audience as a disembodied voice, almost sacredly disinterested by virtue of his being a priest, and another for him to get into the welter of vulgar political action. The league may be Father Coughlin's great mistake. History may record that like Napoleon, to quote Artemus Ward, he tried to do too much and did it. At any rate, the church is in business for the time being. On the Sunday when the league was announced Bishop Gallagher appeared for the first time at the microphone with his protegee and "introduced" him. Father Coughlin needed no introduction to his own radio audience. Bishop Gallagher was the newcomer. He had been brought in to give importance to the occasion. Official sponsorship could not have been more deliberate.

[Part I of Mr. Swing's discussion of Father Coughlin appeared in last week's issue. Next week will appear his first article on Huey Long.]

Russia Abolishes Bread Cards

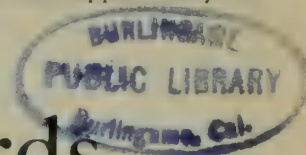
By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 1

THE food-rationing system is abolished as from January 1, 1935. This action has considerable significance. The Bolsheviks would not have taken it if they had thought that a war was imminent, for there would be no sense in eliminating bread cards only to reintroduce them in three or six months. No doubt the menace of a foreign attack, which the Soviets have exaggerated these many years, remains, yet the elimination of the rationing system in the cities will enrich and mollify the villages and thus further reduce the likelihood of invasion. For war against the Soviet Union would be in part a gamble on peasant disaffection; the world outside has always underestimated the internal strength of the red regime. The suppression of the bread cards will make the countryside more prosperous and hence more loyal. At one and the same time, therefore, the action reflects a lessened fear of war and likewise lessens the chances of war. The government should accordingly be in a position to transfer some of the energy and materials now employed in military-defense activities to the gratification of popular consumption requirements and thereby still further improve the mood and condition of the civilian population.

The cashiering of the bread cards means not only that there is now enough bread in the country to satisfy the demand, but that there is every likelihood of normal agricultural production and normal retail distribution in the future. The destructive phase of agrarian collectivization is at an end, and the socialist village can now feed the socialist city. Bread cards were introduced in 1928 because the capitalistic peasantry could not and would not grow enough food. Since then Soviet agriculture has passed through purgatory and hell. The costs and the sacrifices have been great, but the net result is a politically more reliable and an economically more productive collectivized village. Before collectivization the Soviet system was Janus-faced: one face looked up the red road toward socialism; the other wore the well-known features of the Russian mujik. Before collectivization the Soviet system stood on one leg, the socialist city. Today, by a painful and tortuous process, the regime has acquired a more homogeneous character and a firmer footing. Bolshevism now has one face and two legs.

At present three-quarters of all peasant households and 90 per cent of all land in the U. S. S. R. are collectivized. Imagine that collectivization had never taken place. The



city would nevertheless have proceeded with its industrialization and expansion. The city has given the *kolhozi* 281,000 tractors, 33,000 combines, 34,000 motor trucks, and more than two million seeders, threshing machines, and harvesting machines. Suppose this equipment were now the private possession of private farmers. Those farmers would be a powerful capitalistic force. By mechanizing private agriculture the industrialized city would have been intrenching in power its own enemy. The thing is inconceivable, and it is one of the reasons why collectivization had to come with industrialization. For if the Bolsheviks had mechanized the village and then tried to collectivize it, the difficulties and expense would have been even greater than they were.

Today, having paid the heavy toll, Soviet socialized agriculture is on the up grade. It is not much of an achievement that Russia has enough bread. But when one recalls that as late as 1932, partly through crop failure but mostly through peasant sabotage, there was a definite food deficit, when one remembers that millions more now consume in the cities while millions less produce in the villages, when one considers that collectivization was accompanied by a tremendous diminution in the number of horses and other working animals, when one thinks of all the chaos brought about by the reorganization of life, work, and thought processes incident to collectivization, then Soviet agriculture's rapid turning of the corner is not a small triumph.

Bread will now be sold in an augmented number of state and cooperative stores at one fixed price and in unlimited quantities. As a matter of fact, the rationing system had broken down before it was relinquished. According to the *Pravda*, a quantity of bread equal to 44 per cent of the bread distributed on cards is now being sold in commercial stores, where the size of purchases is not limited. This commercial bread is of far better quality, and people prefer it despite its higher price. Moreover, the ugly red tape, the innumerable questionnaires which every citizen had to fill in before receiving a card, the stealing and other abuses, the speculation by workers who got double and therefore excess rations—all these were demoralizing and irritating and so costly that the government will save huge sums by releasing bread from the restrictions. Nevertheless, prices will be raised. The new price, beginning January 1, 1935, will be a mean between the low artificial ration-card price and the high commercial price, but all persons gainfully employed will be granted wage increases equal to the rise in the price of the bread they now consume. The worker will reap some small advantage because he will buy less bread. There will be no inflation because the wage-rise money will come back to the exchequer in the form of bread-price increases. The chief difference will be that with higher price levels the government will pay the peasants more for their grain. Growers of tobacco, cotton, flax, and other industrial crops will likewise receive higher compensation. Otherwise there would have been a rush to grow cereals.

The announcement of the abandonment of the card system states that the rationing of some other products will also be discontinued and that the prices of manufactured commodities are to be brought down. The peasant with his larger income will consequently be able to buy more factory goods. The city employee with his unchanged income will benefit too, but relatively less than the *kolhoz* member. Just as the elimination of bread cards reflects the greater supply

of bread, so the reduction of goods prices reflects the availability of more manufactured articles. Here, therefore, in concrete, undeniable form, is proof of the agricultural and industrial progress of the Soviet Union. Persons living in or visiting this country can see with their own eyes the daily increase in the kinds and the volume of city goods sold in stores, as well as the daily rise in living standards. Hitherto the impartial observer could pass on this information and ask to be believed. Now these official measures offer incontrovertible proof. I do not mean to suggest, however, that supplies are now adequate. They are only bigger.

The ration system was inaugurated in 1928 not so much because the city was underfed as because the peasant came into town and bought up the city's bread. If there were much danger of a return to this condition, the system would have been retained. I think the lifting of restrictions on bread sales will actually reduce the amount of bread sold in urban centers, for under the card distribution much bread was bought only to be exchanged for other products. My maid, for instance, regularly pays with bread for the milk she buys from the peasant women who bring it into Moscow. She is not alone in this practice. But of late the women refuse to take bread. They have enough of it themselves. And the exchange value of bread has fallen.

The repeal of the ration system for bread and some other foods points the way to a new system of Soviet distribution. The moment there was enough bread in the country and enough goods to pay for the bread, restrictions were cast off and a uniform price was established. Ultimately, the same course will be followed with every other article of consumption. At present one can buy meat at one price in a cooperative store on cards, at another and higher price in a closed factory cooperative, and at a third and still higher price in a commercial store. Those who have access to the closed cooperative are privileged. The moment there is enough meat to go around, one price will be fixed, limitations will be abolished, and the closed cooperatives will become unnecessary. All prices of all commodities in commercial stores and markets have been falling sharply—obviously a result of bigger supplies.

The Soviet ruble is not tied to gold, although, technically, part of the currency has a gold coverage. The value of the ruble is determined by the volume of goods in the country. In 1931, when there was scarcely anything to buy here, the ruble was practically worthless. And it was constantly depreciating. Now it is valuable and appreciating. For the first time, as far as I can recall, the existence of inflation is now officially recognized: the decree abolishing rationing speaks of the "Soviet ruble which is growing stronger." In the eyes of the government it was never officially weak. Actually it was very weak. The Soviet Union is on the road to a stable currency based on a sufficient supply of food and manufactured goods.

There will remain, after January 1, 1935, many closed cooperatives where the lucky can buy at reduced prices. The government proposes gradually to wipe out these stores for the privileged. Everything will be sold in open commercial stores at one price. Inequality, which the Bolsheviks encourage, will then express itself in the inequality of wages based on varying training and talents but not in inequality of opportunity arising out of varying social or official position, as at present.

In Support of the Constitution

By CARL BECKER

Ithaca, New York, December 15

IN compliance with the Ives law, an official of Cornell University recently requested me to sign the following statement: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Constitution of the United States of America and the Constitution of the State of New York, and that I will faithfully discharge, according to the best of my ability, the duties of the position to which I am now assigned."

After reading this statement carefully, I signed it, willingly and without resentment. I always wish to conform to the laws, and in this instance there was no difficulty in doing so, since this law, so far as I could see, neither deprived me of any rights that I formerly had nor imposed upon me any duties not already imposed. There was even a certain advantage in having the statement presented for my signature: it made me think about the obligation of citizens to support the Constitution and the laws. I asked this question: Are citizens not obliged to support the Constitution and the laws unless they take an oath to do so? Applying a well-known rule for interpreting legal documents, one might infer that formerly no citizens of New York, except public officials taking such an oath, were so obliged, and that now no citizens except public officials and teachers are so obliged. That was a new and intriguing idea. I had taken it for granted that all citizens are obligated to support the laws; and with the best will in the world I still fail to see what meaning any law can have if it has not the one meaning without which it would not be a law—namely, that all citizens are obligated to conform to its provisions. What, then, does the Ives law mean? So far as I can see, nothing except this: that teachers in New York State are obliged to acknowledge in writing that they are obligated by the obligations imposed upon them by the duties they have assumed, and by the obligations imposed upon all citizens by the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York.

Having reached this conclusion, I asked another question: Does the New York Legislature think that a subordinate authority can make an obligation imposed by a superior authority any more obligatory than it already is? The Constitution of the United States, so I have at least been told, is the supreme law of the land. The Constitution of the State of New York is, within limits defined by the Constitution of the United States, the supreme law of New York State. The New York Legislature is a subordinate authority, its jurisdiction being defined by provisions in both constitutions. It has no authority to modify either constitution, nor can it create any rights or duties not explicitly or implicitly authorized by one or the other of the two constitutions. I can make nothing of the Ives law as a legal document except that it is a redundancy, unless it be also an impertinence: by enacting it, the New York Legislature presumes to reimpose obligations already imposed by the supreme law of the land.

All this laborious thinking led me to ask a third question: Have I up to now "supported" the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New

York, and have I faithfully "discharged" the duties of "the position to which I am assigned"? Taking the first point first (in literary discourse it is well to be systematic), I feel sure that I have always supported the Constitution of the United States, and that I have supported the Constitution of the State of New York during the seventeen years that I have resided in that State. I intend to go on supporting both constitutions, and as a down payment on that promised intention I hereby declare that the Ives law, in my opinion, was unnecessary and unwise: unnecessary, because it imposes on teachers no obligations that did not already exist, except the formal one of signing the statement quoted above; unwise, because the obligation to sign the statement will irritate many teachers all of the time, without making any of them at any time support the constitution more loyally, or discharge their duties more faithfully, than they did before.

In making this explicit statement about the Ives law, I am clearly "discharging" the duties "of the position to which I am now assigned," and I am "supporting" both the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York. To take the second point first (in literary discourse one should aim at variety), both constitutions rest upon the principle that laws should be enacted by representatives freely chosen by the citizens, and that it is not only the right but the duty of citizens to express, either orally or in print, their approval or disapproval of the conduct of their representatives, and of the laws enacted by them. Both constitutions, unless I am mistaken, contain provisions which guarantee citizens against any infringement, by statute or otherwise, of that right. Happily (returning now to the first point), the "duties of the position to which I am now assigned" do not, so far as I can learn, conflict in any way with my obligation to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York. I am a teacher of history. The duty of a teacher of history, as I understand it, is to learn, and encourage his pupils to learn, what has actually happened in some period of human history, and to discuss with the utmost freedom before his pupils any opinion, judgment, or theory that may be formed about the cause or the effect or the importance of what has happened. The Ives law is something that has happened, and so far as that law is concerned I can "discharge the duties of the position to which I am assigned" only by declaring that it would have been better, in my opinion, if the Governor and Assembly of New York had prevented it from happening. I have now discharged that duty in writing, and I intend, whenever occasion seems fitting, to discharge it orally.

In closing I wish it clearly understood that this expression of an adverse opinion on the Ives law does not exhaust my capacity to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York. I reserve the right, for the future, to support these admirable high authorities by freely expressing my opinion about any social or political question that may arise. If at any time it should seem to me highly desirable to amend or to abolish the Con-

stitution of the United States or the Constitution of New York State, I shall, availing myself of the principle that "all just governments rest upon the consent of the governed," support both constitutions, and at the same time "faithfully discharge the duties of the position to which I am now assigned," by saying so. At present I am not in favor of abolishing either constitution, nor have I any amendments to propose to either. In times past there have been people who believed that men could be made wise and good by proper laws

and constitutions. I have never been convinced of this, but I am open to conviction. When anyone devises a constitution that will make legislators wise enough to know that people cannot be made loyal to the constitution, or faithful in the discharge of their duties, by passing laws requiring them to be so, I will support that constitution as faithfully and loyally as I am now supporting the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York.

The India Report

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, December 1

AFTER one hundred and fifty meetings the Joint Parliamentary Committee, known as the Linlithgow committee, has produced its report. Four Conservatives definitely dissent from it; and the four Labor members, headed by Major Attlee, deputy leader of the Opposition, have drafted an alternative report. Since the majority report is signed by the Secretary of State for India, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and by Sir Austen Chamberlain, as well as by the Liberal members of the committee, it is pretty certain to go through Parliament successfully. Any serious hopes Mr. Churchill and the diehards may have had of defeating the government on the Indian issue are already dead. Outside Lord Salisbury, Mr. Churchill will not be able to count on the support of any important leader in the Conservative Party.

The reason is quite simple. The scheme laid down by the report does not confer executive self-government on India in any shape or form. It leaves essential control in all matters of central government still in London, and even in the provincial sphere it leaves an overriding emergency authority in the hands of the Governor, which means, in the last resort, in London also. That is not all. Every legislature, central and provincial, is to have two chambers, and they are so weighted that the whole emphasis is on the side of property in all of them. Election is to be indirect, and is to be based upon a franchise limited to 14 per cent of the population. No provision is made for the automatic revision of the constitution, except in some non-essential details, whether by Delhi or Westminster; and the army remains under British control without time limit. The princes become a deciding factor in the federal assembly, and they are a body of rulers, with perhaps four exceptions, whose habits would not stand examination by any tribunal of self-respecting persons. Provision is also made against the passage of any "penal" or "discriminatory" legislation which might affect British interests in India. And the whole structure is pivoted upon an Indian Central Bank, the control of which is to be completely outside the political realm.

Everyone, of course, knows that the Indian problem is immensely complex in character, and that there is no justification for attacking it in terms of a simple formula. But I do not think it can be honestly said that these proposals will go any serious distance toward solving it. They are inadequate for a number of reasons. (1) They will not satisfy the legitimate and inescapable demand of all politically-minded

Indians for an ample measure of self-government. (2) They are based upon an institutional foundation so conceived as to split up Indians into large fragments of interest, each of which has every possible ground given to it for remaining separate from the community as a whole. (3) Indian economic development is to proceed, not along the lines Indians desire (they may not always be wise lines), but along the lines which leave British economic interests in India fully safeguarded. (4) No provision is made, as was made even in the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of 1919, for periodic revision of the new system; Indians who desire it will have to fight the battle of the last seven years all over again if they want any drastic change. (5) The absence of any adequate arrangements for the Indianization of the army means that the ultimate control is in British hands for an indefinite period. (6) The financial proposals mean that no legislation will be possible of which the Viceroy (still obviously to be a British peer) does not approve; and this means that the keys of Indian finance will continue to rest in London. (7) The whole structure is devised in such a way as to weight the influence of property at every point. The prospect, therefore, of securing under the scheme any effective attention to the problem of poverty in India is practically nil; the very classes which need the protection of the franchise most are excluded from it. (8) The association of the princes with the new system is built upon such a basis that these dubious autocrats will have behind their authority the protective support of the British troops in India; and the eighty million subjects over whom they rule will not only have no direct voice in the federal legislature but also no more means than now of making heard their protests against the grave misgovernment of which they are the victims.

Indian acceptance of the scheme is probable; there is no method of government which some Indian politicians cannot be found willing to work for. Mohammedans generally will welcome it because it gives them a privileged position. The landowners will largely support it because it makes the law and order that will be enforced their law and order. Many Indian capitalists will support it because for a long time to come it safeguards them against the growth of trade unionism and labor legislation in India. The princes will predominantly support it because they receive from it a new lease of life. Many intellectuals, especially the intellectuals with British titles, will support it because they are the people most likely to receive the important posts under the new regime. Finally, I think, "respectable" public opin-

ion in England will support it for two reasons: first, because it amply safeguards British economic interests in India; and, second, because if it were defeated, the National Government would have to go to the country, with consequences that no "respectable" public opinion is prepared to contemplate.

The report, therefore, seems to me a supreme example of the technique of economic imperialism in action. Something had to be done, after the events of the post-war years in India, to meet the growing demand for self-government. The report therefore offers (a) a considerable enlargement of provincial powers, and (b) a small measure of self-government at the center. But these are conceded upon the saving conditions that over all powers conceded there is an effective British veto; that essential financial control remains British and not Indian; that the army remains essentially a British preserve; that the Indian masses are given no direct relation to the government; that the Conservative influence of the princes is brought in to safeguard a British control with which their influence is skilfully articulated; that if India should later want a revision of the present scheme, she would have to depend once more on persuading a British Parliament that she is "fit" for a further instalment of responsibility. Nothing here, so far as the framework of government is concerned, will make India responsible for her own destinies in the lifetime of any Englishman who has an interest in our connection with India. We retain India as a commercial and financial investment for a period to which no time limit is set.

Nothing in these proposals deals with what is the central problem of India—the intolerable poverty of the masses. To realize what that is one has only to read the pages of the Whisley report on the industrial side. A male worker in the Assam tea gardens earns his keep and from fifteen shillings to one pound per month; a male worker in the cotton mills earns from three pounds twelve shillings to four pounds for the same period; the daily average wage of mine workers in the Jharia coalfield is one shilling and threepence down to eightpence per day. Female labor, of course, earns less still; and the conditions of child labor are literally appalling. Of Indian agriculture and its conditions I will content myself with quoting the opinion of Sir John Megaw, the Director of Public Health in India, made to the Royal Asiatic Society in May, 1934.

Sixty per cent of the village population are poorly or badly nourished. . . . The country is in a state of emergency which is rapidly passing to one of crisis. . . . The outlook for the future is gloomy to a degree, not only for the masses of the people, who must face the intensified struggle for bare subsistence, but also for the upper classes, whose incomes depend on the production of surplus crops and other commodities. If the entire produce of the soil is needed to provide for the urgent needs of the cultivators, nothing will be left for the payment of rent or revenue . . . the whole social structure of India must inevitably be rudely shaken, if not wholly destroyed.

There is nothing in this report which touches on these conditions. Within the class relations that are implied in its institutional pattern there is no reason to expect an improvement in them. The Atlee report recognizes that poverty is the central issue, but granted its recognition of this, it differs in detail rather than in principle from the majority report. There is a tendency in India to look to the Labor Party in England for a further advance. I do not know what it will

say. It is clear that if the report goes into operation, the tendency of a party intensely preoccupied with its own problems will be to evade reopening the Indian issue until the new regime has worked for some time. If the report does fail, the sincerity of the Labor Party as a socialist party will be tested by nothing so much as its willingness fundamentally to revise the whole basis upon which it has been built. For, as things stand, the Indian masses are handed over bound and gagged to the forces of capitalism, British and Indian.

I think, therefore, that the Indian outlook is gloomy indeed. These proposals will not satisfy the demands of articulate and self-conscious political India; and they will do nothing at all to meet the problems of Indian poverty. In so far as they extend Indian control, they extend it to the property-owning class; and even in the degree that they extend it, they retain British hands on the real levers of power. The National Government will beat its diehard critics in the House of Commons, but it will beat them emphatically because it has surrendered to them on all the essentials of their case. The stage is still set for that conflict between British authority and Indian aspirations which the report was supposed to assuage. What it really demonstrates in a decisive way is that capitalist imperialism neither can nor will solve the problems of a subject people.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has long been a close and loyal friend of Alice in Wonderland, and anything new or surprising about her arouses his interest. Thus he was pleased to be presented with "Logical Nonsense," the complete works of Lewis Carroll (though not, in case any fervent mathematician should want them, the complete works of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), in which he lost himself at once, not only in the mazes of "Alice" and the Looking Glass, but in the delights of the Christ Church belfry which looked like a meatsafe (derivation: belfry—from French *bel*, "beautiful, meet," and from German *frei*, "free, unfettered, safe") and the incomparable syllogisms in "Symbolic Logic": for example, "Some pillows are soft; no pokers are soft; some pokers are not pillows"; and "All wasps are unfriendly; no puppies are unfriendly; puppies are not wasps."

* * * * *

MORE serious, although of considerably less importance, is a small treatise called "Creators of Wonderland," by a young French lady named Mespoulet. Mlle Mespoulet demonstrates with earnest erudition that the famous drawings of Alice, and the White Rabbit, and the pool of tears, and the Frog Footman did not spring full-panoplied from the brow of Master Tenniel, but—to be crude about it—were copied with disconcerting exactitude from the widely known lithographs of the French artist, J. J. Grandeville. Grandeville had his rabbit, his Frog Footman, his Humpty-dumpties, his live flowers, even his Mock Turtle—in which last Tenniel made a number of handsome improvements—and if the Reverend Mr. Dodgson and his artist did not know it, they should have, for the London *Punch*, with Tenniel on its staff, was modeled after the Paris *Charivari*, which was dominated and illuminated some twenty years before by Grandeville.

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ville. Moreover, Grandeville's "Metamorphoses du Jour" and his "La Vie Privée et Publique des Animaux," in which he depicted every animal and insect under the sun in every possible human and inhuman posture—including most of the later Alice in Wonderland postures—were extremely well known in England as well as on the Continent. In short, what we have been accustomed to bless Tenniel for seems to derive largely from a better artist and a greater man, and whether Tenniel should or should not have admitted as much is a knotty problem with which, when not engaged in weightier matters, lovers of Alice might concern themselves.

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FOR the truth is that the Drifter, duly impressed by Mlle Mespoulet's discovery, nevertheless turned back to the conversation between Alice and the caterpillar with complete absorption. And he will say further that if Mlle Mespoulet's book were written in a less stuffy style than it is, and if Grandeville were a greater artist even than the records show him to be, and if it were discovered that far from inventing "Alice" himself, the Reverend Mr. Dodgson really copied it out of one of the tales composed by Francis Bacon when he had finished with Shakespeare—in the face of all these contingencies the Drifter would still be absorbed in "Alice" every time he opened its familiar pages. There is a unity, a uniqueness, a completeness about it—of which Tenniel's illustrations form a very important part—which no addition to the knowledge of its genesis, however well-intentioned, can break in upon. Undoubtedly Mlle Mespoulet was aware of this, and her book is a pleasant antiquarian excursion into French art in the first half of the nineteenth century. But it has almost nothing to do with Alice. That young lady will serenely continue her walks in and out of the looking glass, and as usual she will be followed by a large and admiring multitude.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Some Statistics for Mr. Mencken

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am sure that *The Nation*, having given the repealists such publicity, will allow the opposition a little space in which to reply to Mr. Mencken's article. Mr. Mencken asserts that under repeal the demand for liquor has "settled down" to something "very moderate."

If by the above statement Mr. Mencken means that liquor consumption under repeal is "very moderate," the question at once arises, Why have arrests for drunkenness and automobile accidents attributed to liquor shown such horrifying increases? For example, according to figures of Prohibition Facts Service, arrests for drunkenness increased in the three months following repeal, in New York, 55 per cent; in Los Angeles, 95 per cent; in Denver, over 50 per cent. As for liquor and motor traffic, in Detroit automobile accidents attributed to drink show an increase of 164 per cent (release of June 26), while in Chicago injuries and deaths involving drunken drivers show a 300 per cent increase (first half of 1934 compared with first half 1933. See *Union Signal*, August 4).

The time has come to face facts. The arguments used to relegalize liquor are now being used to legalize lotteries, gambling, and red-light districts. They are the same arguments

that were used to bring about the Unwholesome America that followed the Civil War—lotteries, drink, betting on horse and other races, gambling, red-light districts. Slowly, as the nation got rested after the Civil War, it cleaned house, went for a Wholesome America: twenty states and territories adopted constitutional amendments against lotteries, five against race-track gambling, Louisiana against all gambling (lottery there abolished in 1890). Concurrent with the anti-lottery movement, 117 tracks where there was betting on races were closed in the thirty-eight years before 1927 (in thirty-one States). I have no history of the closing of the red-light districts, but we all know how they slowly disappeared in the Character Come-back that finally followed the Character Collapse of the post-Civil War period.

Now in the exhaustion period following the World War, the wet mentality arises, leads the way, and the rest follows; and back we go fifty years at least. But it won't last. Why? Because the newcomers who are taking possession of our government, the so-called foreign-language groups, will now see their homes despoiled; the small tradesmen will see their profits taken by the saloon, the races, lotteries perhaps, and red-light districts. Out of suffering the masses will separate into two political camps, those who see politics as loot and drink, and those who see it as a means of building up a decent world for their children. I say this advisedly, for I know personally leaders of the foreign groups in my own state. They are just as much for Wholesome America as I am.

Out of the city sidewalks will come Savonarolas who know that a government cannot be merely a Santa Claus but must found itself on character and hard work rather than on drink and get-something-for-nothing. Now mark well! The writer is a liberal, eager to see a more abundant life for all. But no government scheme can work, be it modified capitalism, socialism, or what not, unless it has behind it citizens of sterling character, strong for self-discipline, thrift, and self-sacrifice, and clear-headed enough to know that you can and must both educate and legislate morality into mankind.

We are not wise in falling for arguments that bluff about the present post-war character collapse. Rather face it and hold fast the memory of Wholesome America till we bring it back. This should be the special task of women's clubs and parent-teacher associations.

Cambridge, Mass., December 16 ELIZABETH TILTON

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I was really quite surprised to read a featured article in *The Nation* on the prohibition question which took into account not at all the one statistical barometer now available, namely, the reports from men in charge of State highway departments. Anyone who reads the daily papers has had a chance to see several of these. They indicate in the last year an alarming increase of accidents to automobilists and pedestrians alike, in some cases 50 per cent, as a result of alcohol. Should anyone want to refresh his mind on these facts, he will find them well marshaled in an article in the *Christian Century* of about a month ago written by John Haynes Holmes.

Your own article by Mr. Menchen [sic] is so far from convincing that it might almost be placed alongside the wish philosophy from which Mr. Menchen in past years has done so much to liberate his generation.

EGBERT CHALMER MACKLIN,
Pastor, Victoria Congregational Church
Jamaica, N. Y., December 10

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I was disappointed in Mr. Mencken's *A Year of Legal Liquor*. He writes like a man sitting in an easy chair far from realities. It is true that the orgy of drunkenness forecast by

some dry fanatics has not materialized. It is a fact, however, that in almost every respect the prophecies of the advocates of repeal have proved inaccurate. Bootlegging still flourishes, crime has not abated a whit, drunkenness has notably increased, and despite all solemn promises, the saloon in effect is with us again. To be complacent, as Mr. Mencken is, under these circumstances, exhibits a detachment of mind which must be very convenient to a man who is on record as expecting so much from the repeal of prohibition.

LAWRENCE G. BROOKS, Special Justice,
First District Court of Eastern Middlesex
Malden, Mass., December 11

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This fellow Mencken makes me tired. Some months ago there was a picture of him in the *Saturday Review of Literature* that hit him off just right. He was shown standing with a friend gazing with rapt awe at the picture of a brewery! If there ever was a half-intoxicated individual in the world, inebriated with the spirit of his own verbosity, it is Mencken.

Take that article of his, *One Year of Legal Liquor*, which you foolishly printed: the first paragraph could have been written only by someone absolutely blind to the facts of the case. Take the record of all the great cities—from Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles to Boston and Hartford—and you find that the increase in drinking is tremendous. Take the little village in which I live—and thousands like it; and the increase of drunkenness is appalling.

Last summer I traveled 8,000 miles across the country and back and saw dozens and dozens of towns and cities, and my own observation confirms the facts as given. Surely *The Nation*, at any rate, ought to be on the side of sobriety, for God knows we need sober reasoning in these days that are upon us.

Pittsfield, N. H., December 8 HARRY TAYLOR,
Minister, First Congregational Church

Japanese War Expenditures

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An editorial in *The Nation* for December 5 says that the Japanese Diet approved "a record appropriation for the army and navy of over a billion yen, or 46 per cent of the annual budget." This common misstatement comes from the peculiarly complicated nature of our budgetary system, difficult for laymen to understand.

The Japanese budget is divided into General Account and Special Account, not a few appropriations appearing under both. Therefore, to figure out the percentage of military appropriations, we must first add up the appropriations in both the General and Special accounts, and then subtract from the total the items which overlap each other in the two accounts. The 1934-35 budget consists of a General Account of 2,143,000,000 yen and a Special Account of 6,883,000,000 yen, or a total of 9,026,000,000 yen. Deduct from this amount overlapping items totaling 2,368,000,000 yen, and the net estimated expenditure is 6,658,000,000 yen, of which the army's share is 449,000,000, or 6.74 per cent, and the navy's share 487,000,000 yen, or 7.31 per cent. The combined percentage of the army and the navy is 14.05, which shows a considerable reduction as compared with 17.32 for 1933-34.

In 1933-34 America's military and naval appropriations amounted to 17.51 per cent, England's 15.62, France's 23.36, and Italy's 20.88.

Washington, December 11 CAPTAIN T. YAMAGUCHI,
Japanese Naval Attache

[While it is true that the budgets of various countries are never exactly comparable, there would appear to be no basis for Captain Yamaguchi's claim that the Special Account should be taken into consideration in determining the proportion of Japan's budget which is devoted to war preparation. The Special Account compares roughly with the emergency and recovery expenditures of the United States and contains nothing, except possibly the sinking fund, which would be included in the regular budget of any country. We find, for example, the following to be among the larger of the thirty-four items listed under the Special Account: Government Railways, Rice Control, Post Office Life Insurance, Receipts on Public Loans, Iron Works, and the Governments of Chosen and Taiwan. In fact, the only items in the Special Account which appear to belong in the regular budget are of a military nature, including appropriations for an army arsenal, a naval arsenal, a naval fuel office, and a naval powder mill.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Not Crackpot but a Menace

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The heading placed by *The Nation* over my letter in the issue of December 19, in which I indicated how the proposed new party would be made up of elements already showing fascist tendencies, is ambiguous, and does not reflect what I wrote. The heading could mean that I consider the idea of such a party "crackpot." I certainly do not. I consider it a menace of the most serious kind, as my letter indicated.

I said that the new party would be "recruited from liberal or left-wing elements of both the Democratic and the Republican Party, from right-wing Socialists, from Technocrats, Sinclairites, Utopians, Social Creditites, Farmer Laborites, supplemented by a general assortment of adherents to a variety of crackpot and social theories." I do not agree with the Democratic or the Republican Party, but in justice to my intelligence you should not suggest that I believe them "crackpot."

Such a heading lays *The Nation* open to the—I hope—unjust suspicion that it is so favorable to the proposed party that it seeks to ridicule any disparaging of such an enterprise.

New York, December 20

MAXWELL HYDE

Three Pishes for the Drifter and Hurrah for Dr. Townsend!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for November 14 the Drifter wrote an article about the Townsend Old-age Pension Plan, and I wish to say that whoever the Drifter may be he should be sure he knows what he is talking about before he has his articles published in a magazine that the gullible public are paying their good money to read.

In this article it is asserted that under the Townsend Plan any woman or man over sixty accepting the pension of \$200 a month must renounce any private income he or she might have. This statement is untrue. The people back of this Townsend Plan have explained over and over through the newspapers, by articles in magazines, and over the radio that it is not the intention of the Townsend Plan to take away any of the accumulated wealth or possessions of anyone, especially of those who agree to come under the provisions of the Townsend Plan. And I say "pish" to the Drifter for making a statement apparently intended to mislead the public.

The Drifter also says he could not spend as much as \$200

a month. Couldn't he buy diamond necklaces for his dog, as some of the millionaires have done, while people less fortunate have not had the money to buy shoes for their children? Perhaps, though, the Drifter would call shoes and food for the laboring people "gewgaws."

"Pish" again to the Drifter for his reference to Chaucer, Milton, Jane Austen, and the rest. In their day people were old at sixty years. In our day "life begins at sixty."

Haugan, Mont., December 13

E. COLEMAN

Our Public Schools

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I read the article by John K. Norton on Educational Finance in *The Nation* of December 5 and am in complete sympathy with the views expressed therein; yet there is a further question to be raised about the returns that are realized for the tax dollars spent on the present school system. I am a product of the public-school system, have taught in the high school, and have sent four children through the public schools. I am not unappreciative of what the public schools have done for America and of the devoted work of many of our teachers, but it seems to me that the time has come for a very marked change from the old system and an adaptation of it to the needs of modern life. The educators themselves are groping for a new and better plan of popular education, but I wish some standard periodical like *The Nation* would lead in a study of this vital problem. To a large extent our present school system develops a parasitic psychology. If children were taught to share in the work of the world and to render public service, this would be changed.

I agree that the nation ought to maintain the schools, but it is also entitled to a different product from what it is getting.

Kellogg, Minn., December 6

ROBERT H. DUEL

A Ray of Light from Germany

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I through your correspondence columns call attention to the underground movement in Germany? These illegal activities are more difficult and dangerous than they were in czarist Russia or are in fascist Italy; nevertheless they go on. Prague is the center of the struggle against Hitler. The most important weapon is the printed word, in flysheet, newspaper, or pamphlet. It is impossible to satisfy the demand for it. Even within Germany production goes forward. Most of those engaged in illegal activities are unemployed. There is a perpetual lack of money. There is lack of printing presses, typewriters, duplicating machines. Funds are scraped together penny by penny. The most illegal publication is the *Socialist Action*, an eight-page newspaper published every fortnight. A single copy weighs barely an eighth of an ounce. During its first year two million copies were distributed.

The titles of the pamphlets are interesting. "Plato's Feast" and "Do You Take Care of Your Hair?" are miniature

editions of the *Socialist Review*. The paralyzing spell that first lay on the masses of the population has disappeared. A wave of discontent is spreading. Slowly but unflinchingly those opposed to Hitler are pushing ahead with their work of sapping and undermining, like moles, the walls of the Third Reich. They are fighting to bring back the civilized Germany that was.

Chicago, December 11

JAMES M. YARD

Jacques Romain

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Jacques Romain, poet and novelist of color, and the finest living Haitian writer, has just been sentenced at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to two years in jail for circulating there a French magazine of Negro liberation called the *Cri des Nègres*. Jacques Romain is a young man of excellent European education, formerly occupying a high post in the Haitian government and greatly respected by intellectuals as an outstanding man of letters. He is one of the very few upper-class Haitians who understand and sympathize with the plight of the oppressed peasants of the island, and who have attempted to write about and to remedy the pitiful conditions of 90 per cent of the Haitian people, exploited by the big coffee monopolies and the manipulations of foreign finance in the hands of the National City Bank.

As a fellow-writer of color, I call upon all writers and artists of whatever race who believe in the freedom of words and of the human spirit, immediately to protest to the President of Haiti and to the nearest Haitian consulate against the uncalled for, unmerited sentence to prison of Jacques Romain.

Carmel, Cal., December 1

LANGSTON HUGHES

George Herbert Palmer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The undersigned will be very grateful for any interesting data—letters, notes of lectures, personal reminiscences—concerning the late Professor George Herbert Palmer of Harvard University. All material received at 465 West Twenty-third Street, will be safely returned to the owner.

New York, December 10

FRANCES LEE PANCHAUD

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*.

CARL BECKER, professor of European history at Cornell University, is the author of "The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers."

HAROLD J. LASKI, of the faculty of the University of London, is the author of many authoritative works on political science. His latest book is "Democracy in Crisis."

ROSE M. STEIN is research secretary of the League for Social Justice of Pittsburgh.

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and the author of "Jane Matthew, and Other Poems."

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English Department of Columbia University.

AGNES SMEDLEY is the author of "Chinese Destinies" and "China's Red Army Marches."

ROBERT MORSE is a New York artist.

Next Week

Huey Long

by Raymond Gram Swing
and

An Article on the Power Fight

by Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the
New York State Power Authority

Labor and Industry

The Steel Barons "Mediate"

By ROSE M. STEIN

Pittsburgh, December 14

EARLY in last June, just as the National Industrial Recovery Act was nearing its first birthday, the Administration in Washington and the country generally were considerably disturbed by the serious threat of a nationwide steel strike. As the result, however, of a series of maneuvers initiated by the federal government, carried out by the more conservative union leaders, and not too vigorously fought by the rank and file, plans for an immediate strike were abandoned. This was done on the explicit understanding that the government would set up competent and authoritative mediation machinery to adjust labor difficulties in the steel industry. Such machinery was set up some six months ago, and it is not too soon to take stock of its accomplishment, for what happens in steel is both a barometer of conditions in other major industries and the force that regulates the barometer.

Public Resolution No. 44, passed during the closing hours of the Seventy-third Congress, together with President Roosevelt's executive order issued June 29, created the National Steel Labor Relations Board and outlined its specific duties and powers. It was made clear that the board had full authority to investigate employees' complaints, to mediate differences, and, if necessary, to order and supervise employees' elections. Judge Walter P. Stacy was made chairman of the board; Dr. James Mullenbach and Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley were the other two members. No one who has had a chance to work with this board or who has observed the board in action can possibly question the competence or sincerity of its members. In fact, the board was so competent that there could not be found another one like it. When the textile situation became particularly acute last summer and a mediation body was sought, the same three men were asked to serve as the Textile Labor Relations Board. Automobile workers, disheartened with their own mediation board, have in a number of instances asked the Administration for permission to present their problems before the Steel Labor Relations Board. If the facts indicate failure on the part of the Steel Board to achieve the purpose it was created for, such failure must be charged not to the board's personnel but to the basic principle that mediation is inevitably doomed to failure when one of the parties concerned is so powerful that it can defy both the other contestant and the mediator.

At the outset the board reduced the problem to a simple formula. It said to employers in effect:

Under Section 7-a workers have a right to choose whom they please to represent them in collective bargaining with their employers. You, employers, may have a moral interest in the type of organization your employees choose, but you have no legal interest in it. You have no right to interfere with their choice. Your very presence here is only a matter of courtesy on our part. If you say that you are not certain which organization represents the workers in your plant, then we shall be glad to set up the machinery to determine that fact for you.

The three small companies involved in the board's first public hearings, held in Pittsburgh from August 14 to 16, were nonplussed by so frank and simple a statement of the issue. They could find no ready basis for opposing it. One of the participants, the Apollo Steel Company, discovered, literally overnight, by means of a "careful check-up" that the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers really represented a majority in its plant, and since it conceded the fact, there was no need for an election. Another of the companies promised to negotiate with union representatives. The third and smallest of the three threatened court action but finally agreed to an election, which the union carried by a substantial majority.

While some newspapers hailed the outcome of these initial hearings as a victory for mediation, the general consensus of opinion was that the real test would come only when petitions were heard against the larger steel companies, especially the United States Steel Corporation. This encounter took place, also in Pittsburgh, on October 3.

It was an impressive show. The small third-floor courtroom in Pittsburgh's Old Post Office building was jammed to the doors. The crowd consisted mainly of steel workers. What a variety of faces! Here was a real league of nations; broad-cheeked Slavs, Poles, and Croats; deep-eyed Hungarians; Italians, Swedes, Americans; all absorbed and somewhat bewildered, all eager to testify yet struck with fright when finally called to the witness stand. This was their show but they did not quite understand it. During recess one could hear them say, "Why they talk so much company union, company union? Everybody knows company union no good." In the mill there is no such make-believe. A worker may be forced at the end of a riot stick to vote for company-union representatives, but such action is frankly interpreted as an exercise of employer's authority. Here they talked of a company union as though it existed of itself. Every man in his senses knew that was not true.

"If it please the board, we will present the case of Fort Dukane Lodge No. 187, Duquesne Works, Carnegie Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation." It was Charlton Ogburn speaking, attorney for the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers. Mr. Ogburn presents these cases simply and undramatically, but with a kind of dogged persistence. The issue, after all, is perfectly simple, and very much the same in every instance. In accordance with the right granted them by Section 7-a, workers of Duquesne's steel mill have joined the Amalgamated. They claim to represent a majority of the 4,200 workers in the plant, and since the management appears to question this claim, they ask a government-supervised election. It is within the board's jurisdiction to grant such an election. The petitioners endeavored to prove that there existed a spirit of unrest which could be allayed only by an election. There was one Negro among the witnesses, Williamson by name. He works in the Duquesne plant and preaches on the side, but

out of both jobs he "ain't been able to buy no decent pair of shoes them last four years."

"Do you know of any unrest among the workers in Duquesne?" he was asked. "Do I know of any unrest?" Williamson repeated the question in a rising crescendo. "Yes, sir, I knows they's unrest, 'cause some o' that unrest's in me."

The defendant was represented by three attorneys. But who was the defendant? The steel company, of course. Everyone knew that. Some of the corporation's "big shots" were present, among them Arthur H. Young, director of industrial relations and reputed to be the author of the company-union plan. On the witness stand Mr. Young admitted that his plan was not a union or even an organization, but "a contact scheme." One of the attorneys explained how this "contact scheme" fulfils the requirements of collective bargaining. With the aid of a new Standard Dictionary he defined bargaining as an *endeavor* to make a bargain. The definition, he pointed out, says nothing about the right to *impose* or *exact* a bargain. It merely says endeavor. Bargaining, then, is a contact of minds. That contact takes place when workers and management meet, whether or not a bargain ensues. Yes, it was perfectly clear that the employer was the defendant. But back in August the Steel Board had indicated that employers had no legal status at these hearings. A legal fiction was therefore obligingly adhered to; that is, legally, the United States Steel Corporation was merely an interested observer. The real defendants were representatives of the company union. Thus proceeded the farce in which industry engaged one-half of the working class to beat down the other half.

Workers were called to testify for both sides. Union men recited a long tale of unrest, of coercion and discrimination. "Boss's friend gets five days' work a week, union man get maybe one day or two." On the election day everyone was asked to vote for the company union. It was more than a mere request, it was a complete check-up. "Boss, he come around with pencil and paper. If you vote, he put your name and check number on one side. If you no vote, he put your name on other side, then it's too bad for you."

On the company's side workers cheerfully responded to their attorneys' leading questions. The company union was painted as a paradise in disguise. Under cross-examination, however, it was brought out that most of the company-union representatives had no idea of the real meaning of the plan's provisions. They had no notion of where their authority to bargain for the workers came from or of how to enforce such authority if they had it. The company admittedly pays all expenses, including the time representatives spend in bargaining with the management, and the expense of a full time secretary as well. The company, it was brought out, was paying for the attorneys and witnesses involved in this proceeding. Anyone could detect the insincerity of company witnesses. Why did they thus prostitute themselves? The answer was not hard to find. With but one exception, every worker who testified for the company had put in twenty-five years or more of service with the company. One man testified of having worked for the Carnegie Steel Company since 1884. They are too old to run the risk of having to seek new jobs, and many of them are desperately clutching the hope of getting a pension sometime soon.

The case of the Carnegie Steel Company plant at McDonald, Ohio, differs somewhat from the usual case.

Here workers in February, 1934, defeated the company-union plan by a vote of 714 to 627. Despite this fact, company-union representatives were put up for election on June 15, and when it was found that an insufficient number of votes had been cast, the polls were kept open for another twenty-four hours, the ballots having been in the meantime stored in the company's vault.

A number of hearings have been held since October 3. These involved, among others, the Jones and Laughlin Corporation, the Youngstown Sheet and Tube, and the Wheeling, Illinois, and Acme Steel corporations. In every instance the evidence was overwhelmingly in favor of the workers. In every instance glaring violations of Section 7-a were testified to. In every instance the companies tried to bring counter-testimony to prove coercion on the part of the union. Long hours were consumed in this counter-testimony, which on the face of it had no meaning. Even if coercion on the part of the union could be proved, it would still be beside the point. Section 7-a forbids coercion on the part of employers, not employees. If some workers try to persuade other workers to join a given organization, they are within their legal right if the means of persuasion are peaceful; they are subject to criminal prosecution if the means are violent. In neither case is coercion, as defined in the labor clause, involved. Employers could charge workers with coercion and interference only in the event that such workers endeavored to keep individual steel corporations from joining the Iron and Steel Institute or the National Manufacturers' Association. No such charges have as yet been brought forward.

The steel industry is taking none of these hearings seriously. The Carnegie Steel Company and some of the lesser satellites in steel have recently summarized their position in these words: they would "negotiate with members of any employees' organization as representatives of those employees which they represent." True, these words convey little meaning, but the very effort to becloud the issue is indicative of the employers' determination not to recognize any bona fide union. Even where Amalgamated lodges have by vote or company concession been recognized as representing a majority, no contract or working agreement has so far ensued. As a matter of fact, the companies have been quite frank in this respect. Both on and off the witness stand they have repeatedly stated they would recognize no union. For, they point out, this would lead to the worst of all bugaboos, the closed shop. The closed shop, they hasten to add, is specifically forbidden by Section 7-a. And of course the steel industry would do nothing that is forbidden by law. At the Weirton trial in Wilmington the same motif was emphasized; union recognition means the closed shop, and the closed shop is forbidden by the Recovery Act.

While seeking refuge in the Recovery Act, steel companies openly profess little confidence in or respect for that law. Every Steel Board hearing held so far has been opened by a uniform prologue, somewhat on this order:

We deny the jurisdiction and authority of this board on the grounds: (1) that the NIRA and Congressional Resolution No. 44 creating the board are unconstitutional; (2) that the board has no authority to investigate controversies arising between employers and employees for the reason that they do not affect interstate commerce; (3) that the President's executive order conferring jurisdiction is not authorized by the Recovery Act.

In effect, then, the companies, even though they take part in the hearings, are merely playing at cooperation. They show not the remotest intention of abiding by the board's decisions, unless of course such decisions should happen to be in their favor. Otherwise they will drag the case to the courts and bury it there for as long as possible. For the present, the hearings offer an effective means of playing for time. William Green also wants time. When he appeared before the reconvened steel workers' convention in Pittsburgh, on June 15, to plead for the acceptance of a mediation plan in place of a strike, he emphasized that by this means the workers would not only have their immediate grievances promptly adjusted but would gain time in which to achieve other essential objectives, among them the mobilization of public opinion and the building of a strong union organization. How has each side utilized these six months?

Employers have used these last six months to allow more work to non-union than to union men. On the least provocation, heretofore generally overlooked, union men have been fired or laid off. The employers have perfected their spy system and increased their threats of dismissal. They have in many instances, through the control of local relief administrators, interfered with relief grants, and have made the most of personal slander against union leaders. At the same time they have organized baseball teams, built swimming pools, and held parties. What has the union done to counteract these efforts? Practically nothing. Save in a few new localities, there has not been an Amalgamated organizer in the field for about a year.

The inevitable question arises: What will all this lead to? The Steel Board may or may not order elections in the larger plants—United States Steel, Jones and Laughlin, and Weirton. If such elections are ordered, and if the usual temper of these companies prevails—and nothing short of a miracle could change it—the orders will be defied. Even if elections are held and the union wins by overwhelming majorities, the steel industry will not accept the union as a bargaining agency without a bitter fight. Sooner or later, then, the testimony so patiently gathered by the Steel Board will be absorbing the interest of nine Supreme Court judges. This might not be necessary if a law were forced through the next Congress interpreting union-organization efforts as coercion and making coercion generally illegal. The National Manufacturers' Association, at its recent convention, went on record as advocating a revised labor plank that would "guarantee employees the right to deal with employers either individually or collectively or through representatives of their own choice without intimidation or coercion of *either party* from any source."

Most of the rank-and-file leaders have not lost heart. William Spang, president of the Pittsburgh district, says: "If we held an election in Duquesne tomorrow we would walk away with it. If they don't grant us an election, then we'll have to prove our strength in the only other way open to us." William J. Long, president of the Weirton lodge, says: "Not many in our lodge pay dues and not many come to our meetings. Why should they when everything is at a standstill? Give us an election and we'll go over the top. If we don't get an election, just wait until next April." Ed Leighty, president of the Alton, Illinois, lodge, says: "The rank-and-file feeling is one of bewilderment. But many of us are stringing along in case something does happen." And Cecil

E. Allen, president of the Indianapolis district, says: "If the steel corporations think the workers won't organize and strike for better conditions, they are foolish."

If the spring months bring any sizable increase in production, a renewed wave of strike sentiment among steel workers, as among other classes of workers, is almost inevitable. However, unless the union makes adequate preparation for such an eventuality, either the strike plans will again be squelched by government interference or the strike, if as now seems likely one is declared, will be unorganized and sporadic, and will almost certainly prove futile against the combined forces of the Steel Institute and business interests generally. The Amalgamated and the American Federation of Labor have at least three months in which to make preparations. Much can be done in that time. Will they rise to this opportunity?

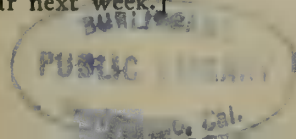
Steadier Jobs in Automobiles

THE sensational hearings in Detroit on wages in the automobile industry were part of an investigation ordered by the President with a view to making jobs in that industry less seasonal. He promised such a study as a gesture to labor when he extended the automobile code without change to February 1, 1935. Since the industry has recently inaugurated its own plan for regularization, it can meet any government proposals by saying that this plan must be given a fair trial. For years new models have been shown in January and produced mainly in February, March, and April. After that workers are laid off in great numbers. The industry's new plan provides that some new models be announced in December, some in January, and some higher-priced ones in June. The main production period would then be spread through December and January and through the summer months, which are usually the slackest.

It is doubtful whether the manufacturers will undertake another obvious way of regularization, namely, offer pre-season low prices, although they did cut prices after the season this year. Nor is the prospect of unemployment-insurance legislation likely to influence them. They will certainly not encourage the passage of such legislation in Michigan and other states, and if a federal law is passed, it is unlikely to tax companies or industries according to the rate at which they lay off workers, or, if it does, to levy a tax big enough to stimulate further regularization.

Finally, there seems little immediate chance that the industry as a whole will follow Ford in dropping the policy of claiming radical yearly improvements in the hope of getting a rush of orders early in the year. The annual new model used to be justified when substantial improvements were being discovered. At present it is mostly ballyhoo. If the industry gave it up and introduced changes only when mechanical progress really justified it, orders and manufacture would tend to level off. To be sure, such a policy would remove style as a motive for buying and might cut down sales, but it would mean a substantial saving in other directions. It would decrease the enormous number of second-hand cars which compete with the new; tools would not have to be replaced every year; and the industry could produce as much as it does today with a smaller investment in equipment, which must now be maintained at the level necessary for peak production.

[Not Fit to Print, ■ article on the Newspaper Guild's fight for union recognition, which was announced for this issue, will appear next week.]



Books, Drama, Films

Mr. Pope

The Early Career of Alexander Pope. By George Sherburn. Oxford University Press. \$5.

ALEXANDER POPE suffered an odd fate: his works were issued in a monumental edition prepared by men who neither admired his writing nor respected his character. That edition, somewhat revised, is still today the standard one, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the attitude it takes has largely influenced nearly every estimate of his personality as well as the orthodox opinion of his literary rank. Mr. Sherburn now points out that Pope had been unfortunate from the very beginning in the men who elected to write about him, and he proposes to reexamine the years before the publication of "The Dunciad" in order to set the earlier career of its author in a truer light.

Not long ago Edith Sitwell undertook something of the sort, but she proceeded in an entirely different manner. Her book was the book of an enthusiastic amateur, interesting largely because of its crotchets and prejudice; Mr. Sherburn, on the other hand, is a research scholar who has devoted himself with tireless patience to picking the knots of a tangled web. He frankly disclaims any attempt at either literary criticism or biography in the usual sense, and his book can have little appeal to the general reader. His concern is with documents and old newspapers, with forgotten pamphlets, obscure allusions, and dates of publication. But no future historian of Augustan literature can afford to do other than consult it on numberless occasions. Here are hundreds of specific and relevant facts which only boundless patience could gather and arrange.

Mr. Sherburn would be the last to claim that he has whitewashed his subject, but he does make it clear that students have shown an odd disposition to forget the testimony of Pope's friends while listening to that of his enemies; and it is perfectly true that a hundred persons have heard that Pope "could not take tea without stratagem" to one who knows that Spence, a modest man with no ax to grind, set down in a manuscript the opinion: "All the people well acquainted with Mr. Pope looked on him as a most friendly, open, charitable, and generous-hearted man."

Now there is, to be sure, no reason for accepting such a statement as that without qualification. Pope was certainly capable not only of the most venomous spite and of hardly dignified intrigue but also of a childishly brutal revenge, like that which he took when he administered a purge to the disreputable publisher Curll. But Mr. Sherburn does make it clear that the quarrels were less often of Pope's making than we commonly suppose, and that Grubb Street had asked repeatedly for what it finally got. He might, to be sure, have treated his enemies as too far below him for notice, and he might, when he did reply, have chosen a higher ground instead of consenting to fight the battle out on their level of insinuation and vituperation. But at least he was no more coarse and no more brutal than his enemies, and the modern reader who winces when he hears Pope mock his opponents for their want of bread may take what comfort he can from the reflection that these honest poor had begun by twitting Pope with his crooked back.

There is also a consideration which, being aesthetic, is outside the province of Mr. Sherburn's book: Pope did, indeed, transform the manner if not the matter of the controversy and raised sneering to the level of art. To accuse a critic of being poor is not a pretty procedure, and neither is it exactly gentlemanly to suggest that a lady who has rejected your advances suffers from venereal disease. As a moralist I reprobate both

actions; but I confess that I find it hard to remember that Dennis was a real man or Lady Mary a real woman when I read the two familiar couplets:

Yet then did Dennis rage in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt.

and

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Whatever pain these lines may have caused disappeared two centuries ago. So, too, did the human and unlovely malice which inspired them. But something in them that is lovely—skill, gusto, and sheer felicity of utterance—remains. And beauty of even that unholy sort is a joy forever.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Handbook of Injustice

Human Exploitation. By Norman Thomas. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.75.

WHATEVER complacency still exists in the mind of the average American after the experiences of the past five years will be rudely shocked by the reading of Norman Thomas's latest book. Unlike his earlier works this volume contains little of his personal convictions or of Socialist theory. It is far more provocative than that. Possibly it might best be described as a social case study of American civilization or as a handbook of economic and social justice. It is written in Mr. Thomas's inimitably pungent style, and while not as comprehensive as a yearbook of statistics or as emotionally powerful as a great social novel, it combines many of the best features of each.

The picture which it presents is far from a pleasant one. The author begins by describing the toll of landlordism in this country, the incredible housing conditions in the slums and in rural districts. He cites authority to the effect that half the homes in the United States fail to measure up to the minimum standard of decent housing. In 1930, for example, only 15.8 per cent of all farm dwellings had running water, and only 13.4 per cent were able to utilize electricity for lighting purposes, while in certain sections of the South from 85 to 90 per cent of the houses lacked any sanitary conveniences whatever. In contrast to this, he describes the unseemly wealth of certain families whose only claim to distinction is that certain of their ancestors invested in real estate in what was later to become the heart of a great city.

Even more depressing is the chapter entitled Farming for Exercise, which portrays the plight of the million and a half share-croppers in the South. The average income of a share-cropper family in Arkansas, where Mr. Thomas has made a special study of the situation, is said to be less than \$210 a year, and even this has been taken away from many by the dislocation resulting from the AAA crop-restriction program. The position of the migratory workers in agriculture is even worse in certain sections. For many of these, men, women, and children, the only home that they possess is the automobile in which they travel from place to place looking for an opportunity to work at starvation wages. Strikes and attempts at labor organization are ruthlessly suppressed, even in the more progressive portions of the country.

Conditions in the lumber camps of the Northwest are but slightly better. Hourly wages run from twenty-three to forty cents for a forty-hour week under the NRA, but out of this come exorbitant deductions for food, laundry, and other expenses. Even this wage is intermittent, for the working periods

are interspersed with long intervals of unemployment. Exploitation is also flagrant in the mining industry. Wages are so low as to keep a large proportion of the miners constantly in debt to the company, virtually in a state of peonage; the housing conditions may be judged from the fact that the United States Coal Commission found only 2 of 713 typical mining villages which met the most modest requirements as to water supply and sewage disposal.

The standard of living of wage-earners in all fields of industry is shown to be far from reasonably satisfactory, even in years of so-called prosperity. Average incomes for manual workers in 1926 varied from \$1,100 to \$1,160 a year, while the estimates of the minimum cost of a health-and-decency standard of living for a family of five ranged from \$1,900 to \$2,500. Moreover, since the onset of the depression labor has suffered a greater than proportionate decline in income, in addition to bearing the brunt of the unemployment and general insecurity of the period. Add to this the social cost of the exploitation of women, children, and the Negro, and the indictment of our existing social order is overwhelming.

If one can make a criticism of such a valuable book, it is that Mr. Thomas has not interpreted his material so as to convince the average reader of the cause of the shocking conditions he describes. A detailed analysis of the operation of the capitalist system is of course beyond the scope of a volume of this type. Nevertheless, the indictment of present-day society which the author presents would be immeasurably stronger if he had taken more pains to integrate his material. Despite this weakness, which some critics would doubtless consider a virtue, the book is incomparably the best in its field, one which every socially-minded individual will wish to possess for reference purposes.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Pursuit of Glory

The Glory Hunter. A Life of General Custer. By Frederic F. Van de Water. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.75.

THIS is an important book, not so much because of its literary quality, which could easily be improved, as because of the author's obvious devotion to the truth. It was time for a judicially fair review of Custer's life, especially in view of the growing tendency to make a hero of an officer who sacrificed the lives of half his regiment by throwing all military caution and principles to the winds. His own death he fully deserved, as everyone who reads Mr. Van de Water's review of his military career—which included the killing in cold blood of Confederate prisoners in the Shenandoah—will agree. If some of the facts in it were carved on the shaft at the Custer battlefield—now visited by thousands of tourists every year—there would be a widespread feeling that especial distinction was hardly merited by the "hero" of the Little Big Horn.

Luck and fortune favored Custer far beyond his deserts. They gave him a wife wonderful in her blind devotion to him, who lived for more than fifty years after his death to sing his praises through her readable, if sentimental, books. She largely created the Custer myth, portraying him as a glorious, noble-hearted knight who lived only to do good deeds. As a matter of fact, Custer, who had been the sloppiest of cadets at West Point, graduating at the very bottom of his class, became a merciless martinet, drilling and driving his men until they hated him—except for his superb bravery; he always charged at the head of his troops. Twice they mutinied against him. He was absolutely ruthless and cold-blooded, as at the massacre of a village of unsuspecting Cheyenne men, women, and children on the Washita in 1867. At that time he refused to go to the aid of his major and nineteen men, who were surrounded by other

Indians and killed after their ammunition was gone, with Custer and the regiment within hearing distance.

Custer was court-martialed once and suspended from duty for deserting his troops and ordering deserters murdered; on the charge of murder he was nearly tried. General David S. Stanley wrote of Custer when the latter was serving under him that he was "a cold-blooded, untruthful, unprincipled man." He was also a braggart, whose self-glorification was notorious; he was a poseur, who fought with a war correspondent to make him write about him. He was reckless in statement and act, but cringed and came to heel if called down by a superior. He had the friendship of General Sheridan, who kept him and others in the army when they should have been dismissed, and shared in his guilt in Indian matters, as did Sherman also, as Mr. Van de Water shows.

Indeed, one of the best parts of Mr. Van de Water's book is its fearless setting forth of the shameful and dishonorable treatment of the Indians throughout the period from 1865 to 1876, especially those events leading up to the campaign of 1876, when the Sioux were lied to, deceived, given lands only to be robbed of them, and generally outraged and exploited. A terrible chapter in American history! Mr. Van de Water has described the final Custer battle more clearly than any other writer, and with genuine dramatic power. All the way through he scrupulously tries to be fair, and he portrays well the love match of the Custers, one of the most remarkable cases of married devotion on record. Like Custer's courage under fire, it is a beautiful page in an otherwise brutal and bloody and repellent story. It is a pity that Mr. Van de Water did not supplement his narrative by adding historical data—a verified list of the dead at the Little Big Horn with brief sketches of the officers killed, of troopers who fell under Custer, of Reno and Benteen. Perhaps he will add this information in later editions, in which some of the repeated references to Custer's search for glory and the Greek fate which overtook him could be eliminated. This is a book which ought to be in all libraries since it is the only authentic life of Custer and the only true account available of the relations of the army to the Indian.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A College Poet

Avalanche of April. By Kimball Flaccus. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

OUR colleges must be somewhat to blame for such poets as Kimball Flaccus. They have discovered the American tradition late but with enthusiasm, and are sending forth capable and very literary poets one and all imbued with the idea that America is a great country, that the American pioneer spirit can never die. Our young poets go, moreover, to such colleges as Dartmouth, Mr. Flaccus's Alma Mater—exclusive country colleges. For them, therefore, New York, even as Babylon, "is built of straw and fire-baked clay"; for them an adolescent American idealism endures.

Our earlier modern poets were not so handicapped. Many of them got their America at first hand, not through books. Now, of course, we are done with exploration, and folk poetry and specimens of native literature seldom appear. Our present poets are bound to be scholars of literature; but why need they be so self-consciously traditional? Modern young English poets are steeped in tradition and yet unaware of it. Young American poets apparently are so newly awakened to American ideals and patterns of thought as to be prevented by them from thinking or feeling for themselves.

Kimball Flaccus is a mature poet technically. He is no undisciplined moulder of words like Paul Engle. He writes of

a young man's experiences in a country college—of college friendships, tramps, skiing trips, of New England springs and falls. He believes in the granite strength of New England hills, in good old American individualism. He is excited when he remembers the Indian life which once moved over his college hills. He believes, in other words, in writing out of America, in rooting his art in his own country. But for all his subject matter, his art is literary, his language and his rhythms are literary. He has not, as yet, struck through to an imagery, syntax, or rhythm which is authentic and his own.

He is too self-consciously the trained *college* poet, gifted, expert, capable of fine lyrics and fine blank verse, but only now and then capable of an unmistakably original line. In a few of his New England character sketches he approaches originality. But in most of the poems about his own experiences he uses the conventional poetic phrase, the poetic-sounding line, misfit though it be. Here, for example, he is talking about his canoe:

O balanced miracle of deft precision,
O factory-born, mechanic-midwived bird,
Earth craft projected through the tides of space
To touch me here by the Connecticut
With the impersonal shadow of your wing,
In the hot womb of the mind one man conceived you;
Though many hands welded the metal frame,
One hand controls you now.

Now this is dull, and dull, I think, because it is bookish—the sort of poetry which comes when a young writer thinks, "This is a good subject for a poem," and then, remembering all he has been taught about the art of poetry, writes.

Kimball Flaccus is only twenty-one. He is a careful student of poetic technique. Now and then he gives us a fine line or passage. If he were not worthy of analysis, one would not bother to point out his faults. His book has dignity, a certain fineness of conception, very real promise. But at present his work exemplifies the danger a young man runs in setting out to be an "American poet."

EDA LOU WALTON

Gamaliel Bradford

The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford, 1918 to 1931. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

EACH of Gamaliel Bradford's many books is a monument to his personal courage. During all his nearly seventy years he was almost intolerably ill; very feeble in physique, he was prey to many ailments, the frequent victim of terrible vertigo. Sustained effort was impossible for him, yet he trained himself to a system of reading and writing that allowed him to absorb huge masses of literature and to produce, besides the voluminous "Journal" and the indefatigable correspondence, of which the present volume represents but a part, a solid shelf of biographical essays, or, as he called them, "psychographs."

Quite apart from what it represents of his courage, his work is not to be despised. If Bradford does not ring the bell as Strachey always does, then at least he does not, as Strachey so often does, ring the bell at the wrong house or only out of mischievousness. Unlike Strachey, he was honest and strictly accurate; if he never misrepresents his characters into a new vitality he at least never misrepresents them. Writing in part at a time when biography was a rage and a fad, he appealed to the more cultivated popular taste—not to the special tastes of the literati—and served to offset the brash presumptions of "fictionalized" and "interpretative" biography. His "psychographs" (he fought for the needless word) are useful as pleasant arrangements of the conventional view. Short, and therefore

seldom in danger of being dull, they give competent summary and convenient information; but they never truly enlighten.

Whoever reads Bradford's personalia must see at once why his work could not transcend this highly competent and useful mediocrity. Among other things the success of the modern biographer depends upon his sensitivity to his own time and people, together with the ability to cast this understanding back into a past time. But Bradford, because of his invalidism, was a man out of touch with his own time trying passionately to get into contact. Nor was his the rich inner life which convention ascribes to the recluse. His inner life was busy but not rich: he lived by a constant borrowing. The "Journal" seems to show a man trying to support his soul by raising loans from the culture of all mankind and perhaps most frequently from the more stricken romantics of the nineteenth century. His private meditations remain Amiel, Leopardi, Senancour, and the letter-writers of an earlier France, all at several removes.

The present volume of letters shows him trying to get into touch with the life of America between 1918 and 1931. The letters are pathetically long, pathetically humble, often pathetically uncalled-for and pathetically confused. He knew that he was between two cultures and he tried desperately to come into contact with the new. Had he been physically more robust, socially more vigorous, he might have achieved the stubborn yet gracious dignity of George Edward Woodberry as he saw the passing of the dominance of the culture he loved. But as Bradford said of himself (his humility and self-depreciation are pitifully and perhaps unfairly disarming): "I was born senile and am only by slow approaches just beginning to taste afar off the very slightest flavor of youth." To be young and at one with his nation he seems to have given up all the prerogatives of his years and all the certainties of his training, yet he did not have the one thing that would have compensated him for their loss—a truly sharp and skeptical eye.

He wanted to be in tune with the New America. And so he learned to worship energy for its own sake and to believe that Theodore Roosevelt, because he made a big noise, was useful. "What most of all fascinates me about Lincoln is the infinite tolerance, the unlimited understanding. . . . All the same, the righteous fury, the *saeva indignatio*, of Roosevelt is what helps the world, and I am immensely grateful for it." He put aside the old creeds and became the communicant of a skeptical, amorphous religiosity whose standards allowed the vulgar revivalism of Moody as somehow desirable. Rejecting the aloofness which his advanced age gave him, speaking from the simplicity of his touching new "youth," he found the America of the *Smart Set*, of realism mixed with silk-stockings sex, "sophistication," and contempt, to be true and important. From a man so confused, so anxiously straining to be included, we cannot expect biography of superlative insight; it is to the credit of his real tradition and of his honesty that he has given us sound journeyman work.

LIONEL TRILLING

"Peace and Order" in China

Problems of the Pacific, 1933. Proceedings of the Fifth Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Banff, 1933. University of Chicago Press. \$5.

IT is a fine commentary on this record of an international Pacific conference that it contains not one reference to the Chinese Soviet Republic or the six wars which the Nanking Government has waged against it. Perhaps that is because the Nanking Government has been defeated in every one of its wars. However, there is indirect reference. We are told that the Nanking Government is "reclaiming" regions in Hupeh Province "devastated by the bandits and Communists." The fact is, of

course, that these regions were devastated not by the masses who had established their Soviets there but by the Nanking militarists who overran them.

There are two papers in this volume by Chinese delegates which deserve special mention. One, by Gideon Chen, is entitled Chinese Government [Nanking] Economic Planning and Reconstruction; the other is The Agrarian Problem in China, by Professor Chen Han-seng. Gideon Chen's report seems to have been one of the chief propaganda bids for foreign capitalist loans and investments in China. It did not get very far, however, for a summary of the Banff proceedings announces that the first necessity in China is the "restoration of peace and order." The *leit-motif* of Gideon Chen's report is the Five-Year Plan of the Nanking Government. Since 1929, when Nanking lifted the idea of planning from the Soviet Government, it has periodically announced a Four-Year, a Five-Year, a Six-Year, and a Ten-Year Plan. All began with a long list of the names of generals and politicians who constituted the Planning Commission, and all ended with a plea to foreign capitalists for money. Nothing has come of any of them. As for the restoration of "peace and order," what it amounts to in Nanking territory today is seen in the report of the Chinese delegate Professor Chen Han-seng, the noted Chinese historian and agrarian research scholar. Professor Chen has done a masterly piece of work. In it we see the labyrinthine system of feudal landlordism which constitutes one of the main pillars of the Nanking Government. We see the landlord, who is also government official, tax collector, usurer, judge, jury, and executioner all in one. It is this gentleman who maintains "law and order" in Chinese villages.

Professor Chen Han-seng begins his report like this: "That the whole economic fabric of China is constructed on the back of the peasant is a fact probably known to many people." Then he shows by citing facts what the land problem is in China: In one of the richest districts of China, that of Ting Hsien in the north, "70 per cent of the peasant population own less than 30 per cent of the cultivated land," while in the Yangtze delta region the landlords "are purely and simply rent collectors. . . . There the monopoly of land ownership has gone so far that 3 per cent of the population possess 80 per cent of the land." Near Wusih, a city five hours by train from Shanghai, "less than 6 per cent of the landlord families possess 47 per cent of the cultivated land, and 69 per cent of the families, poor peasants and hired peasants, keep only 14.2 per cent of the land." In Kwantung Province to the extreme south, "2 per cent of the landlord families enjoy the ownership of more than half of the land," while in the eastern part of Kwangsi Province, "2 per cent of the families possess 71 per cent of the cultivated land, and 70 per cent of the peasant families are landless." Professor Chen's report reveals how the temple lands are being secretly mortgaged and sold by the powerful landlord monks, or publicly auctioned by local militarists. Throughout Manchuria, even before the Japanese occupation, the local militarists had turned public lands into their own great private estates. In Suiyuan Province, northwest of Peking, "265 Catholic churches claim a total of 5,000,000 mow of land [one mow is one-sixth of an acre]." Two powerful Chinese landlords, Lee and Yang, own 70,000 mow and have usurped 400,000 mow of state land.

It should interest the American people to know that Chinese militarists and politicians take advantage of disastrous floods and famines to build up great estates for themselves. Professor Chen mentions facts to prove this, showing that in the great 1931 Yangtze floods, for which Americans donated money and food, the politicians and rich landlords merely utilized the occasion to get control of the land of the peasants. In the north-western famine region government officials gave starving peasant families one meal of rice and took in return 100 mow of land.

The role of rent and usury in the bankruptcy of Chinese agrarian economy is also brilliantly brought out. Professor Chen says: "Powerful absentee landlords sometimes do not pay taxes at all; their share of the tax burden falls upon the shoulders of poor peasants." The following paragraph gives a picture of the thing called "peace and order":

Village administration in China is simply permeated by the omnipresent influence of the landlord. Tax, police, judicial, and educational systems are built upon his power. Poor peasants who fail to satisfy the landlord-official in tax and rent payments are brutally imprisoned and tortured. In Kiangsu Province [Shanghai-Nanking area] as many as 500 tenants are kept in one small district prison. In Wusih [between Shanghai and Nanking] are 518 village chiefs. One hundred and four of these have been investigated as regards their economic status: 91.3 per cent of them are landlords, 7.7 per cent are rich peasants, and 1 per cent small merchants. . . . In this respect, Wusih is typical of all the districts in China. . . . Because of the extremely small farms, poor peasants in China cannot secure the credit they need from the banks directly. Thus the big landlords in the villages, besides their political power, always command the trade and usury capital in the locality.

In concluding, Professor Chen tells us that the landless peasants in China are growing in number, and pouring into the army—there are at least 2,000,000 soldiers in the armies of the militarists—in order to get rice. There are, he further says, at least 60,000,000 unemployed in the country.

Professor Chen draws no conclusions from his researches. But the masses of Chinese peasants and workers in the central and southern part of the country have reached their own conclusion, namely, revolution. Yet we are told by the Institute of Pacific Relations that "peace and order" must be restored by the Nanking Government, preparatory to the granting of loans from foreign governments. There is something seriously wrong with the brains and hearts of any group of people who would desire that the peace and order of the Nanking Government be inflicted longer upon the Chinese people.

Professor Chen's paper has been published in pamphlet form by the Institute of Pacific Relations, 129 East Fifty-second Street, New York City. The cost is 25 cents, but the value is a thousand times that. It is the result of scientific labor extending over a period of many years. Wherever China is studied, this pamphlet is indispensable.

AGNES SMEDLEY

Looking at Pictures

Enjoying Pictures. By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

CLIVE BELL'S latest book explains as a meditation. The first essay is concerned with an hour's happiness in the National Gallery. An examination of this happiness brings out the central theme of the rest of the book: the aesthete confronted by a work of art is first conscious of a moment of ecstasy ("the aesthetic thrill"). Following this intense flash of feeling is a period of more sober pleasure ("the aesthetic mood") which cannot be attained without the agency of the original engendering spark. While absorbed in the aesthetic mood the aesthete subjects the work of art to "enthusiastic analysis." Any element of the painting may offer itself as subject for analysis, even such elements as iconography, influence of other schools, a fold of drapery, some acute piece of observation on the part of the painter. The best point Mr. Bell makes in this connection is that works of art differ in the pleasure they give according to the quality and amount of material they offer for enthusiastic analysis. Certainly, it seems to me, when this standard is applied to most modern paintings it becomes appar-

ent that they were painted almost entirely for the sake of the original flash of feeling.

The second essay, *In the Vatican*, is for the most part an enthusiastic analysis of Raphael's *stanze*. It is always pleasant to hear a good word for these lovely paintings, too often scorned in late years by those fashionables who can only bear to look at Giotto and Picasso. I found the parallel Mr. Bell draws between Milton and Raphael a good one. He says of a quotation from Milton:

Now that is abstract in a way; certainly it is not direct but it is not rhetorical either. The primitive emotion has been carried to a far place and there converted to forms of splendor. But it is not rhetoric; the symbols are not ready-made, the epithets are vividly expressive. It is art in perfection. And so, I was to discover, are the *stanze* of Raffael.

I cannot feel, however, that there is much value in a book about painting that does not make the reader want to rush to the nearest picture. An "art book" should be a tonic for the visual nerve. Usually they tend merely to stimulate those who talk without looking to talk even more wonderfully. I am afraid Mr. Bell's book, except for twenty-eight of the illustrations and an occasional passage about a specific painting, is more about the man standing in front of the picture than the picture itself. Because of this there seems to be little point in criticism for or against; the whole issue is too personal and too remote. However, I cannot help questioning Mr. Bell's complete dismissal of narrative in painting, nor can I be sure that wit is a non-aesthetic element in art. I also balk at a certain grisly archness that creeps now and again into the writing. Mr. Bell, I think, would be wise to stick to his own serious and delicately pompous style.

I heartily agree with him when he states that just as some people will go unmusical to their grave, so others must always be blind to painting, and ignorant of the "aesthetic thrill." Here is Mr. Bell's message to the unfit: "There is nothing surprising or shocking or humiliating in not being able to appreciate pictures."

ROBERT MORSE

Shorter Notices

Sir Richard Steele. By Willard Connely. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

The life of Sir Richard Steele was so stormy, so merry, so diversified, so perfect a small mirror of the eighteenth century, that it is surprising that contemporary writers have come very near to ignoring him. Much credit is due Willard Connely for having filled this vacancy in modern biography. Mr. Connely's study of Steele is lengthy, scholarly, unprejudiced, and well written. Much research has gone into this volume. Mr. Connely has studied, literally, every foot of ground that Steele's mortal body is known to have touched. Nor has any facet of his many-sided character been neglected. His improvidence, his wining and dining, his political enthusiasms, his love, his gossip, his wit, his sentiment, are all carefully presented to us. Any scholar or student may turn with confidence to Mr. Connely's book, and be assured that all the available facts about Steele are contained in its pages. Yet one must confess that for all its virtues this biography is not one that will delight a more disinterested, casual reader. The truth is that Mr. Connely has done too much research. The book is weighted down with detail, much of it really meaningless. The talent of Addison's collaborator was essentially a light and trivial one, often merely the talent of a gossip writer, and the dulness of his weighty political writings only confirms this. Mr. Connely has not properly perceived this point, and the airy Dick Steele has been smothered

in a catalogue of facts better suited to an archaeological treatise. The father of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* deserved a kinder fate.

Women Must Work. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Women must work—but so, too, must men. It is this fact, when so many of the other sex are desperately in need of jobs, that makes Mr. Aldington's book seem strangely dated. Mr. Aldington has written good novels in the past, but this one is more than an exception. In it he has chosen to deal with a problem in terms that are important today, but he has done so anachronistically and in a highly specialized sense. One wonders whether the very quality of being civilized and sympathetic has not prevented him from coming to grips with the realities he means to deal with. His heroine is an unconscionable prig, and her hardness seems to be less the result of circumstance than of vanity and spitefulness. It is as if Mr. Aldington had become encased in tolerance and the attitude of strict balance that a sophisticated and liberal writer usually believes it is necessary for him to maintain. Indignation would certainly be preferable to the displeasures, mixed with admiration, that this author feels for a character that he himself has created. And real sophistication should have enabled him to realize that the story of a girl who is dissatisfied at home and goes to seek employment in London, before war and its results had made such a desire for self-expression relatively unimportant, is an evasion. One cannot be interested in Etta; one can only wonder why Mr. Aldington should have expected people would be.

["Half Mile Down," by William Beebe, costs \$5. It was incorrectly listed at \$3.50 in *The Nation* of December 12.]

Drama Holiday Suggestions

"Anything Goes." Alvin Theater. Victor Moore as Public Enemy No. 13 in a No. 1 musical revue, with Ethel Merman at her best.

"Dark Victory." Little Theater. Tallulah Bankhead being very attractive in a romantic tragedy.

"Gold Eagle Guy." Morosco Theater. How a ruthless superman built a shipping empire on the West Coast. Excellent production by the Group Theater of a forceful and picturesque drama, with a fine performance by J. Edward Bromberg. One of the best dramas of the season.

Eva Le Gallienne and the Civic Repertory Company. Broadhurst Theater. For two weeks beginning Christmas night Miss Le Gallienne is offering her colorful production of Ros-tand's "L'Aiglon."

"Life Begins at 8:40." Winter Garden. Disputes with "Anything Goes" for first place among the revues.

"Merrily We Roll Along." Music Box Theater. One of the outstanding hits and very good indeed if you don't mind having your serious plays use a little staycomb in their hair. By George Kaufman and Moss Hart, who excoriate cheap success without forgetting to put in a few wisecracks where they will do most good.

"Page Miss Glory." Mansfield Theater. Dorothy Hall in a rough and ready satire on beauty contests which isn't too particular how it gets its laughs, but gets them anyway.

"Personal Appearance." Henry Miller's Theater. Much like the above but about a movie star this time and perhaps a trifle less mechanical.

"Post Road." Masque Theater. Novel and exciting crook melodrama which begins as a quiet domestic comedy but has lots of surprises up its sleeve.

"Revenge with Music." New Amsterdam Theater. Charles Winninger, Rex O'Malley, and Libby Holman in a lavish and generally entertaining operetta with lots of comedy and some good dancing in a more or less Spanish manner.

"Sailors of Cattaro." Civic Repertory Theater. The third and much the best offering by the Theater Union, which goes in for plays with a revolutionary purpose. This one is all about a mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war, and it is first rate as a play, quite aside from the red-flag waving.

"Small Miracle." Forty-eighth Street Theater. Hard-boiled melodrama more or less in the "Grand Hotel" tradition but expertly done and lifted above its own level by the startling performance of Joseph Spurin-Calleia as a murderer who didn't exactly want to be one.

"The Children's Hour." Maxine Elliott's Theater. Tense but grim drama about a fiendishly perverse child, who is played with extraordinary force by Florence McGee. One of the most-discussed plays of the year.

"The Distaff Side." Booth Theater. A sizable hit by John Van Druten, but one which seemed unnecessarily tame to me. With Sybil Thorndike.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife." Forty-sixth Street Theater. Picturesque and remarkably engaging comedy by Frank Elser and Marc Connelly about the great days of the Erie Canal. Mr. Connelly has written in his best manner and there are delightful performances by June Walker and Herb Williams. To me one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

"Valley Forge." Guild Theater. Maxwell Anderson's entertaining drama about George Washington, with Philip Merivale as the Father of His Country. The whole thing seemed very pleasantly theatrical to me, but there are many who take it more seriously without liking it any the less.

"Within the Gates." National Theater. Sean O'Casey's poetic and symbolic morality play about the Dreamer, the Bishop, and the Young Whore in Hyde Park. According to many good critics it is the great modern play, but I found it a bit pretentious.

The following opened too late for review: Ina Claire in "Ode to Liberty" (Lyceum Theater), Katharine Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet" (Martin Beck Theater), Walter Hampden in Shakespearean repertory (Forty-fourth Street Theater), "Accent on Youth" by Samson Raphaelson (Plymouth Theater), "Rain from Heaven"—Jane Cowl in S. N. Behrman's new play (Golden Theater). JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Chaliapin's Don Quixote

AT the Cameo this week is to be seen an English re-take of the French talking-picture version of "Don Quixote" concerning which so many advance reports have been received during the past two years. The film turns out to be disappointing in almost every respect. It reveals, among other things, the almost certain failure of commercial enterprises based on the assumption that a corraling of outstanding talents in several different fields necessarily insures artistic—or even commercial—success. G. W. Pabst is the director; Paul Morand has written the dialogue; and Chaliapin plays the title role. One should perhaps mention the English music-hall comedian George Robey, who plays Sancho Panza, and the Hollywood ingenue Sydney Fox, who plays Don Quixote's niece. The roster of celebrities

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is impressive, but the result of their collaboration is not. The burden of the failure, of course, must be laid to Pabst, whose task it was to subordinate these very different personalities to some single end or effect. But it may be said in his defense that the feat of curbing the irrepressible histrionism of the venerable Chaliapin was too much to expect of even the greatest of German film directors. No more perhaps can he be held responsible for the injection of the gross humors of the English music hall in the person of George Robey. These choices were probably not of his dictation; and Pabst, who left Germany for France in the hope of greater freedom for working out his ideas and theories, undoubtedly had to yield to the fact that the conscientious director in our present society can never quite escape the dictatorship of the box office.

According to report, Pabst was attracted to the present enterprise by the possibility of reinterpreting the Cervantes masterpiece as an allegory of social injustice. There are several evidences throughout the film of just such an intention. For the famous episode of the windmills Pabst actually supplies a motivation not to be found in Cervantes: Don Quixote, toward the end of his journey, comes upon a band of peasants carrying sacks of grain and hears from them a sad tale of taxes, exploitation by the millers, and the rest. It is immediately after this that the melancholy knight plunges his lance into the whirling windmill. But the social theme is not consistently developed. Like the more general theme of the impossibility of human justice, which was undoubtedly Cervantes's real theme, it is scattered and lost in the development of the action. It is subordinated in particular to the simple fact of Don Quixote's mental derangement, which Pabst, with a literalness that is possibly Teutonic, is so anxious to make clear to his audience that he devotes two of the longest episodes to its exposition. Taking no chances on his audience, Pabst makes the characters in the film itself register the necessary response to Don Quixote's folly. The result is that what is emphasized is this folly rather than the nobility underlying it—that nobility of folly which has caused Don Quixote's name to become an adjective in most of the languages of Western Europe. In Cervantes that nobility is conveyed through the uniformly sympathetic tone of the author's style whenever he is speaking of his hero. It is this sympathy which gives a justification to the poor knight's actions even when they are most absurd. No such uniformity of tone is established in Pabst's picture: we see Don Quixote from so many different points of view that in the end we see him from none at all. And it is this shifting of the point of view from Don Quixote himself to Sancho, from the devoted Sancho to the mocking populace, which is responsible for the disturbing jerkiness of tempo with which the story is unfolded. The picture remains in the memory only as a succession of uncoordinated images, most of them of the magnificent physical personality of Chaliapin, which once again manages to conquer everything within range.

"Babes in Toyland" is undoubtedly offered by Hollywood as a special treat for the children at this season of the year. But the warning should be issued that it is likely to leave on the more sensitive of them an indelible trauma. If they are not frightened out of their wits by the version of *Bogyland* (Hollywood macabre at its most terrifying), they will be instructed in the elements of sadism by the badly miscast Laurel and Hardy team.

WILLIAM TROY

Forthcoming Reviews

William Troy on John Strachey, Ernest Gruening on Carleton Beals, Oswald G. Villard on General Tasker Howard Bliss, Douglas Haskell on Catharine Bauer.



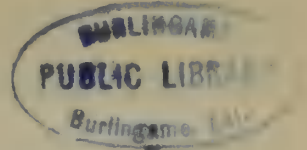
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DURING THE PAST WEEK we have been deluged, as is usual at this time of year, with cheerful descriptions of the prosperity which is to be ours in 1935. We have been told that while the past year was not extraordinary, a firm basis for advance has been laid, and that the corner will be definitely turned within the next twelve months. It may be bad taste to add a realistic touch at this season, but we are old-fashioned enough to believe that the New Year should be a period of stock-taking as well as a time for the exchange of felicitations. And if we are scrupulously honest, we must admit that in many respects the economic situation is more critical than it was a year ago. Unemployment, according to the latest available figures, is at least a half million greater than last year, while the number of persons on relief has increased by approximately five million. That the actual deficiency of resources in the hands of the underprivileged has grown even more than these figures indicate is shown by the fact that the cost of relief has more than doubled. Industrial production for the first ten months of 1934 was only 3 per cent above the very low figure for 1933. Department and chain-store sales have been running from 11 to 13 per cent over those of a year ago, but the gain in part reflects higher prices and in part the increased business done by these

units as compared with the small dealer. On the other hand, a few persons will doubtless find grounds for cheer in the fact that dividend declarations by 675 companies in November were higher than for any month since February, 1932, and that for the first eleven months of 1934 they were more than \$350,000,000 above the corresponding period of the previous year. We note also that the attendance at night clubs in the early hours of 1935 is said to have been greater than for many years despite prices of from \$5 to \$20 per person, and no doubt many of these people—for a time at least—believed that prosperity had indeed returned.

WE HOLD NO BRIEF FOR JAPAN, and find no justification for its denunciation of the Washington naval treaty. But no action taken by the Japanese in the past year has been more calculated to stir up animosity and bitterness than the recent statement by Admiral Reeves that the American fleet would hold its annual maneuvers this year off the coast of Japan. The fact that the announcement was timed, whether deliberately or otherwise, to coincide with Japan's denunciation of the Washington agreement only adds to its unfortunate effect. Inspired press accounts which describe the fleet as a "vast armada, the largest and most powerful by a wide margin ever assembled under a single command in the world's naval history" are not likely to soothe existing irritations. It would be scarcely less accurate to describe the maneuvers as a dress rehearsal for a war with Japan, which it most certainly is. As such they reveal quite clearly what the naval board of strategy conceives such a war to be like. There is no thought of defending American soil. The main body of the fleet is to be concentrated from 2,500 to 3,500 miles off the American coast, and is to be accompanied by four aircraft carriers with 477 airplanes, possessing an enormous cruising range. In other words, if the rehearsal is any indication, we are preparing for an offensive rather than a defensive war, a fact which the Japanese are not likely to be slow in discerning. We wonder if the American people as a whole realize the implications of this move, and if so whether they approve.

THE NEW YORK UTILITY FIGHT appears to have settled down to an endurance contest with both sides playing hard for public support. Not to be outdone by Mayor LaGuardia's flair for the dramatic, the Consolidated Gas Company, parent of a flock of smaller utilities, announced a reduction in the quarterly dividend payable March 15 from 50 to 25 cents. In making this announcement George B. Cortelyou, president of the company, referred piously to the corporation's obligation "not only to its customers and employees but also to 120,000 stockholders, of whom three-quarters own less than fifty shares each." Significantly enough, however, the action was not accompanied by a financial statement showing the company's earnings during the past year. Meanwhile, Commissioner Davidson, in cooperation with Washington officials, formulated definite plans for the erection of two municipal plants in Manhattan to meet the needs of the city and the federal government. Apparently

convinced that New York meant business, the power trust countered with an offer to put into effect the "Washington" plan for rate reduction, whereby half of the excess profits of any one year would be applied to reducing charges in the following year. While this plan might ultimately bring considerable relief to the consumers, it can scarcely be said to be a solution to the problem. The companies would still doubtless insist on estimating their capital investment on the basis of their present highly inflated valuation, and they would probably ask for a return of 6 or 7 per cent, which is completely out of line with present-day capital earnings. In addition, they would demand half of all profits above that amount. Mayor LaGuardia has cogently termed the proposal "amusing." To accept a compromise at this juncture would be little short of treachery to the hundreds of thousands of voters who have looked to Fusion to drive racketeering and corruption out of high places.

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE we publish an article by Edith Abbott, well known in social work and in education, taking violent issue with the proposal, just made official, to take "unemployables" off federal relief and turn them back to the tender mercies—and slim pocket-books—of state and local agencies. This action will relieve the federal relief associations of the care of four million persons, or 20 per cent of the federal relief roll. Unemployables are defined by Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, as "chronic dependents"—the aged, sick, crippled, widows, and the insane. (One must conclude that Mr. Hopkins means disabled widows, since there is evidently nothing inherent in widowhood which precludes gainful employment.) It is evident that to turn four million persons, however selected, back to local poor relief will strain beyond the breaking-point resources which are already hopelessly taxed. The federal government took over relief in large quantities when local and private agencies found the job too much to handle. What reason is there to suppose that today these agencies will be any more able financially to bear this burden or any better equipped for constructive maintenance and rehabilitation. Harold Ickes, in discussing, apropos of the government's new relief plans, the problem of subsistence homesteads, made a statement which is only too unfortunately descriptive of the entire program. Mr. Ickes said: "Like our other jobs, we begin it with no experience, no plan, and no goal."

THE PUBLISHERS let loose another flood of crocodile tears on the day the National Labor Relations Board requested the NRA to remove the Blue Eagle from the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* for its failure to reinstate Dean Jennings. In a letter to the NRA which for sanctimonious hypocrisy has seldom been equaled even by former statements from the same source, the publishers, through Howard Davis, lament a situation which "may render the code invalid." In sad tones the letter recalls the sacrifices the publishers made in their desire to cooperate with the President by signing a code; in abused tones it charges the N. L. R. B. with attempting to annul the code by taking jurisdiction over the Jennings case instead of leaving it to the Newspaper Industrial Board (at this point it invokes Donald Richberg with much effect); in a magnificently simulated burst of ringing indignation it says, "We cannot allow the integrity of the instrument to be violated for any reason great or

small"; and with a long-suffering air it asks that the NRA repel this "usurpation of power" "in order that the good faith of the government may be maintained and the code preserved." The whole statement is a tissue of misrepresentation. In the first place the publishers accepted the code only when they had assured themselves that it meant absolutely nothing; the idea that the N. L. R. B. was attempting to annul the newspaper code by ruling on the right of employees to organize is fantastic; as for what seems to be the most plausible contention of the publishers, that the case should have gone to the Newspaper Industrial Board, it is the most glaring misrepresentation of all. The fact is that this board was never designed to handle anything but disagreements on local wage scales between the printing-trades crafts and their employers, disagreements for the most part within the terms of already existing contracts.

THE INEFFECTIVENESS of the board in collective-bargaining cases is indicated by two recent developments. The first Newspaper Guild complaint to reach it involved the firing of an employee by an Italian newspaper, *Il Progresso*. The guild requested a vote on two issues: (1) Is the decision of the board final or may it be appealed? (2) Has the board the right to demand the financial records of a publisher who bases dismissal on the grounds of economy? The board split four to four on both questions. In the other case a typographical union charged that printers on the New Orleans *Item-Tribune* were coerced into a company union. The attorney for the union asked for a secret election. The board split on this question four to four. A publisher representative then offered a motion that the controversy be submitted to an impartial chairman. The vote resulted in another deadlock. It is not surprising that the union attorney at this point gave notice that he would present no more typographical cases to the board. Is it unfair to suspect that the publishers are invoking the Newspaper Industrial Board precisely because it is ineffective?

HEARST'S PERENNIAL RED-HUNT has gone into a new phase. His papers have recently undertaken what is obviously a systematic drive on liberal and radical teachers in colleges, universities, and even private schools. The story of the campaign to discredit members of the faculty at Syracuse University was told by Albert V. Fowler in the correspondence columns of *The Nation* of December 26. The same clumsy technique was followed at Columbia University, where Professor George S. Counts received a letter, presumably from two prospective students, inquiring whether the "real stuff about capitalism, socialism, and communism" could be obtained at Columbia and requesting an interview. It happens that Professor Counts is acquainted with both stool pigeons and yellow journalism; he had also heard of the Syracuse affair. The interview was granted but it was Professor Counts who made the scoop. The two young men not only made the damning confession, before a stenographer, that they were Hearst employees, but one of the inquiring reporters said in effect that he had written the letter under orders from the city desk. Having collected his evidence Professor Counts submitted it to the McCormack-Dickstein Committee Investigating un-American Activities with the request that it investigate William Randolph Hearst. Furthermore he took care to have the request signed

by a list of famous names which are likely to get enough publicity to spoil Mr. Hearst's well-laid if badly hatched plans for a red scare, even though another all-American chanticler, Matthew Woll, has taken his place beside Hearst and is crowing for an investigation of the colleges. For our part, the proposal to investigate Hearst appears to be one of the best suggestions made by any professor during the Roosevelt Administration.

PRESUMABLY THE LIBEL LAWS of this country are still in effect. Donald Richberg's letter to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, therefore, advising him that the articles by General Hugh S. Johnson which Mr. Richberg "had been told" the *Post* would publish presently, would contain—or so Mr. Richberg had been informed—libelous statements about himself and that he would proceed accordingly, comes down to nothing more or less than a Big-Bad-Wolf threat to scare the *Post* into a more receptive and kindly attitude toward the Administration, and particularly toward Mr. Richberg. It is fair to assume that Mr. Lorimer, having been editor of the *Post* for some years, is fairly conversant with the legal responsibilities attendant upon his important position. One would guess that he had already submitted General Johnson's articles to counsel, and that if they contain statements which are considered to be actionable, he is fully aware of the fact and of the possible consequences. In any case, it would have been more seemly for Mr. Richberg to have relied upon something more than hearsay before making his threat. Being confronted with his letter in the press, Mr. Richberg stated that he did not understand how it had been made public, since he had not given it out. Mr. Lorimer declares that he did not give it out either. The whole matter must remain just another of those mysterious leaks in public—or is it private—affairs, unless one of the principals decides to clear it up. But what does plainly emerge is Mr. Richberg's determination, evidenced more than once lately, to wield the big stick in much the fashion of his colorful predecessor.

ALTHOUGH FRANCIS BIDDLE, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, has his hands full at the moment, we wish he would look into the troubled anthracite situation bequeathed him by his predecessors. The strife between the United Mine Workers and the insurgent Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania is unabated, and ■ has been pointed out in these columns, only a Labor Board election will bring peace. Within the past month several strikes have been called by the insurgents, and although the old-line union did its best to obstruct them, the men came out each time, indicating that the claims of strength made by the rebels are not imaginary. At the present writing the collieries of the Glen Alden Company in the Wilkes-Barre area, said to be the largest coal company in the world, are tied up in a general strike, with 8,000 men out and more joining them daily. Other plants have been crippled by walkouts. Yet the operators, most of whom have contracts with the United Mine Workers, steadfastly refuse to recognize the Anthracite Miners, despite *ipso facto* proof of their existence. The rebels for a time sought harmony, but their overtures were flatly turned down by the United Mine Workers officials, and the dissension has been renewed. The Anthracite Miners, their leaders say, are willing to disband if an employees' represen-

tation election fails to show them in a majority. It seems only fair to these thousands of workers who have turned away from the old union to give them their election.

LITTLE IS KNOWN of the repressive measures, amounting sometimes to terror, which are prevalent in Austria. The Black Book on the Austrian terror has presented the situation in general, but has given little idea of the position of women, of the mental pressure exerted by the clergy, or of the militarization of the children. As in other fascist countries, women have been driven from well-paid positions. The law requiring women teachers to remain unmarried has been extended to Vienna, which had long held out against it. Married women who had positions in the government were dismissed at once. The clerical-fascist regime in Austria is opposed to any development of women's intellect. Before the war there were no government middle schools for girls, only costly private schools. The Socialist government in Vienna, with neither time nor money to build girls' schools, turned the military-cadet academies into model schools of a high type, three for boys, three for girls. It also opened the boys' middle schools to girls, instituting coeducation. The clericals opposed this from the beginning, and in 1930, when the power of the Social Democratic school board of Vienna was already broken, succeeded in striking their first blow: girls were no longer allowed in the boys' classes, but girls' classes might exist in the boys' schools. In June, 1934, attendance of girls at the middle schools was prohibited altogether. At the same time one of the three model schools for girls was changed into an institution for military cadets. With the exception of the two remaining model schools, therefore, there are no government—that is, no cheap—middle schools for girls.

HERR SCHUSCHNIGG is copying Mussolini's Balilla and is fitting out the six-year-olds with uniforms and wooden guns. Under the name of Jung Vaterland they are being trained by their teachers in the schools. The pupils of the middle schools, however, with a thorough grounding from elementary school in the social-democratic doctrines of Glöckel-Fadrus, have put up a brave fight against "Fatherland" education. The administration has threatened wholesale expulsions, but without effect. In the Vienna schools, when pupils were asked to enrol voluntarily for Fatherland Front celebrations, it is reported that not a child did so. All possible repressive measures were then instituted—withdrawal of privileges, of free tuition, of bath cards—until finally the poorest children "voluntarily" took part. Herr Schuschnigg has not attempted to force these firm-hearted children into uniform. Gas-mask practice was attempted but the middle-school pupils made fun of it as a humbug. All of them refuse to wear the Fatherland badge, although threatened with rigorous punishments for their recalcitrance. After the February revolution membership in a so-called Fatherland Union was made the condition of employment, first in the government, then in private industry. One can only become a member of the union if one can show a Catholic certificate of baptism. Teachers who may be known to their pupils as Socialists and free-thinkers are obliged to revert at least officially to the Catholic faith in order to keep their jobs. In other words, Austria is in the grip of a tyranny as intolerant, although not quite so bloody, as is Germany.

Democracy in Flux

THE brief reference in *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1934 to Senator George W. Norris's achievement in winning the electorate of Nebraska to vote for the abolition of the bicameral Nebraska Legislature and the substitution of a single house could not for lack of space do justice to this significant development. This Senator, so often called "the noblest Roman of them all," is building one monument after another to himself. Four are now to his credit. He voted against the war, went home and told his people why, and was triumphantly reelected. By years of fighting, almost single-handed, he prevented the turning over of the great water power at Muscle Shoals to private interests. Next, by similarly arduous and unceasing labor, he convinced Congress of the necessity of amending the Constitution in order to abolish the "lame-duck" session of Congress and to set a new date for the convening of that body and for the inauguration of the President. Nobody took him seriously at first, but year after year he worked at this task until finally he wore away all opposition and this far-reaching reform was made part of our fundamental law. And now comes the revolution in Nebraska.

Here we have a remarkable record of accomplishment which gives the lie to those who say that under existing conditions no member of Congress can really achieve anything; that it is of no use to elect "good men." Senator Norris is one of the finest men in Washington; he is under obligations to no one and has always been in revolt against the machine; when he was last reelected to the Senate in 1930, the Republican organization, with Mr. Hoover—if one may judge by that great statesman's silence—conniving, ran an obscure grocer of similar name against him in order to deceive the electorate. Correspondingly the party machines are under no obligation to him. Hence he has won his victories by his steadfast and logical appeals for the proper course—he makes no pretense of being an orator. He has been aided, of course, by his shining character, his absolute trustworthiness; no one can ever doubt either his sincerity or his unselfishness. Thus a man who is apparently one of the least outstanding Senators, who rarely makes the first page of the press, has actually achieved vastly more than men like Senator Borah who forever bask in the public eye.

But we are less concerned today with Mr. Norris himself—deeply impressed as we are by his patriotic devotion and the extraordinary character of his achievements, which in the case of Muscle Shoals made the whole Tennessee Valley program possible—than with this additional proof that it is possible to make far-reaching changes in our democracy for the purpose of speeding up its processes and adapting them to our modern life. There never was any sound reason that the individual American states should have bicameral legislatures, except that the founders had the English precedent before them and that the colonial system of government perpetuated the idea that there were separate classes in the community which could only be adequately represented and protected if they had their separate legislative houses. As everyone knows who has studied for any length of time the working of a legislature like that of New York State, two houses

do not make for prompt legislation, nor are they necessarily checks upon each other. Rather they aid under-cover agents, the lobbies, that control by privileged individuals and by corporations which is so largely responsible for our corrupt and inefficient state legislatures. Moreover, no one can give any sound reason why national political divisions should rule within the state legislatures—the Norris reform abolishes party designations on the ballot.

That our American democracy must modernize itself, speed up its machinery, and make itself more efficient is obvious. What could we not achieve if the Administration were to set itself at this task with the perseverance and the devotion of George W. Norris! By extending the merit system to all our civil offices Mr. Roosevelt could strike a body blow at political corruption and governmental inefficiency and end one of the unanswerable indictments of our democratic government. A reorganization of Congressional procedure is another need, one much discussed in Great Britain, where there is grave question whether the House of Commons is or will be able to deal with the ever-increasing economic problems thrust upon it without the creation of some additional expert machinery to aid in the drafting of bills. Mr. Roosevelt has shown us how Congress can be driven to unprecedented speed in a dire emergency; what we must work out is a continuously greater speed in normal times without, however, sacrificing intelligent and adequate consideration of measures. Again, we need the referendum and initiative urged by Woodrow Wilson and other leaders, and numerous other changes. Even former Representative James M. Beck, who views with disfavor so much of the New Deal, agrees that the time is at hand for planning a radical revision of our federal system, since he finds that the popular will is in the direction of greater and greater concentration of power in Washington.

Beyond doubt revision of the Constitution is indicated—and feared by most people, lest too radical and dangerous alterations be introduced and carried under stress of popular emotion or pressure. Meanwhile we have proof positive in the varied activities of the New Deal, as well as in Mr. Norris's remarkable record, that we do not have to stand still. There are many who still believe that in the next two years Mr. Roosevelt will enormously aid our democracy by carrying it along the road toward social and economic justice. But governmental changes must come, too, if the administrative machinery is to meet the requirements of the new order. Increasingly the federal government is assuming responsibilities—in public health, in education, in finance, even in the building of homes for our population—which demand not only imagination in conception but efficiency and clear-sightedness in administration. How ironical it would be to superimpose the old clumsy bureaucracy on schemes for the new day! We should not think of running a 1935-model, streamlined motor car with the engine used by Henry Ford in his famous first car. It just wouldn't go—and neither, under the same conditions, will the New Deal. The great pioneer, George Norris, has shown the way. Let those in high office take prompt heed.

Need the New Deal Be Fascist?

THE business men who met at White Sulphur Springs to write a platform of cooperation with the government did not help either the President or themselves, but demonstrated once more the fateful want of business statesmanship in America. Under the stimulus of the profit motive an American Morgan can amass a fortune and a Henry Ford can even change a people's habits, but when it comes to working out a social program of national scope the vaunted American business genius is sterile. The platform which these ninety leaders sent to Washington, where it was not even personally presented to the President, was more tactful than the one adopted by the Congress of Industry in New York, but it was essentially the same Dead Sea fruit. Business really has no major solution beyond the familiar one of being left alone, the devil to take the hindmost. With no real alternatives it can only comment on what the government is doing. The ninety at White Sulphur Springs found gracious words at last for social insurance and the minimum wage, and they even revealed resignation to the dole, a welcome evidence that if these men are unable to lead they are at least able to change their minds. But the real value of their pronouncements is to show the country that constructive thinking is not in their line. Such statesmanship as we have is in Washington. Confused, contradictory, and pragmatic as the Administration has been, it still is superior to business both in imagination and in the sense of realities. The Administration has learned much in less than two years. It is shaking down to some of the real necessities of the country. But business has learned only how to say what it likes and what it does not like in the plans Washington is formulating.

What this inevitably means is that more and more the government must lead business, a prospect which frightens us as much as it does business men, though for different reasons. Professor Calvin Hoover, speaking at Chicago, compares the systems in the dictator lands of Germany, Italy, and Russia with the New Deal, and finds the chief difference to be that we are trying to retain political democracy. Professor William F. Ogburn, also seeing the coming union between business and the government, admits it will not save us from grave social disturbances. Once business and the government are united, unless the union is dedicated to the equal interest of all, it is fascism. "The nation may expect our government to control, regulate, or take over those economic functions which it becomes obvious cannot be left to manage themselves," says Professor Hoover. "In this respect the economic policy and the program of the New Deal somewhat resemble fascism and national socialism." What alone can save our system from becoming fascist is the realization of economic as well as political democracy, a truth which in one aspect the President falters in serving. Unless labor is given equal power with management in the new dispensation, ours will be fascism of the European brand. There is no escape from it. Yet the President continues to favor the idea of a watered-down collective bargaining, in the misconception that he is steering a middle course between the

domination of big business and the domination of the American Federation of Labor. We confess our own dissatisfaction with the A. F. of L. as a wise and vigorous organization of American workers, but it will be far healthier to let labor grow to wisdom through responsibility than to render it impotent.

The President may not see that collective bargaining is vitiated by proportional representation. The coin, however democratic its ring, is counterfeit. The power in collective bargaining, however many phases of conciliation and arbitration it may go through, in the end is the strike. A committee made up of men some from an independent union, some from a company union, cannot wield this weapon effectively. Big business knows that proportional representation is the ideal ruse to maintain the dominant power of the employer. If the President really believes that labor equality must of necessity lead to labor domination, let him ask for a memorandum on the role of the trade unions in Great Britain. There they have grown to be a stabilizing and conservative influence. If the President is a gradualist, and believes we can only come to full-fledged collective bargaining after a transition period, he should realize that the transition period in America is already at hand; we are changing into a new society day by day. Once the decision is made that labor must remain inferior in the new order, the New Deal becomes still more fascist than Professor Hoover's description of it. But it is not too late to save the situation. Senator Wagner will introduce in Congress a bill defining still more clearly than his last bill the charter of labor, and sweeping aside the subterfuge of proportional representation. It is to be hoped that it is quickly passed. Should Congress have the least hesitation, it need only look at the fate of the parliament in Italy and the Reichstag in Germany to see what happens to free legislatures in countries where business and the government become one and labor is repressed.

Hitler and the Saar

SIX weeks ago the entire world looked with apprehension on the approach of January 13, the date of the Saar plebiscite. It was rumored that Hitler would attempt a putsch irrespective of the final vote, a step which must have led to a clash with the French army. Today, on the eve of the poll, there is little anxiety and even a certain amount of indifference as to the outcome. This alleviation of tension is the result of two developments, either of which seemed impossible a short while ago. First came the agreement signed at Rome on December 3, which provided a solution for the difficult problem of payment for the mines in the event of a German victory. This was made possible by France's unexpected generosity in assenting to partial payment in kind over a period of years. In return the Reich promised to extend the benefits of its social-insurance laws to all inhabitants of the Saar and to grant full immunity against reprisals, regardless of race or political belief, for the next twelve months.

Of even greater importance was the decision reached two days later by the League Council to send an international force—not to include French or German soldiers—to police the territory until after the vote should be completed.

Prior to this it had been taken for granted that if any troops were required they would be sent by France. Great Britain had consistently opposed the use of its army on European soil, and without Britain no other country would have been invited to undertake the task. The sudden shift in the British attitude, together with France's unexpected willingness to remain in the background, has completely altered the outlook for the plebiscite. While the British, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish soldiers were received with ill-concealed hostility by the pro-Nazi German Front, the feeling is scarcely comparable to that which would have been aroused if French troops had been sent in; nor is there reason to doubt that the presence of the international force will prevent such disturbances as occur from growing completely out of hand, and act at least ■ ■ partial check on Nazi terrorism.

These factors, combined with the more settled state of affairs within the Reich, make a German victory almost ■ foregone conclusion. This does not mean, however, that the plebiscite will be without significance. Hitlerism remains the primary issue in the minds of ■ large number of the voters, and the poll will be as near to ■ free expression of opinion on Nazi political philosophy as we are likely to see in a German country. The bourgeoisie is united in the Nazi-controlled German Front, which is leading the fight for reunion with Germany, while the working-class parties are apparently equally determined in their opposition. Since the Communists and Socialists together polled 27 per cent of the total vote in the last election for the State Council of the Saar, and will be supported by at least a minority in the Catholic trade unions, the vote for continuing the status quo should be reasonably large. If so, it will be significant, for the voters are practically all Germans who desire to see the Saar reunited with the fatherland. A large poll against Germany, even though it is not more than 30 per cent of the total, will be a moral defeat for Hitler and should have some influence on German public opinion.

For economic reasons a German victory is likely to prove disadvantageous to the Saar. While under League control the Saar enjoyed the full benefits of a customs union with France, which has led to a marked industrial expansion. This arrangement had the dual advantage of giving the Saarlanders access to the Lorraine iron fields nearby and of allowing them to dispose of their product duty free either in France or in Germany. As ■ result the proportion of Saar coal absorbed by the Reich dropped from 59 per cent in 1913 to 17 per cent in 1925-30, while that marketed in France rose from 24 to 65 per cent. Similarly in the iron-and-steel industry the percentage of the output taken by France increased from 4 to 34 per cent. The reincorporation of the territory in Germany will bring the Saar into direct competition with the Ruhr, to the great disadvantage of both regions. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that a victory for Germany, followed by the restoration of the entire district to the Reich, will prove distinctly advantageous to Franco-German relations. Continuing the status quo would provide ■ constant source of irritation and friction to both countries and would only postpone the day of economic readjustment. Therefore while we may sympathize with the tens of thousands of Saarlanders who may involuntarily be placed under Nazi rule, it would seem that the best interests of the greatest number of people will be satisfied by abiding by the decision of the plebiscite.

Black Side of a White List

THE Legion of Decency, originally inspired by the Catholic church, goes merrily on its way with very little opposition from any quarter. The general attitude has been that the movies were pretty bad from almost any point of view and that the Catholic church might as well undertake the job of cleaning them up, since it would not, in all probability, be more unreasonable in its demands than any one of the always imminent censorships proposed by secular authorities. Moreover, the legion's activities so far tend on the whole to support this view, if one also assumes as a matter of course that ■ censor's business is to censor. Thus the list recently made up by the Chicago Council classes thirty-six films as "unobjectionable," twenty-nine as "for adults only," and thirty-six as "indecent." The fact that some on the "indecent" list appear to have been put there for doctrinal reasons rather than because they are equally offensive to non-Catholic *mores* will hardly attract much attention, and the general public may be likely to conclude that the Legion of Decency is moderate—at least as reforming organizations go.

We wonder, however, just how much of this apparent moderation is due to the desire to enter ■ wedge, and just how much disposition there will be to demand more as soon as what is now asked for has been granted. This may seem an unworthy suspicion, but it appears justified by the Catholic attitude toward the stage. As this is being written there are twenty-six plays current on Broadway, but—so we are assured by the *Catholic News*—the "approved list" has dwindled to three, and to a rather extraordinary three at that. The Catholic who wishes to be scrupulous has his choice to make from among the following: the Abbey Players, "The First Legion," and "The Great Waltz." Unfortunately for him, however, the second is ■ play far from warmly received by the critics, and the third is an overblown spectacle which may do nobody any harm but which is not likely to do anyone much good either. Certainly, it is no very liberal policy which, to take two random examples, cannot "approve" "The Farmer Takes a Wife" or "Gold Eagle Guy."

It is commonly argued that censorship movements are brought on by irresponsible producers of flagrantly indecent books and plays. We ourselves, on the contrary, have long had ■ suspicion that the natural-born censor is never satisfied, that he always rails against whatever seems to afford him the best opportunity for railing, and that so long as he has simple pornography to keep him happy he feels no necessity for finding offense where the ordinary citizen finds none. If this is true, then the "irresponsible" producer performs a certain function in drawing the fire, and the Legion of Decency is liberal in dealing with movies because it has sufficient banning to do without straining a point. An approved list of films contains such not too innocent-sounding titles as "Hell on Earth" and "Manhattan Love"; the list for adults only includes "Where Sinners Meet" and "The Private Life of Don Juan." Why should they be approved when all but three current plays are denied their *nihil obstat* unless the intention is to grow less tolerant with the films as time goes on?

Issues and Men

A Reply to H. L. Mencken

AS one who was in favor of the repeal of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution, I cannot allow to pass unchallenged my friend H. L. Mencken's review of a year of legal liquor in *The Nation* of December 12. It seemed to me inaccurate, entirely one-sided, and an unfortunate playing down of the tremendous evils which have followed the reinstatement of the sale of liquor. As the *Dallas, Texas, Journal* has pointed out editorially, Mr. Mencken's article "is delightfully devoid of statistics—and correspondingly full of Menckenia." He deliberately refrains from printing any of the figures as to increased drunkenness, so clearly evidenced in the alarming increase in drunken drivers of automobiles, in his effort to portray that all is well with the drinking world. Here are some of the facts which he carefully failed to print: The Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, reports a 16 per cent increase in automobile fatalities in the first ten months of 1934 as compared with a similar period for 1933, and declares that in the total number of drivers involved in automobile accidents there has been an increase of almost 24 per cent in the number who were intoxicated. As for the pedestrians involved in automobile accidents in 1934, the records show an increase of more than 55 per cent in those intoxicated.

If there is any reason to doubt the figures of the Travelers' Insurance Company, let us take those of the New York State Department of Correction, which on August 12 reported that arrests for intoxication in the state had increased since repeal no less than 23 per cent. The same report announced an increase of 2.7 per cent in the number of major crimes committed during that period. It would be, of course, absurd to say that this latter increase was solely due to the repeal of prohibition, but in view of the statistics cited above it is surely warrantable to attribute a fair proportion of them to increased intoxication. When the International Association of Chiefs of Police met in annual convention in Washington at the end of September, 1934, a large portion of their time was given to a discussion of the drunken driver. Dr. T. W. Kilmer, police surgeon of Hempstead, New York, produced figures showing how the number of drunken drivers who come into contact with the police has increased since repeal: New York 25 per cent, Massachusetts 37 per cent, District of Columbia 42 per cent, Rhode Island 100 per cent, Pennsylvania 77 per cent, Oregon 36 per cent. In cities the figures ran as follows: Philadelphia 300 per cent, Cincinnati 380 per cent, New Orleans 122 per cent, Los Angeles 24 per cent.

But let us turn to the general results of repeal over which Mr. Mencken gloats so enthusiastically. He declares that "the present supply of the latter [hard liquors] comes mainly from lawful distilleries, but there is still some bootlegging. . . ." That is certainly an extraordinary way of putting the facts. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., director of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, has said: "Since the beginning of 1934 . . . the seizures [of illicit distilleries] have actually increased. In January 732, in February

582, and in March 674 were seized, a total for the quarter of 1,988." Many, he said, were large plants of the most modern description with stills tall enough to extend through three or four stories of well-equipped buildings, with the almost incredible capacity of 67,905,770 gallons. He declared that if this increase continued throughout 1934 there would have been seized 7,952 illicit plants with a combined annual capacity only about 12 per cent less than the legitimate total permitted by the alcohol administration. In other words, the bootlegging trade in liquor is today about equal to the legal. And this fact is what Mr. Mencken dismisses with the words, "but there is still some bootlegging." In passing, let it be pointed out for Mr. Mencken's attention that on December 8 the Coast Guard captured in New York harbor \$330,000 worth of bootleg alcohol on one ship. Secretary Morgenthau does not share Mr. Mencken's easy optimism. He is reported to be organizing the greatest drive yet undertaken to suppress bootlegging—how many such have we had!

Again, Mr. Mencken says that repeal achieved the "destruction of both motives for excess" drinking, and so "the demand quickly settled down to parity with the actual national appetite, which turned out to be very moderate. How did it become so moderate? Here again it seems to me we may seek a cause in the effects of prohibition." Well, here is what the *Chicago Daily News*, which was never accused of being for prohibition, has to say about one year of repeal in Illinois:

So far as a year's results may be judged from experience in Illinois, the enthusiasts for repeal were as much astray in their predictions as were the enthusiasts of prohibition. None of the promises have been fulfilled. The saloon is back, liquor is in politics, bootlegging continues, *drinking has increased*, unemployment is worse, the revenue returns to the state treasury are far below the hopeful estimates of 1933, and the cost of fighting the illicit traffic is still burdensome. From other states than Illinois similar conditions are reported.

So the national appetite is moderate? In New York City arrests involving drunkenness rose from 4,492 in the first ten months of 1933 to 5,357 in 1934 for the same period of the year. The New York State Motor Bureau reports that up to November, 1934, the licenses of 3,653 drivers had been revoked or suspended for driving when intoxicated, as contrasted with 3,008 during the entire year of 1933.

Dear Brother Mencken, the situation is alarming enough to cause national concern. The remedy is, of course, not to return to prohibition, but to work out a decent and sane system of rigid liquor control. That should have been done in every state before repeal.

Isabel Garrison Villard

The Menace of Huey Long

I. The Kingfish in His Kingdom

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, December, 1934

THE state legislature is in session for the fourth time this year. The summons went out Friday for a meeting Sunday night, December 16, which anywhere else would trumpet an emergency. Here it meant simply a new maneuver by Huey Long. More patronage is to be grabbed for the Long machine, though there isn't much left to grab. More Long enemies are to be punished. But the purpose of the session is also to create diversion. Seymour Weiss, unofficial treasurer of the Long organization, president of the Dock Board, and nationally known hotel man, was indicted on Thursday. The federal investigators who trapped Al Capone have dug up evidence for charges that Weiss evaded paying income tax on \$176,972 in the years 1929-33. Everyone on Thursday was talking about Weiss, the second of the inner four of the Long machine to be tangled in the federal net. So far eight men have been involved in charges of evading the tax on more than a million dollars of income in the four years of Huey Long's rule. New Orleans was humming with gossip on Thursday. But by Friday night everyone was talking of the special session. As if to create a further diversion, Huey Long, United States Senator, clashed on Saturday with Captain "Biff" Jones, football coach at Louisiana State University. The Senator wanted to give his favorite football players a "pep" talk between halves of the Oregon game. The coach refused, exchanged hot words with the Senator, resigned. By Monday not only was the Weiss indictment off the front page; the Jones incident was outranking the special session in the newspapers.

The legislators meet Sunday night in the new \$5,000,000 Huey Long Statehouse, a fine building with a thirty-story tower, which went up in a year. Everyone is happy, as though coming to a party. There is much hand-shaking and back-slapping. Only the insiders, back from a caucus in the governor's mansion, know what Huey Long is up to. These legislators are much like those in other states. Here and there is an outstanding fellow, but most are good-hearted, representative small-town citizens. One ten-gallon hat from an upstate parish (the Louisiana name for a county) is on parade. The lofty, overdecorated assembly hall of the lower house is noisy with the buzz of talk. The galleries are crowded. A few women sit in members' seats, but they are only wives, privileged on an opening session. (Huey, bitterly opposed by the society women of New Orleans, is no feminist. To my question, "How does he stand on feminism?" a close colleague replied: "He is perfectly normal on that. I never heard him discuss it.") The session begins; everyone stands in silence for a prayer, beseeching God's guidance during the work of serving the people of Louisiana. It is an earnest prayer; one feels for a moment that Huey's people actually believe they are there for public service. The prayer ended, roll call is taken by electricity; members press buttons on their desks, a light shines beside each name on a huge board behind the Speaker's dais. Then all is confusion

again, as thirty-five bills are read by title into the microphone and resound through the hall over the din of a hundred conversations.

Huey Long is ubiquitous. Now at the Speaker's chair for whispered consultation, now on the floor, he speaks to this man and that, then in the aisles, laughing, shouting, gesticulating. His loud voice is easily heard over the din. He is in a boisterous humor. As United States Senator he has no business there, no official status. The technicality occurs to no one. Why should it? This is Huey's Statehouse, Huey's legislature, Huey's state, his and his alone. The business proceeds; Long answers a question from the floor, he grins and waves his arms, he struts and grimaces with eyes protruding, face flushed. He is like a young father on a romp in the nursery. Anyone can see how much fun it is being dictator. Six years ago a Louisiana legislature nearly impeached him. Now see where he is: he has more power in one state than ever a man in American history; he is stronger than a king. He revels in his triumph, and most of the members appear to enjoy it too. The last of the bills is read. Only a few members have risen to ask questions or to protest against the hurry. The opposition still does not know what is hidden in the bills; it wants them printed before the committee meeting in the morning. Huey halts in the aisles to promise he will see to it. The meeting adjourns, and the legislators rush out to the gala chocolate-marble lobby to continue their fraternizing.

Let us follow the course of the thirty-five bills in the Committee of Ways and Means, which met Monday morning at nine o'clock. This committee has seventeen members, fifteen of them Huey's, only two from the opposition. All house bills, whatever their contents, now go to this committee, which meets on the tenth floor of the Statehouse tower. Here, one would assume, the real work of legislation is done. Here bills should be studied, analyzed, modified. Here should emerge the conflicts of interest and principle later to be fought out in debates of the house, and subsequently carried to the state at election time.

At five minutes before nine Huey arrives noisily with his bodyguard. He looks well-groomed in a brown suit. But everything about this man is exaggerated; his voice is too loud, his color too flushed, his gestures too sweeping, his sudden moments of earnestness too fanatical, his commands too noisy. No man could well be more bereft of dignity.

"This is no way to run a legislature," he shouts on finding he is almost first on the scene. "Nine o'clock, and nobody here!" One of his bodyguard slips out; members begin scrambling in, taking their places around the committee table. Roll is called promptly at nine (and one thinks how Mussolini made the trains run on time). The night before, Huey dominated the legislature, but it still was managed by its own officials. This morning, without formality, he takes full charge. A United States Senator, he has no right before the committee unless invited to address it. But this is dictator-

ship. Huey stands at the side of the chairman. "Before I explain these bills," he begins with unctuous humor, "I want to hear any comments by opponents." The bills had come from the printers just in time for the meeting, so the opponents had had no time to read them. The leading member of the opposition, a handsome young man of twenty-three, scowls and mutters a complaint. Huey grins. The chairman hands up Bill No. 1 and Huey glances over it.

"This bill," he begins conversationally, still reading, "is just a formality. The last legislature passed a liquor law—" He then tells in a few words what the bill provides. Someone whispers in his ear. "Oh yes, the bill also—" A member moves a favorable report, the gavel smashes down, the bill is approved. Huey is handed Bill No. 2, an income-tax measure. He explains it in a sentence; it is reported favorably. Bill No. 3 is a patronage grab giving the state machine the appointment of thirty employees in the tax collector's office in New Orleans. Huey again is solemnly humorous. "This is a very charitable law. It gives the gentlemen down in New Orleans the advantage of the best talent available. It relieves the heart of Mr. Montgomery [the tax collector] of a heavy burden."

"Has he requested the change?" speaks up twenty-three-year-old Representative Williamson.

"Not yet," says Huey; "we just anticipated that."

"Do you think he will like it?" asks Williamson.

"He will have to like it." The bill is approved at once. Three bills are out of the way in an elapsed time of six minutes. The same rate is maintained throughout. Huey stands there the entire time, the chairman's only function being to call for a vote, bring down his gavel, announce that the measure is approved, Representative Williamson and usually the second opposition member, voting no. Such questions as are raised are addressed to Huey and he answers them. One or two of the members interject remarks but Huey talks them into silence. He is running the show. Only one committee man makes a short speech, as by a special dispensation.

The object of much of the legislation is patronage grabbing. One bill takes from the city attorneys the right to name more than three assistants. New Orleans has ten. Hereafter this patronage goes to the Long machine through the Attorney General. Another bill transfers to the state the naming of all but five deputy sheriffs in any parish. Another requires all police and firemen to hold a warrant issued by the state. Huey promises that the state will not exercise discretionary power in issuing warrants, but the promise is not written into the bill. So the state gets control over every local police force and fire station after having taken over the appointment of police and fire chiefs in the last session.

The most important bill of the day provides for new schools of dentistry and pharmacy at Louisiana State University. Loyola University in New Orleans already has a dental college; Loyola also operates a radio station which did not give Huey all the time he wanted during the last campaign. Loyola will now feel the competition of a wealthy new dental school and Louisiana will have improved dental facilities. Instead of three free chairs in the Charity Hospital, there will be seventy-five. Huey, not mentioning the Loyola radio station, promises the committee that the new dental college will have the finest faculty in the world. It will enable young men to study dentistry at very low cost.

"How about the low cost to the taxpayers?" speaks up young Williamson.

"The little fellow won't feel it," Huey explains. "It will cost the corporations a little more, but we have to take care of the poor people. From those that have shall be taken away." Later a bill is approved which increases the tax on corporation franchises from \$1.50 to \$2 a thousand, the proceeds to be earmarked for the new colleges.

One bill is rejected during the sitting, not by the committee, but by the "visiting" Senator. The chairman hands it up to him, he looks at it, frowns. "We don't want this. Let them come to us." With this cryptic remark he hands the bill back. The committee is told no more, but it formally shelves the measure. There is a bill aimed to prevent companies with pension schemes from discharging an employee just before his pension is due, requiring them to pay a proportion of the pension in such cases. Huey refers to a company within view of the committee window. (The Standard Oil Company refinery is smoking out there. Huey has fought Standard Oil all his political life.) Young Williamson remarks that the bill may lead all companies to abandon their pension schemes.

"Whoever goes out of the pension system because of this law just admits he is a crook," says Huey. The bill is approved. Once Huey finds the draft of a measure defective and scribbles an amendment himself, leaning over the table, writing rapidly on a large sheet of yellow paper while the committee waits. But even this delay does not spoil the record; thirty-five bills are acted on in seventy minutes, thirty-four approved, one shelved. This was the pace at the last session, and no doubt will be the pace so long as Huey's machine holds together. Two minutes for a law; this is dictatorship.

America has never seen anything more brazen or more slick. It is an object-lesson in the ease with which the form of democratic government can be twisted to serve the reality of one-man rule. The legislature meets, it pretends to initiate and enact laws, to scrutinize and debate them, and yet the operation has no more merit than it would have if these men moved in hypnosis.

What happens in the later sessions is that Huey makes further inroads into the broken lines of his opponents. By a ruse he gains control over the appointment of school teachers. He takes powers to remove the elected Mayor of Alexandria, the one town which had the temerity to shower him with eggs when he spoke there in the last campaign. The parish of Baton Rouge, which he did not capture at the polls, is subdued by a law which gives the state control of the "police jury," or local-government board, through the appointment of extra members. Huey explains he will make the parish into a District of Columbia, to safeguard the vast wealth of the state there situated. Standard Oil is at last subjected to an "occupational" tax for refining oil. The principle is resented by all business men and during Long's four years as Governor they kept him from applying this tax. Now it is slipped in unheralded and cannot be blocked. It will cost Standard Oil a million a year. Nor is this the end; there is talk of a further session in January, and beyond that of a new constitutional assembly to rewrite the basic law of the state to suit Huey's purposes.

To witness such a session is an almost unbelievable experience. It bristles with elements hard to comprehend.

Why do these committee members take it lying down? This legislature is composed of men who are most of them ordinary, nice human fellows. How can they stomach Huey Long? How can they put up with his bullying, his unsavory, blasphemous, overbearing language? They do not seem to be afraid of him; they appear to like him. Psychology explains the dictators of Europe as appealing to the innate yearning for father-authority in most people. But Huey Long is no father-figure. He is a grown-up bad boy.

Here is the way Huey's most plausible interpreter justifies the dictatorship. The speaker is the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, who is in charge of the "Share Our Wealth" movement, through which Huey aspires to national leadership. "It is the dictatorship of the surgical theater," he explains. "The surgeon is recognized as being in charge because he knows. Everyone defers to him for that reason only. The nurses and assistants do what he tells them, asking no questions. They jump at his commands. They are not servile, they believe in the surgeon. They realize he is working for the welfare of the patient."

"But the patronage grabbing?"

"Frankly, I believe in the spoils system. You have to have power before you can serve the people effectively. Senator Norris says you mustn't sacrifice any of your principles. Huey Long believes you have to yield on a lesser principle to serve a greater one."

That brings one back to the old, old argument about the end justifying the means. But it also raises a vital question. Is Huey Long a "surgeon" who "knows"? Is the surgeon concept worth taking seriously? It is, for if Huey realizes his ambition and campaigns throughout the United States for the Presidency, he will be asking for the surgeon's dictatorship. He will seek the support of the masses on the plea of doing for them what he has done for the masses in Louisiana. He will want all the "nurses" and "assistants" in the Capitol at Washington to jump at his command, as they now do in Baton Rouge. "Now this is a bill—" he will wish to explain to the Committee of Ways and Means, and he will expect the chairman to smash down his gavel and record its approval, with no more questions than a nurse voices in the operating room. This is the way Huey Long works. It is the only way he can work. He is not a fascist, with a philosophy of the state and its function in expressing the individual. He is plain dictator. He rules, and opponents had better stay out of his way. He punishes all who thwart him with grim, relentless, efficient vengeance.

But to say this does not make him wholly intelligible. One does not understand the problem of Huey Long or measure the menace he represents to American democracy until one admits that he has done a vast amount of good for Louisiana. He has this to justify all that is corrupt and peremptory in his methods. He really has been a remarkably competent surgeon. Taken all in all, I do not know any man who has accomplished so much that I approve of in one state in four years, at the same time that he has done so much that I dislike. It is a thoroughly perplexing, paradoxical record.

If he were to die today, and the fear and hatred of him died too, and an honest group of politicians came into control of Louisiana, they would find a great deal to thank Huey Long for. He has reshaped the organism of an archaic state government, centralized it, made it easy to operate efficiently.

Most important of all, he has shifted the weight of taxation from the poor, who were crippled under it, to the shoulders that can bear it. He has increased the debt of the state from \$11,000,000 to nearly \$150,000,000, the second largest per capita debt in the Union. But each stage of debt increase has been financed with new taxation. While the state has benefited from most of the money spent and its credit has been maintained at a high level, he has relieved the poor from many taxes and arranged for an early exemption of all property of \$2,000 or under. This means that most Negroes in Louisiana and more than half the whites will be tax free, save for what they pay in taxes on tobacco, liquor, and gasoline. Further, his law postponing the payment of debts, though its effectiveness in practice still is to be demonstrated, makes him appear as the debtor's savior. He has laid out a system of highways and bridges that will lift Louisiana out of the backwoods tradition and make it coherent and accessible. Since 1924 two thousand miles of concrete roads, eleven hundred of asphalt, and thirty-seven hundred of gravel have been built, according to A. P. Tugwell, chairman of the State Highway Commission. Then, surprisingly, he has devoted himself to the cause of education. He has remodeled the school system of the state. His legislation has made it possible for a full eight-month term to be maintained in the poorest parishes. The burden of school attendance has been lightened by the state's providing all textbooks free of charge, a measure which has added around 15,000 to school attendance. (This is not to deny that school classes are far too large, or to condone dragging the schools into politics.) His enthusiasm for Louisiana State University, say his enemies, is the result of a feud with Tulane University, just as the new dental school is described as a punishment for Loyola. Leaving that aside, Louisiana State now is a flourishing, wealthy institution, with a first-rate faculty, doing work which marks it Grade A among the universities of the country. It has 4,000 students, as against 1,500 when Huey became Governor. Its equipment is superb, and it is taking a leading place in education in the South. Huey added a medical college to the university; the building was begun in January, was opened in October, the faculty was assembled, and the following May it won the grade of A among medical schools. Moreover, Tulane itself is improving its work in the face of this competition.

In the first year of his term as Governor, Huey put his shoulder behind the campaign to stamp out illiteracy. Louisiana was near the bottom of America's disgrace list. The late Julius Rosenwald, who paid out \$50,000 for this campaign, deserves much of the credit. More than 100,000 adults, white and black, learned to read and write in a single year. (The work is now proceeding under the federal relief authorities.) Huey has fought the public-utility companies during his whole political career and has won important victories. Power and telephone rates have been reduced, and will be reduced further if he has his way. He is now fighting to lower electricity rates in New Orleans, the highest in the country for a city of its class. It must be recorded that his brother, testifying before the Senate committee investigating the Overman election, denied the sincerity of Huey's fight against the corporations, and this denial is vigorously supported by his enemies in Louisiana. But I am not attempting now to judge his motives, but rather to summarize his achievements as they appear to the majority in the state

who support him. Even the \$5,000,000 Statehouse, about which so much that is derogatory has been said, would be considered a boon without Huey and his henchmen in it. Most of it is in good taste, all of it is useful, and rearing its lofty tower beside the Mississippi it symbolizes the strength and even the dignity of a modern commonwealth. Behind Huey's record is not the enunciated social philosophy to be found, say, in Wisconsin, but he has lifted Louisiana from a back-

ward position to one that in many respects is advanced. I have said that until this is appreciated, the menace he represents to democracy in America cannot be measured. The ~~man~~ has good works to offer in return for his dictatorship. One needs only to think a moment to realize that without the good works he would be no menace whatever.

[A second article on Huey Long by Mr. Swing will appear next week, and a third the week following.]

Taxation in the New Social State

VIII. European Finance in the World Crisis

By GERHARD COLM

IT has been estimated that before the depression taxes took from 20 to 25 per cent of the national income in the great European countries and only from 10 to 12 per cent in the United States. In Europe the World War left a deeper imprint on financial and economic conditions than it did in the United States, and even before the war most European governments supported a much larger group of social and economic functions than did government in this country. In comparing the public-finance policies of European countries with those of the United States one must also consider the greater natural resources of the United States, and hence the greater objective tax resources. Together these differences result in a much greater tax burden, relative to the national income, in Europe than here.

Because of the higher tax burden certain problems arose earlier and became more urgent in European countries—problems which can reasonably be expected to arise or become increasingly urgent in the United States if the share of public finance in the national economy continues to grow as it has grown in the last few decades. One lesson learned by Europe from the crisis may be touched upon here. European states in general experienced a steady increase in functions without any realization of the consequences of this process. Both in the conflict of philosophies and in social science the two extremes were dealt with predominantly—a laissez faire economy with a minimum of state activity, and a socialistic economy with a comprehensive state organization. For the middle course of a profit economy with important and growing public functions, both the philosophy and the technique were lacking. To be sure there existed in Germany as well as in England certain beginnings of a theory of "interventionism"; but they remained incipient, without extensive strength or influence. Many blunders, uncertainties, and half measures were traceable to this deficiency. Herein lies the first and most common failing of European financial policy from which a lesson may be drawn. A greater share of public finance in the national economy is not necessarily a reason for economic disturbances. The generalization does not hold that the countries with the highest relative tax burdens are necessarily plunged first and most deeply into the crisis. But there can be no doubt that the inconstancy of financial policy has been

one reason for the failure to overcome the world depression.

Budgetary deficits are a general phenomenon of the present depression. Dalton writes, in his introduction to the study "Unbalanced Budgets," that in 1932 of thirty states surveyed only three had balanced budgets. The question is whether the use of idle credit reserves to cover these deficits contributes toward recovery, or whether recovery depends on first balancing the budget. Great Britain is often pointed out as the first and until now the only country to balance its budget and simultaneously to find its way out of the depths of depression. What is more natural than to assume that balancing the budget is the cause of recovery? What is more natural than to advise other countries to follow the British example? But this very example illustrates how difficult it is to interpret the experiences of one country in terms of another. The balancing of Britain's budget was possible chiefly for the following reasons: The country had been for a decade in a depression with a relatively large number of unemployed. Its budget carried grants for an unemployment-insurance system which paid a fairly high dole. With the increase in the number of unemployed during the world depression the rate of the dole was reduced, and therefore the total burden increased less than it did in countries which set up relief systems for the first time. Reduction in the relatively high government salaries was a further means of retrenchment. Similarly, the conversion of the public debt could have a greater influence on British expenditures than on those of other countries because of the proportionately greater importance of debt service in the British budget. Finally, the new tariffs opened up a source of revenue of considerable importance. The deflationary effect of this policy of economy was partly offset by an increasing real purchasing power of wages, which did not fall as fast as prices. It may be said that from the point of view of international competition the devaluation of the pound had the same effect as a reduction of wages. Despite the increasing number of unemployed the real purchasing power of labor rose, according to the *Economist*, about 5 per cent from 1929 to 1933, while in the United States, according to the calculation of the national income made by Dr. Simon Kuznets, a decline of about 25 per cent occurred from 1929 to 1932. The fact that the

British government did not need to resort to credit in 1933 effected a further reduction in the interest rate and eased the resumption of private investment. But the reduction of the interest rate did not have the same effect in other countries, where tremendous credit reserves remained idle. The conservative financial policy alone cannot explain the recovery. Much more decisive was the fact that there existed in England a latent need for investment. British industry was organized to a great extent for foreign trade, yet many manufactured products were being imported into England even though they could have been produced at home. After the loss of important foreign markets England had no choice but to turn her production increasingly toward the home market, and she furthered this process of reorientation by means of tariffs and other governmental measures. This transformation stimulated investment in new plants and also created demand for new housing, since it involved a certain amount of geographical redistribution of population. Thus England experienced a recovery through reconstruction which arose from her peculiar situation and which cannot be duplicated in other countries.

Other examples indicate that a deflationary policy is not in itself sufficient to overcome depression. They indicate also that such a policy cannot even achieve the result of balancing the budget if conditions are different from those in England. In France the policy of governmental economy succeeded in diminishing the deficit but did not balance the budget. Economic conditions did not improve in spite of not unfavorable general conditions. Another example of deflationary policy occurred in the German republic under Brüning. Brüning made heroic efforts to balance the budget, chiefly through radical retrenchment of expenditures but also through a considerable increase in tax rates and the imposition of new taxes. But these attempts were rendered futile by the deepening depression, which led to new increases in relief expenditures and subsidies, and to decreasing tax revenues. And yet this policy of Brüning's, which involved so many sacrifices, was not entirely fruitless. Brüning himself had in mind, I suppose, to turn, after the period of radical retrenchment and after the definite settlement of the reparations question, to a policy of public works and credit expansion. To a certain extent, and not without a degree of success, such a program was later carried out by the National Socialist regime, which was thus able to realize the advantage of Brüning's earlier and thankless efforts. In view of the special situation of Germany's foreign trade and international credit, a policy of public works and credit expansion would have been quite impossible without previous or at least simultaneous reduction of costs. Italy's financial policy during the crisis also combined a tendency toward reduction of expenditures and costs of production with a policy of public works. Sweden followed, with a fair measure of success, a policy of modest expansion and carried a temporary budget deficit. We may therefore conclude from the experiences of Europe that a drastic attempt to balance the budget is not sufficient in itself to overcome the depression if business is not in a position to make use of large capital outlays. Recovery occurred simultaneously with a policy of budget balancing only where, as in England, large investments were made necessary by a transformation of the basis of production. Moreover, other countries achieved a certain degree of recovery without first balancing their budgets.

If we examine in detail the measures taken by European countries to balance their budgets, we find that, despite the larger appropriations for relief and other social purposes made necessary by the depression, the governments were more successful in decreasing expenditures than in increasing tax revenues. Economies were effected partly by the adjustment of governmental purchases and salaries to the lower price level, and partly by a curtailment of appropriations for social and cultural institutions. Reactionary forces frequently used the depression as an excuse for disposing of governmental activities which seemed undesirable to them. In nearly all countries normal expenditures for public building and repairs were drastically reduced. Public works only partly compensated for these reductions. Expenditures for armaments in most European countries did not fall in proportion to other administrative expenditures; in some countries they were even increased. In many cases the policy of public expenditures appears to fluctuate planlessly between drastic curtailment and uncontrolled expansion. Nowhere is the necessity for long-range planning more strikingly revealed than in this field.

In their efforts to increase tax revenues European countries did not discover remarkable new tax sources. Many non-European countries, in South America for example, were able to impose income taxes for the first time. In the United States liquor taxes and state sales taxes constituted important new tax sources which had already been used in most European countries before the depression began. The argument that taxation has passed the limits of productivity is often overstressed in the current depression, as Dalton points out in the work cited above. Nevertheless, it is a fact that in some European countries the income tax has reached at least its psychological limits. The German states and municipalities imposed many new taxes which fell most heavily on the lower and middle income groups. Even a kind of municipal poll tax was levied, less with the intention of increasing revenues than of interesting the masses in a policy of economy. Of particular interest is the imposition in Sweden of a heavy inheritance tax, the yield of which is to be used for the retirement of loans for public works.

In nearly all European countries a striking change in the tax structure took place during the depression. The proportion of income and property taxes in the total tax receipts was sharply reduced. A survey made by the League of Nations (World Economic Survey, 1933-34) which compared the tax receipts of the year 1929 with the estimated revenues for 1934 illustrates this tendency clearly. In general, the importance of excise and sales taxes, and in some countries of customs duties, has increased. (For nearly a century it has been the opinion of progressives that the relative importance of the income tax should be increased. Has the income tax, the ideal tax from the point of view of social justice, passed the peak of its development?) To a certain extent this tendency may be a temporary result of the fact that the income tax is levied on the income of the preceding year and is therefore more under the influence of the depths of the crisis than sales taxes, customs duties, and the like, which reflect more immediately the influence of recovery. Yet this phenomenon is more than merely temporary. It is not by chance that the relative importance of income and property taxes could be increased during the depression only in those countries, such as Hungary, Spain, and several South American countries,

which did not have fully developed tax systems. In most European countries, with the exception of England, income taxation could be extended only by increasing the burden on lower and middle income groups, thereby reducing the social value of the income tax. The broad field of business taxation is capable of further development. But such taxes have not been studied scientifically and developed technically to the same extent as the income tax.

Finally, another aspect of Europe's experiences during the crisis may be profitably considered. With increasing financial burdens the problem of coordinating the various agencies assumes increasing urgency. Many European states in the last decades delegated certain of their functions, such as social insurance, to autonomous or semi-governmental bodies. Though this policy had certain administrative and political advantages, it became impossible to continue the fiscal autonomy of these bodies during the depression, when they ceased to be self-supporting or to meet even their minimum expenditures. Unemployment-insurance systems, for example, ceased to possess the feature of "insurance" in the technical sense of the term. Even states and municipalities lost their financial autonomy. As a consequence of the war and post-war exigencies, state and local governments had lost to the national government many of their taxing powers. The result was that these governments were in no position to meet the new demands which were placed upon them by the depression. It was impractical to attempt to restore their former taxing powers. The most reasonable alternative was further to centralize the taxing powers and responsibilities in the national government, in the interest of increased ef-

iciency, and to continue the elimination of double taxation and equalization of tax resources as between wealthy and poor districts. The most extensive reforms along these lines have occurred in Great Britain and Germany.

Germany has been working toward a single system of public finance, in which the central authority exercises a controlling influence. The local units are required to fulfil a prescribed minimum of public functions. They can maintain services in excess of this minimum at their own discretion, but only up to a certain maximum regulated by law. Certain taxes are reserved for local uses, but in many cases these are administered by the central government. Other local revenues are derived from state aid. Formerly these were distributed chiefly according to the local contribution to the national tax revenues. Recently the basis of this distribution has been modified to that of the relative needs of the different districts. By such reforms the financial operations of central and local governments have been coordinated.

It is evident from this review of the European experience that with a rising level of taxation and increasing influence of public finance on business activity it becomes imperative for a country to coordinate and unify the financial operations of its various governmental units. We may expect during the next few years increasing activity along these lines in the United States, and the development here of a plan of coordination that will meet the peculiar needs of this country.

[This is the eighth of a series of ten articles on taxation, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The ninth, on Public Finance in Time of War, by Hugh Dalton of the London School of Economics, will appear in an early issue.]

Don't Do It, Mr. Hopkins!

By EDITH ABBOTT

THE Washington announcements that a new employment or work-relief program is to be initiated on a much more adequate scale than even the CWA is good news to all who understand the unmerited sufferings of the unemployed and their eagerness for work. Newspapers continue to carry new and revised versions of the story which many state relief administrators already know by heart—that when the Federal Relief Administrator launches his great work-corporation, or whatever he decides to call it, the new system will provide "work for the employable," and as for the so-called "unemployables," well, they are to "go back to the states."

Back to the states, Mr. Hopkins? Back to the local authorities that have no facilities and no funds for taking care of these people? For going back to the states really means going back to the counties and back to the townships; and back to the inefficiency, incompetency, and inadequacy of the system of poor relief supported by local property taxes.

Greatly respected citizens apparently have some mysterious faith in the supposed virtue of local taxes and local administration. The liberal and generous-spirited President of the United States still speaks almost devoutly of the importance of the local communities "doing their part"—as if they had adequate funds and leadership for a social-welfare

program. There is, of course, an influential body of public opinion that, for unexplained reasons, desires and expects a prompt return to the old, local, poor-law system. For example, Newton D. Baker, distinguished both as a statesman and a philanthropist, has recently pointed out the supposed dangers of federal relief and the supposed virtues of the local administration of all poor relief, and has announced his "eager hope that soon the entire burden of relief may be returned to local shoulders." But all who have recognized the miserable incompetence of the old system know that returning to the local relief authorities means returning to everything that is reactionary in the field of social welfare. It means going back to the old system of political county boards and township trustees, back to the "poor masters," "overseers of the poor," "poor boards," and other antiquated relief administrations.

There are 3,072 counties in this country, but there are many more local poor-relief authorities than there are counties. A recent Ohio report showed that in that state, for example, where there are only 88 counties, there are 1,337 townships and 110 cities, a total of 1,535 local governments, all with a statutory responsibility for some form of relief to persons outside of institutions. And if a count is made of the officials responsible for administration under

the state poor law and under the various special laws concerned with public aid, "there are approximately 6,000 public officials responsible for the administration of some form of outdoor relief" in Ohio. They are, for the moment of course, inactive, and their work is now being carried on by the FERA with a better understanding of human needs. How many different statutory poor-relief authorities and officials there are in the whole country no one knows.

Public calamities like the great depression and the great drought were apparently needed to expose the weakness and the incompetence of the outworn local relief system. As a result of these calamities, emergency poor-relief legislation, creating new central poor-relief authorities, federal and state, has been hastily enacted in the last few years by Congress and by the state legislatures, to supplement the antiquated poor-law machinery of the states. These new emergency laws that have been passed since the autumn of 1931 have temporarily revolutionized the old system by removing the primary responsibility for relief from the minor local authorities. But, unfortunately, these new central authorities have been created only for temporary purposes and are generally described in the statutes as "emergency" commissions or administrations.

In a fine decision (*Ach v. Braden*, 125 Ohio State 307), the Ohio Supreme Court recently quoted the ancient maxim of the law "*Salus populi suprema lex est*," and accepted the theory that the emergency poor-relief act was an exercise of the police power for promoting the common welfare, for "the alleviation of human suffering, the prevention of want, by aiding the poor in their distress." The court said that the state, like "the Good Samaritan of old, had extended a helpful hand to those of its people who through no fault of their own had become destitute and needful of the necessities of life." And in an emergency the superseding of the local authorities by the state was justified. But only for the emergency! What then? In Ohio the old poor laws "are still in force, and the principles which have characterized the legislation in this area since 1790" remain substantially unaltered in the emergency.

One of the most exigent questions of the day is how to construct a modern system of public assistance on the old poor-law foundations. For there is much that is valuable in the fundamental principle on which the old poor law rests. The basic principle of these statutes, accepted in America since colonial days, is that the state accepts the responsibility for the maintenance of all its citizens who are unable to maintain themselves on the accepted minimum standard of living. However inadequate the administrative machinery has been, the basic principle of public responsibility remains as sound in the twentieth century as it has been in the preceding three centuries of its history. But there is abundant evidence of the need of reorganization, revision, and codification of the state laws dealing with public aid. The trend of the last century has been away from local responsibility toward public aid from the state administrations. More than a century ago this movement began with the removal of the indigent insane from local poorhouses and jails, from local jurisdiction and local responsibility, to state hospitals supported by state funds. More recently the newer forms of public assistance, such as mothers' aid and old-age pensions, have not infrequently recognized the principle of state aid as distinguished from local responsibility. These new forms of public as-

sistance have usually been set up outside of the poor law, while the old laws have remained substantially unchanged. The principles of local responsibility, of "settlement" or a long period of residence as a basis for eligibility, and of the legal responsibility of members of the family for the maintenance of certain relatives have been substantially unchanged since the English poor laws of the seventeenth century were brought to this country by our earliest colonists.

In the last eighteen months the President and Mr. Hopkins have made a notable beginning in applying the principles of federal aid to the social-welfare system. The FERA has had far-reaching influence on the development of the new welfare programs in parts of the country where there has never been any social work before. Competent "emergency relief" organizations, with state directors, regional and district supervisors, and county social-work units, have been set up in areas where social-work standards had heretofore barely existed. But if Mr. Hopkins turns everything but a work program "back to the states," federal supervision and federal control will go. More than that, state supervision and state control will also go, and the discredited local authorities will be promptly restored. Local politicians, temporarily banished by the resolute orders of the Federal Relief Administrator, will return to welfare control.

Instead of "turning the unemployables back to the states," will not the Federal Relief Administrator take a position of leadership in demanding that the states abolish their old pauper laws and set up a new American system of public assistance? The disgraceful and un-American word "pauper," which still appears as the title of the Illinois poor law, is also used in twenty-nine other states as the legal title of the statute making provision for public aid, in the section heads, or in the text of the statute. That these are really "pauper laws" in spirit as well as in terminology was sharply brought home to many people during the campaign of 1932 and again this last fall when an effort was made in certain communities to enforce the old pauper disqualification for the franchise. The old system will die hard, and few states will be able to make any substantial progress in the abolition of the pauper laws without Administration pressure. All the petty officials drawing petty salaries for the incompetent "pauper law" administration of which they are a part will welcome help from Washington that will seem to restore the old system.

Has not the time come when the Federal Relief Administrator can announce a plan or policy that will assure the setting up of a permanent Federal Welfare Department with continued federal aid not only for old-age pensions, unemployment compensation, and mothers' pensions but also for general home relief? If the federal government, in its zeal for the more popular forms of economic security, withdraws from the relief program, and if the pressure of the federal government for adequate standards of care is removed, the states will lose no time in returning the statutory local responsibility for relief to the statutory but incompetent local governments. Only by continuing federal aid for human welfare, as well as for roads and agricultural experiments, can the old degrading and disgraceful system of local relief be brought to an end. Will not Mr. Hopkins set us free from our un-American American poor laws, instead of returning to them the so-called "unemployables" and their families?

Gold Bricks for the Aged

By M. B. SCHNAPPER

BACKED by a high-powered propaganda machine which is capitalizing the desperate hopes of elderly men and women, the Townsend plan proposing a pension of \$200 a month for all persons over sixty is sweeping the country. Playing up President Roosevelt's promise of pension legislation to their own advantage, the sponsors of the Townsend plan are leading elderly people to believe that the scheme has the indorsement of the Chief Executive himself. And the plan is exploiting not only the dreams and the patriotism of the aged, but their pocket-books as well; for each of the reputed four million Townsend adherents is paying hard-earned cash for Townsend pie in the sky. There are millions of possible dollars and adherents among the ten million persons in the United States above the age of sixty.

The Townsend scheme—strictly speaking, the Townsend Old Age Revolving Pension Plan—is promoted by a group of organizations using the same address in Long Beach, California, and calling themselves Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., Old Age Revolving Pensions, Inc., the Prosperity Publishing Company, and the Modern Crusader. While California was the birthplace and is the center of activity, local Townsend clubs have been formed in all parts of the country.

Economically absurd, the Townsend scheme is yet simplicity itself. Each man or woman reaching the age of sixty—who doesn't happen to be a habitual criminal—will be entitled to receive from the federal government a check for \$200 on the first of each month. The only conditions are that the recipient shall not work or engage in any other money-making activities, and that he spend the entire \$200 within the month. The Townsend prestidigitators propose to finance the scheme through a 10 per cent retail sales tax. If such a tax seems high, Dr. Townsend is quick to assure you that it is really going to be a blessing in disguise, because the \$200 a month will create an enormous demand for goods. While prices will rise, profits and wages will also increase. In short, Hoover prosperity days may turn out to have been a depression compared with the Townsend era.

It would be difficult not to treat the Townsend plan as a joke if it were not such a serious matter for so many. Its economics are so absurd that it should hardly be necessary to analyze them, to compare them with the facts, but let us do just that. The Census of 1930 showed that there were in that year 10,350,000 persons in the United States who were sixty years of age and over; at present there are slightly more in this older age group. In some of the Townsend literature it is claimed that ten million persons would be pensioned and that two billion dollars a month would be paid out in pensions. In other publications the number expected to be pensioned is placed at eight million, which would reduce the pensions to \$1,600,000,000 per month. Expressed as an annual figure, the total cost of the pensions is thus between \$19,200,000,000 and \$24,000,000,000. Either figure is more than double the total disbursement of the federal government last year, including all loans, and ten times the

present relief costs. Either one approaches one-half the total present income of all of the people of the United States and one-fourth of the entire national income in the best year we ever had. (According to the estimates of the United States Department of Commerce the total gross income produced last year was less than forty billions and in 1929, the best year, less than eighty-three billions.) People who are sixty and over constitute less than 9 per cent of all the people of the United States, but at present income levels they would under the Townsend plan receive more than half of the entire national income.

Neither a 10 per cent retail sales tax nor a 10 per cent tax on all money transactions would yield anywhere near the amount required to finance the old-age pensions under the Townsend plan. The total retail sales in the United States—including food, clothing, and all other necessities, without any exemptions—amounted to \$31,500,000,000 in 1932, and to \$49,115,000,000 in 1929, the largest total we have ever had. A 10 per cent additional tax on all retail sales would thus produce only from three to five billions a year, while the Townsend pensions would require from nineteen to twenty-four billions. A 10 per cent tax on all money transactions would produce a great deal more revenue than a retail sales tax, because in addition to retail sales it would reach all wholesale sales, farm sales, professional incomes, salaries, and wages, and even sales of homes and other real property. At that it would not yield enough money to pay the pensions, since the total of all money transactions in 1932 was only \$136,000,000,000.

To meet these facts establishing the impossibility of the Townsend plan, the claim is made that the adoption of this plan would increase the total national income to 240 or 300 billions a year. This claim is based on the premise that every dollar of money issued turns over ten times before it is retired—some of the publications say ten times per year. This is manifestly a concept of the physical circulation of money which has no relation whatever to national income. The absurdity of the claim of a marvelous increase in business is manifest when it is realized that thirty-two billion dollars was distributed in wages, salaries, and other forms of labor income in the United States last year and yet total retail sales were less than forty billions. How nineteen to twenty-four billion dollars paid to from eight to ten million retired persons over sixty years of age will produce from 240 to 300 billion dollars of business, while thirty-two billion dollars actually paid to forty million persons gainfully employed produced less than forty billion dollars of business, the Townsend literature does not explain.

A claim of the Townsend plan advocates which has a great appeal is that the granting of the proposed pensions would immediately create jobs for eight or ten million persons. The assumption in this claim apparently is that everybody over sixty years of age who would be granted a pension is now working. This, of course, is not a fact. Of the entire number of people sixty years old or over, only 4,155,495 were reported in the Census of 1930 to be gainfully employed.

The largest number of those working, moreover—more than 1,400,000—were employed in agriculture, and there were other very large groups in trade, in the professions, and in public service. In fact, there were only a little more than a million persons of sixty or over who were engaged in manufacturing industries, and not all of these, of course, were wage-earners. Adoption of the Townsend plan would not give jobs, at least immediately, to any large part of the total number now unemployed. Whether it would do so ultimately depends upon the validity of the claim that the payment of pensions would enormously increase business. The placing of a great deal of money in the hands of eight to ten million persons in the oldest age group would undoubtedly have a stimulating effect on business, but the proposed sales tax would have just the opposite effect and a transactions tax a still more retarding effect. The net total effect upon business cannot be foretold, but it certainly is very unlikely that the Townsend plan would be a panacea for all present economic ills.

In the Driftway

IN the London *New Statesman and Nation* for December 8 the Drifter has just read a mournful article exploring the ruination of the English landscape by that miserable tree, the conifer! They may be well enough, says the *New Statesman's* "Critic," "in high latitudes where no other trees will grow," or on Mediterranean cliffs or Alpine valleys or the Alban Hills. But not as a substitute for "the traditional trees which are part of the poetry of England." "This process," Critic adds, "like the stripping of their historic contents from great houses, is a part of the price we are paying for the gradualness of our socialization." About the socialization of England the Drifter is not competent to speak; but he is rather an expert on conifers, or rather as much of an expert as a little knowledge and much admiration entitles him to be.

THE conifer, of course, needs no defense from the Drifter, but he has just returned from a New England holiday, and has seen it in all its northeastern glory. Even in a mild English climate, he seems to recall, the deciduous trees shed their leaves in winter. In New England they are delicately bare, their twigs making the various patterns, so readily distinguishable, conditioned by their genus. And in between and around them the hillsides are darkened by pine and feathery hemlock. Even the second- and third-growth pine makes a good showing, and here and there the bold crown of an older and taller pine stands shaggily out. These are conifers, neighbor Critic. They are full, dark green, copious, grand. Close up, the hemlocks drip small, neat cones from the ends of their branches; closer still, the bark of the old pines is deep-furrowed, reverently ancient: stand next the trunk and look up along its great height, and at the top see the sun glancing on the green plumes. There is nothing like a gnarled oak in a meadow by itself, or a tall, umbrella-topped elm—unless it is a solitary pine. On the farm where the Drifter spent his Christmas there is a grandfather pine, growing on the edge of what a hundred years

ago was a well-traveled road. Unlike the tall, straight forest pines, its massive branches begin less than ten feet from its base. They are gigantic arms thrust out protectingly over the old highway, making deep crotches for children to climb easily about in. Not the largest living giant could circle the trunk with his long arms. Just a conifer, Critic; but take the Drifter's word for it, it really wouldn't make a bad impression even in the New Forest.

THE Drifter forbears to mention the Western redwoods that have grown 400 feet high and 31 feet through at the base. Nor will he discuss the carpet of reddish-brown needles which, under a grove of conifers, is so yielding and soft under foot. The cause of Critic's complaint, of course, is not that noble tree, the conifer, but the English climate, in which, apparently it only ignobly grows. A country which—like the Duchy of Cornwall, for example—can produce trees only about twenty feet high, with branches twisted and warped by the everlasting wind, is not suited to mast-tall pines. (It is true that in that English climate some very creditable oaks and beeches grow, and considerable impressive green grass.) But the English landscape as a whole is too intimate, too cultivated for pines—except for the moors, on which practically nothing grows except gorse, sheep, and Brontës. And the Drifter will agree with Critic that nothing would be so depressing, in that landscape, as plantations of suburban evergreens, primly thrusting up their little pointed noses—conifers in name only.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Farm Loans Once More

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your issue of November 7 containing Mr. Jerome Waxman's letter entitled *Farm Loans* has only just reached me. He says that, in my letter to you entitled *Bankers and Money Changers* I failed to state important facts, and being unable to accuse me explicitly of such failure, he implies that the land on which I sought a farm loan was uninhabitable swamp land, and that in my letters to Messrs. Gaston, Johnson, and Van Sant I did not state the truth about it. I challenge him to produce these letters and publish them. I wish to inform your readers that the land was truly described at and after the time of the original application for the loan. The land is not "uninhabitable swamp land." In pretending that it is "uninhabitable swamp land" the bank officials are trying to deceive the public and to justify their arbitrary interpretation and administration of the Emergency Farm Mortgage Act.

The land in question is fertile upland, as a brief inspection would prove. It is in a regular farming country and was used by the owners for the production of a great variety of fruits, vegetables, grain, and hay. The man who occupied it when I applied for the loan had corn growing on it, but the rocking-chair inspector from the land bank closed his eyes to the growing corn as his bosses ordered him to do. As I stated in my letter to you, the Federal Land Bank of Springfield never lends money on any farm unless its owner possesses large resources in addition to the value of his farm equity, but this fact is not openly admitted by the bank or by government underlings for

fear of public censure. The Emergency Farm Loan law was enacted to help all those who wanted to make a living on land instead of asking for "relief," but the bank continued to run in its pre-emergency ruts of greedy, narrow-minded favoritism, forgetting that the people of the country will be benefited by small loans more than by the so-called dole.

Rutherford, N. J., December 24

MARY E. LIVESEY

Relief in the Coal Fields

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For the past three years you have kindly opened your columns from time to time to reports of the special services of relief and rehabilitation being carried on by the Quakers, with the cooperation of the Federal Council of Churches, in the bituminous coal fields of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky. We should like to extend our thanks to your many readers who have contributed money or clothing to this emergency work in what is perhaps the neediest area in America.

You will be glad to learn that this work is entering its fourth year with increasing emphasis on rehabilitation and educational aspects. A conference of the twenty-four field workers held recently at Morgantown, West Virginia, brought out the urgent needs to be met and the substantial services being rendered by this picked group of workers. The varied projects include subsistence gardens and canning, furniture and handicraft shops, supplementary relief, a health clinic service, and workers' education classes, both on subsistence homesteads and in certain active coal-mining centers. Close cooperation is maintained with state and federal government relief agencies, coal operators, and the union. Small libraries are now being

started in a number of communities which have never had such facilities before. A study course entitled "The Human Price of Coal," including suggested solutions for the problems of the industry, is available for churches and study groups at twenty cents per copy.

Contributions are urgently needed and may be sent to Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Committee, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Books and clothing should be shipped prepaid to 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

New York, January 2

JAMES MYERS

A Come-back for Judge Lindsay

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am sure the readers of *The Nation* will be happy to know that Judge Ben Lindsay, after being so outrageously treated in Colorado, was elected in November to be Superior Court Judge of Los Angeles County, California. The vote was the largest ever cast for that office in the history of California and Judge Lindsay won in spite of bitter and unscrupulous opposition.

New York, January 2

PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

Not Fit to Print, an article on the Newspaper Guild by one of its leading members, will appear next week. It gives the newspaperman's answer to the publishers' bitter attack on the principle of collective bargaining as set forth in the recent decision of the National Labor Relations Board.

Like "100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS", this book "names names"!

SKIN DEEP

The Truth About Beauty Aids—Safe and Harmful

By M. C. Phillips

of Consumers' Research (the organization whose researches provided the facts behind 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs.)

DO YOU KNOW of the prominent Dayton, Ohio, society matron who lost her eyesight as the result of using an eyelash dye? The dye is still being sold.

?

—of the wife of a Hollywood director whose face, arms, and neck were burned when a well-known dry shampoo (really a "dry cleaner") exploded?

?

—of the woman who was blinded by a depilatory?

—that certain cosmetics contain salts of mercury?

—of the reducing drug "discovered" in a munitions factory, where the workers who were fat soon lost their rotundity—and which is so dangerous that a doctor who attempted to ad-

minister it to himself was slowly cooked to death?

?

DO YOU KNOW what perspiration suppressor also tenderizes the cotton cloth it touches?

?

DO YOU KNOW that hair dyes can—and frequently do—cause skin eruptions, facial disfigurement and even more unpleasant consequences?

?

DO YOU KNOW that the so-called "women's magazines" of the "better kind" (including those that have "household institutes" and "seals of approval" accept advertising for many of the potentially dangerous cosmetics mentioned in this book?

Some Press Comments:

"It is an entirely frank and fearless book and bluntly names names."


—THE NEW YORK TIMES

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—Skin Deep, page 54

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Labor and Industry

The Great "Bootleg" Coal Industry

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Shamokin, Pennsylvania, December 22

EIGHT nights ago, on driving into Pennsylvania's hard-coal country, I put up at a roadside hotel in the southern part of the region and, although tired, slept hardly a wink all night. My windows were on the crossing of two state highways, and every three or four minutes a truck roared by. A coal truck. Now and then four, five trucks thundered or sputtered past in a row, shaking the ground under the hotel and me in my bed. I could not help rising every once in a while and going to the window to watch the procession. Through the night there passed that spot hundreds of trucks, large and small, new and old—some loaded with coal to the rim, others empty. The loaded ones, as I learned in the ensuing days, were headed for New York City, Brooklyn, various New Jersey towns, Philadelphia, Chester, Wilmington, Baltimore. The "empties" were returning from these places. The two-way streams of heavy traffic moved all night and continued, a bit thinned out, in the daytime. But this was nothing new. It has been going on now at this rate for over a year, practically without interruption. And similar streams of coal trucks have been moving all this time on other highways connecting the southern section of the anthracite region with the great population centers on the Atlantic seaboard and in upstate New York.

They are part of one of the most interesting, not to say exciting, socio-economic phenomena developed in the United States during these years of depression—the so-called "bootleg" coal, coal illegally mined by the unemployed in the mining towns from company-owned lands, for the most part in open daylight, by the most primitive methods imaginable, in complete disregard of private property rights and successful defiance of company police, and, in most places, with the full approval of the constituted authorities and of the overwhelming majority of the other inhabitants of the community; it is sold in the open market to the tune of nearly a half-million tons a month in competition with the legitimately mined coal—a fact which is beginning to cause anthracite operators and regular coal dealers in numerous Eastern cities and towns no end of perturbation.

Bootleg coal has a long, complicated history. Here, for brevity's sake, I shall summarize its innocent beginnings and, lest I strain some reader's credulity, somewhat simplify the fantastic situation as it exists today.

Ever since anyone in the Pennsylvania anthracite field can remember, it has been customary for miners and their families to go with sacks or pails to the culm dumps surrounding their bleak towns and pick coal from among the rock and slate thrown out in the breaking and cleaning processes at the big collieries. The pickers usually were the poorer families. Most of the companies permitted this, and the "pickings," as a rule, were used for fuel in miners' homes. Occasionally some miner paid his church dues or a small

grocery bill with a few bags of coal he had picked up on the dumps. No one ever sold it for cash.

An old miner in the town of Shenandoah told me that during the great 1902 strike, when many families experienced serious difficulties in keeping body and soul together, so many pickers invaded the culm heaps that after a while hardly a lump of coal was to be found; so he and several other family men went "in the woods up on the hill over there," where they knew coal was near the surface, and "sunk a few holes," and dug what coal they needed for their own use. They worked at night. They had an uneasy feeling that this was not unrelated to thievery, "but what could a man do, I ask you, with winter here and not a dollar to his name to buy fuel with?" This, so far as I can determine, was the first time that miners started "holes" on company property without authority from the owners.

Early in the 1920's equipment in the collieries became so efficient that not only were thousands thrown out of work, but practically no coal was thrown upon the culm dumps; free pickings became scarcer and scarcer, and finally almost a matter of history. The result was that when hard times hit them, the miners resorted to illegal mining in increasing numbers, but still only for their own use and mostly at night. During the winter months of the stubborn 1925 strike several hundred holes were opened throughout the anthracite region. The strike ended, but conditions went from bad to worse because the companies, finding labor more and more difficult to deal with, began to install still more efficient machinery, which threw additional thousands out of work and permitted other thousands but part-time employment; so some of the holes opened during the walkout continued to be operated, and from time to time others were started. By and by, under the pressure of extreme economic necessity, illegal miners began to dig coal for their neighbors for cash, and in 1928 and 1929 there probably were from seven to nine hundred men in the six anthracite counties whose income came solely or mainly from "bootleg" coal—as they and their customers commenced jokingly to call it, because it was, in most cases, mined and delivered secretly at night.

In 1930, when the current depression engulfed the country, coal bootlegging probably doubled. In the town of Centralia, where nearly all legitimate coal production had ceased even in 1929, the number of illegal miners at least trebled. In the winter of 1930-31, when growing numbers of people appeared before township and county poor boards with requests for fuel, the board in not a few cases told them to get their own fuel. Where? How? The board members sometimes shrugged their shoulders or suggested that the nearby hills were full of coal. That winter coal bootlegging again doubled or trebled in most towns. In Centralia it became the main industry. It kept the stores open, the people from moving out. The bootleggers, as they actually called themselves, started to work their holes and haul down their loot in the daytime. When the coal companies had some

of them arrested, the poor boards promptly effected their release if they proved they had dug the coal for their own use; and in most cases the bootlegger's say-so was sufficient proof to satisfy the poor-board members, most of whom were ordinary townspeople and, for reasons of their own, more or less anti-company. Then, too, the local courts were strongly disinclined to sentence these offenders; and when they sent them to jail, the wardens soon turned them loose. Here and there the companies blew up the bootleggers' holes, but, as the depression continued, for every hole they blew up three or four new ones immediately appeared. Also, town and county officials cautioned the representatives of the various companies that unless they allowed the jobless to operate their holes, taxes would have to be increased to pay for more relief, and some of these higher taxes would be levied on the coal mines. Thus the companies were forced or induced to "tolerate" the bootleggers, and bootlegging—not only digging, but selling as well—came into the full light of day (as in Centralia a year before) in Shamokin, Mount Carmel, Ashland, Treverton, Kulpmont, Shenandoah, Girardville, Mahanoy City, Tamaqua, Lansford, Coaldale, Pottsville, Lykens, Tower City, Reinerton, Valley View, Hegins, Donaldson, Tremont, Branchdale, Minersville, Heckscherville, Brackville, Gilberton, Middleport, Port Carbon, Williamstown, William Penn, Big Mine Run, Lost Creek, and other towns and villages in the southern section of the region.

In 1931 most of the coal distributed by the bootleggers was sold within twenty-five miles of where they had dug it. Much of it was delivered in sacks in the back of the bootleggers' flivvers or in small trucks hired for the purpose. That year the whole illegal output probably did not amount to more than half a million tons. In 1932, with unemployment reaching a new high, the number of bootleggers at least doubled once more and their output and business probably trebled. In the same year, it is estimated, around a thousand men, mostly young men and boys just out of high school, sons of bootleg miners, acquired second-hand or new trucks on the instalment plan by paying one, two, three hundred dollars down, and bootleg coal began to be sold as far as fifty, seventy, ninety miles from the holes.

Since bootleg coal was peddled at a price anywhere from one to three dollars cheaper than regularly mined coal, there was great demand for it, and after a high pick-up in the last half of 1932 the business got into full stride in 1933, and today, as 1934, the fifth year of the depression, is about to amble off, there are in the anthracite region around 5,000 holes or tiny coal mines in places where coal is near the top of the earth, operated six days a week, each by from two to five men who, in most instances, have no other equipment than picks, shovels, dynamite, a lamp, a pail, and a hoisting rope; while 10,000 or more such holes already have been "robbed out." In a single town, Shamokin, about 3,500 men and boys are busy every day of the week but Sunday illegally digging and transporting coal. In Mount Carmel their number is close to 2,300, in Shenandoah approximately the same, and so on. In the entire region of 500 square miles which stretches from Forest City in the northeast to Shamokin in the southwest we have from 15,000 to 20,000 men and boys thus occupied, more than two-thirds of them being in the southern field, where bootleg mining is favored by geological conditions too complicated to be explained here. The total number of trucks hauling bootleg coal from the holes to the

consumers is between 3,500 and 5,000, and from two to three men earn their living on each vehicle.*

Most of the miners and truckers are heads or members of families; so it is safe to estimate that 100,000 men, women, and children are directly dependent for their livelihood, solely or mainly, on bootleg coal, while indirectly nearly everybody in the above-listed and several other towns and villages benefits from bootleg coal. Bootleg coal, in fact, is the chief basis of economic life not only in Centralia, which I have mentioned, but to a lesser extent also in Shamokin, Mount Carmel, Shenandoah, Girardville, Mahanoy City, Tremont, and at least a dozen other communities. Even Pottsville and Hazleton wouldn't be the lively cities they are without bootleg coal. The amount involved in the bootleg coal business in 1933 is estimated to have been between \$30,000,000 and \$35,000,000, while in the last twelve months the illegal miners and truckers have "stolen" from the anthracite companies' lands from four and a half to five and a half million tons of coal, involving between \$40,000,000 and \$45,000,000; and most of this money stayed right in the communities where the miners and truckers reside, and was spent and respent there.

In other words, bootleg coal is big business; only no one engaged in it makes big money. Through the year few bootleg miners and truckers average more than \$2.50 a day. The huge total sum involved in the bootleg industry is spread out very thin. It benefits enormously, not privileged individuals, as does the so-called legitimately mined coal, but the communities and the region as a whole. It keeps stores, banks, movies, restaurants, drinking places, gas stations open. It enables business people to employ help and buy advertising space in local newspapers. And so on.

Naturally, then, nearly everybody in the towns where bootleg coal has become an established industry is very much in favor of it. I interviewed hundreds of persons, and practically no one free of connection with a coal company had anything to say against it. I spoke with scores of bootleg miners and truckers, and the following are some of their statements: "We gotta live, don't we? . . . There's no work for us in the collieries with their new machines and new ways of doing things. We must do something! . . . In this town 75 per cent of the mine workers are unemployed. The relief we're supposed to get isn't half enough even for food; how about rent, light, gas, and water, clothes and tobacco? And we're entitled to a glass of beer once in a while, ain't we? Our kids and women want to take in a movie now and then. Also we gotta pay our union, lodge, and church dues. . . . As for the 'stealing' part of it, how did the different companies get their coal lands? In some cases they paid \$6 an acre; was that a fair price? In other cases they stole it from the Indians. Was that a nice thing to do? Well [laughing], we're the new Indians, taking what coal we can back from the companies. . . . We 'steal' coal in order to keep from becoming thieves and hold-up men, which, to keep alive, we probably would be forced to become if we didn't have these holes."

The storekeepers with whom I talked were unanimous in saying that, as far as their businesses were concerned, bootleg coal was a lifesaver. Most of them burned illegal coal in their homes and stores. The chief of police and a city

* Some of the above, as some of the following, figures may be disputed. No accurate statistics are available, of course. The figures are a compromise between the bootleggers' exaggerated idea of their strength and the more moderate estimate of the company officials.

councilman of Mount Carmel were unreservedly in favor of bootleg coal. An editor of the Mount Carmel *Item* remarked that while the paper was neutral in the matter, he had no hesitation in saying that but for bootleg coal he might not have a job. Other newspapermen expressed themselves similarly. An officer of the state police, when I asked him what his force was doing to protect the company's property rights, smiled and shrugged his shoulders; for Governor Pinchot's administration in Harrisburg has been decidedly friendly to the bootleggers.

The bootleg towns are preponderantly Catholic; so, feigning concern for the Eighth Commandment, I approached several parish priests, some of whom, I had heard, were accepting church dues in the form of bootleg coal and were using it to heat their churches, parochial schools, and parish houses. All declared that the Eighth Commandment had no bearing on coal bootlegging. The so-called bootleggers, they said, had as much right to the coal they were digging as the companies. Besides, most of the bootleg holes were in places where the companies would never have bothered to take the coal out anyhow—which is true. Father Weaver, the rector of a parish in Mount Carmel, said that should the companies employ armed force to clear their lands of illegal miners, and should the men in such a case decide to fight, he would be unable to restrain himself from getting into the battle on their side. "Some of them," he went on, "are my parishioners; honest, upstanding working people. I'm proud to be their priest. It is absolutely untrue that this bootleg coal situation is having a bad effect on the bootleggers' characters or that, as the companies say, there have developed in this town 'other rackets' in connection with, or as a result of, bootleg coal. Coal bootlegging has no bad moral effect on the people. It keeps them from starving and turning into criminals. . . . Let the companies give the men work in the collieries and illegal mining will cease at once. The men are not bootlegging because they like it. They risk their lives every minute they work in those holes, and deserve everyone's respect and admiration. They have mine."

They have mine, too. In fact, after I saw them work in and around their holes, my respect for the human race in general went up several notches. The sheer "guts" and stamina necessary to sink and work a bootleg coal hole is all but incredible. Imagine a hole in the ground, barely wide enough for a man to let himself down in, usually vertical, sometimes cut into living rock, anywhere from twenty to a hundred feet deep, with just sufficient room at the bottom for the miner to sit or kneel and work his pick and shovel and sticks of dynamite. Personally, I would rather do anything than start and operate such a hole; but then, of course, I am not a miner in extreme economic circumstances, nor a miner's son with mining in his blood and no chance of regular employment. It takes two, three, or four men from two weeks to two months to sink a hole and reach the outcrop, after which they usually strike coal. Working mainly on hunches, they very often find no coal, and all the terrific labor is in vain. When they find it, two, three, or four men produce about as many tons a day, hoisting the stuff to the top of the hole with rope and buckets, then breaking it, often with hammers by hand or chunk against chunk, and cleaning and sorting it also by hand, unless they have a primitive breaker and shaker either at the hole or behind their houses in town. The work is back-breaking and extremely hazard-

ous. Most holes are inadequately timbered and cave-ins are frequent, trapping or crushing the men below. Sometimes the ground at the bottom of the hole, where the man is knocking or blasting out the coal, sinks away from under him and he tumbles into the flooded cavern of some worked-out mine, and that, of course, is the last of him.

Everybody who knows anything about the conditions under which bootleg coal is produced respects and admires the bootleggers, and often considers them heroes; and this—together with the fact that the whole thing is so typical of this resourceful, highly individualistic, anarchic, and fantastic America of ours—operates to create public sentiment strongly in favor of the illegal miners, quite apart from the economic benefits that this curious industry brings to the communities. Even a company official said to me: "Those fellows take such gosh-awful chances that in a way they're entitled to that coal."

The coal is sold to truckers who come to the holes at from \$4.50 to \$5.75 a ton, depending on the quality and on whether it is stove or nut. The truckers have either direct customers of their own in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, or wherever they take it, or agents who get the orders for them from housewives and landlords. Delivered, say, in Philadelphia, Newark, or New York, the coal sells from \$8.50 to \$11, or a dollar or two cheaper than regular coal. The agent gets from 25 to 75 cents a ton commission. The bootleg coal usually is not as clean-looking as regular anthracite, but actually most of it is quite as good. Demand for it continues to exceed production, and everywhere in the southern section of the region I saw trucks waiting for loads at the holes. Production, however, rises steadily; and if nothing drastic is done by the companies or the state to stop it, the business is likely to continue booming in 1935.

Most of the coal now being "stolen" from the bootleg holes, as already suggested, would never have been touched by the companies who legally own the lands. It would have been too uneconomical for them to mine it. Much of it was left over by regular mining operations. Only in a few places—Shamokin, for one—are the bootleggers tapping big veins, which the owners eventually would strip and get out with giant steam shovels. So in most cases the regular operators do not object so much to the coal being "stolen" as to its being sold so successfully in such large quantities; for between 5 and 10 per cent of all anthracite sold in the United States these past two years was bootleg. That is serious competition, cutting deeply into the profits of the operators and distributors. In view of the fact that the whole law and order apparatus, the moral forces, and most of the general public opinion favor the bootleggers, the operators can do little about it at the sources of bootleg coal, now that the thing has been allowed to develop as I have described it. In Shamokin, early in December, the Stevens Coal Company tried to start stripping operations on the so-called Edgewood Bootleggers' Tract, where 1,700 illegal miners eke out their livelihood, but the men promptly dynamited the steam shovel and told the company employees who brought it up to beat it. No one has been arrested for the deed. At Tremont, two months ago, more than a thousand bootleggers faced about fifty company police, and a battle was averted only by the withdrawal of the police. At Gilberton not long ago the automobile of a coal-and-iron cop was dynamited after he had blown up several holes. The Philadelphia and Reading

Coal and Iron Company's private police blew up, between the first of January and the last of November of this year, 1,196 holes, but in that time at least 4,000 new ones were started on their properties. During the same period the same company caused the arrest of seventy-seven bootleggers, but in vain. No jury in any anthracite county is ready to convict anyone for "stealing" or trucking coal.

So lately the desperate operators and distributors have been spending vast sums of money and no end of energy and legal and public-relations talent to ruin the bootleg coal business in Philadelphia, Newark, and elsewhere by telling the public, through the newspapers and otherwise, that bootleg coal is a heartless racket run by a few wise guys who exploit thousands of men, women, and children; that bootleg coal is dirty and otherwise inferior; that bootleg truckers deliver short weights, and so on. In Philadelphia the authorities were induced to invoke against the bootleg coal truckers old ordinances regulating weights and truck traffic which had not been enforced against the regular coal dealers and truckers for years. Upon the highways in New Jersey the state police are induced to arrest bootleg truckers for transporting stolen goods, and there have recently been instances of heavy fines and jail sentences. But so far all these efforts of the companies have had no serious effect on the virility of the bootleg-coal industry. What other measures the companies will think of, I don't know. Certain it is, however, that they will do everything possible to regain the market that bootleg coal has taken from them. Much will depend on the attitude that the incoming administration in Harrisburg will take toward the problem. Governor Earle will probably be inclined to follow the Pinchot policy of friendliness toward the bootleggers, for in the last election they showed themselves to be a political power; but it is possible that the new Lieutenant Governor, Tom Kennedy, who is also international secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers—which organization in the anthracite region is essentially a collection of company unions and therefore anti-bootlegger—will try to prevail upon the highest authorities in the state to help the companies bring about a showdown on the matter and drive the bootleggers out of their holes.

Meantime the bootleggers are organizing to protect what they call their interests. In Shamokin I attended a meeting of the Independent Coal Producers at which I was given to understand that, while eager for peace, they were ready to fight "for their right to live." The same is true of organizations in the Tremont district and in Mahanoy City, where not long ago Congressman-elect James Gildea spoke at a meeting of 400 bootleggers called to protest against the dynamiting of a number of holes by the companies. Mr. Gildea, who is a Coaldale man, declared he was with the bootleggers. They had been instrumental in electing him. Several illegal miners said to me: "If they close our holes, we'll gang up on their collieries and close them."

The bootleggers are so strong that in all probability no drastic action will immediately be taken against them. The thing probably will go on for quite a while. It will be full of possibilities, however, chiefly in the direction of violence; for in the anthracite region dynamite is plentiful, while labor-trouble service agencies are urging the companies to fill the holes with light poison gas, which would stay in them for months and sicken the bootleggers who attempted to work them.

At the end bootleg coal probably will peter out, as do most things in America. Here and there groups of bootleggers already are coming to terms with the companies and are beginning to pay them royalties on every ton of coal they dig. I met company officials who felt that eventually the New Deal might come to their aid. The federal government might take the surplus populations in these towns and transfer them to the land—to subsistence homesteads, of which there has been talk for some time.

Some of the radical intellectuals who have visited the region to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no revolution in coal bootlegging. Most of the bootleggers are anti-Communist, and the few, very few, radicals I met among them told me that bootlegging is largely responsible for the fact that there is almost no real radicalism, no movement of any size, in the southern anthracite towns. Coal bootlegging is nothing more or less than a depression industry. But eventually it may have some slight revolutionary importance. This "stealing" on such a grand scale in open daylight unquestionably causes hundreds of thousands of people—not only the bootleggers—to contemplate private property rights with less awe, and the eventual nationalization of coal mines possibly will come a bit easier and faster because of it.

White-Collar Strike

By H. K.

Milwaukee, December 27

FOUR weeks ago, in a stinging rain, picketing began in the first large white-collar workers' strike of the New Deal. After weeks of futile advances to the Boston Store management, more than 600 of the store's 1,000 employees struck. The pickets are still marching, the strike is still on, though the United States Department of Labor and the national, regional, and local labor boards have done their utmost to stop them, though the A. F. of L., through its state officers and counsel and a personal representative of William Green, has urged them to give in to terms of defeat. A victory, all sides agree, will lead at once to higher wages and better conditions in other Milwaukee stores, including the Gimbel Brothers and Sears Roebuck chains; a victory will be the beginning of the abrogation of the vicious national retail code with its starvation wages. Defeat for the Boston Store strikers may easily kill the efforts of all store employees to better their intolerable conditions for years to come. None know these truths better than the employers. Through their widely circulated daily and weekly papers the powerful mercantile interests of the country are exerting the pressure that no doubt led to the sending of numerous peace emissaries from Washington and Chicago. Locally the other large stores have aided their stricken competitor against the common enemy by furnishing him with lists of extra employees and closing their eyes to price chiseling.

Needless to say, the local press has given the management the benefit of all doubts. Such news items as the throwing of stink bombs that routed customers and an amazing march through the store of thirty women shoppers sympathetic to the strikers were not mentioned. The all impor-

The N. A. A. C. P.

(National Association for the Advancement of Colored People)

"defended" him into a life sentence

George Crawford, a Negro, today is serving two consecutive life terms. He was convicted of the murder of two Southern women, because Charles Houston, of the N.A.A.C.P., his lawyer, betrayed him. Crawford's innocence might have been established through alibi witnesses — but Houston refused to call them. There was strong suspicion that another man had compelling motives to commit the crime—Houston refused to press the investigation in this direction. An appeal from the conviction might have resulted in a reversal of the verdict of guilty and the establishment of Crawford's innocence—but Houston refused to take the appeal. Why? . . . Read the complete, detailed story of

The Truth About the Crawford Case

by Martha Gruening

IN THIS WEEK'S

NEW MASSES

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

ANYTHING GOES. Alvin Theater. Victor Moore as Public Enemy No. 13 in a No. 1 musical revue, with Ethel Merman at her best.

GOLD EAGLE GUY. Morosco Theater. How a ruthless superman built a shipping empire on the West Coast. Excellent production by the Group Theater of a forceful and picturesque drama, with a fine performance by J. Edward Bromberg. One of the best dramas of the season.

EVA LE GALLIENNE and the Civic Repertory Company. Broadhurst Theater. For two weeks beginning Christmas night Miss Le Gallienne is offering her colorful production of Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box Theater. One of the outstanding hits and very good indeed if you don't mind having your serious plays use a little staycomb in their hair.

SAILORS OF CATTARO. Civic Repertory Theater. The third and much the best offering by the Theater Union, which goes in for plays with a revolutionary purpose. This one is all about a mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war, and it is first rate as a play, quite aside from the red-flag waving.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Maxine Elliott's Theater. Tense but grim drama about a fiendishly perverse child, who is played with extraordinary force by Florence McGee. One of the most-discussed plays of the year.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-sixth Street Theater. Picturesque and remarkably engaging comedy by Frank Elser and Marc Connelly about the great days of the Erie Canal.

VALLEY FORGE. Guild Theater. Maxwell Anderson's entertaining drama about George Washington, with Philip Merivale as the Father of His Country. The whole thing seemed very pleasantly theatrical to me, but there are many who take it more seriously without liking it any the less.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's poetic and symbolic morality play about the Dreamer, the Bishop, and the Young Whore in Hyde Park. According to many good critics it is the great modern play, but I found it a bit pretentious.

tant news that the federated trades council had placed the Boston Store on the unfair list got only a paragraph at the end of a long statement by store officials, copied from their advertisement in the same issue. Moreover, this blacklisting, though it was announced on Saturday, did not see print until Monday, when the store's advertisement also appeared.

In spite of the overwhelming forces against them, the strikers have to date been surprisingly successful. Their vigorous picketing utterly ruined the store's Christmas trade. Its officials admitted a drop of 30 per cent in sales from the same period of last year—this at a time when other Milwaukee stores were piling up huge increases over last year.

The attitude of the store management has been provocative; its statements have been uniformly distorted or untrue. It began by furnishing a list of all strikers to the police and instructing new employees to report to the police at "the least sign of disturbance." In a full-page advertisement it falsely stated that the international of the clerks' union had outlawed the strike, and boasted that it was paying the full \$14 a week code minimum to all full-time employees. The League of Women Shoppers, a group organized independently to aid the strikers, called a meeting to tell the public the strikers' side. About eight hundred persons attended. Mrs. Victor L. Berger was chairman. Eight strikers told their reasons for walking out. Income-tax reports were quoted showing that in 1933 four officials of the store received salaries and dividends totaling \$149,000. Strikers said they were living better on county relief than they could on their salaries.

The strike is in fact a strike in behalf of all store employees against the miserable retail-trade code, written by the powerful interests, administered by all-employer boards, approved by the government, and upheld by a press which depends on the good-will of the big stores.

A Rubber Election

TAKING its stand beside automobiles and steel the tire and rubber industry has refused to comply with a recent decision of the National Labor Relations Board calling for an election of collective-bargaining representatives. Ordered by the board to submit payroll figures and other data for a secret election, the Firestone and Goodrich rubber companies petitioned the federal Court of Appeals at Cincinnati to review the order. The companies challenge not only the constitutionality of the board but also the right of Congress to create such a board; and company attorneys have admitted that the fight will be carried to the Supreme Court if necessary. The arrogance of the rubber barons has not been lessened by the quality of A. F. of L. leadership in the industry. On the theory that union objectives could better be obtained through an election, a strike has not even been threatened. The union has avoided taking any aggressive step as an organization apart from government help, in spite of the horrible examples of Weirton and Houde. At the same time a staff of corporation lawyers is preparing further court action to "protect" the company unions in case the petitions are denied, promising more delay. Meanwhile active membership in the A. F. of L. unions is said to have dropped to about 30 per cent of the 18,000 previously reported. With the seasonal increase in production now beginning, the companies will undoubtedly further weaken the unions by replacing old employees with "raw" labor from the hills of the Southern states.

Books and Drama

Nada and "Diamat"

Literature and Dialectical Materialism. By John Strachey. Covici-Friede. \$1.

THE title of this lecture by Mr. Strachey is much more ambitious than anything in its contents justifies. As an informal application of the Marxist thesis to various pressing contemporary concerns—the challenge to culture under fascism, the increasing contradictions of the capitalist system, the predicament of modern literature in general and of certain modern writers in particular—the lecture possesses those qualities of personal persuasiveness which have made Mr. Strachey the most popular exponent of Marxism in the English-speaking countries. But order, in the sense of a concentrated development of a particular subject, it does not possess; and one may best describe Mr. Strachey's lecture as a series of variations on the Marxist theme. You will look in vain for any intensive treatment of the precise relations between the two topics announced in the title. The reason for the lack of concentration on these relations is, of course, not hard to discover. Literature, being one of the most complex of cultural manifestations, is always extremely difficult to define both as to its nature and to its function. And dialectic materialism is a phrase which has come to be used so loosely nowadays that it is no longer clear how much it is supposed to cover. Like so many others, Mr. Strachey embarks on the discussion of a relationship the exact meaning of whose separate terms he has not taken enough trouble to determine in his own mind. And the result is only the addition of a little further confusion to a subject which is perhaps doomed to a certain degree of confusion always because of the complexity of the conceptions with which it has to deal.

The primary confusion in Mr. Strachey's lecture arises out of the problem of the function of literature in any culture. For the most part Mr. Strachey, like so many other writers devoted to the cause of proletarian revolution, is inclined to claim at once too much and too little for literature. He seems to claim for it a social function of the greatest importance, that of stating and clarifying the best interests of society in any time and place. At the same time he seems unaware of its possible function, like that of every other form of art, of serving as a corrective to dogma by breaking through the too sharply defined patterns of experience set up in every time by every dogma. For Mr. Strachey, most of the time, the value of a literary work is to be discovered through some more or less explicit statement of a conscious attitude or point of view, usually of a politico-economic nature. From among Archibald MacLeish's voluminous poetic works he chooses for illustration "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City," that one of this poet's compositions, namely, from which something like a social point of view, however mixed and emotive, may be detached. And to match the fascist implications of this poem Mr. Strachey turns to a very poor lyric by that young English poet who is most likely to become the Rupert Brooke of the present generation. (In both examples, it may be remarked, the inferior quality of the poetry as poetry is a direct consequence of the too self-conscious enunciation of the point of view.) Naturally, the problem of literary judgment is much simplified by this peremptory reduction of literature to social statement. It becomes merely a problem of deciding on which side of the line, to use Mr. Strachey's phrase, a writer is to be placed: Stephen Spender is *ipso facto* a better poet than Archibald MacLeish. If the statement of a dogma is the principal function of literature, the orthodoxy of the dogma becomes the sole question. It is only when Mr.

Strachey comes to a more fully developed literary personality like Ernest Hemingway that he is forced to recognize that the critical problem may not be so simple. Once again he turns to a rather rare and uncharacteristic lapse into abstract statement on the part of his chosen author. The work quoted from is the short story *A Clean, Well-lighted Place* in the volume "Winner Take Nothing," in which appears the now celebrated meditation on death which concludes that all is "nada y pues nada y pues nada y pues nada y pues nada." Of course this is offered, and rightly so, as an expression of the essentially pessimistic view of life underlying all of Mr. Hemingway's work. (That this is a philosophical rather than a politico-economic view, however, Mr. Strachey willingly enough admits, although he feels compelled to invoke some far-fetched hypotheses to dispose of it.) But a little farther on, after extolling the method of criticism employed by Granville Hicks, Mr. Strachey comes straight to the heart of his embarrassment. He is forced to admit that Mr. Hicks, despite the excellence of his devastating analysis of Hemingway's nihilism, has left something out. Mr. Hicks has failed to recognize Hemingway's "power to create adequate images for his own nihilism." The trouble with Mr. Hicks's type of criticism is that "he hardly seems to pay enough attention to the merits of writers as writers." Here is the most striking admission of the inadequacy of the critical criteria which Mr. Strachey himself has been using throughout his discourse. Here it is that he seems to be most clearly setting up an unresolvable dualism between the writer as spokesman of a doctrine and the writer as writer. When does the writer throw off the one role and assume the other? Is there, or is there not, any inherent connection between his "merits" in the one role and his merits in the other?

The source of the confusion is, as a matter of fact, to be found in a very much earlier passage in which dialectic materialism is mentioned first as "one part of human culture," next as a "cultural system," and finally as a "new synthesis." Leaving to one side the question of how something can be a part of a whole and that whole itself at one and the same time, one wonders whether the error does not really consist in a too easy use of the word culture. Is it justifiable, even in strictly Marxist terminology, to refer to dialectic materialism as a culture? In such an orthodox Marxist commentator as Nikolai Bukharin, for example, dialectic materialism is always referred to as an angle, a method, an approach—never as anything more concrete than a point of view. It is an intellectual instrument for describing, analyzing, and predicting the processes of cultural change. But it is never represented as being in itself a culture, that "superstructure" which arises out of the periodic equilibrium of economic forces in the history of a people or of a civilization. If this is an accurate definition, literature and dialectic materialism have only the most remote and indirect relations with each other. "Diamat" (as the term has become abbreviated in the Soviet Union) has always to be applied first of all in the realm of social and economic change—the substructure, according to Marxist dogma, on which all cultural forms are ultimately founded. It must be used to bring about a reorganization in that realm before a culture in which writers are able to function as writers is possible. The two processes—the one of political and social revolution, the other of individual creation—are not unrelated at the present time. But they are not coincident in time, and the attempt to represent them as such is not very helpful either to revolution or to literature. In the European past, literature has shown itself to be the child rather than the companion of social revolution—and usually a very backward child. It is a mistake to believe that its growth can be accelerated by artificial means.

WILLIAM TROY

The Drama of Peru

Fire on the Andes. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

MEXICO and its resurgent Indianism having for some time been the happy hunting ground of archaeologist and ethnologist and then the vogue of American tourists, it was inevitable that the public would be invited to gaze on Peru. The analogies are well known and striking. It too boasts ancient cities, pre-Columbian village cultures, Inca handicrafts, *pisco* as ardent as *tequila*, mightier mountains, jollier jungles, mystery more entrancing, *valuta!* And—tip to the adventurous—whom the casinos of Cuernavaca and the comforts of Chapala begin to cloy, the Inca revolution is still to come, is mayhap imminent. One can fly to Lima in three days.

No one is better qualified than Carleton Beals to make this first comprehensive analysis and survey of contemporary Peru. Written with brilliance and verve, his book conveys the color, the intense contrasts, the cruelty and beauty of the land. Like Gaul, Peru is divided into three parts: the rainless Pacific coast fringe, where scorching aridity shrivels life; the bleak Andean "fortress of a race of quartz men," of crags and condors, rising into the eternal snows, land of the llama; and east of the continental divide the vast equatorial forest through which the melted snows of the cordillera tumble to form the headwaters of the Amazon—the "Green Hell," jungle land of the deadly maraquita tree, of poisonous flowers, snakes, insects, and arrows, of naked cannibals and plumed head-hunters.

This physiography, the variations of climate, the lack of inter-communication have done much to shape the destiny of Peru. But no less important is the ethnic basis of Peruvian history; four centuries after Pizarro it is still the land of Mochicas, Aimaras, Quechuas, Cholos. It is they who, Mr. Beals predicts, will rise against the rule of the "corrupt Creoles" to form "a great unique mountain-tropic culture." Mr. Beals suggests ample justification for such a revolt. Peru is "yet to become a modern state." Its "agriculture is more deficient . . . than under the Incas." Its governments have been "corrupt, inefficient, unpatriotic, unjust, and most stupidly tyrannical," and the land, he asserts, is "held to golden exploitation by ignorant landlords, brutal soldiers, rapacious priests, and degenerate politicians." Lima, the coastal Creole capital, "is still dawdling in the Porfirio Díaz epoch in Mexico," while "all Andean Peru is in the coils of the cocaine vice." A dark picture, unrelieved by heroism, devotion, sacrifice, intelligence, or effort. Not once during Peru's hundred years of independence, asserts the author categorically, has a really noble figure arisen to revindicate the rights of man. Not since the Incas has Peru had a really important national hero, a leader to strike a path to new freedoms.

Will Raul Haya de la Torre, founder and leader of the A. P. R. A. (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana) prove to be such? Mr. Beals expresses doubts, although he declares him to be "the outstanding popular figure of all Latin America." But his program Beals deems "too comprehensive . . . opportunistic, bureaucratic, hybrid . . . based on petty-bourgeois reforms with slight collectivist tendencies." Mr. Beals further condemns the A. P. R. A. as "essentially middle class" and asserts that "its nationalistic emphasis gives it a fascist complexion." With the unfavorable connotations of this verdict, the reviewer takes issue. Whatever may be the shortcomings, actual and potential, of the A. P. R. A. movement, it is a counsel of perfection to imagine any attempt at revolution or reform in Peru that will lack these or greater weaknesses. *Aprismo*, as Mr. Beals recognizes, is "the most vital popular force in Peru." Its leader, Haya de la Torre, is high-minded, cour-

ageous, steadfast, enlightened. Since he has repeatedly risked his life for his cause, it is scarcely to be wondered that his followers idolize him. He himself has fought against the personalism involved in their worship of him—which is inevitable in Indo-Hispanic America—and has sought to erect his sorely needed reformation of anachronistic Peru on a basis of principle and program. Intellectually and morally he is far ahead of his contemporaries. And his compromising of the A. P. R. A. program, which Mr. Beals censures, may be, given the herculean dimensions of the task, the practical realism of a statesman and patriot who has long since ceased to be doctrinaire. Apra under his leadership may fail, but if it does so, there is scant prospect for anything but tyranny or chaos in Peru during our generation.

ERNEST GRUENING

Was It a Needless War?

The Eve of Conflict. Stephen A. Douglas and the Needless War. By George Fort Milton. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

MR. MILTON'S full title suggests his threefold purpose. As "The Eve of Conflict" his book is a detailed and lively history of American politics in the decade immediately preceding the Civil War; as "Stephen A. Douglas" it is the definitive biography of the great Illinois statesman; and as the "Needless War" it is the defense of a thesis which seems to me open to serious objection.

Those familiar with Mr. Milton's masterly presentation of the Reconstruction Era in his "The Age of Hate" will not be disappointed in expecting the same qualities of exhaustive research, skilful arrangement of material, incisive style, and sustained movement of narrative in his treatment of the fateful decade preceding the outbreak of the war between the states. The period has been treated by scores of historians, and it would probably be rash to say that Mr. Milton has put any of its outstanding events, such as the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Le-compton fraud, or the disruption of the Charleston Convention in a new light. Nevertheless, his access to tens of thousands of unpublished Douglas manuscripts has enabled him to supplement our knowledge of these events with many facts hitherto unknown. He is able, thanks to the exploitation of a vast amount of new Douglas material, to make more precise the contacts of Douglas with other influential men of the era, and to measure the impact of Douglas's views upon the politics of the era with a fulness of detail impossible to the previous historians of a decade in which Douglas, by general consent, was the most conspicuous political figure.

As a biography Mr. Milton's book clearly supersedes all the former lives of Douglas from James Sheahan's to Allen Johnson's and Louis Howland's. Not only does the material put at his disposal by Douglas's grandsons and by the descendants of such intimate coworkers with Douglas as Charles Lanphier, editor of the *Illinois State Register*, furnish the author with documentation for many a hitherto uncertain or disputed point in Douglas's public life, but it also tempts him at times to let loose a perfect spate of footnote references to authenticate some statement of quite minor import as to Douglas's looks, dress, or personal habits. Yet the biography marches with the history in close lockstep. It is the Douglas of "The Eve of Conflict" on whom Mr. Milton wishes to fix our attention. The ancestry, birth, early years, and meager education of the Vermont lad are passed over in a few hasty pages. There are no chapters on Douglas as state's attorney, member of the legislature, Secretary of State, or justice of the Illinois Supreme Court. There is little on his two terms as Congressman from Illinois or on the first half of his first term as United States Senator

(1847-1850). But from 1850 to his death eleven years later Douglas is revealed to us with a completeness which leaves no thought of his unexplored nor any least political move unprobed.

But Mr. Milton's book is something more than an objective history of the decade of the fifties or a disinterested biography of Stephen A. Douglas. It is a warm indorsement of Douglas's contention that the acceptance of the doctrine of non-interference by Congress with slavery in the territories would have silenced the extremists both north and south of Mason and Dixon's line and so prevented the "Needless War," or at least would have prevented the war from coming as soon as it did—which is a rather embarrassing concession for Mr. Milton's thesis. We can readily agree that no war is "inevitable" in the sense that an earthquake or a tidal wave is inevitable. The question is whether Douglas's remedy could have prevented this *particular* tragedy. I think it extremely doubtful for several reasons. In the first place, Douglas failed to understand the strength of the moral opposition of the North to the extension of slavery. He laid that opposition to Abolitionist hysteria at first, and in its later manifestations to the base and selfish determination of the Republican leaders to make profit for their party out of the misery of their country. He was himself opposed to slavery, as he frankly confessed on many occasions, and he had declined his father-in-law's gift of a Mississippi plantation as a wedding present. But having no objections to others holding slaves wherever the majority of the community approved it, he did not perceive the rapidly maturing conviction, outside the South, that slave property, to quote James Truslow Adams, was "an anachronistic form of property, as obsolete as marriage by capture."

In defending what seems to me Douglas's anachronistic position Mr. Milton says: "Most of the party leaders realized that Popular Sovereignty had a firm hold on the hearts of nine-tenths of the American people." If this was so, it is very difficult to understand why the majority of the voters, North and South, rejected it in 1860. Mr. Milton also says: "In their interchanges on the House-Divided doctrine, it was Douglas, not Lincoln, who read the future aright." But it seems to me that the "future" vindicated Lincoln's prophecy completely. The proposed Thirteenth Amendment of 1861 made slavery inviolable in the states where it was protected by law; the actual Thirteenth Amendment, adopted in 1865, made the nation all free soil. Did Douglas or Lincoln, then, "read the future aright"?

One would like to ask the shade of Douglas many questions touching the efficacy of his doctrine of Popular Sovereignty to quiet strife and preserve the Union. If a geographical line of demarcation between slave and free, like the Missouri Compromise line, would only serve to perpetuate sectional hostility, as Douglas maintained, what prospect was there that such hostility would be cured by permitting the very institution which caused it to go into any territory of the United States? Douglas insisted that slavery restriction was excluded from the power granted Congress by the Constitution "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory . . . belonging to the United States." The Free Soilers insisted on the inclusion of slavery restriction in that power. It was a difference of interpretation. How could Douglas rightly reiterate that his view was "constitutional" and his opponents' not? To maintain his position that the Negro was "property," Douglas declared in a speech in Chicago (July 9, 1858) that the Negro must never be given "social or political or other equality" with white men. Yet he acknowledged that the State of Maine had a perfect right to give the Negro the vote. The truth is that Douglas's doctrine raised more difficulties than it settled, and he resented the discovery of those difficulties. I do not question his sincerity. I simply believe that he was wrong.

Although Mr. Milton, in my opinion, has not made out a case for the efficacy of Douglas's proposed doctrine of Popular Sovereignty to prevent the "Needless War," he has given us a

most interesting and valuable volume on the fateful decade of the fifties, and by far the most complete portrait of its most distinguished figure.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

Lloyd George Continues

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Volume IV. 1917.
Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

HAVING flayed the British admirals in his third volume for their pessimistic obstruction to proposals for dealing with the submarine menace, Lloyd George now takes to task the British high command, especially Haig and Robertson, for their fatuous optimism in undertaking the Flanders offensive in the fall of 1917.

This "futile, fantastic, and dangerous" venture, as Foch correctly characterized the Paaschendale campaign many weeks beforehand, fills more than a quarter of this fourth volume and is its central theme. And Lloyd George seems to have an even better case against G. H. Q. than against the Admiralty. He shows that while the plan was under discussion much essential information was withheld from himself by Haig and Robertson. He and the rest of the Cabinet were not told that Foch and Pétain disapproved of Haig's plan. They were not informed of the extent of the French mutinies which made the French, after the failure of the Nivelle offensive, decide that they had better avoid any more costly offensives on the western front until the Americans had arrived in force. Concealed also were other essential facts, notably the wet nature of the terrain which would be churned by the artillery preparation into a frightful morass of mud, impassable to man and even more impassable to the tanks which were expected to operate. Had Lloyd George and the Cabinet been fully and frankly informed of all these things, they would never have consented to the "muddy and muddle-headed venture." But Haig and Robertson, safe in G. H. Q. far from the trenches, and encouraged by the adulatory reports of their staff, were so optimistic and confident of hurling back the Germans and winning Ostende and the Belgian coast, that the politicians yielded—with misgivings—to the military experts. The disastrous consequences of the "Campaign of the Mud" were the frightful and futile loss of life, the rejection of an Italian offensive which might have cracked up Austria or at least prevented Caporetto, and the weakening of the morale of the British troops before Ludendorff's terrible drive in the spring of 1918.

In the remainder of his volume Lloyd George treats very interestingly and lucidly of other important aspects of 1917: the creation of the British Air Ministry, the Stockholm conference, labor unrest and electoral reform, the peace moves of Sixte de Bourbon, Kühlmann, and the Pope, the successes in Turkey and the disaster of Caporetto, and the much-needed steps toward securing unified Allied supreme command.

As Lloyd George and M. Poincaré were the dominant political figures in their respective countries, one inevitably compares their memoirs. The contrast is striking. The Frenchman gives a dry, diary-like record, primarily devoted to domestic French politics. Where he touches an international question like the secret Sixte de Bourbon negotiations, he takes it up and drops it a dozen times, following the scattered notes in his journal. Lloyd George, on the other hand, writes with a wide sweep envisaging many lands. He skilfully gathers all he has to say in well-grouped chapters, which may overlap chronologically but which bring to a clear focus the irresistible course of interlocking events. Whether his memoirs, like those of M. Poincaré, will run to ten volumes, it is too early to say. But if they do, and if he keeps up to his present level, he can count on eager readers to the end.

SIDNEY B. FAY

An Interesting New Poet

Thing of Sorrow. By Elder Olson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

ELDER OLSON is an interesting lyric poet chiefly because of his rhythms and his use of sound as texture. By means of a short, rather breathless line and great facility in the use of the caesura, he states over and over again his main theme: that beauty lies in change, in the quick shift of something caught at and lost. This beauty of change is especially ■ sensuous beauty. The mind considers it but cannot really fathom it; the senses touch it lightly and let it go. Each flickering image is therefore a thing of sorrow. And principally by his rhythms the poet conveys just this mood.

Mr. Olson is ■ little too facile. He is also, now and then, amazingly imitative. One lyric in this book is almost ■ replica in thought and even in imagery of one of Archibald MacLeish's best-known lyrics. And in other poems one catches echoes. Mr. Olson's range is not great. He does not achieve Miss Adams's sure leap into the very heart of mystic truth or beauty. He is best when he flutters, as it were, just over the heads of such poets as take their full inspiration from sensuous and earthly beauty and just below the true mystic. He is a mystic in so far as this can be said of any modern thinker who is aware of the Bergsonian philosophy of fluctuating emotions and shifting ideas. Technically Mr. Olson knows what he is doing. His images, his language, his turn of line and phrase show ■ command of forms. Particularly is he possessed of ■ fine ear for word sounds. His own line, "Make of no thing but breath," almost exactly defines his art. He lacks fiery or complete intensity. He is now and then a bit literary. He is best when he deals with the exact perceptions of youth. We judge him to be young himself since he is so preoccupied with impermanence and its sorrow. Elder Olson is worth reading and worth watching.

EDA LOU WALTON

Unemployment Insurance

A Program for Unemployment Insurance and Relief in the United States. By Alvin H. Hansen, Merrill G. Murray, Russell A. Stevenson, and Bryce M. Stewart. University of Minnesota Press. \$2.50.

THIS book shows a growing clarity of thought among the students of unemployment insurance. A previous volume by the two senior authors had proposed ■ system of unemployment insurance which carried with it plant and industry reserves instead of ■ state-wide pool, and which in order to provide forty weeks of benefits imposed a waiting period of no less than eight weeks. In the period which has elapsed the authors have had further time to mull over the whole problem, and they have now essentially come over to the fundamental tenets which certain of us have been expounding for a number of years. Thus they now see that separate plant reserves on the Wisconsin model will result, in ■ period of depression, in ■ gross inequality of benefits. For since a depression hits some industries far more severely than others, it will reduce reserves and hence benefits in greatly varying degrees. The authors, therefore, in the present volume favor the state-wide pool with uniformity of benefits which the Ohio Commission advocated and which the American Association for Social Security is fostering.

Secondly, they now see that insurance can only break the first impact of ■ depression, and following the example of Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and England, they favor the establishment of ■ system of state-financed emergency benefits

which will supplement unemployment insurance when the standard benefit period is exhausted. The addition of this feature, caring as it does for most of prolonged unemployment, justifies the authors in now reducing their suggested standard benefit period from forty to twenty-six weeks and in shortening the waiting period from eight weeks to four. This plan of limiting the burden which the insurance system as such can carry and then explicitly providing for supplementary aid from the state cannot be too highly commended. It may not be inappropriate, however, to mention that the authors are not, as they seem to suppose, the first in this country to advocate such a plan, since almost precisely the same idea was developed at some length in my "Standards of Unemployment Insurance," and should indeed have been evident to anyone who has watched European developments with any care.

One of the best features of the book is Mr. Hansen's discussion of the problem of transferring funds from periods of prosperity to those of depression. With several others I have for several years stressed the importance of this issue and have urged that it be met (1) by investing approximately nine-tenths of the reserves accumulated during prosperity in government bonds, and at the same time neutralizing ■ possible credit expansion by placing the remainder in ■ sterilized hoard of cash, (2) by issuing Federal Reserve or Treasury notes upon the bonds during periods of depression in order to pay benefits and expand purchasing power at such times without being compelled to sell the bonds on ■ difficult market. Mr. Hansen suggests various possibilities but does not seem to be definite in his preferences.

Taken as a whole, the book is to be commended for its open-mindedness and deserves to be studied by legislators and insurance experts. It is, of course, a personal pleasure for those of us, including I. M. Rubinow and Abraham Epstein, who have advocated these policies for ■ number of years to find the logic of events bringing to us in increasing numbers such clear-headed students as the authors of this excellent work.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

The Nineties

The Age of Confidence. By Henry Seidel Canby. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN a brilliant historical study, "The Rise of the City," Professor A. M. Schlesinger of Harvard University points out that in the eighties and nineties of the last century the United States trembled between two worlds, one rural and agricultural, the other urban and industrial. In the span of those years the fateful decision was made: an urban-industrial America, one more akin to Europe, triumphed over its former traditional, rural-agricultural self. Yet, infers Dr. Canby in "The Age of Confidence," many individuals have come to think of the nineties as nothing more than "a bad, small-town joke." Such a notion is untenable, of course, as any capable historical work on that period will demonstrate. But if those same skeptics need further evidence of the falsity of that view, they may find it in "The Age of Confidence." These personal essays, which recapture in full tone and rich color life in upper-class Wilmington society in the nineties, through the boyhood and youth of Mr. Canby, confer the feeling that life in those days had an almost spiritual significance.

The closing decade of the nineteenth century in America was an age of confidence, writes Dr. Canby, because "for the last time in living memory, everyone knew exactly what it meant to be an American." Security and confidence were the two dominant chords of those years and were centered in the family and business institutions. All the forces of life—in society, education, religion, politics, even on the more intimate plane of

sex and marriage—were derived from that stable, unifying nucleus.

... a tradition of decorum, responsibility, and friendliness blended with a stuffy respectability to make society. . . . [But] our society was dying, or rather it was rapidly changing from one consciousness to another. Tradition was fading with dignity, soon our little world was to become more promiscuous, more amusing, and less friendly, much more expensive . . . in a community growing year by year more commercialized, more cutthroat in competition, speculation was beginning to dominate industry.

Breakdown was imminent. Scientific method began to give new color to life. Mothers and fathers no longer feared the hell fire which their parents had instilled into them, and it was only logical that their children, the new generation, should reflect the transformation.

Quakerism was dead. . . . The fire had gone out of Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism, but they made up in respectability what they had lost in fervor. . . . As for the Baptists and Methodists, they belonged to the plain people, lesser breeds without the law we would have said if Kipling had written the verse in time for us.

The business empire, too, of Wilmington, Delaware, was firmly established. But it had always been a local business community. Thanks to its Quaker background, no predatory captain went forth to conquer America. Even such opposing forces as the blue-coated army of propagandists of Henry George and the notorious Addicks, a captain of industry, were prevented by the populace from using the disproportionate representation of Delaware for their own ends in Congress. Addicks failed "chiefly because he did not know how to buy votes like a gentleman." Big business, however, was not to be stopped. Rockefeller, Gould, Hill, and Carnegie, individualists of unparalleled energy, "were killing individualism for the benefit of their private purses, reducing anarchy to order and chaos to form, in unwitting preparation for a new social order." And almost overnight, when the need for explosives for the World War became more urgent, Delaware, the home of the du Ponts, experienced a tremendous boom and permitted itself to go wild in a mad orgy of speculation "which when it ended had swept away the whole fabric of society as I had known it."

Two factors distinguish Dr. Canby's exceedingly valuable work from the staid, sterile volumes of memoirs which constantly make their way to the reading public. First, he does not employ the narrow, moralistic Quaker vocabulary of the nineteenth century to decipher class differences but uses a modern, full-blown, economic lexicon. Second, he has not written "The Age of Confidence" with a nostalgia for the past. It is dedicated to his sons and is written as though for the whole younger generation today.

ERIC ESTORICK

Shorter Notices

Aleck Maury, Sportsman. By Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

This novel about a Southerner who loved fishing quite as much as he did the Greek and Latin languages, or his wife, is more than a technical achievement to be admired for the manner in which it makes use of a thousand details pertaining to the angler's art. It is also, and even more interestingly, an account of one man's wise and quiet way of life. The author cannot be unaware, though she nowhere insists upon the point, that her hero is possessed of a secret which to most modern persons is unknown—a secret which makes it possible to live with dignity, serenity, and form. The sense of this is communicated by Caroline Gordon through the moderation with which Aleck

Maury always speaks, for the book is written in the first person; and if at times this moderation disappoints a reader who has decided to expect spleen or petulance, or the tattered passions which flap in the pages of many a contemporary Georgia or Mississippi fable, such a reader is compensated by the whole vision which he learns to share with Aleck Maury. This is clearly one of the most distinguished and beautiful novels to come out of the South in recent years, and as a document supporting the Southern Idea—if it is that at all—it is worth tons of polemic literature, agrarian, libertarian, unreconstructivist, or what not.

The Yellow Bell: Brief Sketch of the History of Chinese Music.

By Chao Mei Pa. Published by the Author at Barberry Hill, Baldwin, Maryland. \$1.25.

Authentic data on Chinese music is so hard to find in America that this little book by a Western-trained Chinese musician should be well received. Chao Mei Pa is a recent graduate and laureate of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Brussels. Before that he taught at the University of Shanghai and conducted native choruses in China. He is therefore well equipped to review the story of Chinese music. He has done a fairly good job within prescribed limits, and his brief book is a trustworthy introduction to the subject if not an adequate discussion of it. The yellow bell is the first note of the Chinese musical system, fixed about five thousand years ago. Even at that early date every musical sound bore a poetic and symbolic meaning. The author points out the many misconceptions of the West regarding Chinese music, among them the false appellation of the pentatonic scale as applied to all Chinese music. A well-illustrated chapter deals with Chinese instruments, classical and popular, and points out Japan's instrumental debt to China. Other chapters contain expositions of Chinese music in the theater, folklore, and religion. The author sees a resurgence of a new national school in China, fortified by but not subservient to Western theories of music.

An Introduction to Sex Education. By Winifred V. Richmond. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

This is a simple and satisfactory book meant for use as a text for students in colleges and nursing schools. It treats the subject in both its biological and social aspects, and the presentation is reserved but thorough. In addition there are excellent bibliographical references indicating to teachers and general readers a wide range of fuller studies.

Drama

A Brilliant Comedy

SOME fifteen theatrical offerings descended upon New York during Christmas week. At the present writing I have been able to do my duty by only a few, but so far at least I give first place to the new piece by S. N. Behrman which the Theater Guild has produced at the Golden Theater under the title "Rain from Heaven." It is not exactly a comedy, if by that term one means necessarily a play whose sole purpose is to be amusing or even one in which all the conflicts are resolved through the benign offices of rationality, but Mr. Behrman is still our best comic writer in the sense that no one else can write with quite his combination of intelligence and suavity. No one else so persistently avoids the cliché or so consistently mints his gold anew. The curse of comedy is the tendency of its wit and its "sophistication" to become mere convention, of its "wisdom" to seem something merely borrowed instead of achieved.

But Mr. Behrman's plays are fresh because even when the point of view is the point of view of all comedy it seems to have been arrived at by the genuine processes of a fresh and active intelligence.

In retrospect one realizes that the theme of the new play—even, indeed, the situation—is surprisingly similar to that of "Biography." Again we have a wise and clever woman brought into conflict with two men each of whom is capable of a certain fanaticism incomprehensible to her, and again it is her perception of a basic incompatibility which separates her from both. Yet "Rain from Heaven" is by no means the same play as "Biography," and it is different not merely because the concrete embodiments of the situation are entirely different but, more importantly, because the problem has become more acute and the issue more pressing. In the earlier play neither the Communist nor the "practical" politician can be taken too seriously, for the simple reason that both are operating in what is nearly a vacuum, and the discords between them are discords of temperament and ideology alone. But in "Rain from Heaven" another sort of crisis is nearer. The scene has been moved to England and to an atmosphere charged with the possibility of proximate conflict. One of the chief male characters is a popular American hero being exploited by his brother in the interests of a vague fascist scheme; the other is a German refugee. Thus one comes face to face with tangible results brought about by the two opposing temperaments; and if the heroine elects again to remain to some degree "above the battle," there is here, as there was not in "Biography," a very real battle to remain above. For this reason the action which begins on the level of pure comedy grows steadily more tense, and the last act, while still managing not to violate comedy's necessary allegiance to common sense, achieves real power in the drunken confession of the financier and the determination of the refugee to return to participate in the conflict he had once thought no business of his.

As in "Biography" there can be no doubt where Mr. Behrman's own sympathies lie. It is safe, I think, to assume that here also the lady speaks for him. But the situation is no longer quite so clear, and the refugee makes out a much better case for himself than either of the men in the earlier play was able to do. While you are trying to understand your enemy, he says, that enemy will kill you—unless you kill him first. And to this the lady can only reply sadly that it may be so but that her kind will, nevertheless, not perish utterly; they will somehow survive the storm, and when the storm has passed they will be there ready to play the only part they are fit to play—that of helping to reestablish the only kind of world really worth having.

"Rain from Heaven" is produced and acted with the intelligent skill it merits. Philip Moeller's direction is extraordinarily sensitive, and all the parts are beautifully played. Jane Cowl, especially, has not been seen to such good advantage in years, and John Halliday gives an extremely ingratiating performance in the role of the refugee.

Another notable opening of the week was Katharine Cornell's production of "Romeo and Juliet," which, to begin with, answers successfully the two simple questions which I always ask first of any Shakespearean production: Does it escape the curse of "elocution," and is it or is it not predicated upon the odd Victorian assumption that all except the mightiest of the tragedies are pretty almost to the point of cuteness? Fortunately Miss Cornell has proceeded upon the correct assumption that the persons in "Romeo and Juliet" are Renaissance Italians when they are not Elizabethan men or women, and that the poetry of the play is the poetry of hot impulses amazed at their own almost unbearable intensity. The action proceeds with a headlong swiftness which carries the audience along with it, and pictorially the production is beyond criticism with its char-

acters swaggering in gorgeous raiment against a background sufficiently stylized to suggest how, in this youthful play, the burning reality of Shakespeare's emotion manages to assert itself in a tale not wholly detached from the artificiality of the *conte* upon which it is based. As for Miss Cornell's own very striking performance, I think that it owes its great effectiveness more to the eloquence of her movements and gestures than to her delivery of the lines, which is clear and intelligent without being in itself noteworthy. Brian Aherne is admirable as Mercutio until he comes to his most famous speech, "A plague o' both your houses," when he proceeds to succumb so rapidly to his wounds as to be well-nigh inarticulate. A dying actor should never be so far spent that he cannot recite his lines.

Miss Ina Claire's vehicle, "Ode to Liberty" (Lyceum Theater), is entertaining enough in a mild way without showing her off to the best advantage. Ostensibly a political satire on the revolutionist tamed by luxury and love, it turns out to be only a rather conventional version of the old story of the romantic woman who takes the fugitive under her wing, and the fact that the hero is a Communist instead of (as is more usual) a burglar does not greatly affect the nature of the comedy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

P. S. Since the above was written, "Accent on Youth" (Plymouth Theater) has revealed itself as a romantic comedy distinguished by its remarkable verve. It will be reviewed next week.

"Kykunkor," the extraordinarily colorful African "opera" which first appeared in New York City last spring, has returned for another engagement at the auditorium on top of the Chanin Building. It was reviewed at length by Lincoln Kirstein in our issue of June 13. It has some remarkable dancing in which Harlem and Africa merge with rather startling ease. As Mr. Kirstein remarked, no one who has a genuine interest in "sudden, occasionally very intense, and never very perfect demonstrations" should fail to see it. The fact that this African demonstration takes place on the fiftieth floor of a skyscraper somehow heightens its effects.

M. M.

Contributors to This Issue

GERHARD COLM is a member of the graduate faculty of political and social science of the New School for Social Research of New York.

EDITH ABBOTT is dean of the School of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago.

M. B. SCHNAPPER is associated with the Committee on Economic Security.

LOUIS ADAMIC, who came to America from Yugoslavia and began life here as a steel worker, is the author of "Dynamite, the Story of Class Violence in America," and "The Native's Return."

H. K. is a Milwaukee free-lance writer.

ERNEST GRUENING, chief of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Department of the Interior, has long had a special interest in Latin America. He is the author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY is graduate professor of American history at Columbia University.

SIDNEY B. FAY, professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of "Origins of the World War."

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of industrial relations at the University of Chicago, is the author of "Standards of Unemployment Insurance," "The Theory of Wages," and other authoritative works in the field of economics.



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PURISTS in the use of the word "inflation" will agree that the real news of the President's budget message is that we are embarked on a fairly long experiment with inflation by the unbalanced budget. We have tried to inflate by the expansion of bank credit without success. We now are trying the less orthodox method of the government spending more money than it receives in revenue. If this does not stimulate business and raise prices, the direct method of increasing currency alone remains. The President's optimistic forecast of last year that the budget would balance in 1936 is not only incorrect; it is so incorrect that one must wonder that minds in Washington can change so completely in such a fundamental matter in a brief year. The deficit in 1936, by the President's admission, will be about four and a half billions, an improvement on the estimate for 1935 of less than half a billion, and the best to be hoped for the future is a slow decline in deficits over a long number of years. The increase to the national debt will be correspondingly large, but this appears to us less serious than it does to professional calamity howlers. With interest rates low, and probably destined to remain low for a long time, the larger debt can be carried without great hardship. We do not, however, look with complacency on the President's delay in tackling a social tax reform. A deficit for inflationary purposes may be advisable, but it ought to be accompanied by stiff taxes on all who can bear them, lest the easy-

going idea become part of our nature that a nation can spend and spend without in the end having to foot the bill. The last resort of the financially lax is to go in for currency inflation. Social taxation will make many enemies for the Administration, but it is a far better expedient and should not be delayed.

JUST AS THE PRESIDENT was over-optimistic about balancing the budget in 1936, we believe he is unrealistic in expecting to have 3,500,000 employables at work by the fall of the year. A final \$880,000,000 for relief is being asked; henceforth the workers on relief projects are to be financed out of the \$4,000,000,000 which Congress is expected to authorize for this work. The President has closely defined the kinds of projects on which this money is to be spent. Most of them have a familiar ring, and we see no reason to expect records to be broken in getting them under way. The action of state and local authorities will be needed on many if not most undertakings, and there will be long preliminaries in acquiring land rights and even in moving vast numbers of the unemployed to the scene of work. The country is so accustomed to large figures that it does not dream of the difficulties in the way of transferring a million or two adults to new centers, or appreciate the hardship to family life that this will entail. Nor does it appraise the obstacles in the way of spending four billion dollars. The sum is about three times as great as was estimated for the present fiscal year for all public works and emergency conservation work. Obviously the President does not intend to intrust the expenditure to that personification of slow motion, Secretary Ickes, but according to Washington accounts will promote the dashing and able Harry Hopkins to the new office of spender-in-chief. Mr. Hopkins can move swiftly, but even his celerity, we believe, will not succeed in "abolishing the dole" this year. If he has two million employables at work by next spring he will have reason to be satisfied.

HASTY PRECAUTIONS were felt called for by Democratic leaders in the new Congress to keep its unwieldy majority in line. The once "liberalized" House rule, which gave 145 members the power to force a debate and vote on any measure, has been restored to its feudal form, and now only a majority can call a bill out of committee. This shuts off the little Republican minority, but it shuts off as well the groups believed to be entranced by such panaceas as the Townsend Plan. While Washington political experts agree that the President will have no trouble in dominating Congress, they allow themselves the inconsistency of predicting the passage of the bonus, possibly even over the President's veto. Obviously it is still too early to make any logical forecast about Congress. We are comforted by its independence in asserting itself about the bonus, though we could supply a long list of measures which would make a more creditable demonstration of defiant democracy than this piece of class legislation. The session has hardly begun, and intimations already are heard of the President's impatience to have it end. April is the month he appears

to have in mind. But there is no need for haste except in passing the security legislation, which must get out to the state legislatures in a month if there is to be any insurance paid out by 1936. All the other major legislation—and no more formidable program ever confronted a modern Congress—deserves the most conscientious debate, and we should consider it a sign of maturity if Congress decided to devote the rest of the year to its work.

LEFT-WING OPPOSITION to the President's program for social security was effectively dramatized by the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance, held in Washington, January 5-7, immediately following Mr. Roosevelt's message. Sponsored by a broad united-front group, the congress was attended by approximately 2,250 delegates, drawn from 40 states, and representing 867 trade-union locals and 202 professional groups, together with more than 400 organizations for the unemployed, and a scattering of church and fraternal groups. Certain sessions drew an attendance of close to 5,000, among whom were a fair number of Administration officials. The congress went on record as favoring a federal scheme of social insurance, supported by a tax on incomes over \$5,000 and on inheritances, which would give benefits to all unemployed workers over sixteen years of age regardless of the cause of unemployment or of race, sex, citizenship, or political belief, and would provide compensation equal to the average wages which workers could earn if permitted to work in their normal occupations. To this end it indorsed the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance bill recently introduced by Congressman Lundeen, subject to certain revisions to broaden its scope. While the Lundeen bill stands little chance of coming up for a vote at the present session of Congress, pressure for its adoption on the part of labor and professional groups should materially strengthen the hands of those seeking to liberalize the Administration's program.

WHEN the Secretary of the Interior goes to the trouble of passing a special general order refusing PWA funds to any municipal PWA administrator who holds any public office in his municipality—an order designed for the sole and particular reason of getting Robert Moses out of his job as chairman of the New York Triborough Bridge Authority—the spectacle is plain embarrassing. Before this, Mr. Ickes had been venting his dislike for Mr. Moses, and for Mr. Moses's recent campaign for Governor of New York on the Republican ticket, and for Mr. Moses's unkind remarks about the NRA, merely by withholding funds required by Mr. Moses in the administration of his Triborough Bridge job. Now the Secretary has gone farther, and lèse majesté—as was the case recently when Donald Richberg cracked down on the *Saturday Evening Post*—has become a cardinal sin in the United States; you'd better not call our boys bad names, because if you do, you'll be sorry. It does not seem to matter to Mr. Ickes that Robert Moses has admirably reorganized and is efficiently administering the Triborough Bridge Authority, which is so closely related to his other work as Park Commissioner that to associate the two has saved the City of New York a considerable amount of money. Nothing matters except "our boys," and the most competent Park Commissioner New York ever had has put himself on the wrong side of the fence. It seems

impossible to believe that after the proper kind of protest, which Mr. Moses can be expected to make with the hearty backing of Mr. LaGuardia, President Roosevelt will not wish to intervene. General Order 129 might have been considered as Postmaster Farley's kind of politics. It is now Secretary Ickes's kind. We hope it will go no higher.

FURTHER TENSENESS has developed in employer-employee relations in the steel industry and is likely to result in a serious flare-up within the next few months. On December 31 the Steel Labor Relations Board ordered government-supervised elections in the Carnegie Steel Company plants at Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and McDonald, Ohio, which together have approximately 6,000 employees. In order to establish the eligibility of voters at such an election, the board asked the company for its payroll records. This the powerful United States Steel subsidiary refused, contending, as it has maintained all through the hearings and negotiations, that it questions the constitutionality of the Congressional resolution which created the board, and therefore the board's jurisdiction in this matter. The immediate result of this refusal will probably be two sets of litigation. It is expected that the board will ask Pennsylvania and Ohio federal district courts to subpoena the payrolls. Meanwhile on the basis of the fiction that the contest is between the inside and outside unions, the company union has already filed a petition in the Circuit Court for an order restraining the board from holding an election, on the ground that legal elections were held last June, when company-union representatives were duly chosen. In either case, a long-drawn-out legal battle, familiar to steel workers through the Weirton case, will begin all over again.

RANK-AND-FILE LEADERS are determined not to wait upon the courts but to take matters into their own hands. To this end they have outlined a series of tentative plans. The American Federation of Labor will be asked to send organizers into the field immediately. This request is scheduled to be acted on by the A. F. of L. executive committee at a meeting in Washington on January 29. A call has been issued to coal, automobile, glass, and aluminum workers to meet with steel workers in a joint conference in Pittsburgh on February 3 to plan a program of concerted action. Early in March the Amalgamated itself will hold its international conference, and according to the more militant element, "no one will talk us out of action this time, unless the Steel Institute comes to its senses in the meantime." This program will undoubtedly encounter almost as much resistance from the old-line leaders as from industry itself. The usual cry will be raised that the few existing contracts cannot be broken and that "reds" are behind the whole move.

THE CARL MACKLEY HOUSES, the first self-liquidating, labor housing project in the country financed by PWA funds, were opened and dedicated in Philadelphia early in January by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. This apartment block of 284 units has justifiably attracted great attention. In the first place, it is sponsored entirely by organized labor, with no realtor-agent-broker complications. Secondly, it is based on an exhaustive study of housing and wages in the city, and pro-

vides modern apartments, cross-ventilated, well-lighted, and fully equipped, for about \$10 per room per month, including heat, light, and refrigeration. Thirdly, it is a notable step in the Administration's slum-clearance program, the first of eight low-rent housing projects to reach completion. And, finally, it is not merely an apartment house but a model community, with playgrounds and nurseries, swimming pool, auditorium, solarium, tennis courts, and meeting and rest rooms. The government holds a first mortgage on the property, and the \$1,039,999 PWA loan is to be liquidated in thirty years. Named after a youthful hosiery worker killed in a strike and representing all that is best and most progressive in organized labor, the Mackley Houses are a tribute to the hosiery workers' union, and a challenge to labor the country over to seek improved living conditions.

THAT EXCELLENT NEWSPAPER the New York *Times*, with its correspondents and connections in all parts of the world, merits especial credit for having unearthed a new authority on the Soviet Union. For the past few weeks readers of the *Times* have been given their Soviet news via the London *Daily Express* and its energetic Warsaw correspondent, who appears to be better posted on developments in Russia than any of the regular correspondents in Moscow or Leningrad. From this source we learn, for example, of the outbreak of anti-Jewish riots carried on "in the spirit that animated pre-revolutionary pogroms," of the arrest of eight professors from the Marx-Engels Institute, and of the exile of Zinoviev and Kamenev to the frozen regions of the Far North. The *Express* correspondent also seems to have obtained a copy of a personal letter which Zinoviev addressed to Stalin, protesting his innocence. Not to be outdone by its sensational rival, the London *Times*, through its Riga correspondent, dug up a story that six Soviet radio officials had been dismissed on the ground that they had permitted Paul Robeson to sing "Steal Away to Jesus"—and this also was reprinted by the New York *Times*. True, most of these reports were duly denied on the following day; but who cares about denials? Meanwhile, dispatches from the regular American correspondents in Russia continue to report that Soviet heavy industry more than fulfilled its plan in 1934, that the Soviet Union has recently attained first position in the world in iron smelting, and that the grain crop of the past year, despite the drought, exceeded the record made in 1933. Dull though these reports may be to those who have been predicting the early collapse of the Soviet system, we trust the *Times*, in its enthusiasm for its recently discovered source of news, will not dispense altogether with its Moscow correspondent.

THE CRIMINAL-SYNDICALISM trials in Sacramento are getting under way in true California fashion. On December 15 headlines appeared in the Sacramento papers to the effect that the Communists had threatened death to jurors and to the District Attorney. The story revealed that eighteen men had appeared at the home of a prospective juror and told his wife that they represented the International Labor Defense, which is defending the case, and that they would kill her husband if he accepted jury service and voted guilty. They added that they had already killed eleven people and would kill many more with machine-guns. That morning in court Judge Lemmon conducted an

investigation of the fantastic story. Mrs. Nick, the woman involved, was called to the stand. Under the examination of Leo Gallagher for the defense, she told a convincing story of the visit of the eighteen men, but certain significant details seemed to cast doubt on their claim to represent the I. L. D. They were, she said, well-dressed, drove good cars, and were middle-aged, a description which seems to fit vigilantes, or even gangsters, more snugly than Communists. The doubt grew when Mr. Gallagher put the District Attorney himself on the stand, and brought out through sharp questioning the fact that Mrs. Nick had telephoned the District Attorney immediately after the visit; that instead of bringing the matter up in court he had asked her to come to his office, and without so much as an attempt to investigate, had her tell the story to newspaper reporters. In the course of the examination, in which the judge also asked questions, the District Attorney admitted that he was having jurors "shadowed," and in explaining his actions contradicted himself and became much confused. The liberal and radical press should keep the full light of publicity upon the Sacramento trial, in which the Communist Party and the agricultural overlords of California are the real contenders.

HOLLYWOOD, which deals only in superlatives, has nailed up another record. According to the report of five actors appointed to formulate under the NRA a program of fair practices between producers and players, the movie industry has the lowest ethics of all. The following brisk paragraph is the theme of the report which has been submitted to the administrator for the moving-picture code:

The actors have exhausted every effort to agree with the producers on working conditions. They have been tricked, hamstrung, and lied to. Every dishonest practice known to an industry the code of ethics of which is the lowest of all industries has been resorted to by the producers against the actors.

The all-star committee headed by Robert Montgomery then presents a review of the Horrors of Hollywood. Some 80 per cent of Hollywood's population is barely able to keep alive on the scraps they get from the industry's table; excluding extras, 71 per cent of the actors who worked in 1933 earned from less than \$1,000 to \$5,000, and only 12 per cent earned from \$5,000 to \$10,000; by contrast six producers and studio executives earned \$1,546,342; actors get only 1½ cents out of the movie-goer's dollar; and the committee's report of the hours and conditions of work might well dampen the great American ambition to become a movie star. We are sorry we cannot report either the triumph of virtue or a happy ending in this latest production from Hollywood. In fact, the review ends on a line that might have been inspired by Karl Marx, who has always got a very bad press. Having pointed out that the actor is paid only on the basis of results, the committee states:

There is apparently no penalty for failure for a motion-picture executive. The same group of men who have taken millions of dollars out of the American public through their manipulation of the motion-picture business are still in control. With few exceptions they have never contributed anything . . . to the advance of the art. Yet these same men arrogate to themselves a despotic feudalism over the working conditions of those who actually make pictures, creating talent.

The New Deal of Lower Wages

WE neither share nor understand the approval which has greeted the President's falsely described intention to abolish relief in America. The approval is what we should have expected and joined in had the intention been carried out. A gigantic works program which would give every unemployed man and woman work at standard wages would have been an undertaking worthy of the mandate bestowed on the Administration in the November election. The President, for reasons beyond our conjecture, has not been stimulated by that tremendous challenge to his courage, and the program he offers is not the abolition of relief, but the creation of a new form of relief, work at low wages. This is bad enough for those who to save their families must now donate part of their services to the state. It is still worse for labor in private employment, for the strongest impetus is now given to reduce wages in private industry. The government will be setting up a scale of low wages for work that is done for higher wages in private employment. Where there are two scales of wages for similar work the lower rate in the end prevails. Organized labor, even with the strongest defensive forces of collective bargaining, cannot long withstand such an economic fact. Since under the New Deal collective bargaining is yet to be realized, labor can offer no resistance. The skilled trades will not be affected at first, but common labor will suffer almost from the outset, and ultimately the entire nation is doomed to drift to a lower standard of life. Under capitalism, with the government frightened of replacing a paralyzed private initiative, this may be the inevitable evolution. We believe the country wanted to be done with relief for the obvious reason that work is infinitely better than charity. But we do not believe it wanted the government to pay depressed wages. It even looks to us as though the White House had in preparation the kind of plan which had been awaited, a great and worthy national project, and this had been scuttled at the last minute by influences hostile to the further expansion of the government in business. Omit the lower wages, increase the appropriation to a realistic figure, and the President's message would be an epoch-making pronouncement. Inject the issue of lower wages and we are perilously near to the pre-New Deal inhumanity of the Hoover days.

What in effect is it the President now says to the unemployed? "If we give you cash or market baskets without requiring you to work full time it undermines your morale. Henceforth you shall work full time on a government job at less than standard wages for the good of your character." We know many in comfortable circumstances who will welcome such a puritanical punishment of misfortune, since they need the excuse that the poor are being penalized for their own good. Nor do we deny that the unemployed in most cases will be thankful for a larger annual income for their families whatever the price. They would be just as thankful for larger cash payments. They do not see that the country is being pushed toward lower living standards under the pretext that their souls will be saved. Sooner or later it will dawn on these people that while they are not permitted to

get something for nothing, the government, in taking their full time at less than standard wages, is not above such immorality. We have heard only one argument against these objections which is not confined to the muddled thinking about morale and character building. (We do not deny that unemployment destroys morale, and undermines character, but it is unemployment, not relief, which does so.) It is argued in Washington that the worker on relief is getting a kind of insurance policy, an insured income, from the government, so that his position is safer than that of the private worker, and for this he ought to pay a premium in lower wages. This is a poor contention, but at least something can be said for it. The President, however, has given no public indication that the reduction in wages on relief work is to be anything so small as an insurance premium. If this is what he has in mind, the quicker he says so the better. But we warn him that the argument is superficial and dangerous and would set an unhappy precedent. Private employers, particularly those in steadier branches, would quickly seize upon the theme, and the safer a man's job the greater the "insurance premium" that would be deducted from his wages. The President needs no justification for paying government employees whatever their services are worth. It is the simple and honorable course, and if the President is imbued with ideas of insurance, let him look at the types in his own social program and realize that low wages does not belong among them.

Furthermore, we do not understand the President's unemployment figures. We believe he will find that considerably more than 3,500,000 of those on relief are genuinely employable. But even if his estimate is accurate, and assuming that he does provide work, indirectly, for another 3,500,000, this does not take care of all the employables in America. According to the Department of Labor, the unemployed number around 9,750,000. Deduct 1,500,000 as unemployable and 7,000,000 for whom work is to be found, and 1,250,000 are left. The A. F. of L. statistics make this number 2,250,000. Who are they? They are the unemployed whose resources or relations have kept them from reaching the relief rolls. Is it the President's philosophy that this great host, since it is not utterly penniless, does not deserve work? Is it his doctrine not only that government work is a new form of relief, but that the recipient must pass a means test? We should have expected the President to agree that unemployment and the inability to find work were the only qualifications needed to entitle a person to work for the government at this time. We trust that unemployment insurance is not to be administered with a means test, and we see no possible excuse for the government, if it is providing work until unemployment insurance gets under way, to refuse its services to those who have managed to stay off relief rolls. For the sake of this group, for the sake of honorable wages on government work, most of all for the sake of the American standard of living, we urge the President to enlarge his scheme, ask enough money to make it succeed, pay standard wages, and thus save the country and himself from the most serious mistake he has yet made.

A Year of LaGuardia

FOR a little more than a year New Yorkers, and interested persons in the rest of the country, have had an opportunity to observe a reform mayor in action. They have seen Mr. LaGuardia's vigorous temperament at its best and at its worst—he has been courageous, choleric, threatening, dilatory, rash, and always interesting. His sincerity and honesty have never once been seriously questioned.

Surrounding himself as he did at the beginning with a group of men far above the average of city administrators in public spirit and intelligence, the Mayor has seen as a result an admirable overhauling of most of the city departments, the elimination of large chunks of graft, the substitution of the fit for the unfit in important and unimportant positions. His most unfortunate appointment was surely that of General O'Ryan as Police Commissioner. The General bullied and blustered his way out of office, and in his place Mr. LaGuardia chose a man who had had years of experience in the department, who will undoubtedly administer it in an orderly, firm, and effective manner, but whose public tributes to the third degree in his orders to policemen to "muss-up" suspected criminals make him a lamentable choice for his position. While the Mayor has never publicly championed the third degree, it is reasonable to suppose that Commissioner Valentine would not have issued his order in the first place, or surely would not have refrained from modifying it after sober second thought, if any objections had been raised by his chief. Mr. LaGuardia has given plenty of assurance that his own methods of carrying on his office can be autocratic enough, even to the point of violence, and, indeed, one of the chief temperamental counts against him is that he has managed to subdue all but the bravest of his subordinates and colleagues—for example, the intrepid Mr. Moses, who is fully able to talk back to His Honor—so that around his office and outside his door there is an air of almost frightened expectancy; the lightning may strike at any time! His bawling out—there is no other word for it—of protesting emergency relief workers cannot be justified on any grounds whatsoever.

This vigorous and outspoken temper, however, has had its good moments also: for example, when the Mayor—quite unlawfully, one suspects—promised to turn off the water supplied to laundries in the laundry strike; or when he sent health inspectors into hotel kitchens during the hotel workers' strike, in an unsuccessful effort to bring the managers to terms; or when, during the taxi strike, he threatened to put receivers into taxi companies to hold tax funds if an adjustment could not be reached. His present campaign against the utility companies is direct action of the same sort. Whether or not it would be possible for the city to build, finance, and maintain its own power plant is a highly debatable question; but there is no doubt that by his promise to do just that, Mr. LaGuardia has put the fear of God into the breasts of utilities officials.

After all, however, the most important aspect of the city administration is the budget. How much money does Mr. LaGuardia propose to spend, and where will he get it? He got off to a bad start with his economy bill last spring.

This measure, which he justified on the ground of the necessity of getting money at once for an emergency, took toll of inadequately paid city employees, whose salaries had been already reduced in the interests of economy. *The Nation* at that time refused to join the chorus of blame for the Mayor because it had confidence that his subsequent financial program would not only repeal the salary cuts but provide a more commendable method of raising funds. Neither of these expectations has been realized. The salary cuts are still in effect, and the sales tax, that most indefensible and inequitable levy on those least able to bear it, has been imposed on the citizens of New York. In defending his acceptance of the sales tax—of which he heartily disapproves—Mr. LaGuardia again advances expediency. It had to be done. It was necessary to raise fifty million dollars for relief in 1935; the sales tax was the only way of raising funds which seemed to the bankers sound enough to lend money on. This brings us to the crux of the situation. The bankers hold the city in an iron grip, have first lien on city revenues; no matter who suffers, the bankers must get their pound of flesh. This bankers' agreement, of course, was inherited by Mr. LaGuardia from his Tammany predecessors; yet one of his most prideful accomplishments, in his account of his stewardship, is that he has lived up to it, that he has restored the city's credit, almost completely destroyed in the mad days of Jimmy Walker and the O'Brien inanities which followed. Out of a city budget of \$600,000,000, \$179,000,000, or approximately 30 per cent, is allocated to debt service. What if Mr. LaGuardia had announced that a fourth of this, or some \$45,000,000, would not be paid; and that, rather than break its moral contract with teachers and policemen, rather than impose a tax which the poor must largely pay, the city would prefer to default on its agreement to the bankers? At the word "default" the Mayor shudders. And it is clear that to consider such a possibility is to choose between two very real evils. The credit of the city is the property of its citizens and should not be lightly threatened. In defaulting on part of his bankers' obligations the Mayor would have been obliged to establish an alternative line of credit to insure future borrowings. To this end Mr. LaGuardia himself is already proposing a municipal bank to handle refunding, at a low rate of interest, of city indebtedness as it comes due. The establishment of such a bank, bound by statute to invest, let us say, only in municipal, state, or federal government bonds—the banks which now hold the city's credit in their grip have more than 60 per cent of their investments in real estate, a third of which is in some kind of default—would offer competition to the existing banks and provide an alternative banker on whom the Mayor could call for future loans.

The question, therefore, is whether or not the Mayor took the course which was most fair and just to the majority of the citizens of New York when he adhered to the bankers' agreement at the expense of the lower-income groups in the population. He thinks he did, and plenty of estimable citizens will firmly support him in his stand. But the issue is surely debatable, not only for the present, but in the future.

The Rome Agreement

THE bargain driving between France and Italy has come to an end, and the fact, though not the details, of an agreement has been proclaimed with all the pomp this momentous event merits. The accord is certain to enhance the chances of peace in Europe. The independence of Austria is to be guaranteed by France and Italy, with the prospect that Britain and even Germany will support the guaranty. The competition between France and Italy in the Danubian countries will cease, which makes it possible at last to take common-sense measures to restore the economic vitality of Eastern Europe. The League of Nations will gain in value, since the agreement brings Italy into the Franco-British system, and the League is an integral part of that system. The unofficial résumé of the agreement speaks of Italy's accepting the French thesis that German rearmament is illegal until a general disarmament treaty is reached. This, if true, would mean an early resumption of disarmament negotiations. Also it would explain why Hitler has taken strange methods to confirm the dominance of the Reichswehr in the defense of the Reich, a possible prelude to the disarming of the Storm Troops. Thus for Europe the agreement opens far-reaching possibilities and should relax the terrible tension which has made a war in the near future seem inevitable.

What is not yet clear is whether this benefit has been bought at the expense of Abyssinia. Italy must henceforth abandon the dream of reestablishing the Roman Empire in Europe, or of setting up a great political confederation equal in importance to that of the French. This is a real setback for Fascismo, and Mussolini certainly demanded and may have obtained compensation in Africa. The agreement deals at length with the known causes of friction in Libya, Tunis, and Somaliland, and though preliminary accounts asserted that France would support Italy in the dispute with Abyssinia before the League, this is omitted in the later reports. It is the familiar technique of peace-making to strike bargains at the expense of defenseless third parties. Germany before the war was to have the gift of Portuguese colonies to satisfy its need for expansion. Italy, stimulating the increase of its population in reckless disregard of the resources of the small Italian peninsula, creates the dire need for colonial outlets. But Abyssinia cannot be disposed of by a French Premier, and Britain, with its preponderant African interests, will hardly permit it to be given away for the sake of European appeasement. Italy will probably have to be content with minor advantages there, as she must in Tunisia, where Italians are to lose their special privileges by 1965, and in the frontier rectifications of Libya and Somaliland. Mussolini, in discussing the agreement, did not hide his sense that he had not done as well as he had hoped, and the Abyssinians may find they can rescue their independence through a strengthened League. A chapter of the agreement of which hardly any mention is made is that dealing with a naval understanding, though such an agreement must have been reached. Britain will be the country primarily interested in its nature. It affects our destiny, too, since Britain will be able to reduce its navy if assured of reductions by France and Italy.

The New Crusade

AS every schoolboy knows and as most adults forget to remember, "gymnasium" means "place of nakedness." It seems, however, that a certain New York establishment recently took the name seriously, and that its proprietors, after having been convicted by a magistrate under the law concerning indecent exposure, were later acquitted by the Appellate Court on the sound legal ground that the exposure was not public within the meaning of the law. Immediately thereupon the Legion of Decency took the matter under consideration, and last week its advisory committee, meeting in the offices of its chairman, the Honorable Alfred E. Smith, drafted a proposed amendment to the law which would make it a misdemeanor for any person in any place "wilfully to expose his person . . . in the presence of two or more persons of the opposite sex whose persons are similarly exposed."

Now *The Nation* has never taken a firm stand on the question of nudism. It has accepted the general belief that exposure to sunshine has a therapeutic value, and it has seen no objection to the practice of certain well-disposed persons who prefer to seek health in cheerful mixed company. On the other hand, it has never been able to take much interest in general nakedness for its own sake, nor has it had much faith in the doctrine that great spiritual benefits accrue to the members of those groups who solemnly take off their clothes just for the sake of taking them off. It has believed, at least, that persons who are benefited by this ritual belong to a special class, and that the class is hardly numerous enough to make it worth while to conduct any very extended propaganda in favor of extending the practice. But neither has it ever been able to feel that nudism was a major sin of our society, or that its suppression constituted one of the chief problems of recovery. And what surprises us is that Al Smith, once a realistic statesman, should have got around to thinking that it is.

We waive the fact that Al used to be considered a liberal. Perhaps liberals do not have to be liberal where convention is concerned, and there have been, besides, a sufficient number of indications that Al is less liberal than he used to be in certain matters more directly affecting the social order. But we do wish to emphasize the fact that he used to know what was important and what was not. We seem to remember that when he was Governor of New York State he confounded his opponents by his intimate knowledge of its business and by the resoluteness with which he swept trivialities aside in order to come to the root of any matter. Is it possible that today he can think of nothing more important to do than to meet solemnly with the members of a committee which includes that great statesman ex-Mayor John P. O'Brien and then to draft a law directed at persons who like to exercise with their clothes off. Mr. Smith is among the outs. His influence has waned and he has no direct power in the affairs of the state he once governed so well. But does he really take much satisfaction in this sort of thing, and does he really believe that his great talents could find no better employment? Just how happy is the Happy Warrior fighting such battles as these? On request we shall be pleased to suggest others.

Issues and Men

Some Vested Interests

IN a recent address before the Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Edward S. Mason of Harvard made the point that if we did not find a way of doing away with or limiting the NRA we should soon be face to face with a new vested interest which would insist on being perpetuated in its present form. He did not, he said, have in mind the Washington office force so much as those persons connected with the more than 700 codes, who would naturally resent any effort to muster them out. I took it that he was not opposed to the retention of the good features of the NRA; he was merely referring to what has long been known as the danger in such an organization—if you create a temporary government machine you must be on your guard lest it make itself a permanent part of the government and undertake to mold government policies.

His warning impressed me the more when I read that the President is awarding nearly \$450,000,000 more to the army and navy in the next two years. The actual increase for the navy is less than appears, since \$150,000,000 was spent by the PWA last year on ships and did not show in the budget. Surely there are no more securely entrenched vested interests in Washington today than the army and the navy. Every time more men and more officers are added to either service the vested interest in those branches of the government is strengthened and the power of their lobby is increased—a lobby which I often think is the strongest within sight of the Capitol. Of course they are always much surprised if you speak of them as a dangerous vested interest. They believe themselves to be the most unselfish and the most patriotic of all our public servants. They are convinced that when they ask for more men or more ships or weapons they are actuated solely by their expert knowledge of the country's defenses and its immediate needs. They insist that they have not the least idea of being a vested interest, that they exist only to safeguard the state; they are not the least bit concerned to build up a lobby or a machine except as they wish to arouse the country to the terrible danger it is in for lack of adequate defenses.

You can point out to them, if you please, that they have been enormously strengthening their machine for years past. "Why not?" they ask. You remind them that no army or navy officers the world over believe that they have large enough forces, and they reply that every man and woman should be in the defense organization; some even point to Mussolini's mustering of all boys at the age of eight as an example for us to emulate. If you dare to go to Congress to urge that we either do not strengthen the fighting services or actually reduce them, their anger knows no bounds. You are deliberately trying to weaken your country's defenses and to lay it open to successful attack by that dreadful enemy which is always lying in wait around the corner. If it were not Japan today it would be England, and if not England, some group of powers plotting to cross the ocean to rob us of our wealth, even if they demonstrably are without the merchant ships to move as many as 300,000

men with the huge equipment of a modern army. You cannot get these officers to see that their own advancement is so inextricably bound up with an enlargement of the service to which they belong that they cannot possibly be unbiased advocates of the policies they urge. They are part and parcel of a vast vested interest which, consciously or unconsciously, never stops seeking its own enlargement.

Thus it has always seemed to me the height of stupidity, if not insincerity, for our Presidents to send navy officers to naval disarmament conferences. They can no more be zealous for the decrease of the navy than I could be unbiased if I were told that the government had decided there were too many weekly newspapers in the country and I must sit in a conference to decide whether *The Nation* should be one of those to be mustered out. I might think that I was just as public-spirited as the army and navy men profess to believe themselves to be, but subconsciously I should be convinced that the *New Republic* and *Today* and the *New Outlook* were the ones to go. That is human nature; when our own fate or that of our profession is at stake we act pretty much alike and are not to be trusted without due allowance for our bias. I would not have any soldier or sailor sit in at any disarmament conference. It is all humbug to assert that they can tell you down to a fraction how many men can be cut, and exactly how many of each type of ship. I had far rather have inexperienced minds at work. They are not befogged by professional fads and fancies, or tied up with one of several schools of thought—navy officers are always split into cliques each advocating its own particular brand of strategy or tactics, each separately devoted to battleships, or airplanes, or dirigibles, or submarines. After all, the way to disarm is to disarm; we have had fruitless years of conferences between experts and conventional statesmen. If we are going to get anywhere, someone else must take a hand.

Instead, we go on building up what are already two of our greatest vested interests, so powerful that even our independent Senators rarely attack them. They are supported by more veteran, or semi-military, organizations than the average citizen has any idea of. Take the reserve officers' societies, for example. They have grown so fast and exercise so much influence that I am told the regulars are becoming worried about them. Behind them stands the dull-witted American Legion with its plaintive insistence upon a huge army. How surprised some of these self-appointed defenders of the Republic and the Constitution would be if they read what the founders of this government thought about a regular army! If there was anything those founders hated and feared more I should like to know what it was. But again we fling away their precepts and build up a steadily increasing militarism, backed by all the rich and privileged, by every opponent of a new and better world.

Bruce Garrison Villard

Our Unreal Budget

Washington, January 7

TODAY is budget day in Congress and I ask forbearance in making comparison with the similar occasion in Great Britain. Americans, I must say, do not know the excitement and importance that can attend a budget. Here it is not one of the prime events of the year. In England it is nearly on a par with the Derby, the Grand National, and the boat race. For two whole hours the nation is as engrossed by a matter of government as it is by a major sporting event, and for somewhat the same reason—to watch an uncertainty being converted into a certainty. The uncertainty has to do with taxation, and since anyone can be affected by a new tax or the remission of an old one, everyone is bound to be interested. Will there be something off the income tax, something on it? The taxpayer snatches a newspaper and quickly calculates whether after all he will have money enough for his vacation, or whether his car will cost more because of a change in the gasoline tax. The man who likes his little nip wants to know if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken a penny off the pint of beer, or added one. The business man wants more than details; is it a “good” or a “bad” budget? Will it encourage or discourage business? Because the budget contains the answer to these questions, the secret is as closely guarded as are the Crown jewels. I do not mean it is merely kept out of print until the speech is released. Not more than three men may know what it contains until its delivery—the Chancellor, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and the Prime Minister. When the Chancellor rises to address the House of Commons he is the personification of mystery, and he continues to keep his secret till well on to the end of his speech. Beginning with a review of the past year he talks drearily of past expenditures and receipts while the crowded House fidgets and strains after every clue. He then drags on to the estimates for the new year, still concealing whether he has a surplus or must make up a deficit. At last he reaches his summary and the secrets are doled out, one at a time, while messengers fly in and out of the tiny press gallery, and news tickers click in every newspaper office and club. The speech finished, he might walk to the nearest street corner without arriving too soon to buy an extra containing the terse summary of the secrets which he may not have shared with more than two men a quarter of an hour before. All over England these extras are being bought. For the Chancellor has his hand in every man’s purse in that hour, and everyone wants to know if it is there to give back or to receive.

No excitement like this starts the American pulse throbbing today. The American budget did not produce a single newspaper extra. People will not have asked passers in the street what is in it, or discussed it with strangers in their commuters’ trains in the evening. They will not, because the American budget is not a true budget; it is not a final financial plan affecting every citizen, rich or poor. It is a half-story, the annual statement of national accounts, and about as exciting as the bulletins on the condition of reserve banks.

Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the

London Times, a tactful but profound critic of American institutions, loves to hold forth on the obstructions to American nationality. He does it with a gleam in his eye, like the Mariner’s when he detains the wedding guest, and makes his points with penetrating and polished rhetoric. None is more convincing than the unreality of the American budget. He tells of the day when the British House, overwhelmed by the money bills brought in on behalf of the Crown and favorites of the Crown, adopted a self-denying ordinance that no money bills should be introduced which did not have the approval of the Treasury. And he suggests what a mercy to Congress itself it would be if such a self-denying ordinance could be adopted, for then Congress would be freed of the home demand for appropriations, the need of trades, and the details of log-rolling, and could devote itself to the study of legislation. The system would not be complete without the Treasury becoming responsible to Congress, so that the Secretary, at least, would have to resign if faced with an adverse vote in Congress, with the right of appeal to the country. As it is, the American budget will never be genuine until it represents a complete financial plan, so much raised, so much spent, such and such taxes—and only these—to produce the revenue. The President can now only hope that Congress will not meddle with his financial outline. And he can only say that if it makes appropriations of its initiating it must find the revenue to pay for them. We have a Presidential budget which we know today; the Congressional budget will not be finally known until Congress adjourns.

But the argument is not all on the side of the British system. In America the President’s veto can and has obstructed the payment of the bonus, and the President is hoping it can do it again this year. Under the British system the Cabinet would resign if a majority in Parliament took the bit in its teeth and ran away with some issue like the bonus. That issue then would be submitted to the country at a general election. Thus under the British system an inflationary majority in the country and the House could have its way within a matter of weeks, and heaven and earth could not prevent it. The only reason this does not occur in England is that British radicalism does not happen to express itself in financial proposals as it does here.

In another respect American methods are superior, and though it is a minor one it is not as unimportant as it may seem. I refer to the help given by the President to the newspaper correspondents in explaining his budget. Last year and again this, he found the time to receive the correspondents and give them ample opportunity to ask every conceivable question about it. Now in England this would be regarded as stark madness. The British government always tells its news first to Parliament, and the press is somehow considered an intruder trying to cheat Parliament as the proprietor of news. I wish Neville Chamberlain, the personification of chill aloofness, might have looked in on the scene as the President talked over the budget with the correspondents Saturday. The British need to discover that the Fourth Estate can be an essential mechanism in democracy.

R. G. S.

The Power Crisis

By FRANK P. WALSH

TWO facts stand out clearly in any unprejudiced consideration of the power issue. The first is the failure of regulation to secure the low rates which make possible an abundant use of electricity in the home. The second is the effectiveness of public competition, either actual or potential, as a means of accomplishing that result. The only important question which remains is whether public opinion is going to hesitate in choosing between these two alternatives. There is today no question that the power trust favors regulation.

Five years ago, under the governorship of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the alternative was first clearly offered to the people of New York State. Widespread feeling that regulation of public utilities had broken down had led to the creation of a Commission on Revision of the Public Service Law, with three of the nine members appointed by Governor Roosevelt. From that moment the sequence is unbroken to the present day, when, under Roosevelt as President of the United States, it has become a definite national policy that the force of public competition shall be available to consumers of electricity as a protection against extortionate rates. The present Administration sees in the completely electrified home the appropriate culmination of the electrical revolution. To make this possible, rates must be reduced to the point where people can use electric power almost as freely as they now use water.

An abundance of testimony before the Revision Commission made it clear that regulation had, in fact, broken down because the utility companies had developed a procedure which rendered control of rates by the Public Service Commission impossible. Prolonged hearings before the commission were followed by even more protracted litigation, based on fantastic valuation claims, designed to sustain the right to charge excessive rates as a basis for speculation in utility securities. The cost to the people of a single such case ran to \$6,000,000. And with what result? The answer is found in the testimony of an important utility executive to the effect that the companies could justify in the courts rates higher than their business judgment would allow them to charge. In spite of regulation, the companies were charging what the traffic would bear. A wide survey of existing rate schedules bore out this conclusion. Regulatory control of rates was little more than a farce, serving to delude the people.

The majority of the investigating commission, composed entirely of the members selected by the dominant faction in the state legislature, recommended that regulation be given another chance to make good, with additional powers and resources granted to the Public Service Commission. The minority, comprising the three members appointed by Governor Roosevelt, found the only assurance of low rates in the force of actual or potential public competition. Its report recommended public development of St. Lawrence power and enactment of legislation giving municipalities the widest latitude in the supplying of electric and other utility services to their citizens on a public basis.

The years since these two reports were issued have vindicated the conclusions of the minority. Regulation, though strengthened by a series of amendments to the law and by new appointments to the Public Service Commission, is no more effective than it was five years ago. Its decisions, when unsatisfactory to the companies, are still being held up by court stays, while the cost of this futile procedure is still being borne by the people either in rates or in taxes. The companies, curbed only by their fear of the growing sentiment in favor of public ownership, are continuing to charge what the traffic will bear.

Many who read this article will undoubtedly recall the opinion of Chairman Maltbie of the New York Public Service Commission in the temporary rate-reduction case affecting the electric companies serving New York City and the Westchester suburban area. Under date of August 9, 1933, he showed that during the depression years 1931 and 1932, when wages, salaries, and incomes from other sources were severely curtailed, these Consolidated Gas Company subsidiaries were paying dividends in excess of those paid at the height of prosperity in 1929, and that for the several companies dividend disbursements during the three depression years maintained an annual average ranging from 8 per cent in the case of Brooklyn Edison to 16 per cent in the case of Bronx Gas and Electric. He showed further that during these same years this group of companies earned a total of \$47,982,000 in excess of a 6 per cent return on a rate base calculated to include a fair allowance for working capital. Although the commission's decision, based on this showing, called for a reduction of only 6 per cent in New York City rates, the companies promptly secured a court stay, and the familiar process of litigation to sustain extortionate rates was again under way. More recently the same companies have threatened to meet the city's attempt to force them through taxes to carry their fair share of the depression, either by litigation or by raising rates to cover the additional tax burden. Fortunately for the people, however, the Roosevelt program of supplementing regulation with the force of public competition has been advancing, and within the last week its effectiveness in forcing these same companies to modify their reactionary attitude has become apparent. But that is anticipating my story.

In 1930 Governor Roosevelt fought his campaign for reelection on this issue and was returned to office with an overwhelming majority by an electorate which had begun to understand what an abundant use of electricity at low rates would mean to homes and farms. In 1931 he secured the creation of the Power Authority of the State of New York to assure the public development of 1,100,000 horsepower of cheap hydroelectric energy from the St. Lawrence River, with the primary purpose of securing the lowest possible electric rates for residential and farm customers throughout the state. The law directed the Power Authority to make a fair share of the power available to municipalities "now or hereafter authorized by law to engage in the distribution of electrical current."

Throughout his second term Governor Roosevelt continued to press for the enactment of legislation authorizing municipalities to go into the power business and to form power districts for the purpose of joint operation. Thus his public yardstick program was taking form, ready for broader application when in 1932 he was elected to the Presidency. In that year Governor Lehman vigorously took up the legislative program in New York State, and in the 1934 legislative session the first municipal-utility bill became law. Meanwhile the Power Authority was laying the foundation for an attempt to negotiate contracts for the distribution of St. Lawrence power, which, in accordance with the law, should fix rates to the ultimate consumers on the basis of the cost of transmission and distribution. A very vital feature of the law directed the Power Authority to determine these costs in accordance with accounting procedure of its own devising.

The limitations of this article do not permit discussion of the Power Authority's three-year study of distribution costs, participated in by more than twenty engineers. It meant an official invasion into a new field of cost analysis which the companies had preferred to leave in the dark in order to maintain a semblance of justification for high residential electric rates. It will be sufficient here to point to the general conclusion—based on analysis of the distribution systems serving typical municipalities throughout the state, checked against similar data from cities served by municipally owned systems—that for an average residential consumption of 50 kilowatt hours a month the rate schedule should make current available at not to exceed an average of 3.5 cents a kilowatt hour. The corresponding average rates for higher average usage should not exceed 2.7 cents at an average of 100 kilowatt hours, 2.1 cents at an average of 200 kilowatt hours, and 1.7 cents at an average of 400 kilowatt hours a month.

With proper cost accounting, such as has eliminated wasteful investment and expenditure in competitive industries, rates based on these costs would unquestionably prove of financial advantage to the companies themselves. In fact, there is much evidence to support the belief that eventually residential electric rates will be appreciably lower than these figures would indicate. The full possibility of lower rates has yet to be given a thorough test.

The effectiveness of public competition in reducing the rates charged by private companies has been demonstrated in too many cities to be longer open to question. In Washington, Cleveland, St. Louis, and more recently in Cincinnati, under this influence, residential rates have come down to levels far below those prevailing where regulation is the only means of public control. Canada offers even more striking evidence, especially in the story of Montreal. There, as the result of a small municipally owned distribution system in a separately incorporated residential section of the city, the great Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Company has steadily reduced its rates throughout the entire city until a residential use of 50 kilowatt hours a month costs only 3.2 cents per kilowatt hour. With larger residential usage the average rates correspond closely to those suggested in the Power Authority distribution-cost survey. On the basis of these rates the company has been exceedingly prosperous.

The effect of President Roosevelt's public yardstick program, which he has designated as a new national policy, is

increasingly apparent in the revision of rate schedules in this country. The Tennessee Valley Authority is already a potent influence. Private utilities are being forced to change their reactionary attitude. Perhaps the most interesting instance of the effect of this pressure on the private power interests is to be found in the very recent indication that the great power combine which provides more than 75 per cent of all the electricity sold in New York State is anxious to compromise on the basis of the contract plan which has resulted in rate reductions in Washington, D. C. The immediate cause of this change of attitude has been the decision of the LaGuardia administration in New York City to go swiftly forward with plans for a municipal plant to serve a section of the city.

Behind the present move, however, there is a coordination of federal, state, and city governments which is the result of a remarkable concatenation of political circumstance. If pressed with the support of public opinion this may prove to be a political revolution which will free government forever from the menace of monopolistic control of the necessities of modern living. Popular understanding of its significance is of the highest importance if the power interests are not to obtain a mere truce in which to reform their lines against the time when political reaction in one or more branches of government may relieve them of this pressure. The essential matter is that no professed readiness of the companies to compromise shall be allowed to weaken the development of machinery for public competition. Such competition will remain the only assurance that small consumers of electricity may always get their current at the lowest possible rates. It will be their guaranty against political shifts which might again give the private utility monopoly free rein in establishing rates adaptable to a new period of speculation in utility securities. As such it may well be considered a protection to the honest investor as well.

New York City, at the moment, seems to be the focal point in the fight to curb the exploitation of the power combine. As I write, another center of conflict is about to develop in the national capital, where the United States Senate will again be asked to decide whether the State of New York is to be allowed to go forward with its great public power project on the St. Lawrence River. Meanwhile, in the Southeast, President Roosevelt's Tennessee Valley Authority is powerfully advancing against stubborn resistance.

If the people can be assured a permanent foothold in these two great publicly owned hydroelectric power developments, operated by authorities empowered to make public competition effective, the possibility of political reaction causing a setback to the public power program will be greatly diminished. Every great forward step in the direction of public ownership of electric power definitely renders reaction less likely by weakening the forces responsible for selfish political manipulation.

In an Early Issue Social Security in Great Britain

by RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Second in a series of articles, of which Mr. Stewart's on the opposite page is the first, analyzing the various programs for social insurance suggested for this country, and comparing them with established systems abroad.

Security Versus Mathematics

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

Washington, January 8

IN a bold and vigorous message President Roosevelt has asked Congress to provide security for the American people. Five years of unprecedented depression have not only dramatized the need for such action, but have virtually destroyed such haphazard means of security as previously existed. Not only have we uncared millions of men and women who may never again find employment in private industry, but a large part of these have exhausted or lost the savings of a lifetime. Meanwhile, year by year an increasing number and proportion of our population are to be found in the older age groups, at a time when the opportunities of self-support for such individuals are steadily diminishing. Health protection has been notoriously inadequate. Relief at best has proved an unsatisfactory stop-gap measure; at worst it has added to the graft and corruption of present-day political life.

To meet this intolerable situation it has become evident that something far more audacious and comprehensive than unemployment insurance is needed. President Roosevelt has recognized this in presenting what he terms the "American" plan for security. His program, largely the product of the Committee on Economic Security appointed last June, envisages security of three types: (1) the guaranty of a livelihood through the better use of our national resources; (2) protection against the burden of such hazards as can be borne by society as a whole; (3) adequate housing. While the details behind these broad generalizations are not yet available, the President apparently has in mind a closely integrated plan which would include unemployment insurance for those now employed in industry, a permanent government-works program for the employables, old-age pensions, health and maternity protection, a housing program, and probably some form of old-age insurance. Unemployables who do not fall into one of the above categories are to be cared for, as previously, by the local communities.

In some respects the program is an inspiring one. The basic assumptions of Mr. Roosevelt's "American" way of doing things are a far cry from the anachronistic "American plan" of local self-help which President Hoover defended to the bitter end. For the first time we have a definite acceptance of the view that the rights of individual citizens should take precedence over profits. This does not mean that the President has adopted a program in any sense inimical to the profit system. An increasing number of business leaders have become convinced not only that some form of social insurance is necessary to appease popular unrest, but that it represents the most economical means of dealing with unemployment and destitution, and of stabilizing the economic mechanism. Particularly influential in effecting this change of viewpoint have been the statistics prepared by Abraham Epstein, showing that after allowance is made for the difference in population, the United States expended approximately 20 per cent more than Great Britain in caring for its unemployed in 1933, although the aid given by the British was from two to three times as adequate. Moreover,

largely as a result of its system of social insurance, Britain's level of business activity has been maintained at a higher point than that of any other important industrial country.

This is not to say, however, that business leaders are agreed on a plan for carrying out their new views. In general they seem to favor national as against state legislation on the ground that it would be more efficient, and in the hope of thereby avoiding what they consider the evil of pooled reserves. They envision a federal scheme based on the principles of the Wisconsin Plan, which sets up for each company segregated reserves available only for the employees of that firm. It is argued that if each concern is forced to bear the cost of its own unemployment—and only its own—it will have a special incentive to avoid needless shutdowns and to lessen unemployment. The weakness of this plan lies in its failure to provide for the inequality of risks inherent in different types of business; strictly speaking it is not an insurance but a system of unemployment reserves.

Despite the preference of business, the Administration appears to look with slight favor on any form of unemployment insurance to be administered at Washington. It is asserted that a federal-state scheme, in which a federal levy on payrolls is used to induce the states to pass unemployment acts, not only would be more likely to stand up in the courts but would probably give more adequate security than any national legislation that could be passed at the present time. As a guiding principle in the framing of such state laws, the Administration appears to favor a system of pooled reserves such as is found in both the so-called Ohio Plan and in the bill recently introduced into the New York Legislature. While this scheme is open to the objection that in effect it subsidizes the weaker firms, and fails to give the workers in the stronger establishments a full return on the money which they pay in, it unquestionably gives a higher standard of protection than the Wisconsin Plan. And it is a genuine insurance measure, if insurance be conceived of as a scheme based on actuarial principles.

Far-reaching though the President's program undoubtedly is, it falls short of full security for any of the groups involved. Under an actuarial form of insurance no provision can be made in the unemployment scheme for the ten to twelve million who are at present without jobs. The President indicated that three and a half million of these may be taken care of by a government-works program which is soon to be established. To qualify for this, however, a worker must be face to face with actual destitution and must overcome the hurdle of some sort of means test. Moreover, state-enacted insurance legislation is bound to be very uneven in quality. Advanced industrial states such as New York may be expected to adopt relatively satisfactory schemes based on the principle of pooled reserves, while others, particularly in the South, if they adopt insurance laws at all, are almost certain to pass inferior and discriminatory legislation. Even the best of the proposed state acts would be ineffective in an emergency like that of the past five years. In a major crisis reserves would soon become

exhausted, benefits would be suspended or drastically curtailed, leaving the situation much as it is at present. Under the most advanced of the suggested state laws benefits would be available only for from sixteen to twenty-six weeks and would equal approximately 50 per cent of the regular wages, with a maximum of \$15 a week. To speak of security at \$7 to \$12 a week is to indulge in brazen deception at the expense of the millions of underprivileged who have borne the brunt of the present crisis.

Dissatisfaction with the Administration's program crystallized in the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance held in Washington on the week-end of January 5-7. This conference also stressed security, but in terms radically different from those used by the President. As a standard of security the congress indorsed the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance bill introduced in the Seventy-fourth Congress by Representative Lundeen of Minnesota. The terms of this bill are so drastically opposed to all other social-insurance measures that comparison is difficult. The actuarial principle of insurance is definitely discarded. Security for the individual is held paramount to all other values. From this it follows that the hazards incident to modern life, whether owing to seasonal or cyclic fluctuations in trade, inefficient business management, accidents, sickness, maternity, or old age, should, so far as possible, be borne by society as a whole rather than by individuals or special economic groups. Since wages, in general, are definitely below a security level, the Lundeen bill provides that the cost of protection shall be met exclusively out of levies on incomes of over \$5000, gifts, and inheritances.

The Lundeen proposal defines security in terms of adequate living standards rather than as mere subsistence. On the assumption that men and women unemployed for reasons beyond their control have needs that are at least the equivalent of those of employed persons, the bill provides that benefits "shall be equal to the average local wages" in the workers' normal employment, but in no case shall they be less than \$10 a week plus \$3 for each dependent. Workers in part-time employment shall be allowed enough to bring their total compensation up to the specified minimum, which shall be increased in conformity with any rise in the cost of living. Payment is to be made to all workers over eighteen years of age without discrimination because of occupation, race, sex, citizenship, political affiliation, past participation in industrial disputes, or refusal to work at less than average local wages. A third feature of the bill is a somewhat unusual provision for administration by workers' representatives under rules prescribed by the Secretary of Labor.

Needless to say, the Lundeen bill, though indorsed by 6 state federations of labor, 2,400 A. F. of L. locals, and 65 city councils, is vigorously opposed not only by business leaders but by the vast majority of experts in the social-insurance field. Objections to it center chiefly around the looseness with which it is drawn, its doubtful constitutionality, its denial of actuarial principles, and its cost. Some critics even go so far as to assert that the bill "is not a serious legislative proposal, but a soap-box for propaganda directed against the present economic order and against its reform." That the bill is loosely drafted is admitted even by its most enthusiastic proponents, the excuse being that simplicity is necessary for rallying mass support. Correction of this defect would be relatively easy, but would not, one

surmises, lessen the opposition. The charge of unconstitutionality is perhaps more serious, but invites the obvious reply that the Constitution, after all, is man made.

While the cost of the bill is necessarily problematical, it would admittedly be much greater, at the outset at least, than any other of the proposed schemes. At its inception the plan would cost, as Miss Van Kleeck pointed out at the congress, "exactly what is now being paid by the working class" as a result of the depression and other social hazards. To say that this cost is more than the nation can bear is saying in effect that the United States does not possess the human and physical resources necessary to give every individual the equivalent of the prevailing wage, an assertion disproved by the fact that we practically achieved this between 1917 and 1919 despite the huge wastes of war and profiteering. I. M. Rubinow, author of the Ohio Plan, estimates that the annual cost of the Lundeen bill, based on the present volume of unemployment, would be between twelve and twenty billion dollars. This would necessitate, he declares, the virtual confiscation of all income over \$5,000 a year. Assuming the higher figure to be correct, what would be the effect of this huge expenditure on business conditions? Obviously not all of it would represent new purchasing power; at least a billion is now distributed in the form of relief, which could be dispensed with, while a considerable proportion of the remainder would otherwise have been spent by the well-to-do for luxury goods. But we know that at least a third of the income of families receiving over \$5,000 a year is not expended for consumers' goods, and but a fraction is invested in capital goods at present. We may assume, therefore, an immediate increase in effective consumer purchasing power. This third, accepting Keynes's estimate that each dollar is utilized at least twice, would suffice to put ten million persons back at work at prevailing wages, thus saving over eight billion dollars on insurance and yielding that much increase in total purchasing power, which by this time might conceivably be required for capital investment. A distinction must therefore be made between economic and political practicability. That the bill will pass the present session of Congress is expected by no one. That it incorporates desirable standards for social insurance and would aid recovery is at least worthy of debate.

The differences between the two approaches cannot be too strongly stated. The Administration plan is frankly based on the assumption that the hazards of life can be adequately distributed by the application of actuarial principles. No mathematically-minded person who has dipped into the study of actuarial theory will deny its fascination. Nevertheless there are strong grounds for questioning whether such risks as industrial unemployment can in fact be reduced to mathematical formulas. A further weakness of the actuarial approach, moreover, lies in the fact that it treats money as an end in itself, and conceives of it as being stored up to meet future contingencies, whereas real wealth obviously is derived almost exclusively from current production. This would seem to imply that the problem is one of equalizing today's burdens rather than of saving for future hazards.

Among the other issues which must be settled prior to the formulation of a comprehensive program for social security are the following: (1) Should the cost of such protection be assumed by individuals directly, by industry, or by society as a whole through the taxing power of the

federal government? (2) Should protection against unemployment and old age be extended to all persons, or merely to those whose personal resources, for one reason or another, have become exhausted? (3) All groups agree that work is preferable to a dole, but should anyone—employed in a public project or unemployed through no fault of his own—be granted less than a full living wage? (4) Should the

agency which administers security measures be the industry, state, or federal government, or, as in the Lundeen bill, should the task be intrusted to the workers themselves? Each of these issues merits the fullest discussion, and must be settled before a permanent scheme of social insurance can profitably be established. For upon the nature of that decision rests the future of our country.

The Menace of Huey Long

II. *A Monarch in Pajamas*

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Baton Rouge, December, 1934

HUEY LONG in his well-tailored brown suit, ruling over his legislature, is one manifestation, but Huey in his green pajamas, holding court in his bedroom, is the natural man. He received the commander of the German cruiser Emden in pajamas, and created an international incident, since the visitor mistook a routine wardrobe for a deliberate insult. But everyone here understands that the green pajamas are Huey's ordinary apparel for political duties at certain hours of the routine day. He has been known to don them in the middle of the afternoon, climb into bed, and receive a stream of callers till late into the night. But the rule is to confine these pajama audiences to the evening. Thus he confers with, or rather declaims at, his henchmen. He does not stay in bed, but as the excitement wells up in him, he leaps out barefooted, and giving his pajama pants a yank, parades and rants like an orator before a vast audience. Hitler (not in pajamas) also cannot converse; he must orate. But Hitler looks through a solitary listener and goes into a near-trance, forgetting everything except the flow of ideas which pours from him. Huey does not ignore his listener; he stands over him shouting, prods him with a gesticulating finger, thumps him with an articulate fist. If the normal thing is to speak quietly and persuasively with a few men in a small room, then Huey either is abnormal or is acting. But his manner is not put on; this perpetual stump speaker is the real man.

At these sessions he is not imperious, for he lets the other fellow talk, too. His subordinates speak right up to him; they call him "Kingfish" (from Amos and Andy), and argue and disagree. But quickly he prevails, and he alone decides. A session with his workers may last for hours and cover a wide field. I sat in a corner of Huey's bedroom during a "conference" with a group of local leaders from an important parish. The topics discussed ranged from a decision to build a fence around a pasture at a state institution and the most insignificant details of patronage to important strategy for the next campaign. Huey knew the parish as well as any of his workers; the man's memory for a world of detail is almost mythical. There was no order of business, but in the course of two hours some twenty decisions were made. No matter how trite the issue, Huey burned and declaimed, now in bed, now parading the room in his pajamas and bare feet, hitching up the pajama pants, and waving his long windmill arms, striking all the attitudes familiar from his photographs.

Such a conference is a distressingly noisy business. One point settled, Huey climbs back into bed. He lies down flat—his bed is without a pillow—until the next point is mooted. An idea ignites in his mind; he sits up suddenly. Then as the fire develops, he leaps from bed. His men interrupt him, even differ from him, but he overwhelms them with the stentorian passion of his shouted arguments. At the end of the session, just as his henchmen are leaving, Huey recapitulates every decision reached. "I will do this; you will do that; this man is to be fired; that contract is to be pushed through." Twenty-odd decisions, rattled off verbatim.

Thus he carries the state's business in his head to the most trivial item. He knows every district, an incredible number of citizens by name and history and how they stand, and precisely what vote turned out for him in each district in the last elections. He knows what he will do in each parish, how he will finance this or that little matter, and so on to the woven whole of the commonwealth, which is there in his mind as though fully conceived in the abstract and being transformed into reality by his unquenchable passion. Everything springs from his brain, is molded by his will alone. When Huey leaves the state, his machine develops defects, his supporters slip away, his plans are clogged. No wonder, for he is functionally not a leader, he compels. And when he is not there no one else can subjugate for him. A man is not great, it has been said, who does not know how to delegate power. Huey, the embodiment of the appetite for power, probably will never have enough to be willing to yield any of it to another.

The scene in the bedroom is noisy; it also is profane. Anything Huey says in pajamas is likely to be punctuated with swear-words. Whether profanity is ordinarily a signal of contempt for manners or merely a substitute for better-expressed emphasis, it is both for Huey. His profanity is not imaginative or colorful; it is just ordinary vulgar cussing. Certainly he has no breeding, and no respect for it. Because his oysters were not fried to suit him he threw them on the floor at the restaurant of the Heidelberg Hotel the other day. He is one of those twisted spirits who must snarl or bawl at waiters. In this he differs from Hitler, who is a meek fellow to meet, and sees that you have an easy chair, and makes you feel that he is thinking of your comfort. Huey is rude as though impoliteness somehow were a necessary kind of self-expression. Those around him are used to it; for them the Kingfish is only having his little joke.

The *leit-motif* in Huey's nature seems to be vindictive-

ness. "Once disappointed over a political undertaking I could never cast it from my mind," he confesses in his autobiography, "Every Man a King." His history is a long recital of how he downed his enemies, and few of his victories for the people of Louisiana are free from the stigma of personal vengeance. Early in his career he was, or thinks he was, kept from being named assistant United States attorney through corporation influence. He has been a foe of the corporations ever since. He was just a plain small-town lawyer practicing in Shreveport, acquiring stock in small oil companies, when Standard Oil one day refused to carry competition oil in its pipelines. It kept him from becoming a millionaire. He says so in his autobiography. From that day began his life-long fight against Standard Oil, the state's greatest single industry. It was at a special session of the legislature called to pass a special tax on oil refining that Huey was nearly impeached. His autobiography makes no attempt to conceal his revenges, which are an organic part of the story. Characteristic of the man is that when he laid out his concrete highways for the state, he failed to link them up, so that the parishes which voted against him could be kept without benefit. Thus the vast system, one of his chief claims to service, was allowed for some time to remain a patchwork while Huey's opponents were duly punished, and only now is it to be joined into a unity. Most of his measures can be explained not only as reforms but as devices to bring pressure on his opposition or as heavy blows of retribution. He passes an income-tax law; at the time he is feeling the weight of the federal inquiry into the incomes of his leading supporters. Washington gives him a lesson on how to make an inquisition hurt. Huey at once amends his law so that he shall have the same power over recalcitrants in Louisiana. The Long machine takes over the assessment of property, and he can both raise assessments on his enemies and reduce those of his supporters. The other day his assessors reduced by \$300,000 the evaluation of the New Orleans fair grounds recently bought by one of Long's chief lieutenants and his friends.

Huey seldom forgets a slight or forgives an injury. I was told that he carries with him a little book (a "son-of-a-bitch book") of those he is going to "get," with a note of their offenses. Whether or not he goes to the trouble of writing them down, he gets his man, as all Louisiana will testify. The newspapers can speak as eloquently as anyone, for they are now fighting in the courts his tax levy of 2 per cent on the gross receipts from advertising. This was a spite tax to punish the larger newspapers for having fought him, though most of them have been with him at some time or other, thanks to the factional seesaw of Southern politics. "The lyin' newspapers" are a by-word in Huey's vocabulary. "This tax," he states in one of his circulars, "should be called a tax on lying, 2 cents per lie." The papers are fighting the measure as a revival of the old British practice of licensing and taxing the press to restrain its freedom, and the brief now before the federal court is an important contribution to the history of the free press in America.

Implacable resentment underlying his terrific ambition for power marks Huey as the product of a humiliating and harsh childhood. One of nine children in a poor village family, son of a farmer who forced him to work long hours on the farm, he records in his autobiography: "Rising be-

fore the sun we toiled until dark, after which we did nothing except eat supper, listen to the whippoorwills, and go to bed." He adds: "My every sympathy has gone out to those who toil." Every Sunday he had to go to Sunday school, church, young peoples' meeting, and church again, and at midweek to prayer meeting. He learned his Bible thoroughly, and recently said publicly that science had not succeeded in refuting a statement in it. He knows much of it by heart, and held a contest recently with the junior Senator from Louisiana. Overman undertook to recite more from Shakespeare than Huey could recite from the Scriptures. After three hours neither had exhausted his memory, and Huey remarked that everything worth remembering from Shakespeare had already been said in the Bible. (For political purposes Huey is still openly a Baptist in the northern Protestant parishes, and was even slyly sympathetic with the Klan when it enjoyed a brief revival a few years ago. In the southern Catholic parishes he is a paragon of religious tolerance.)

His enforced churchgoing during his hard regimented childhood may explain his present exuberantly impious vocabulary. Certainly he was a rebellious boy. Twice he tried to run away from home. By sixteen, when it was clear he could not be sent to college, he got a job as salesman and traveled through the district tacking up signs on trees and holding baking contests to advertise a lard substitute. Once he dropped out of salesmanship for four months' schooling in Shreveport. He was given a better job, and admits he lost it because he did not work regularly or "worry about his expense account." A year later he had five months' law study between jobs at the University of Oklahoma. At nineteen he married a Shreveport girl who had won one of his baking contests. In another year of salesmanship over a large territory he accumulated a small nest egg, borrowed a few hundred dollars from his brother, and entered Tulane law school, determined to finish the course in a year. He studied day and night, till he became as thin as a skeleton, but he passed his bar examination at twenty-one. That was the education of Huey Long. Poverty, the want of privileges, the ambition to push ahead, all these are familiar factors in many American lives. But in Huey Long they burned his soul. Those who possessed while he suffered privation are now the ones he is determined to penalize. And at the same time he will make it simpler for poor young people to obtain the education he could not have.

He is uneducated and devoid of culture today, but let there be no mistake, he is a precociously intelligent man. His chief, perhaps his only intellectual interest is the law. America has more polished lawyers but it knows few today with greater talent. He has been praised by Chief Justice Taft and Justice Brandeis for briefs before the Supreme Court. Almost fabulous tales are told of how he will sit up all night preparing a brief that has been too much for his colleagues, and win his case in court the next morning. He is not a trial lawyer; it is the abstractions of the law which absorb him. And he has the strength to work year in and year out with little sleep, ceaselessly at it. The mind which grasps swiftly the abstruse points of law seizes as swiftly on the essentials of knowledge. He knows the smallest details of the business of the port of New Orleans (second largest in America), of banks, of industries he has had

to study. His is a mastering as well as a masterful mind, which goes far to explain the unstinting admiration of his followers. They are used to his bad manners, they forgive the ruthlessness of his political methods, they condone the corruption of his regime, they overlook his innumerable impetuous blunders, because the man has the gift of an amazing, almost baffling mental ability. He towers over them, he out-smarts them, he knows. He is the hill-billy come into power, with the crudity of the hill-billy and his native shrewdness multiplied tenfold. Hill-billies have been the under-dogs of the South; now through Huey Long they are supreme in Louisiana.

I recall hearing soon after the Hitler revolution a speech of Goebbels's which was devoted to a long disquisition on how the Nazi government derived its power from the people. In its language it was curiously reminiscent of American speeches in the early days, when so much had to be said of political power deriving from the people. It dawned on me that for the lower middle class in Germany the Hitler regime represented, or seemed to represent, their being in power, and that it was their first real experience of power in the long history of Germany. Similarly, for his supporting public Long is the under-dog Southern farmer and villager, the suppressed, ignored, unprivileged person. He is the personification of their aspirations and their prejudices. And his appeal will be the same wherever he can display himself to unprivileged people. Resentment lies in the hearts of many because of the hardship they bore as children, the dreary hours of work they endured, the advantages they saw given to others but were not fated to enjoy. Hitler tapped that resentment in building up his great German host. Huey Long has tapped it in Louisiana and he is confident that he can tap it in forty-seven other states.

I have described Huey Long in the legislature, in the committee room, and in the green pajamas. I want to add a picture of action, of Huey Long during the banking crisis. While he was Governor few banks failed in Louisiana, not by reason of their inherent strength, but simply because he would not let them. He worked tirelessly behind the scenes, driving larger banks to give aid to weaker ones, persuading and even cudgeling them whenever he had the weapons. An important bank was in difficulties in Lafayette. The news reached Governor Long, and he succeeded in stopping the return for lack of funds of clearances from the Federal Reserve Bank. He called an immediate conference and hastily improvised a reorganization. Word of the trouble spread in Lafayette, and a run on the bank in the morning was inevitable. Huey motored through the night to Lafayette and was the first to enter the bank when it opened. He took up his place in the directors' office and commanded that every depositor who came to withdraw funds should be shown in to him. The next arrival was a lumberman with a check for \$17,000. He was startled to be shown into the presence of the Governor.

"I'm trying to save this bank," Huey explained.

"I don't like this reorganization," grumbled the lumberman. "I'd feel safer if I had my money." Huey explained that the reorganization was essential and would be a success, but that the bank had only \$190,000 on hand to meet demands. "You want your money and I want mine. The state has \$200,000 in this bank. If you present your check

I'll present mine, and mine comes first because I was here ahead of you."

"You mean I'll get nothing?" asked the lumberman.

"No, I mean that if you leave your money in the bank, we'll both get what's coming to us." Huey won, and he won similarly with every large depositor who showed up that day. The bank succeeded in staying open until the national closing of all banks.

A still graver crisis arose when one of the large banks of the state was about to liquidate for want of \$5,000,000, a sum too large to be found locally. If the bank had been liquidated, the financial structure would have toppled over throughout the state. Five leading bankers in New Orleans met and decided that a state-wide moratorium was the only possible solution. They trailed off to Huey's hotel suite and told him so.

"Do you mean to tell me that you blankety-blank so-and-so's want a moratorium?" shouted Huey. "Well, you're not going to get it." The bankers insisted. They simply couldn't raise \$5,000,000. Huey let loose a further volley of abuse. Then he called in Joe Messina, his bodyguard. His eyes were bulging, as they do when he is excited.

"Joe, have you got your revolver?"

"Yes."

"Is it loaded?"

"Yes."

"Then you stay guard on these blankety-blanks, and if one of them tries to leave this room before I come back, you shoot the blankety-blank and shoot to kill."

Huey rushed to his office and began telephoning to New York. A nationally known New York banker thereupon hurried to Washington, and in two days the \$5,000,000 had been found. The five leaders of New Orleans finance were not kept under cover of Joe Messina's gun for the whole two days. That evening Huey paroled them under pledge not to mention the word moratorium to anyone.

This incident reveals the kind of courage which is a disregard of consequences in getting something done, and is innate in the man. But his enemies will not concede him the other type of courage, fearlessness of bodily injury. He is kept closely guarded, day and night. No doubt about it, he is afraid of being attacked, and a man who is the personification of vindictiveness may well be. Politics in Louisiana are at that high pitch of emotion where one either detests or worships, where no balance of judgment is possible, and where life is lived on the fringe of violence. Huey's friends will tell you that time and again hostile crowds have been incited to assassinate him. His enemies say he is a physical coward. What neither faction appears to realize is that of all human beings a dictator most needs protection. Huey rules by the dictator's twin forces of fear and approval. The fear he engenders in others in the end rules him. The stronger he is, the more he will have to be shielded. During the vice inquiry in New Orleans he did not leave the committee room except between armed militiamen in military formation, while the city snickered. But New Orleans was mistaken and Huey knew. He already is consigned to the dictator's special domain of fearfulness. His bodyguard is the final proof that democracy in Louisiana is no more.

[The third and concluding article in Mr. Swing's series on Huey Long will appear next week.]

In the Driftway

WHAT is probably the finest piece of prose in the English language lies before the Drifter as he writes. Although he has a point to make about it, he enjoys quoting it merely for its own sake. It is, of course, from Hamlet's speech to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern:

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

These sentences, "like the morning star . . . bright and musical," have been thoroughly well known to English readers for a couple of centuries anyway. Their cadences are as familiar as nursery rhymes or certain portions of Holy Writ, and as with those other well-worn adjuncts of common speech—or at least common quotation!—they are familiar less for their sense than for their sound. It is the tune that we know so well.

* * * *

THE Drifter was surprised and respectfully indignant, therefore (for he is respectful of scholarship even when it injures his most cherished possessions), to note, in the new Cambridge University Press "Hamlet," edited by J. Dover Wilson, a wholly unfamiliar rendering of these famous words. Mr. Wilson, using as his source the Second Quarto "Hamlet," published in 1605—eleven years before Shakespeare's death—punctuates the passage as follows:

What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable in action, how like an angel in apprehension, how like a god . . .

and so on. The punctuation which makes the familiar tune to us is taken from the First Folio, published in 1623. And Mr. Wilson has many scholarly comments which seem to indicate cogently that the quotation as he points it makes more sense than it does with the Folio pointing. The Drifter would not presume to argue with so eminent an authority, and if the dates are correct—there is not the slightest reason to doubt them—Mr. Wilson has everything on his side. Nor is his rendering by any means unpleasing. Its climax is as powerful, its words are the same. But it is not the same song.

* * * *

IF the Drifter were minded to be pedagogical, he would offer this whole matter to the young as a lesson in the rhythms of prose. A mere shifting of commas (in our familiar version the exclamation marks could be replaced with commas easily enough) entirely changes the sound of a passage. But school does not keep today, and the children may file out quietly. Before they go, however, those of them who are literarily minded might like one more quotation. "Hamlet," in its earliest published form, appeared two years before Mr. Wilson's Second Quarto, in 1603. This is a

garbled and incomplete version of the play which nobody understands very well. Perhaps it was played thus, and its author improved it later; perhaps it was taken down incorrectly by an incompetent scribe from the spoken lines. At any rate, the famous passage is quite unrecognizable. Hamlet says:

Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Yet this is exactly the same sense, the same idea that is being conveyed. Nothing is lacking except the rich language, the high imagination, the bold strong music. The two quotations are just alike in idea; they differ merely in that one could be written by any hack prosodist and one is incomparable. There is a very complicated lesson in this, but the Drifter, having dismissed the class, is not obliged to point it out.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Mencken Has the Last (to Date) Word

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Villard, I fear, is simply suffering once more his old experience of seeing a Utopia blow up. First prohibition was to cure the drink evil, and then, when prohibition only made it worse, it was to be cured by repeal. It will actually survive until the end of time. The most we can ever hope to do is to keep it within reasonable bounds. My belief is that the licensing system, which has obvious defects but is at least frank and honest, is working to that end much better than prohibition, which was only a silly begging of the question.

Mr. Villard's statistics will hardly bear analysis. Let us turn, for example, to those he cites from Nassau County, New York. They show that there were 114 automobile accidents in the county during the first five months of 1934, as against 41 during the same months of 1933, an increase of 73, or nearly 180 per cent. But in the next line they show that "the increase of drunken drivers who have come into contact with the police" was but 25 per cent for New York as a whole.

What are we to make of this? Has Nassau gone on a gigantic communal jag, confined to the county limits, or do we simply confront a general increase in automobile accidents? The latter theory, it seems to me, is by far the more plausible. For some reason undetermined—but it probably has to do with recent changes in the speed laws—there has been an increase in such accidents all over the country. But that there has been an even greater increase in accidents due to drink is certainly not proved.

As an old journalist Mr. Villard should know how such statistics as he relies upon come into being. The newspapers discover that there is an increase in automobile accidents, and demand violently that the cops do something about it. The cops, loath to admit that their own clumsy regulation of traffic may be responsible, or perhaps honestly unable to determine the cause, put the blame on the nearest whipping-boy, which now happens to be John Barleycorn. So thousands of persons are charged with drunken driving who would have been passed over politely a year ago, and there is a new set of horrible statistics to entertain the innocent. This benign process, as every

newspaperman knows, is now going on from end to end of the United States.

But such dubious statistics cannot cover up the plain fact that the American people, with endless supplies of alcohol available almost everywhere, are drinking more soberly than under prohibition. There was naturally some orgiastic boozing immediately after repeal, and it is still going on among the anthropoids earmarked by God to die of the jimjams, but the great majority of Americans are using their new-won liberty in a discreet and civilized way, and if reformers only let them alone they will probably do even better hereafter.

Baltimore, December 31

H. L. MENCKEN

A Retraction from Mr. Sinclair

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On November 28, 1934, there appeared in your magazine an article by myself called *The Future of Epic*. In a portion of this article I stated that "on the Sunday before election day every Negro preacher in Los Angeles received \$50 to preach a sermon against me."

I have made an investigation of this matter and I find that this statement was ill-advised, and I desire to withdraw it. I also desire that all newspapers and magazines which copied this portion of my article be good enough to print this letter. The statement is true concerning a number, but is not true concerning all preachers, and I apologize to those preachers who have suffered because of this article and who are not involved in any way.

I have had the pleasure of meeting the Reverend William A. Johnson, who is the pastor of Trinity Baptist Church of Los Angeles, and I have found him to be a man who does not indulge in politics in his church; he did not preach any sermon against me nor did he receive any compensation from any political group, nor has he preached any political matters in his church at any time.

Los Angeles, December 28

UPTON SINCLAIR

Who Was This Euripedes, Anyway?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is the end of a long day, a day spent reading freshman themes. The freshmen have been reading Greek dramas, and their papers are conscientious if somewhat bewildered summaries of such masterpieces as the "Agamemon" of someone called Aechylus, or the "Edepus" of someone named Sophocleis. Some possibly have preferred the "Lisistrata" of one Aristophanes; others the "Media" of Euripedes.

I pick up *The Nation* of December 19 and turn to the Drifter's column to learn of the course of reading pursued by poor John Stuart Mill. He too, I learn, read Euripedes, no doubt with more profit than that derived therefrom by Iowa freshmen.

The point is: Was the Drifter's "Euripedes" a printer's error? (I know he is a man of honor, and I shall believe it if he says yes.) Or does he, like the Iowa freshman, have occasional lapses from orthographical grace—less frequent no doubt—but none the less lapses?

Grinnell, Iowa, December 21

CARL NIEMEYER

[The Drifter, being a man of honor, deposes and says that he differs from Professor Niemeyer's freshmen in that he does

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know how to spell Euripides and they do not. Nevertheless, he wrote on his copy "Euripedes," and read it in proof, after which it was read by *The Nation's* proofreader, who also knows how to spell it, and a number of other editors ditto. What this means about their intellectual caliber, not to mention their orthographical competence, he leaves to Professor Niemeyer to decide.—EDITORS *THE NATION*.]

The Robins-Gras Case

TO THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION*:

In a unanimous decision which may be an important precedent in labor cases, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York has granted a new trial to Harold Robins and André Gras, railroaded to prison for their militant activity in last winter's hotel strike. Last April they were convicted on the charge of assaulting a non-union chef.

The reversal of their conviction came after Robins and Gras had served eight months of their sentences. The decision severely castigates the trial judge, Joseph E. Corrigan, for "sarcastic characterization of the defendants," the suspicions he cast on the defendants' alibis, his failure to discuss discrepancies in the testimony of hostile witnesses, and the "plain import" of Corrigan's attempt to "indicate to the jury the court's opinion that Robins had been employed as a strong-arm man by the union."

Formed at the request of the defendants after their conviction, the Robins-Gras Defense Committee was constituted by the Provisional Committee for Non-Partisan Labor Defense, the Socialist Party, the Communist Party Opposition, the Workers' Party of the United States, the General Defense Committee of the I. W. W., and other organizations. It is a matter of record that the International Labor Defense and other Communist organizations refused to participate in the defense. Almost every progressive union in New York gave moral and material support to the case. The volunteer lawyers who prepared the very able brief were Abraham Abramowitz, of the Socialist Lawyers' Association, and Louis Glickhouse. The *Law Journal* considered the decision sufficiently important to devote to it three columns on the front page of the December 20 issue.

In almost any other case the unanimous decision on appeal would assure that there would be no further attempt to convict the defendants. We have no doubt, however, in view of the hostile attitude of the Hotel Men's Association, that there will be a new trial.

The heavy costs of the appeal have not yet been met, and money is also needed for the new trial.

New York, December 28

FELIX MORROW

Free Press in Cleveland

TO THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION*:

For nearly six months the Cleveland Newspaper Guild has been negotiating a contract with the *Cleveland News*. At one time it appeared that there would be a strike before any contract could be signed. But without going into the details, which you will find in the next issue of the *Guild Reporter*, I may say that an agreement was finally reached and the contract was signed on December 20 of this year.

There had been a good deal of bitterness during the negotiations, caused largely by one Joseph C. Hostetler, a law partner of Newton (TVA) Baker and the attorney for the publisher. After the strike threat Mr. Hostetler, who, inci-

dentally, represents all three of Cleveland's newspapers, disappeared from the negotiations and with him went a great portion of the disagreement between the two sides.

The Cleveland Newspaper Guild was prepared to praise the publisher to the various labor organizations in the city for signing the first guild contract in the city. But he wanted no story in his paper or in any of the other papers. This is the day after the signing of the contract and there has been no story in any Cleveland paper with one exception. The *Cleveland Press* (Scripps-Howard) printed a brief story in its first edition. This was quickly killed. The United Press was given a story and a kill was sent out a few hours later from Cleveland. I do not know that it was put on the national wire. The Associated Press sent out a story today after the *Press* published its first-edition story. The guild furnished the Associated Press with a story a few minutes after the contract had been signed. No story was given to the A. P. by the publisher of the *News*.

And so you can understand our pardonable disgust when Elisha Hanson raises that cry of the "freedom of the press" at Washington.

Cleveland, December 21

A CLEVELANDER

George Moore

TO THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION*:

I am preparing the Life and Letters of the late George Moore for publication in 1935. As many individuals in America have been in correspondence with Mr. Moore in the past, I am anxious to obtain from them either the use of the originals or copies of his correspondence with them. If the originals are sent to me, care of the Kildare Street Club, they will be carefully protected and returned to the owners when I have finished with them.

Dublin, Ireland, January 4

J. M. HONE

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK P. WALSH is chairman of the Power Authority of New York State.

NORMAN ALEXANDER is the pseudonym of a former newspaperman who in recent years has been teaching journalism and contributing to magazines. He is not at present a member of the Newspaper Guild.

STUART CHASE, a director of the Labor Bureau and a frequent contributor to *The Nation*, is the author of "The Economy of Abundance" and of other provocative books on current economic problems.

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, now conducts a column headed "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post*.

HARLOW SHAPLEY, a distinguished astronomer, is director of the Harvard Observatory.

BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK, professor of history at the North Carolina College for Women, collaborated with Louis M. Hacker in writing "The United States Since 1865." From 1930 to 1934 he was chairman of the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council.

Labor and Industry

Not Fit to Print

By NORMAN ALEXANDER

THE American Newspaper Guild celebrated its first birthday last month by trying out its lungs and muscles with such vigor that 1,200 publishers felt called upon to defy the government, in effect, and perhaps to repudiate the New Deal in an effort to arrest the lusty infant's precocity. With 8,000 editorial-department employees enrolled in more than a hundred units throughout the country, the guild in the first month of its second year can claim credit for wage and hour concessions in many cities, contracts in Philadelphia and Cleveland, and a closed-shop agreement in Madison, Wisconsin. It has taken several charges of collective-bargaining obstruction before federal and regional labor boards, winning decisive support in one. Reporters have discarded their traditional aloofness to walk the picket lines and have taken boycott measures against unfair employers. They have furnished money and manpower to aid a sturdy strike of editorial staff workers. The American Federation of Labor and independent unions have officially recognized an ally. Guild leaders have dramatically challenged the impartiality of the National Recovery Administration.

While romantics among them wept into their beer, youngsters in unionism moved rapidly toward labor leadership. Working newspapermen had at last recognized their kinship with the printers who converted their copy into type and the miners who read what they wrote. Unwittingly, publishers themselves had routed many a beleaguered individualist from his last stand, directed the legendary cynicism of the Fourth Estate into new channels, and by their bungling resistance fortified the guild. A review of the organization's first year shows how it was done.

When the codes for fair competition were first being drafted, and the government specifically notified employees that they were to be heard, there was no organization from the editorial rooms qualified to offer facts and figures to balance those of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. On December 15, 1933, representatives of organized groups in four cities formed the American Newspaper Guild in Washington. The movement quietly gathered momentum until February, when the first show of strength came in opposition to the appointment of Ralph Pulitzer as NRA administrator for the newspaper code. Printers and editorial workers recalled that a few years earlier Mr. Pulitzer had dealt the death blow to their old friend the New York *World*, and that Heywood Broun, now the national president of the guild, had told them then that the paper and their jobs might have been saved if the news staff had been organized. In the face of their protests Mr. Pulitzer withdrew.

Among the first to oppose the guild openly was, as might be expected, William Randolph Hearst. R. L. Burgess, who had left the San Francisco *Examiner* to free lance after seven years of apparently satisfactory service, returned as an editorial writer in 1933. The *Examiner* chapter

elected him as its first chairman, and a few days later a telephone call came from San Simeon ordering his dismissal. First economy and then inefficiency were given as the reasons, although there were no signs of general economy measures and little proof that the quality of Mr. Burgess's work had changed. When the guild asked the regional labor board to order Mr. Burgess reinstated in any capacity, John Francis Neylan, Hearst general counsel, refused to recognize that board's jurisdiction, protested that nobody could tell a publisher who was to write his editorials, and sneered at the Guilders that they were "barking up the wrong tree." "No, you are," Mr. Burgess retorted. "We're going the direction history is taking." The case went from San Francisco to Washington and back, to be dismissed for lack of evidence, but the outcome of the next Hearst-guild encounter gave meaning to Mr. Burgess's prophecy.

When the other Hearst paper in San Francisco, the *Call-Bulletin*, learned how Dean Jennings, rewrite man, intended to use his June vacation, dates were switched and he was forced to resign in order to attend the St. Paul convention of the guild. The National Labor Relations Board considered itself qualified to act, even though Elisha Hanson, counsel for the A. N. P. A. did not, and it ordered Mr. Jennings reinstated, adhering to that decision even after the NRA had been bullied into ordering the case reopened. When the board on December 27 asked the Compliance Division to remove the *Call-Bulletin's* Blue Eagle for ignoring the order, Howard Davis, chairman of the national code committee, sounded a five-alarm call to all publishers subscribing to the code to attend an undated meeting to combat this "usurpation of power."

With the test still to come in the Jennings case, Redfern Mason resigned from the San Francisco *Examiner* after he had been demoted from the post of music critic, where he had won the respect and admiration of readers in twenty-one years of service, to the hotel beat. As chairman of the *Examiner* guild chapter, he had just sent a letter to its members urging continuation of the fight against Joseph Knowland's Oakland *Tribune* across the bay. Three established *Tribune* men had lost their jobs when their guild activity apparently made Mr. Knowland suddenly aware of the need for "readjustment" and "economy." The guild went into action against the paper with sound trucks and handbills after radio stations had barred the controversy from the air.

There have been scattered guerrilla warfare against unionization of newspapermen and refusals to negotiate in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, and other sections. Only isolated injustices were clear-cut enough to get before boards set up to deal with them. Picketing began when S. I. Newhouse was accused of showing a prejudice against organization among employees of his Staten Island *Advance* and Long Island *Press*. An agreement was effected on the *Press* and the Staten Island

case was then referred to the Newspaper Industrial Board.

Newark became the first real battleground in November after L. T. Russell, in a series of notices on the *Ledger* bulletin board, had displayed his bitter antagonism toward the guild. After threatening to weed out half the staff, Russell dismissed eight members of the Newark chapter. Forty-five editorial employees out of fifty-six promptly walked out, all but one resolving to stay on strike until the eight had been reinstated and the guild recognized. In the second month of the strike, when the guild agreed to accept the good offices of the regional labor board, Mr. Russell said it was too late, since he had completed a permanent working staff meanwhile. How well that skeleton staff was working was questionable in view of the quantity of "canned" matter which the *Ledger* printed. Circulation fell off heavily and some advertisers withdrew as the strikers put their case before the city in their own paper and by house-to-house visits.

Russell's erratic hiring and firing and the low wage scale, which he admitted when he discounted the dismissal of eight men as involving only \$210 a week, are the subject of fantastic stories. The fight against him won the backing of even professional journalists. Some believed they had disposed of the guild argument when they pointed out that Russell is the exceptional publisher and that the majority who were friendly and fair toward their men should not be held liable. The answer to this was that it is precisely for dealing with the "exceptional publisher" in a solid front recruited from the more favored employees that a guild is necessary. An analysis of the guild's first year, however, seems to show that publishers like J. David Stern, who unhesitatingly signed a contract with employees of the *Philadelphia Record* and indicated that he would do the same on the *New York Post* as soon as income justified setting wage minimums, are more the exception than are the Russells.

The *New York World-Telegram*, which along with other Scripps-Howard interests has been jettisoning its reputation for liberalism in more ways than one, gagged at applying its editorial policy in its own shops. Remembering that the A. N. P. A., of which he is a member, had warned that contracts are "very dangerous," Roy Howard offered important concessions in extension of the five-day week, a severance-notice schedule, and a 5 per cent restoration of pay, but he refused to make written agreements with anyone but his own staff. The suggestion of the company-union principle was overwhelmingly rejected. "At a time when the urge for greater social justice is sweeping the world, no employer and least of all newspaper employers, whose efforts play so important a part in shaping national thought, can turn a deaf ear to any suggestions for bettering working conditions of any group of their employees," Mr. Howard told his staff.

Meanwhile lieutenants of Mr. Howard and other less avowedly liberal publishers resorted to backstairs methods of discouraging and thwarting organization. Readers who were told on a certain day that Heywood Broun's column had been eliminated because of its "triviality" were not deceived. Before his tireless efforts helped make the guild what it is today, it had been Broun's privilege to be trivial when he chose. Occasional friction within the guild has showed some publishers which of their employees they may depend upon for the kind of cooperation they demand, and in the

words of Newark's Mr. Russell, they have proceeded to make it "very nervous" for the others.

The present problem of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the Newspaper Guild is to establish workable precedents for the solution of labor troubles. The varied interpretations of Section 7-a, the uncertain status and meaning of the "consent" clause in the newspaper code, and the weakness of machinery for jurisdiction and compliance make the task difficult. When publishers persuaded Donald Richberg to order Blackwell Smith to ask the Labor Relations Board to reopen the Jennings case, they made much of what they considered the unwarranted assumption of authority by the N. L. R. B. Smith must have discomfited them when his request recognized the N. L. R. B. as the "higher tribunal," implying the right of appeal. For they have insisted that all cases within their industry must end in the Newspaper Industrial Board. As constituted under the code, that board has four employer representatives, and four employee representatives selected by the government Labor Advisory Board. On even minor points of procedure the board has almost invariably been deadlocked along those lines. Provision is made for an impartial chairman who may cast the deciding vote, but labor recognizes this as compulsory arbitration, if there is no appeal.

Stalemate seemed inevitable in the recent hearing before this board of Alphonse Tonietti's charges that Generoso Pope had dropped him from *Il Progresso-Italo-Americano* because of his guild interests. From the publishers' previous behavior it is a foregone conclusion that any decision that penalizes member publishers will evoke renewed incantations to the "freedom of the press." Before then the public may have learned that this wolf cry can mean, as one newspaperman has remarked, "freedom to oppress."

The use that has been made of the phrase has robbed it of much of its holy ring. Perhaps it is significant that reporters in San Francisco have been so anxious to defend their right to organize. Most of them were required to participate last summer in an unprincipled strike-breaking campaign. Months later in New York Elisha Hanson mentioned the longshoremen's strike in connection with the Jennings case, adding that it would be unthinkable for a paper to take back a "disloyal" reporter at such a time. Some reporters who had been told to describe what they didn't see and to tell as fact what they knew to be lies acquired a different interpretation of disloyalty. Particularly did those who had in mind the resolution passed at the St. Paul convention pledging guild members to "strive tirelessly for integrity of news columns and opportunity to discharge their social responsibility; not stopping until the men and women who write, graphically portray, or edit news have achieved freedom of conscience to report faithfully, when they occur, and refuse by distortion and suppression to create, political, economic, industrial, and military wars."

Reporters who saw their colleagues called out on lawless vigilante raids began to wonder if trade unionism could be any more destructive of their "objectivity." Those who saw their superiors scorn the truth for which they had professed such a burning ardor, when it became necessary to defeat Upton Sinclair, began to doubt if the "regimentation" involved in organization could be any more harmful to creative talents.

Little wonder that the phrases uttered at the first hear-

ing on editorial wages and hours in Washington, uncontradicted because the Newspaper Guild representatives had walked out in protest against NRA interference, sounded hollow to working newspapermen who sat alongside and conscientiously recorded them. In contrast to remarks about the happy employment of all competent men in Pennsylvania, about workers "so proud of their jobs that they spend most of their time off loafing around the shop," about "a zest for their calling that leaps over artificial barriers of time and schedule," the articulate dignity and realism of the newspapermen's withdrawal was refreshing and inspiring to some of us who witnessed it.

If newspapermen are decreasingly susceptible to blandishments about their professionalism, if the incense of printer's ink has lost some of its stupefying influence, the publishers have themselves to thank. Their tactics against the guild when they discovered that it was not just another social club were markedly lacking in finesse. Whatever justification there was for their fear, voiced for them by Marlen Pew in *Editor and Publisher*, that the "lefties" were in control was not primarily due to a careful study of Karl Marx and of labor movements. Until publishers blundered into teaching them what "class consciousness" meant, most newspapermen were as ready to scoff at the phrase as they were at "rugged individualism." If lines have been drawn, it is because publishers themselves, with notable exceptions, have revealed so completely how they intend to intrench established power that they have pushed to the left all but those who wilt before the benevolent smile, who regard recognitions of merit as favors, or who are calloused with indifference or despair.

A considerable element within the guild honestly believes that the aims of the guild and of the publishers are not incompatible, but there is a difference as to the means of reconciliation. The president of the St. Louis chapter resigned recently because he felt that strikes were unprofessional. A New York Guild member suggested in open meeting that the organization might well take a cue from recent events in Washington and seek "gentlemen's agreements" behind closed doors. "We're not that cynical yet," was the reply of Carl Randau, chapter president.

The present position of the guild leadership seems to be the only tenable one so long as the New York *Herald Tribune* prints editorials congratulating the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* on its "courageous and successful stand" in defense of freedom of the press, and so long as Marlen Pew advocates a "professional guild whose power of moral suasion" would "establish, through fact-finding and the processes of conscience, good-will, and dignity, standards of working conditions, pay, and also competency and ethics that no publisher would dare to flout."

While publishers dare to flout the expressed wish of the President and of governmental agencies, the guild, without truculence but with determination, must continue to ask the Donald Richbergs how they propose to "convince the working newspapermen of the country that you are not their active enemy, militant enough to be willing, even, to set yourself in opposition to the President and violate one of his executive orders, in order to serve the publishers."

[Next week: *The Newspapers and Child Labor*, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley.]

Labor Notes

Decision in Oil

FOR the first time in the history of the NRA, a labor board, the Petroleum Labor Policy Board, has ordered an employer, the Texas Company, to dissolve a company union. Like many other employers, the Texas Company reacted to Section 7-a by establishing a company union at its refinery at West Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Labor Policy Board, called in to determine a representation dispute, conducted an election and ascertained that a "heavy majority" of the workers were opposed to the company union and in favor of being represented by the International Association of Oil Field, Gas Well, and Refinery Workers (A. F. of L.). The board thereupon issued an appropriate certification to the effect that 74 per cent of the production employees of the West Tulsa Refinery "had duly chosen as their accredited representatives for collective bargaining" the international president and secretary of the trade union. Blandly disregarding both the referendum result and the board's certification based thereon, the employer proceeded to call for an election of representatives under the employee-representation plan. The excuse offered was that the plan would serve the needs of the minority group which stood opposed to representation by the trade union, but a close analysis of the plan reveals that it creates, in effect, a situation in which the minority can overrule the will of the majority in collective bargaining and in which the employer can impose a closed non-union shop upon the workers. The Labor Policy Board's decision states the issue in simple language: "Has the Texas Company the right to impose upon its employees, after they have freely expressed by secret ballot their choice as to representation for collective bargaining, an organization of the company's choosing? The answer is clear: the company has no such right." Having laid the theoretical groundwork, the board reaches this practical conclusion: "The employee-representation plan, having been rejected by the employees and having thereafter been imposed upon them by the company, therefore should be discontinued. . . . Its continued existence makes impossible the realization by the employees of the rights which are guaranteed to them under the NIRA and the petroleum code." Unfortunately, there is little reason to suppose that the Texas Company will comply with the decision and destroy the creature of its own making.

Toledo Carries On

SEVEN months after the Battle of Toledo, word comes that the working force of the Electric Auto-Lite Company is organized 100 per cent. Every worker in that plant carries a card in the Automobile Workers' federal union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Progressives, under the inspiration of the American Workers' Party (now the Workers' Party of the United States), are in control of the local. The reactionary local leaders, who sought to sabotage the struggle of last May, have been discarded. When production fell some time ago, the company discharged 100 militants, in violation of the seniority clause of the contract. The union promptly sent the entire group as a committee to interview the management. When the committee of 100 stated in no uncertain terms that any breach of the contract would mean "a large-scale repetition of the battle of last May," the company capitulated. The group was reemployed in toto. The intelligent militancy used in Toledo gives some indication of what the A. F. of L. might have accomplished in the automobile industry had it not chosen to rely on the government.

Books and Drama

Tugwell Explains the New Deal

The Battle for Democracy. By Rexford Guy Tugwell. Columbia University Press. \$3.

REXFORD TUGWELL refers to himself in this book as the New Deal's goat. Fortunately he seems to be a pet goat. By a well-known operation for avoiding the agonies of thought, a personality has been substituted for a complex of ideas and policies, and our author has become the symbol for all that is held to be sinister and dangerous in the Administration. For a year and more Mark Sullivan has been pounding his jungle drum and weaving anti-Tugwell spells. Conservative editorial writers have counted that day lost when the nexus between Moscow and Tugwell was not viewed and reviewed with alarm. When he went abroad last fall, they felt that their charms and exorcisms were beginning to work, that Mephisto was on his way out. Imagine the consternation of the shamans to discover him on his return wallowing like a porpoise in the President's swimming bath at Warm Springs. A year of myth-making gone for naught.

In this book of essays the literate may find soon enough what Tugwell really does stand for. Here is his philosophy, his goal, his method, sharp as the nose on one's face, consistent and emphatic. There is no trace of sedition, sinister plotting, revolution, dogmatic radicalism, to be found in this man's mind at all. If anything, he is too tolerant and reasonable.

His central thesis is that free competition has failed as an economic provider, owing to technological progress. The abortive compound of monopoly and limited competition, plus ruinous free competition for farmers and little men, which usurped the old free market was rapidly becoming unworkable during the 1920's, and broke down altogether in 1929. In place of a flexible price structure, with prices tending to follow costs downward as technical efficiency gained, dams, barriers, rigidities have formed a monstrous structure of unbalanced prices. The railroads, power companies, steel manufacturers, and others have held their rates and prices, while farmers, unorganized for price maintenance, have watched the commercial values of their wheat and cotton go rushing over Niagara. When the farmer's prices fall, he tends to produce as much or more, in an attempt to keep his cash income from declining. This operates of course to pile up agricultural surpluses and drive prices even farther down. When the large industrialist, on the other hand, is faced with falling prices due to a threatened surplus, he begins instantly to produce less. He cuts down his force, flings canvas over batteries of machines, and gets ready to ride out the storm on his accumulated surplus. He seeks to hold the price level by creating an artificial scarcity, and only too often he succeeds. His competitors, if any, seem frequently to be governed by the same impulse.

The simplest explanation of the AAA is that it is an attempt to give to farmers that ability to hold prices which large sections of industry already possess, and thus to steam out one great gummy kink in the price fabric. Permanently, of course, it does not solve the problem.

All that has gone before March, 1933, Tugwell characterizes as the Old Order. He does not like it because of its perversion of human values, but that he discounts as the personal and perhaps sentimental judgment of one who was brought up amid the simple virtues of a pre-machine rural community. The real objection is that the Old Order finally flunked its pragmatic test, and will no longer work. If "natural forces" had had their way as in earlier depressions, the downward spiral would have dropped us into heaven knows what

abyss. The closing of every bank was no more than a foretaste.

A new deal, in one form or another, was mandatory. It brought us out of the tailspin. Here and there it gave us a little boost. We come now to our author's theme song: the New Deal, in the form that it has taken under Roosevelt, is not a flight into regimentation and bureaucracy, but only a re-discovery of that democracy on which the Republic was founded. The Constitution of 1787 "was, in effect, a coup d'etat; it was adopted in contravention of the Articles of Confederation because the government set up by those articles was too weak, too decentralized, to meet contemporary economic necessities." Gradually, in the zest of conquering a continent, citizens came more and more to interpret the Constitution as defining a government which was "negative and arresting, not positive and stimulating. Its role was minor and peripheral. It was to prevent interferences with the competitive system. Behind that system was an invisible hand which beneficently guided warring business men to the promotion of the general welfare. . . . The jig is up. The cat is out of the bag. There is no invisible hand. There never was. If the depression has not taught us that, we are incapable of education." Competitive anarchy led to the regimentation of nine citizens out of ten—utter dependence on industry, with no economic security whatever—and finally to a resounding crash. The New Deal, in picking up the debris, is leading us back to the first interpretation of the Constitution—a weapon against economic disintegration. Democracy has been betrayed by industrial anarchy. Democracy and competition are not brothers but enemies. The New Deal is far from a perfect instrument, but it offers the mass of the people the closest approach to democracy they have had since the frontier closed.

I submit that this is a reasonable and logical doctrine. Personally I do not bother much about high-order abstractions like "democracy," "liberty," and "regimentation." What interests me is the specific effect of a given policy on the tangible behavior of individuals or groups. This is the only way I can make "democracy" or "freedom" come alive. But many people seem to feel the need of getting their large generalizations in order, and if Tugwell cannot convince them that the New Deal is not an assault on democracy and on the best in the American tradition, nobody can.

The various attempts of the New Deal to revive this conception of democracy are described in some detail. We find essays and speeches on the TVA, public works, the AAA, the NRA, conservation, land planning, the scientific method in politics, banking, gold, constitutional law, and, quite charmingly, a stirring plea for native wines. On the whole the Administration's goat seems to be thriving on his daily shower of tin cans. One observes that Mr. Tugwell is now actively out on the battle front instead of in the study.

Reading this book, and particularly the challenge to the future which rings from three or four of the essays, a challenge which stirs both the intelligence and the heart, we catch a glimpse of what the "thin red line" in Washington has accomplished since March, 1933. It has put integrity, courage, and intelligence back into a government sapped by a century of deference to the voracious exploiters and despoilers of a continent. To that new spirit at least one honest old gentleman in Washington has uncovered and bowed. "I'm a Tory. I don't believe in these new ideas. But never in my life have I seen a more gallant performance."

Tugwell is a radical in the sense that he has no faith in the workability of the Old Order. He is not a radical in the sense that he wants to socialize everything overnight. He is without dogmas and without prejudices, except a general and wholesome prejudice in favor of "human beings, as against

the things human beings use." He calls himself an experimentalist and really believes in the scientific method as applied to economics. Therefore he has no plan to save the world—one of the few citizens of the Republic so empty-handed. But he is keen for facts, research, administrative technique, *knowledge*, to handle this situation and that, as slices of the Old Order fall into the sea. He is not primarily interested in attacking the profit system. He is interested in driving foundations for a new system as capitalism relinquishes its responsibility. (Already it has relinquished responsibility for the provisioning of a fifth of the American population, and has failed to produce, in the last five years, \$300,000,000,000 worth of goods for which the physical plant was fully equipped.)

Probably, within the next decade, at least a third to a half of all economic activity must become a collective enterprise, not because Tugwell wants it or the President wants it or the Communist Party wants it, but because the power age demands it. To sweat and work and plan for that gigantic transfer is more useful and more realistic than calling portly gentlemen hard names. Perhaps Tugwell, like many of the Brain Trust, does not fit into the classification of radical versus conservative at all. He is an engineer of transition from automatic capitalism to some new system.

STUART CHASE

Germany's Psychosis

The Tragedy of a Nation. 1918-1934. By Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

OF the numerous books on Germany which have come to my attention during the last year this is one that is interesting because it is different. As the descendant of one of the oldest families of Germany's wealthy Catholic nobility, Prince Loewenstein lived in close personal contact with the process of disintegration he describes. He was eight years old when the World War broke out, and was just unfolding to political consciousness when Weimar decided the way that the Reich was to go. A non-partisan student organization of which he was the leader developed in the young aristocrat a strong sense of social responsibility which led him gradually away from the Centrist Party to which every bond of family allegiance had bound him toward a catholicism of the spirit rather than of the church, a social philosophy which centered in the maintenance of republican institutions against National Socialist terrorism. His young idealism met with the first serious setback when he discovered that the semi-military Reichsbanner in which bourgeois democrats and Centrists stood shoulder to shoulder with the young Social Democrats and trade unionists who were the large majority of its members was not to become the avenging sword of the republic. Hitler's appointment to the Chancellorship convinced the farseeing young intellectual that there was no longer room in the Reich for a man who took his republicanism seriously. He turned his steps to Great Britain and there placed his gifted pen and his ability as a public speaker in the service of the fight against a system which was to him the antithesis of all that life had ever meant.

It is the tragedy of the German nation, says Prince Loewenstein, that "a man with so little personality and so few creative possibilities" could obtain absolute control over the German people; that this man dominates not only physical Germany but the German mind; that it was not only terror, not fear of punishment or other consequences, that turned the Reich into an authoritarian state, but the fact that a large majority of the German people is acting under the spell of a mass psychosis, following a pied piper under a blind compulsion.

Wickham Steed expresses the sense of the book in a single

sentence when he says: "The story shows, perhaps more clearly than its author realizes, how feckless had been and were the men who established the German Republic at Weimar in 1918 without laying the foundation deep and sure or troubling earnestly to defend it against the myriad foes whom they left in almost undisturbed possession of the citadel." All that, it is true, has been said before, but always by radicals, left-Socialists, and Communists who fight the moral, social, and political aspects of fascism as incidental by-products of a deeper economic despotism. Prince Loewenstein sees the problem of National Socialism with other eyes, though he arrives, for the moment, at the same conclusion. Impelled by a deeply religious consciousness, he objects to National Socialism for its forcible suppression of the individual, for its fundamental irreligion, for its cruelty to those whose only crime is that they are of a different race—though he is unwilling to absolve the Jews in Germany from all blame for the misfortune which has overtaken them. He is as much opposed to the "so-called associations of irreligious people whose organizations were allied and supported by the Social Democratic Party" as to the "German Christians" of the Third Reich. He condemns the Communists for their negation of political democracy as much as he condemns Hitler for his philosophy of dictatorship.

With Italian fascism he has no serious quarrel. "Of fascism," he says, "it may be said that it at least tries to bring about a certain agreement in the interests of the classes. . . . I felt as certain then as I do today that fascism in Italy could endure without endangering the life of the nation. . . . There is in Italy the furthering and the beginning of historic tasks. . . . a movement to which even its opponents cannot refuse an acknowledgment of success." The chances are that Prince Loewenstein has few objections to the fascism of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, though he makes no reference to it in the pages of the book.

LUDWIG LORE

Report on the Universe

Through Space and Time. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE hopelessness of keeping up with the contributions in science in this nervous age could not be more gloomily shown than by the details in this newest book by Sir James Jeans. But there is nothing that can be done about it. Discovery and analysis will not stop for the psychological convenience of those defeatists who, in their vanity, are worried that they cannot keep up. Books cannot be written that revise themselves automatically. Perhaps the best compromise is not to attempt to be on time; the popularizer should tread cautiously in active regions.

Sir James Jeans looks "through space and time" from a planet whose antiquity is depicted in a clear diagram (page 46) showing the succession of geological and life periods. He indicates vaguely that a billion years ago we had a solid crust to the earth, but that all is unknown, as the planet cooled out of chaos, a billion and a half years ago. Yet within the past year or so Miss Slouka and others have measured the ages of common rocks from western Canada and found them to be 1,750 million years old.

Again, Sir James tells of oil borings that go only "about eight thousand feet down," but several recent explorations have gone beyond ten thousand, even attaining the two-mile mark. The author, describing the upper atmosphere of the earth, tells of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, which controls radio transmission, and the Appleton layer above it; but the two additional ionospheric layers found by Harvard investigators are apparently too recent for inclusion.

Delays of this sort between the factory and the salesman can be pointed out in abundance. Some are not quite negligible—for instance, the statement that Eros is the asteroid that comes nearest to the earth. But the readers of "Through Space and Time" will lose little in comparison with their gain in knowledge of the universe, for the volume, like its predecessors, is creditably illustrated with photographs and brilliantly illustrated with word pictures.

The book is obviously tuned to its "juvenile auditory," ■■ was the Royal Institution Christmastide lecture on which it is largely based. The mature readers of the earlier volumes by Jeans will gain little from this new volume, except in those chapters on sections of the universe not heretofore treated in detail—The Earth, The Air, The Sky. And for these subjects the general scientific reader can better turn to Stetson's more thorough and not difficult treatment in "Earth, Radio, and the Stars."

HARLOW SHAPLEY

The Old South and the New

America's Tragedy. By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE long series of events which began in 1619 when, as John Rolfe quaintly recorded, "Came in a Dutch man of warre that sold us twenty Negars," and which culminated in the American Civil War constitute the subject matter of "America's Tragedy." It is an old story so often told that upon picking up the book the reader will wonder what Mr. Adams can tell that is new. And, indeed, so far as historical data are concerned, he gives us nothing new. But Mr. Adams always brings a fresh point of view and a charming literary style to any subject he touches. A lover of all the arts, he is perhaps most devoted to the art of living. This devotion gives him sympathy for those planters of the Old South whose lives approached the Greek ideal more nearly than those of any other group in American history. True, this is more a traditional than a historical fact, but the wise historian while discounting tradition never ignores it.

In its most bland form tradition had it that there were just three well-defined classes in ante bellum society in the South—the rich planters, the Negro slaves, and the "poor whites." Research during the past two or three decades by such Southern scholars as Bassett, Philipps, Craven, and Dodd, and by the Dutch scholar Den Hollander has pretty well exploded the myth. In 1860 there were only 347,525 slaveholders in the entire South and less than one-half of these owned more than four slaves. If each owner is assumed to be the head of a family of five, then only about one-fourth of the entire population had a direct interest in slaveholding.

The truth is that Southern society was composed of the normal imperceptible gradations which have always characterized American society in general. There were "poor whites" of an abnormally shiftless sort, poor in spirit, unambitious, woefully ignorant, sick with malaria and perhaps hookworm. Mr. Adams estimates this group as about 5 per cent of the total white population. This is a low estimate, but the number certainly did not exceed 10 per cent or about six hundred thousand people out of approximately six million. A million and a half of the Southern whites had a direct interest in slavery, but only a tenth of these belonged to "planter" families, if we take the ownership of twenty slaves as the minimum requirement for eligibility to that favored classification. However, if we deduct the million and a half members of slave-owning families and the six hundred thousand "poor whites" from the total white population, we have about four million people who were neither slave-owners nor "poor whites." To be sure very few

of these were rich and all were white, but they were not "poor whites" in quotations unless we are ready to designate by this opprobrious term about 75 per cent of the American population of any period in our history. These four million differed in only one respect from similarly situated small farmers and mechanics in the North, and that was in the depth of their racial antagonism toward the Negro. It was fundamentally on that account and not because of adherence to any school of constitutional interpretation that many of the young men from this group "bared their breasts to Yankee bullets" in 1861-65 and gave substance to the taunt that on the Southern side at least the fratricidal struggle was a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight." That was their tragedy then, as it is the tragedy of their descendants now who permit the dividing racial issue to carry more weight than the unifying force of similar economic status.

But these "rich men" whose war it was, what of them? A little rapid calculation shows that only 37,662 men (we might say families) owned twenty or more slaves each; of these, 7,929 owned over fifty, and of the latter only 1,733 owned over a hundred each. It was these men, their wives and older children, particularly in the eleven States which formed the Confederacy, who dominated politics and gave tone to Southern society. They were more group or class conscious than farmers in general, but except for "touchiness" with respect to their "peculiar institution" they were not nearly so like-minded as bankers or manufacturers are today or perhaps were at that time. Only a very few were of cavalier or even English gentry origin, although nearly all pretended or sincerely believed themselves to be. Many, particularly in the lower South, were new-rich plutocrats, "cotton snobs," as they were called, who possessed all the blatant and grotesque characteristics of that fraternity in all times and places.

Nevertheless [says Mr. Adams], the old planter aristocracy had an assured position and influence such as no other class in America had. . . .

With the formation of this stable society had come the formation, conscious or unconscious, of the Southern philosophy of life which led directly to an art of life. It was only in the South that the belief in the fully rounded life took root and flourished. Perhaps no people have cared less for mere worldly success than the leaders of the old plantation South. The owner of a big plantation, as also its mistress, had ample responsibility, but there was also leisure; and leisure and what to do with it were as important as work, because the Southerner's main preoccupation was how to live a full life.

If the destruction of this class was a tragedy, more tragic still was the subsequent cultural conquest of the South by the North. Beginning in the eighties there arose the "New South" school which believed salvation lay in imitation of the conquerors. The South was, so to speak, Americanized. Instead of the old *noblesse oblige* of the best of the Southern gentlemen, imitating sometimes a bit too consciously and a little ridiculously Sir Walter's knightly heroes, there arose business men of the Northern type who resembled the old planters only in that their minds were conditioned toward labor in general as the masters' had been toward slaves—a lower order of people to be treated humanely so long as they remained properly docile and grateful for small favors but to be strictly disciplined when obstreperous or insurrectionary.

In protest against the glorification of the "New South" idea there has recently arisen a group of Southerners—the authors of "I'll Take My Stand," for example—who would put the South back upon its historic agrarian path. With these talented and altogether charming gentlemen Mr. Adams, in common with many unhappy Americans, South and North, has much sympathy. However, from the fulness of his wisdom and understanding he advises them that while they, like himself, may dislike the machine age, nevertheless:

... it is impossible to turn the hands of the clock of history backward. . . . To insist today upon an agrarian civilization as our sole salvation is to attempt to lead not only an impossible but a parasitic life. . . . What those of us who are born into this confused age of machines, advertising, new wants, and universal suffrage have to do is to try to bring some order out of the chaos of moral values, and in an irretrievably altered world to reassert the philosophy of the Old South, to bring the new democracies to see that the values of the good life are other than material.

BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK

Study of a Family

Papa Pasquier. By Georges Duhamel. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

GEORGES DUHAMEL enjoys a considerable reputation in France and has been the winner of many of its various literary prizes. Perhaps he is best known to Americans for his "Scènes de la Vie Future," which is a bitter indictment of this country and of its increasing influence upon the rest of the world. However, "Papa Pasquier," the first of what promises to be a series of many volumes, is as wise and tolerant a study of the petit-bourgeois as one is likely to find. It is written in the first person, and that person, in the prologue, explains himself and his purpose in writing his *mémoires* with admirable lucidity. He is a biologist of international fame, and this story of his childhood and of his family gives one the impression that M. Duhamel evidently strives for. One feels that this understanding person, who learned through the study of science not to be surprised by any manifestation of life, and who is consequently both gentle in his cynicism and vital in his sympathies, is addressing his readers as he would a company of friends at his club. A reader will not find here the refinements, the elaborate finesse, of Proust, the snobbishness or purple passages of Galsworthy, or any suggestion of the metaphysical concerns of Mann. The story is simple and straightforward, and told in a like manner. No character is obscure and none is related to preconceptions of the author or presented as a symbol. In short, a scientific mind deals with the members of the Pasquier family and a warm heart judges them.

The autobiography begins when Laurent Pasquier is nine years old. The preceding years are vague in the mind of the scrupulous scientist; but in the winter of 1888 the family learned of a possible inheritance, and the boy was made conscious of a world outside his own by the notary in Havre (for whom the book is better named in French) whose letters are expected daily. It is two years before a letter and half the money comes to them, before the death of one aunt in Peru (another has yet to be heard from) can be established. In that time the theme of the notary repeats itself in the family's life like a *leit-motif*, and a counterpoint of vicissitudes, of debts and illnesses, optimisms and pessimisms, is sometimes harshly, sometimes delicately played. Meanwhile, the anticipated money is almost entirely dissipated in advance. Through it all, the brave spirit of the mother holds the members of the family together, while the quick, illogical, highly picturesque explosions of the father threaten to send them adrift. With homely wisdom and considerable wit the author tells the story of this family, placing proper emphasis upon the parents who lived at a time when they could importantly influence their children, and lesser emphasis upon the children themselves, and their neighbors who lived in the same building and whose lives were bound to impinge on their own. Above all, the family appears as an inviolate entity, a microcosm; and because of the skilful writing of Duhamel, whose volume is

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See JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says
column on page 84

ably translated by Samuel Putnam, it is a family in whose lives the reader is able to participate and will want to participate further.
LEONARD AMSTER

Shorter Notices

The Art of the Novel. By Henry James. With an Introduction by Richard P. Blackmur. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

R. P. Blackmur, one of the younger American critics who have been attempting to restore Henry James to the position denied him by the sociological criticism of the last generation, has performed a useful service in bringing together, within the compass of a single volume, the eighteen prefaces written by James for the rare and expensive New York Edition of his works. The advantage of having these prefaces collected in this way, however, is not only one of convenience. It helps one better to realize the completeness and general nature of James's aesthetic of fiction. Comparing James with Proust and Joyce, Mr. Blackmur makes this penetrating distinction: "The difference is that writers who follow Joyce or Proust tend to absorb their subjects, their social attitudes, and their personal styles and accomplish competent derivative work in so doing, while the followers of James absorb something of a technical mastery good for any subject, any attitude, any style." Taken as a whole, this collection of James's prefaces constitutes the most profound manual of the art of fiction in the language.

Modern Things. Edited by Parker Tyler. The Galleon Press. \$2.

The editor of this anthology seems unaware that neither the tendencies described in his introduction nor the poets illustrating these tendencies are quite so "modern" as they were fifteen or even ten years ago. Modern values are still undoubtedly in flux, as we are once again reminded, but it is not so certain that the response to this situation in poetry is any longer the "tentacular resiliency" manifested in H. R. Hays, "the effect of soundlessness" in Charles Ford, or the Rimbaudian hallucination cultivated by the editor himself. Poetry is "a realm of terrible decisiveness," as Mr. Tyler says, and the chief trouble with most of these young poets is that they are too little decided about anything. Of course they are decided about their literary influences, and half of the book is devoted to contributions by T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, E. E. Cummings, and other poets of the generation which capitalized the "flux." But literary values are not the same as philosophical values; and a poet of today cannot appropriate the literary values of the last generation without subscribing to the philosophical values—or the lack of them—on which that generation operated. The two exceptions that must be made are Harold Rosenberg and Lionel Abel, in both of whom the effort to decide produces a tension which gives a passionate intensity to their work. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Abel's poetry, which is freshest in reflective feeling, is also the least derivative in form and style.

You Can't Sleep Here. By Edward Newhouse. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

Despite the fact that Mr. Newhouse has not rid himself of certain outmoded technical and stylistic influences and not yet altogether assimilated his materials, he has written one of the more readable novels of the season. Beginning as one of those first-person narratives cast in the Hemingway mood of romantic frustration, the book shifts rather abruptly to the depiction of the kind of life which we find in Jack Conroy, Meridel LeSueur, and other more recent chroniclers of the

depression. The rather too smart-aleck narrator, discouraged at not finding a job, takes up lodgings in one of New York's Hoovervilles and joins in a demonstration against the police. Although the elements of the violent and the sensational inherent in the subject are unnecessarily stressed toward the end, Mr. Newhouse has many of the gifts of the good story-teller. The greatest defect of the book is in the style, which reflects a sensibility not yet completely liberated from the inverted self-pity of the hard-boiled attitude. But Mr. Newhouse, who is a very young writer, has had the wisdom to choose that direction which is likely to lead to the most profitable results for the novel in the immediate future.

Modern Thought and Literature in France. By Régis Michaud. Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$2.

Written for American readers and with an American point of view, this survey by a professor of French literature at the University of Illinois is chiefly remarkable as a feat of order and condensation. It manages to catalogue the more important movements and figures in French cultural history of the last thirty years and to make a few remarks about each within a minimum of space. For the reader wholly unfamiliar with the field the book will have a certain usefulness, but for others its treatment of the separate movements and men will undoubtedly seem superficial. As is usually the case in books of this sort, there is insufficient discrimination between writers belonging to the same movement, and a truly remarkable poet like Pierre-Jean Jouve is hardly distinguished from a poet like Pierre Reverdy.

Morning Shows the Day. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Helen Hull knows how to write. She builds a novel with economy and dramatic skill. She has written here another book about Main Street as it exists and determines the lives of high-school boys and girls. She understands these young people and sees with swift irony just what their possibilities are. But her book has the limitations that any such realistic study of youth is likely to have: it rises to no heights either of passion or of anguish. The result of this dead-level quality is a little dull.

Drama

Life Keeps Going After Fifty

SOME years ago Samson Raphaelson sprang into fame and fortune with a sentimental melodrama entitled "The Jazz Singer." After a long run on Broadway it reappeared as the first "one hundred per cent talking picture," and since then Mr. Raphaelson has spent most of his time in Hollywood except for brief periods during which new dramatic works from his pen were opened and closed in the East. One of them, called "Young Love," had admirers, among whom I numbered myself, but its life was almost as brief as the life of the others and its author might have been pardoned a certain discouragement. Unless, however, all signs fail, persistence is about to reap its reward, and "Accent on Youth" (Plymouth Theater) will be a very comfortable success—thanks to a gratifying thesis, an admirable production, and some extremely amusing writing.

The first thing one notices in Mr. Raphaelson is an almost dangerously sure sense of the theater. That, of course, was evident in "The Jazz Singer," where it operated upon the level of popular sentiment, but it is even more conspicuous when it appears in the new play as an uncanny gift for manipulating a sophisticated story in the manner best calculated to bring to

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The Washington Maelstrom

Raymond Gram Swing in next week's *Nation* continues his shrewdly observant weekly analysis of politics and personalities in Washington.

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

ACCENT ON YOUTH. Plymouth Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

ANYTHING GOES. Alvin Theater. Victor Moore ■ Public Enemy No. 13 in a No. 1 musical revue, with Ethel Merman at her best.

GOLD EAGLE GUY. Morosco Theater. How ■ ruthless superman built ■ shipping empire on the West Coast. Excellent production by the Group Theater of ■ forceful and picturesque drama, with ■ fine performance by J. Edward Bromberg. One of the best dramas of the season.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. Disputes with "Anything Goes" for first place among the revues.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box Theater. One of the outstanding hits and very good indeed if you don't mind having your serious plays use a little staycomb in their hair. By George Kaufman and Moss Hart, who excoriate cheap success without forgetting to put in ■ few wisecracks where they will do most good.

ODE TO LIBERTY. Lyceum Theater. Gilbert Miller's characteristically suave production of ■ rather trifling French play in which Ina Claire tames ■ fugitive Communist through love—of the profane variety.

PAGE MISS GLORY. Mansfield Theater. Dorothy Hall in ■ rough and ready satire on beauty contests which isn't too particular how it gets its laughs, but gets them anyway.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Henry Miller's Theater. Much like the above but about ■ movie star this time and perhaps a trifle less mechanical.

POST ROAD. Masque Theater. Novel and exciting crook melodrama which begins as ■ quiet domestic comedy but has lots of surprises up its sleeve.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN. Golden Theater. Perhaps the best—and certainly the most substantial—of S. N. Behrman's excellent comedies. With Jane Cowl as ■ charming embodiment of urbanity and tolerance in a world seemingly about to lose both.

REVENGE WITH MUSIC. New Amsterdam Theater. Charles Winninger, Rex O'Malley, and Libby Holman in a lavish and generally entertaining operetta with lots of comedy and some good dancing in ■ more or less Spanish manner.

ROMEO AND JULIET. Martin Beck Theater. Swift and beautiful production with Katharine Cornell ■ Juliet, Basil Rathbone ■ Romeo, Edith Evans as the Nurse, and Brian Aherne ■ Mercutio.

SAILORS OF CATTARO. Civic Repertory Theater. The third and much the best offering by the Theater Union, which goes in for plays with ■ revolutionary purpose. This one is all about ■ mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war, and it is first rate as ■ play, quite aside from the red-flag waving.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Maxine Elliott's Theater. Tense but grim drama about ■ fiendishly perverse child, who is played with extraordinary force by Florence McGee. One of the most-discussed plays of the year.

THE DISTAFF SIDE. Booth Theater. A sizable hit by John Van Druten, but one which seemed unnecessarily tame to me. With Sybil Thorndike.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-sixth Street Theater. Picturesque and remarkably engaging comedy by Frank Elser and Marc Connelly about the great days of the Erie Canal. To me one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

VALLEY FORGE. Guild Theater. Maxwell Anderson's entertaining drama about George Washington, with Philip Merivale as the Father of His Country. The whole thing seemed very pleasantly theatrical to me, but there are many who take it more seriously without liking it any the less.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's poetic and symbolic morality play about the Dreamer, the Bishop, and the Young Whore in Hyde Park. According to many good critics it is the great modern play, but I found it ■ bit pretentious.

the eye as well as to the ear everything it is capable of yielding. Once one of the characters mentions Molnar, and the reference is inevitable, for Mr. Raphaelson has Molnar's delight in manipulating his puppets and in giving an additional fillip to his effects by calling attention to their artificiality just at the moment when his audience has been betrayed into taking them with entire seriousness. Nor is the comparison altogether in the older dramatist's favor. His talents sometimes offend; he is too complacently slick, too condescendingly superior. But Mr. Raphaelson has a youthful enthusiasm and a humorous zest which effectively dispose of any suggestion of condescension. He is not showing off but doing something a great deal more ingratiating than that can be. He is inviting us to have a good time along with him, and the fact makes all the difference in the world. When the lady who was *de trop* marched off with the flowers which a more welcome rival had just put in the wastebasket, I had a vague sense that I had seen that done before, but when the heroine asked innocently, "Were those *her* flowers?" and the lover replied ruefully, "Yes, but that's my wastebasket," the effect was pure fun.

As to the gratifying thesis which I referred to above, it is simply that ■ middle-aged man, in this case past fifty, can sometimes be more attractive to ■ young girl than green and muscular youth. The young members of the audience will hardly resent the suggestion because they will know in their hearts that they have not ■ great deal to fear, but dramatic critics, as well as the majority of paying customers, are commonly approaching an uncertain age, and it is no small comfort to be assured that even if one has no intention of marrying one's beautiful secretary, at least the thing might be done with some fair chance of success. There was no burst of applause at the end of the big scene, in which the secretary here in question expatiated with eloquence upon the dulness of youth and described the tedium involved in following an athlete from tennis court, to golf links, to swimming pool, only to find when night came that he had to exercise in his bedchamber ■ couple of muscles somehow overlooked during the day. There was, I say, no burst of applause, since we of forty and more have learned to hide our feelings. But unless I am very much mistaken, the baldish gentleman next to me gripped the arms of his chair and there was ■ muffled "Ah!" somewhere in the darkness behind. In the lobby a bit later I heard one young thing remark to ■ youth whose charms were not obvious to me, "I don't see how she could have fallen for that old bird," but fortunately her words can have reached few ears, and Mr. Raphaelson had been most convincing. Thanks to him, to Constance Cummings as the girl, to Nicholas Hannen as the well-preserved man, and to the direction of Ben Levy, who once wrote "Springtime for Henry," there is a very pleasant evening in the theater awaiting almost anybody at the Plymouth. And when I say "in the theater" I am not using ■ conventional phrase. "Accent on Youth" is theater spelled with a capital, set in italics, and inclosed in quotation marks.

Any musical revue which includes Bobby Clark and his friend McCullough gets off on the right foot so far as I am concerned. "Thumbs Up" (St. James Theater) has the good judgment to do just this, besides supplying such other pleasant persons as Eddie Dowling, Ray Dooley, and Hal LeRoy. It's a bit old-fashioned—as when, for example, a tenor dreaming of the past before ■ genuine oil painting of his beloved is visited in ■ dream by a succession of beautiful female memories; it is also a bit vaudevillistic and distinctly not in the smartest tradition. But it is not bad entertainment. The Pickens sisters are also there to sing in their usual confidential manner and to remind me again how God in His providence seems always to see to it that theatrically inclined sisters have voices appropriate to ■ trio or quartet.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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THE RESULTS of the Saar plebiscite come as a severe shock to those who had hoped for a heavy vote of protest against Nazi rule in the Reich. While a decisive German victory had been expected, no one except the Nazis themselves had predicted such an overwhelming triumph. To what extent the poll represents a direct indorsement of Hitler and to what extent it merely reflects the fact that Saarlanders are Germans—and proud of it—is impossible to ascertain from this distance. Fear, intimidation, and subterranean pressure doubtless affected many voters, while others may have simply desired to be on the band-wagon. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in an election which was as free as it could possibly have been made, with able neutral supervision and with every material advantage favoring a status quo vote, the inhabitants of the Saar indicated a desire to pass under Nazi rule by a majority almost identical with that which Hitler obtained in the German plebiscite last summer. The brunt of the defeat will naturally fall on the 9 per cent who had the courage and integrity to vote against return to Germany. As indicated in the dispatch from our special correspondent, which appears on another page, tens of thousands of these will choose the rigors of exile rather than risk the terror of Nazi concentration camps,

or will continue the opposition underground. If it were not for the plight of this minority, we should derive at least a measure of satisfaction from the prospect of a speedy and permanent settlement of the whole problem of the Saar. In the face of such an overwhelming expression of opinion it is inconceivable that the League should act otherwise than to restore the territory to Germany at an early date. Certainly no other action would be consistent with the peace of Europe.

WHATEVER the Supreme Court decides in the gold-clause case, it has pushed the judiciary into the forefront as an equal third in the American scheme of government. In doing so it is giving Washington a fright comparable only to the dark days in London before England abandoned the gold standard. The questions asked by some justices indicated, as much as such questions can, that they were not being convinced of the constitutionality of the government's gold policy. If the court sustains the gold clause, the effects will be far-reaching indeed. Washington, of course, is alarmed, and its estimate of the consequences may be exaggerated. The national debt, it is stated, would rise by seventeen billions, and give a direct stimulus to inflation. Corporations with gold bonds would have to pay \$1.69 for every \$1 now owing, affecting obligations estimated by Attorney General Cummings at a hundred billions. And corporations unable to raise the additional 69 cents would be thrown into bankruptcy, their property would fall to first-mortgage holders, and all second mortgages would be wiped out. Many people cannot believe the court will stand by the Constitution if it throws the country into such chaos, and yet if that is not the intention they cannot understand why such questions were asked. They were anything but reassured by the oil decision, which we discuss on another page, and can only conclude that the court has an idea that the Constitution is in even greater danger from future Presidents than from the present one, and that timely precautions must be taken.

IN THEORY the Administration would not be utterly paralyzed by an unfavorable decision. The President could declare an emergency under the remaining vestiges of the war-time powers of his office. (The thought of the Supreme Court precipitating a national emergency is a novelty in American life.) This would give him a breathing spell, during which Congress might rush through an amendment of the Constitution to be hurried for immediate action to the state legislatures, most of them now in session. Or the President could ask Congress to increase the number of justices on the court, and appoint enough men ready to give his Administration legal standing, though this strikes us as a repugnant idea. Or legislation might be drafted to meet the precise objections of the court if its decision is worded with a helpful eye to redrafting. A further possibility is to restore the gold content of the dollar, for which there is now gold enough, though this would initiate a new era of deflation, which, however brief, would certainly give the coun-

try an undesirable sense of defeat. An adverse decision would appear to seal the fate of all the rest of the New Deal legislation, and the country would be rubbing its nose in the fact that the Constitution is not suited to modern needs. If this could be done without a panic it might be a tremendous boon. We must confess that we cannot believe the Supreme Court will assert itself to this extent. But we also did not believe the justices would ask questions in public in a way to bring the capital to the brink of panic.

ONCE MORE rumors are afloat of impending negotiations for currency stabilization. This time it is suggested that France is seeking a slight devaluation of the franc as part of a general stabilization pact. From the standpoint of the gold bloc some action is imperative. In the face of relentless competition from the countries which have depreciated their currencies, economic conditions in France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy have grown worse in the past year. For these countries it is a choice between international stabilization and a unilateral devaluation of their own currencies that would accentuate the existing chaos. No solution can be worked out without the whole-hearted cooperation of the United States. Great Britain would unquestionably assent to stabilization of the pound if assured that the basis of stabilization would be the true purchasing-power parity of the respective currencies and not an artificial figure arrived at through a prolonged currency war. But it cannot be expected to sanction an arrangement which will crystallize the present competitive advantage held by the United States. Stabilization in itself, moreover, would be practically meaningless unless accompanied by an agreement to lower trade barriers, settle war debts, and resume international lending. In each case the United States, as the chief creditor, alone is in a position to take the initiative for the restoration of sanity.

THE EXTENT of the Administration's rightward trend is evident from such advance information as is available regarding its security program. While details have not yet been made public, we know from Secretary Perkins's announcement that no federal funds will be used either for unemployment or old-age insurance. Both projects are to be financed and administered by the individual states, guided by standards drafted by Congress. Not only will this lead to a considerable discrepancy in the actual protection given by the different states, but it will place an inequitable burden on the poorer states, particularly those in the South. Moreover, if Speaker Byrns is correct in stating that the total federal expenditures for old-age pensions, child and maternity care, and the expansion of public-health activities will not exceed \$100,000,000 in the coming year, the protection afforded will be but a drop in the bucket in comparison with immediate needs. Fortunately there is hope that Congress will go farther than the Administration toward the formulation of adequate security legislation. Representative Connery, chairman of the House Labor Committee, which is to consider the security bills, has declared himself in favor of the Lundeen bill, thus making it possible that the Administration will be unable to get its own measure reported out of committee unless it agrees to more satisfactory provision for the eleven million persons now unemployed.

HUEY LONG can congratulate himself on the ease with which he has become a national figure. Congress had just convened when he served notice that he would attack the Administration for withholding federal expenditure in Louisiana, and the Administration withdrew from its stand. He attacked it instead for being allied with interests profiting from prostitution in New Orleans, which sounded more extravagant in Washington than in Louisiana, where the patronage policy of Washington has made for a strange fellowship between a liberal President and unworthy political henchmen. Meanwhile Long has won an 18 per cent decrease in residential electricity rates in his state and made a spectacular settlement with Standard Oil, remitting most of the occupational tax passed in December in return for a correspondingly larger use of Louisiana oil in Standard's local refineries. N.B.C. gave him an uncensored session over one of its networks to bedevil the President for not keeping his word and for playing about with the Astors and partners of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and let him make promises and poetry about his "Share Our Wealth" program. The Associated Press then carried an interview in which Huey at last refers to his candidacy for President. "I would rather see my laws passed than be President," he declared, "but passage of the laws is the only way they can keep me from being President if I want to be, unless I die." The extra pressure for publicity looks like a bid for advance sympathy if new indictments are brought in for income-tax evasion in Louisiana, but Huey's race for the Presidency has clearly begun.

BY TRACING the location of Chiang Kai-shek's alleged victories over the "Communist-bandits," it is evident that the main body of the Chinese Red Army has virtually completed its dramatic march from the province of Kiangsi to that of Szechuan. Cut off from necessary supplies by a blockade imposed by Nanking and faced with the prospect of severe losses from bombardment by Chiang's American-built airplanes, the Communists apparently decided in midsummer to withdraw entirely from Kiangsi, where Soviet districts had existed for six years. Abandoning their former capital, Juichin, in November, the Red Army, accompanied by tens of thousands of local peasants, marched more than a thousand miles westward through Hunan and northern Kwangsi into Kweichow. There, a few weeks ago, they threatened to capture the provincial capital. Turned back from this city, they crossed the Yangtze into Szechuan, where Soviet rule has been established for more than a year in certain areas. In view of the relatively isolated position of Szechuan and Kweichow and their wealth of natural resources, Soviet forces may have a better opportunity to develop a stable government than would have been possible in Kiangsi. But whatever the outcome, the thousand-mile trek of the Red Army through the heart of China must go down as one of the heroic feats of modern history.

FRANK W. SMITH, president of the New York Edison Company, issued a statement to the public on December 24 in the form of a paid advertisement in the press. Representing not only the various electric-light companies of the city but also the Consolidated Gas Company, Mr. Smith indulged in a public exhibition of hand-wringing that should have reduced to tears all but the most hardened of

his audience. Mr. Smith, of course, was discussing the question of rates to utility users in New York, with particular reference to Mayor LaGuardia's proposal to build a municipal light-and-power plant. Among other things he said: "The millions of holders of insurance policies that are in part secured by investments made in these securities with the approval of the State of New York, have a *stake* [italics Mr. Smith's] in this situation and are endangered by this idea of cutting rates or building duplicating plants." On January 10, or a little more than a fortnight later, Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the board of the Consolidated Gas Company and the New York Edison Company, made another statement to the public. But in the meantime Something Had Happened. Mr. Carlisle, and presumably his associate Mr. Smith, had seen a great light. Speaking still, one assumes, for the millions of investors who have a *stake* in the question of cutting rates, Mr. Carlisle said: "Because the undersigned . . . are convinced that the prosperity and convenience of this metropolitan community require an increased use of their service at *lowered rates* [italics ours] . . . Because the companies know that substantial *decrease in electric rates* can be brought about almost immediately . . ." and so on. The solemnity with which this complete about-face is presented is one of the bright spots in an otherwise dreary world.

WHAT PROBABLY HAPPENED is that some bright boy in the office sat down and read through the Washington plan for reduced power rates and reported to Mr. Smith and to Mr. Carlisle that since the utilities companies were at present about on a par with the man-eating shark in general popularity, it might be just as well to take a chance on the new plan, particularly since it seemed not unlikely that there would be more money in it in the long run. But Mayor LaGuardia does not seem to be impressed by Mr. Carlisle's change of heart. He is still interested less in whether or not the power companies make more money than in—as he puts it concretely—how much Mrs. Finkelstein and Mrs. Pugliese and Mrs. Jones pay for electric current. So far Mr. Smith and Mr. Carlisle have not been very clear about that. But it is encouraging to know that their hearts are in the right place (just behind their pocket-books, that is) and that if the wicked municipal government with the support of the misguided federal government is going ahead with gestures in the direction of a municipal power plant, the utilities companies can do their parts, too, like little men. When Dr. Alton Smahl got a verdict of \$5.40 against the New York Telephone Company for overcharges, the delight of the populace knew no bounds; if Mayor LaGuardia succeeds in forcing down the utility rates even half as far as they ought to be forced down, the heavens will ring with rejoicing and jubilation.

THE CASES against the fourteen men charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government under the Illinois state treason law did not go to trial. That preposterous charge was dropped by George Hall, state's attorney of Montgomery County, and the defendants were freed on paroles based upon pleas of guilty to the infinitely milder charge of "conspiracy to commit an unlawful act." There can be no other interpretation than that this was a victory for the defendants. Prior to their acceptance of

this compromise, the prosecutor proposed that they take sentences of one year at the state penal farm under the treason law. Meeting in open court, the defendants voted this down and asked that the trial go on. Mr. Hall thereupon agreed to drop the treason charges. The truth is that he was glad to get out of the situation, gracefully if possible, but to get out in any event. Working people in Montgomery County are solidly opposed to the prosecution of persons taking part in relief demonstrations under a forgotten statute carrying severe penalties. The conservative element, with an eye on the county coffers and reckoning the cost of a long-drawn-out trial, decided that it was not worth the expense, particularly in view of the virtual impossibility of getting convictions on the original charge. This forced retreat of over-zealous local authorities in Lincoln's state ought to warn other communities to think before they act.

What Does the Supreme Court Mean?

IF Section 9-c were held valid, it would be idle to pretend anything would be left of limitations upon the power of the Congress to delegate its lawmaking function. . . . The question is not of the intrinsic importance of the particular statute before us, but of the constitutional processes of legislation which are an essential part of our system of government." So said Chief Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court in striking down a section of the National Industrial Recovery Act in the first case before that court testing this act. So said seven of the other eight justices, Justice Cardozo alone dissenting.

For the layman the applicability of these principles to the facts before the court is a matter of first importance, since what this decision foreshadows as to the Recovery Act as a whole, the gold clause, and the wide range of new legislation may be the destruction of nearly two years' building by the Administration.

In making such an evaluation one has to start at the beginning. What was Section 9-c of the Recovery Act? In striking contrast with the broad scope of most of the act, this section of only two or three lines simply "authorized the President to prohibit the transportation in interstate and foreign commerce of petroleum or the products thereof" produced in violation of state law. The reason that it was passed is equally simple and undisputed. For three or four years streams of "hot" oil—oil produced in violation of state conservation laws—had gushed from the great oil fields of Oklahoma City and East Texas in such volume as to render the operations within those fields a nightmare of roaring gas, wild wells, burning oil, and wasteful use. All fair competition in the oil industry was demoralized by the bootleg prices at which hot oil or its products were sold. Indeed, at the time when the Recovery Act was before Congress, bootleg oil had smashed the price of all oil to a few cents a barrel, and hiding behind federal-court injunctions which had denied to states the right to control the interstate movements of illegal oil, the "hot" oiler was writing his chapter of graft, corruption, thievery, and waste in a way to make the Teapot Dome scandal look trivial.

But when the Supreme Court cast its judicial eye upon

Section 9-c, these were not the facts upon which it focused. Rather it was upon the words in the book. And since these words did not express a flat Congressional command prohibiting hot-oil movements but only "authorized" the President "to prohibit," the court held that Congress had unconstitutionally tried to delegate its lawmaking power. Then, as if to buttress a somewhat doubtful point, it added that even if the act were not fatally defective on this score, the President in his executive order failed to make a "finding" that the prohibition was necessary to accomplish the purposes of the act.

Turning first to the matter of "finding," is this a matter of substance or is it just legal hocus-pocus? Any government law clerk could answer this one. He has one form for "proclamations" which include "findings," and another for "executive orders" without "findings." Proclamations read, "Whereas . . . Whereas . . . Whereas . . . I find . . . Now Therefore it is hereby ordered." Executive orders read, "By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Act of Congress, etc. . . . It is hereby ordered, etc." Both proclamations and executive orders are written according to form by a \$2,500-a-year clerk. Surely it would be absurd to turn grave matters of national policy upon such a technicality of wording, particularly when the statute nowhere required such a "finding." As sensibly expressed by Justice Cardozo in his dissenting opinion, "One will not find such restrictions either in the statute itself or in the Constitution back of it. The Constitution of the United States is not a code of civil practice."

But what about the court's more serious charge that the structure of our government was endangered? Reduced to the facts of this case, Justice Cardozo's dissent shows this to be just plain nonsense. Congress told the President specifically and definitely *what* he could prohibit—hot oil—and *where* he could prohibit it—in interstate commerce; it left him only one narrow bit of discretion—*when* he could prohibit, to be exercised presumably when he found national recovery demanded it.

Moreover, it is significant, there was less delegation to the President in Section 9-c than in almost any other New Deal legislation. In the Recovery Act the President is empowered to approve codes dealing with thousands of commodities in a thousand different ways. His powers under the public-works program and under the Agricultural Adjustment Act are likewise extensive. In the matter of monetary standards he may decide when devaluation shall take place and in addition how much. And it is interesting that none of the executive orders dealing with gold recite the magic word "finding." If all these acts must go down, our economic structure might go with them.

But possibly the court will find another logic. The existence of a dissenting opinion proves there are at least two lines of applicable legal logic even to this extremely simple set of facts. Indeed, we find the internal logic of Justice Cardozo's opinion more persuasive, even as a matter of marshaling the ancient precedents, than the majority opinion. In so far as abstract law is concerned, the court could have selected the logic of Cardozo just as well as that of the majority opinion. Since the logic of the dissent was before the whole court before the majority opinion was issued, something more than mere legal logic impelled the majority to reach its decision. What were the real reasons in

the minds of the majority? The court has not told us. Nor has it told the host of federal district judges throughout the nation in whose hands the trial of cases and the enforcement of the whole scheme of recovery legislation really rests. And few district judges will dare to permit the enforcement of these laws before the Supreme Court gives those reasons.

All that can be hoped is that those members of the court who have heretofore stood for a realistic approach to the law will agree with Justice Cardozo in one passage of his dissent: "Under these decisions, the separation of powers between the Executive and Congress is not a doctrinaire concept to be made use of with pedantic rigor. There must be sensible approximation, there must be elasticity of judgment, in response to the practical necessities of government, which cannot foresee today the developments of tomorrow in their nearly infinite variety."

Our Navy Madness

THERE was no more encouraging passage in President Roosevelt's annual message to Congress than his positive assurance: "I believe, however, that our own peaceful and neighborly attitude toward other nations is coming to be understood and appreciated. . . . Evidence of our persistent and undeniable desire to prevent armed conflict has recently been more than once afforded. *There is no ground for apprehension that our relations with any other nation will be otherwise than peaceful*" (italics ours). Immediately after giving this assurance, the President sent to Congress a budget message which calls for the greatest army and navy appropriations in peace time in our history. It provides no less than \$870,922,292 for both services. Deducting the non-military expenditures of the War Department (rivers and harbors and the Panama Canal), there is still left the stupendous sum of \$800,369,658, of which \$488,133,847 goes to the navy for strictly naval purposes and \$312,235,811 to the army for purely military purposes. In the face of the depression, when every other regular department is being skimped, the army and navy are to receive enormous increases.

Since the PWA spent \$150,000,000 last year on ships—a neat way of outwitting Congress and increasing the appropriations without that body's constitutional sanction—the actual naval increase is less than appears from a comparison of the regular naval appropriations. These have none the less jumped enormously. In 1916 the sum was only \$153,853,567. Then came our entry into the war and in 1919 the high point of \$2,002,310,785; since then the lowest figure has been \$312,743,410, in 1926. In 1930 it rose again to \$374,165,639. Thereafter, until Mr. Roosevelt took office, some effort was made to hold down expenditures, the 1933 figure being \$349,732,213. But the former Assistant Secretary of the Navy has come to the rescue. The increase for the fiscal year 1935-36 over 1933-34 will not be less than \$138,401,634, or 39.5 per cent. Not until the World War came did our *total* naval expenditures reach the sum of \$139,000,000. Indeed, *all the expenditures* of the federal government for 1916-17 were only \$734,056,202, or \$66,340,456 less than we are to spend on army and navy alone in the coming fiscal year! Could anything illustrate more

clearly what the World War accomplished in the way of a permanent increase of government outlays for regular services—aside from emergency reconstruction and relief?

If we turn to the number of officers and men authorized, we find that in the year 1905, during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, we had 2,252 officers and 30,804 men. Ten years later the force had grown to 3,780 officers and 52,562 men. Passing over the war years, we had 8,625 officers and 119,205 men in 1921. Thereafter came a sharp drop, but the average number of enlisted men from 1925 to 1930 was about 84,000, with the number of officers steadily rising until in 1932 we had 9,423. The proposal now made to Congress is that the total number of enlisted men shall be brought up to 93,500, with a further increase of officers to well above 10,000, as it is specified that in future all graduates of the Naval Academy shall be commissioned, instead of a number being returned to private life as is the case today. By July 1, 1936, then, we shall have at least 105,000 officers and men in the navy and withdrawn from productive life, which is as many as were carried on the rolls in the war year 1917—this alongside a regular army of 131,578 men and officers.

Our readers do not need to be reminded that this fleet enlargement is accompanied by no explanation except that the President and the Navy Department have decided to build the fleet up to the limits of the London treaty. Nor has there been any announcement of a change of foreign policy, national or naval. The candid mind must surely admit that in the face of this the people of Japan are to be pardoned if they show extreme restlessness and decide to arm with corresponding speed, especially in view of the announcement by Admiral Reeves that this year the American fleet will hold its annual maneuvers near the coast of Japan—according to the press, it will be a "vast armada, the largest and most powerful by a wide margin ever assembled under a single command in the world's naval history." Have not the American people some right to be told by the President why all this is going on? We know very well that it is defended by some members of the Cabinet on the ground that it gives more employment for our unemployed youth and shipyard workers. But the fact remains that while pretending to be a pacifist and non-militarist nation we are bent on outstripping the rest of the world in naval expenditure.

It is idle to deny that fear of a conflict with Japan helps to make Congress vote these large appropriations. But that is the way to provoke war, not to preserve peace. If proof of this were called for, one need only point to the German and British naval rivalry prior to the World War, which was so potent a factor in bringing on that struggle. Every time we move toward increasing our armaments there is a corresponding demand on the part of British jingoes and admirals for further increases of their fleet. Thus on November 14, 1933—to cite only one case—the First Lord of the Admiralty, in explaining why the British naval-construction program had been changed in the direction of heavier ships, officially declared that the change had been made simply and solely because of the action of the United States and Japan in laying down more cruisers. Yet our government, especially its representative in the disarmament talks at London, has deliberately refused the Japanese proposal to cut all the fleets from a 5-5-3 ratio to a 2-2-2. Is it not time for the American people to demand not only an ex-

planation but a clear-cut statement from the government on just what its plans for the defense of the United States are, whether it intends to take the offensive in war, or whether it seriously means to urge upon the world the adoption of President Roosevelt's proposal, in his speech to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation on December 28, 1933? This was that the countries pledge themselves to build no more offensive weapons and sign an international pact guaranteeing this and embodying their sacred promise never to send their armed forces across their own boundaries.

France, Italy, and Abyssinia

FURTHER details of the Franco-Italian agreement make it clear that Abyssinia is expected to pay the price for Italian political concession in Europe. Not that Abyssinian sovereignty is to be openly or immediately sacrificed to Italian imperial ambitions. International politics no longer operate on quite so crude a basis. There is no definite clause in the Franco-Italian pact promising Italy a free hand in Africa; but by ceding to the Italian colony of Eritrea a small strip of the coast of French Somaliland, which will provide an outlet on the Gulf of Aden, and by granting Rome part ownership in the French-controlled railway to Abbis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia, France has given both moral and physical support to Italy in its dispute with the African kingdom.

What effect this will have on Abyssinia's appeal to the League under Article XI of the Covenant is not yet clear, but there is grave danger that the appeal will receive considerably less than justice from the leading powers. For one thing, Abyssinia appears to be an ideal scapegoat. Its government is notoriously corrupt, and its alleged connivance in the slave trade gives a good excuse for the extension of the purifying influence of European culture and morality. The fact that this trade could not exist without the protection of certain European governments may, of course, be conveniently forgotten. Moreover, the immediate interests of the powers most directly involved lie on the side of Italy rather than Abyssinia. In the case of France, which was the original sponsor of Abyssinian membership in the League, the shift in support is due to its paramount concern with European problems. Great Britain, on the other hand, has long been aligned with Italy in this region. As early as December, 1925, the two governments reached an understanding in which each agreed to place no obstacle in the way of the other's economic objectives in Abyssinia. The British are particularly interested in tapping the waters of Lake Tsana for the irrigation of the Sudan and have cast a somewhat covetous eye on the fertile valleys of southern Ethiopia, which are said to be admirably adapted for the raising of cotton. Italy's interests lie more to the north, where it has been engaged in building a railway connecting Eritrea with Italian Somaliland. Although the Anglo-Italian agreement has never been carried into effect, owing to Abyssinia's protests at Geneva, it is doubtless one of the factors which have caused Tory opinion in Britain to back Italy in the present controversy.

An additional factor in stirring up anti-Abyssinian feeling in Great Britain has been the playing up in the British press of greatly exaggerated reports of Japanese influence in the African state. These rumors have in part grown out of the projected Abyssinian-Japanese royal marriage, which was abandoned because of the opposition of Italy and the other powers. But they have been nourished more specifically by the recent spectacular expansion in Japanese textile exports to Abyssinia and neighboring regions, which has hit both Lancashire and Italy. Additional anxiety was created by the rumor, as yet unconfirmed, that a Japanese company had received a concession for an experiment in the raising of cotton. Reports printed in the Italian press that the Japanese are engaged in training the Abyssinian army smack suspiciously of deliberate propaganda, but have served further to prejudice British opinion.

While there is little likelihood of a falling out among the great powers over the question of Abyssinia, the situation is distinctly an unpalatable one. In refusing to arbitrate the Ualual incident and in demanding an apology and indemnity for the alleged insult to the Italian flag, Rome's attitude has been unpleasantly reminiscent of that adopted by Tokyo during the Manchurian affair of 1931. Should the powers give tacit approval to Italy's action, they will be striking a greater blow at the fundamental principles upon which the international peace machinery is based than was delivered by the failure to stem Japanese aggression in China. For in the case of the Manchurian incident it can at least be said that the League made an effort, though a belated and feeble one, to enforce existing international commitments. In the present instance there is serious danger that no action whatsoever will be taken, and that Abyssinia will be denied even the opportunity of bringing its case before the bar of world opinion. This obviously must not be allowed to happen. While the United States is not concerned in the immediate issues of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute, it might profitably, through Ambassador Davis, suggest that its future attitude toward the League cannot but be vitally affected by that body's handling of the present controversy.

Who Reads What —and Why

NEAR the beginning of the sixth century A.D. a Roman public official named Boethius was thrown into prison by his barbarian emperor, Theodoric the Ostrogoth. A few years later he was executed for alleged treason, but while still languishing in jail he wrote a book called "The Consolation of Philosophy" which was destined to be read with avidity for approximately one thousand years, or about three times as long as Shakespeare has yet been famous. The very title itself was a stroke of genius, because Boethius was writing near the beginning of a weary period during which thoughtful men were to despair of the world and to value most what enabled them either to escape from it or to endure a condition of life for which it seemed to them little could be done. Great faith in learning and letters as instruments for improving the world is a relatively modern thing. For at least a thousand years men

read and studied chiefly to improve the soul or to seek "consolation."

Even today the motive continues to operate with what the more narrowly practical must regard as distressing frequency. Such, at least, is the impression one gets from reading a report made by Charles H. Compton, president of the American Library Association, concerning the readers of certain widely circulated books. He is interested chiefly in the "who" rather than the "why" of library patronage, but it is difficult to read what he has to say without realizing that even today most readers go to literature primarily for something which ranges from "consolation" to "pleasure."

Investigation seems to show that Mark Twain is by all odds the most popular "standard" author. At a given moment there may be more calls for the latest novel of Zane Grey, but the demand does not last very long, and of five libraries in five large cities all but the one in New York require more volumes by Mark Twain than by Sinclair Lewis, a distant rival. An analysis of 3,289 adult readers of the former in St. Louis shows, moreover, that they come from every walk of life and include, for example, two detectives, a pugilist, and an embalmer, as well as many skilled workmen and 317 unemployed. One would, perhaps, hardly expect Mark Twain to be read for definite instruction, and it is true that passing reference to doctrine is more frequently met with in letters regarding more explicitly tendentious writers. Nevertheless, letters from readers of Carl Sandburg, William James, Thomas Hardy, and Bernard Shaw contain, on the whole, surprisingly few indications that these authors are read primarily for their teaching. A waitress likes best Sandburg's lines: "Shake back your hair, O red-headed girl. Let go your laughter and keep your two proud freckles on your chin"; an unemployed man likes Mark Twain's books about Missouri and the Mississippi River because "I can almost see the places and the boats he mentions"; a student in a Negro high school confides, "I, like Hardy, believe that man is least important and that nature is all supreme."

Mr. Compton's researches seem fully to substantiate his contention that, whatever the reason, it is the "plain man" who keeps the standard authors alive so far as the libraries are concerned. Perhaps the upper classes have good libraries of their own; perhaps an unnamed college president was right, in his facts at least, when he proclaimed over the radio that colleges now prepare students for all the professions from automobile mechanic to dressmaker, but that the day of classical education is, thank God, over. Yet the Greek classics in translation are taken out of the library and read by, for example, an insurance man, a commercial artist, and a newspaperman, if not by members of the learned professions. Seven hundred persons recently borrowed books by Thomas Hardy from the St. Louis library. Among them were only four lawyers, one doctor, and one dentist. But there were ninety-one stenographers, ninety-six sales persons, and a scattering of mechanics, policemen, taxi-drivers, pipe-fitters, and blacksmiths. Doubtless these men belong to some sort of an élite, and it is hardly likely that pipe-fitters as a class read much Hardy. But if they are members of an aristocracy it is not one of wealth, education, or social position. Neither, on the other hand, do they seem for the most part to be protestants or rebels. They are seekers after "the consolation of philosophy."

Issues and Men

The Russian Murders Again

NUMEROUS letters of protest and congratulation have come to me in regard to my comment in *The Nation* of December 26 on the slaughter of men and women in Russia as the result of the assassination of Kirov. The protests have come from Communists and from some well-wishers of the Russian experiment, and the vehemence with which they write makes me suspect they realize what infinite damage Stalin has done to the cause they hold dear by the summary execution of 125 persons accused of taking part in the "conspiracy." The language of these protests is extraordinarily like that of the letters in defense of the Hitler purge of June 30, which have been coming out of Germany ever since. Even when insisting, as they do, that there is all the difference in the world between the summary executions of Hitler and those of Stalin, they use exactly the same arguments. Here is one letter:

Boiled down, the question seems to be which is the more important, the lives of a few dastards or the attempt of the U. S. S. R. to develop a new social order? I should not say "attempt," but rather an achievement beside which any former attainment pales into insignificance, and to class anything that is done in Soviet Russia with the mere brute instinct displayed in Nazi Germany is to be absurdly prejudiced in favor of Hitler. Do you see no difference between "Heil Hitler!" and the tenets of communistic philosophy? Does not what one is working for and toward count?

In the first place, this letter closely parallels one I received from Heidelberg, in which the writer, also a woman, wrote:

These men were villainous and were unfaithful to the *Führer* and the great cause of National Socialism. Why should they not have been removed at once since they were obstacles to the achievement of a united, ennobled, and worthy Germany, able to hold its head up with any nation of the earth?

In the second place, I should like to remind the writer of the first letter that the National Socialist program as outlined to the German people went farther in the direction of the Bolshevik program than any other that I have ever seen; that intensifies the parallel. But above and beyond details like this, I must again affirm, with all the emphasis and earnestness of which I am capable, that any government which stoops to wholesale murder to defend itself betrays its own weakness and enormously damages its cause.

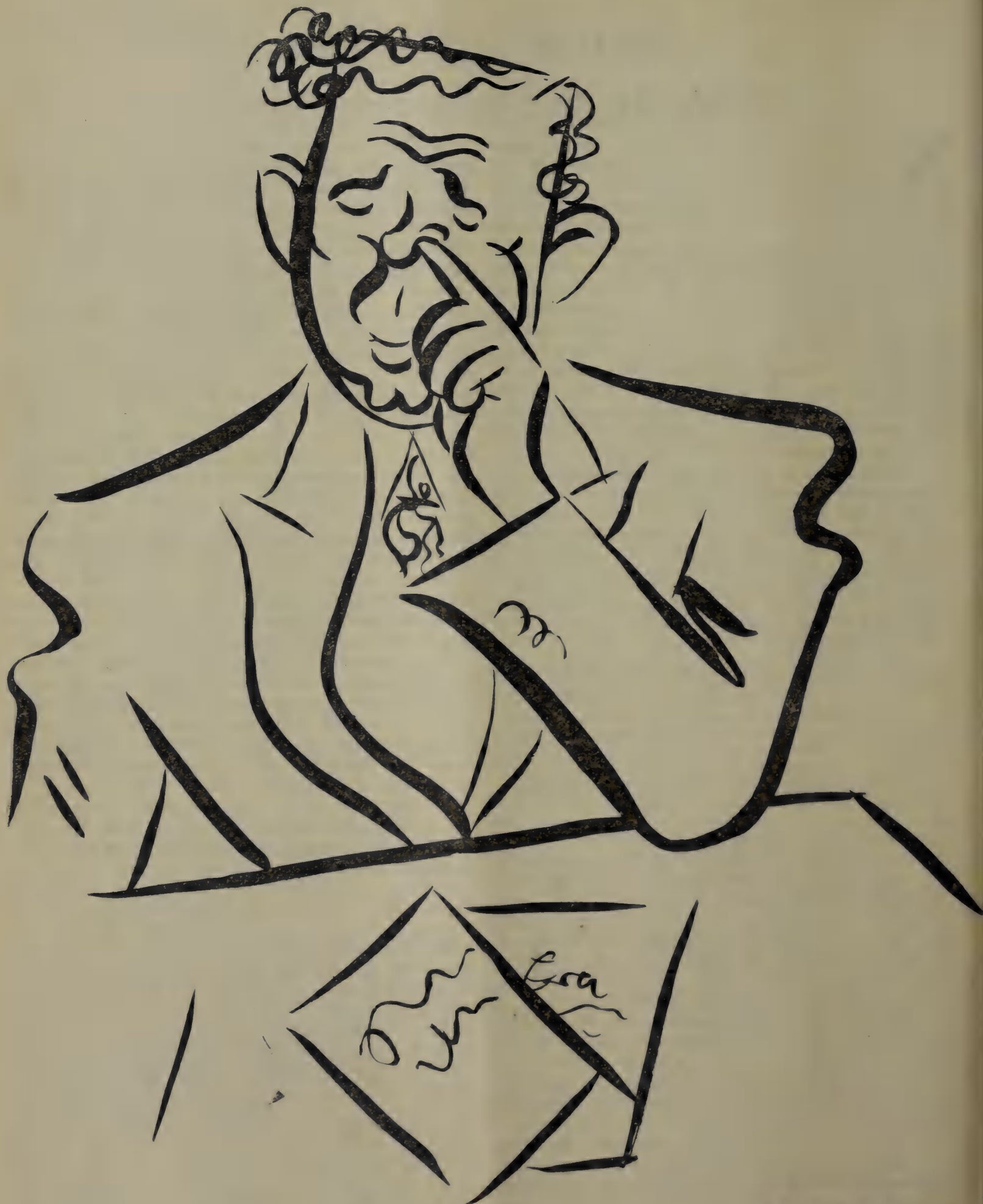
Moreover, when any government finds it absolutely necessary to try the alleged miscreants in complete secrecy, without allowing any of the facts to come out either to its own people or to the world, it admits that it is too shaky to have the public know the whole base truth. From time immemorial the world has protested against summary or secret courts martial or court trials, and against immediate execution of those condemned to death. Men and women everywhere throughout the centuries have insisted upon open trials and the right of appeal to higher courts and, above all, on complete publicity; they have known that no government is justified in instituting secret trials and executions.

I, for one, deny the right of any government to butcher people as Hitler and Stalin have done, and I go farther and deny to any government the right to take human life, to commit the crime of murder, whether by judicial process or otherwise. Either the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" means what it says, or it does not. If there are exceptions to it, it is meaningless. But waiving this for the moment, I deny that the difference in the aims of Hitler and Stalin has any effect upon the ethical considerations involved. Slaughter is slaughter, and remains such by whomever it is done. I certainly see nothing in the communist philosophy to warrant my saying that Stalin and his crowd stand outside the moral law, while Hitler and his gang must be judged according to it.

As I said before, the end never justifies the means, and no good social order can be established by bloodshed. But in Moscow and Berlin the despots insist that their way of life is so precious, their aims so ideal, that they are warranted in blotting out the lives of any who oppose them, or who are believed to oppose them. How does my correspondent know that these 125 dead Russian men and women are "dastards"? Has she seen the evidence? Has she heard from their friends? Not a bit of it. She has merely accepted the statement of a prostituted Russian government press, which does not differ in the slightest degree in its subservience and degradation from that of Hitler. She doubtless would not believe one official word that comes out of Germany as to the motives or actions of those whom Hitler put to death. I see no reason why I should believe *Pravda* or *Izvestia* any more than I believe the *Tageblatt* or the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. I know that they could not tell the truth if they wanted to do so.

The question remains: Can we uplift humanity at the cost of human flesh and blood? And how many "dastards" is an allegedly altruistic government to be allowed to kill anyhow? The Communists admit that no fewer than one million kulaks were torn from their homes and sent to Siberia, many of them to experiences worse than death. I heard a Communist orator say the other day that this exile of the kulaks was a "mere flea-bite of cruelty," but I am very sure that the million who suffered thought it something more than a "flea-bite." No, the world does not progress by murder, or by a violation of liberty, or by the vicarious suffering and death from persecution of multitudes. If American liberals had remained silent about these Russian outrages, they would have been debarred from speaking out against what is happening in Spain, Germany, and heaven knows how many other countries, or any miscarriage of justice in the United States. Wrong never yet made right, nor ever will.

Bruce Garrison Villard



Huey

Drawing by Eva Herrmann

The Biggest Show on Earth

By MARGARET MARSHALL

Flemington, New Jersey, January 9

THE white courthouse of Hunterdon County is solid and staid with its hundred years as bookkeeper of the lives and misdemeanors of an ordinary American community. It has suddenly become a world arena because the simple routine attempt within its walls to discover and punish the kidnapper and murderer of a child has been found to release, at a profit, more human curiosity than any other current event in the entire world. That curiosity drifts like a heavy fog about the sedate outlines of the old building and through its well-used corridors; it hangs in the street outside and clings to every figure living or inanimate. Every word, every look, every action breathes curiosity, strong in its own right and kept at fever pitch by that old master of ceremonies, the press, whose most famous trained animals are taking part in this performance, trying to steal the show from the principals and from one another in what must surely be the battle of the century.

The raw material with which dealers in curiosity work mills about in the courthouse square, straining at ropes, craning at windows, talking to the cops; waiting hours on end for a glimpse of a juror, an attorney, Lindbergh, Mrs. Hauptmann, for any scrap from the table of fame, set though it is with one of the most sordid of crimes. (Last Sunday more than 4,000 sightseers went through the courthouse while a barker pointed out the sights. Children were set in the witness chair and in the chair that Hauptmann occupies and told not to forget.) The crowd flows out across the street and on to the long porch of the Union Hotel, which stands in its mid-Victorian small-town ugliness opposite the courthouse. There are men, women, and children, whole families. But there are more women than men and they are incomparably more business-like in their curiosity. A well-dressed, coarse-faced, heavy but securely corseted matron pushes through to the bright-blue-coated state trooper who has a cauliflower ear and was once a boxer. The woman is smiling and eager as she engages him in talk. And there is no lack of understanding here. Importantly he tells her that Lindbergh and Jafsie will be coming out a certain door, that this place, *his* beat, is the best place to see them. She settles down happily to wait. Only an hour now. The sun is trying to break through the fog. A patch of sky shows for a moment as blue as the trooper's uniform. "This is a big day, Jafsie's day," she comments brightly. "I guess Hauptmann's day will be a big day too. . . . I've been in you know. Yes, I was in two days, but it's harder to get in now. They're giving the preference to the local people. And that's only right of course. They pay the taxes."

Two elderly gray-haired women in fur coats, somebody's grandmothers, edge close to the trooper. They are good-humored and determined. "I want to see Jafsie," says one of them. "Jafsie's a jolly good fellow—and truthful and honest too, don't you think?" She looks at the trooper for confirmation. Jafsie seems by all odds the favorite among the crowds. Perhaps they feel that he too is an ordinary human being like themselves who succeeded in getting

in on the most famous case in the world, although to begin with he had no more to do with it than they. The tale of Jafsie is another success story out of the land of opportunity where anybody can be President—or the star witness in a murder trial.

The fog closes in again, becomes a thick mist. But the hour for noon recess is approaching and the crowd thickens. The sound-news trucks, stationed before the courthouse, get ready. The great moment comes. The jury, nondescript in the manner of juries, files out and crosses the street to the hotel. The special writers, who can never look as impressive as their names, come past our blue-clad trooper, who murmurs their identity to his eager clientele. It could hardly be less dramatic. Yet this afternoon the crowds will gather again for the next adjournment, will stand in the rain and hope for a glimpse of Lindbergh, will swarm over his car as he drives away, will cheer, will call out as one young thing cried out, "Lucky Lindy!" As the crowd disperses for lunch or other possible excitements, a woman speaks up proudly: "I'm one of the 150 you know!" (one of the first 150 to get into the trial). It is a new kind of distinction. And it is something to talk about, for only 350 people can be packed into that small building. The sheriff who gives out passes is one of the stars in this all-star performance. (There are ugly rumors about the price of choice seats.) There is also a faint chance that a few without passes may be able to get in; and it is that faint chance which brings people to the courthouse every morning at two o'clock to wait eight hours until court opens at ten.

And what of the press? Circulation, as everybody knows, has been bad the last few months. There is more human interest in the Lindbergh case than in any other world event. The attempt to translate this human interest into circulation figures has made of Flemington a frenzied community with but a single thought. There are 700 newspapermen in the town, including 129 camera men. Two hundred newspapers have their own correspondents on the scene. Hearst heads the list with fifty representatives, including, appropriately enough, his star sports writer and his Hollywood expert. The Hearst press pays particular attention to Mrs. Hauptmann. Is this foresight? If her husband is convicted, she will certainly be the star as the wife of the "doomed man." The New York *World-Telegram* has eleven men on the case, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* nine. The population of Flemington, normally 2,800, has been augmented by some 1,200.

Western Union formerly handled its business in Flemington through the railroad station agent and one messenger boy. Today it has two offices and perhaps a hundred men in town, besides messenger boys. There are forty-five direct wires, including a direct cable to London. One of the direct wires goes to Halifax to serve the Canadian press. Dispatches are being filed to Australia and Buenos Aires. During the day dispatches are sent mainly from a wire room on the upper floor of the courthouse. For a ten-

edition afternoon paper in New York City new leads must be shot out one after another with lightning speed. It is here that the real newspapermen are to be found. The "special writers" follow a more leisurely pace and have plenty of time to bask in the public eye. The night dispatches are filed in a room at the back of the Union Hotel which opens conveniently into "Nellie's Tap Room," formerly a billiard room for the young blades of Flemington, now the rendezvous of the world's reporters, famous and not so famous, met here in a fierce competition, wringing the last trace of circulation out of a name that dropped from the sky in 1927 and has been God's gift to newspapers ever since.

Circulation has improved. It jumped 50,000 for one New York newspaper the first week. But the reporter who told me that was not impressed. Circulation isn't advertising. It is doubtful whether the increase will cover the cost of the trial, which is enormous. "When it's all over," he said dejectedly, "we'll probably get a cut to pay for it." What the great spectacle is costing day by day is anybody's guess. When I tried to get some figures from Western Union on its investment I gathered that that great institution maintains a large staff of idealists but no bookkeepers. "We just don't look at it that way," came the gracious but firm reply, "with us, it's just a question of service."

Meanwhile the greatest array of newspaper talent ever assembled to report one murder trial pours upwards of 300,000 words a day on to the wires and into the world's papers. No wonder a harassed, hard-boiled man in the wire room exclaims in answer to a question: "Yesterday? My God, I can't remember what happened yesterday!" And no wonder that at the bottom of page one of almost any newspaper in any city there runs a note: Other news of the Lindbergh case on pages 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. Only in Flemington is it difficult to get late news of the testimony. The town has one paper, a weekly. It is meeting the emergency by coming out twice a week.

Court readjourns at 1:45 for the afternoon session. I am sorry to report that the courtroom scene is not much like the movies. It looks more like an old-fashioned country meeting-house crowded with ordinary people. The one huge room reaches to the roof, with many tall windows. Today, with the fog pressing it, it is close and breathless despite its spacious look. The judge's bench and the witness chair stand outlined against the big windows at the far end. The bright red dress of a juror, who is making the most of her short-lived fame, stands out on the right. The famous trick performers of the press and radio have managed to get places almost under the judge's nose. The working press must be content with less favored seats. Everywhere messenger boys stand ready to dash copy to the wire room.

From the narrow balcony opposite the judge's bench, where part of the press sits, the faces of the two principals, Lindbergh and Hauptmann, are not visible—only the non-committal backs of two heads. As the judge walks to his place, the tension draws tight in the balcony. It never relaxes while he is in the room. Copy is written and sent to the wire room, notes are passed back and forth, reporters come and go, climbing over each other's backs along the narrow benches. It is very hot, almost feverish, in the narrow place as a dozen men turn testimony into news with the speed and efficiency of machines and shoot it out to catch

the ninth edition, which will presently be lying in a gutter while the tenth edition has its brief moment of triumph. As usual the unsung, underpaid, conscientious gentlemen of the press are pouring into this journalistic circus a degree of energy and talent quite disproportionate to the ends they serve.

Dr. Condon walks jauntily to the witness chair. He believes in "doing good." He believes there is good in everybody. He believes in "psychology." He uses it now. He is a popular witness who plays up to the judge and the audience and enjoys it hugely. (The newspapermen don't like him much—perhaps they don't believe there is good in everybody.) He tells the story of his meeting with "John" in the cemetery, of the transfer of the ransom money. In tones of satisfaction he describes how he got the kidnappers to reduce the ransom from \$70,000 to \$50,000, and there is immense pride in his voice as he quotes "John's" words of praise at the end of the encounter: "You're perfect. The crowd thinks you're fine." Under the direction of Attorney General Wilentz we get a self-portrait of the Inveterate Reformer from the most beautiful borough in the world shaking hands with a man in a cemetery who had just taken \$50,000 for a kidnapped child that was already dead. "Remember," said Jafsie, "don't double-cross me." And finally there comes the fantastic moment when Dr. Condon, recounting how the bad bandit had double-crossed him after all, said with an aggrieved air as his glance swept the room: "I felt hurt, naturally." No wonder the crowd likes Jafsie.

The coverage of the trial in pictures is a story in itself. Judge Trenchard at first refused to have pictures taken in his courtroom. But 700 newspapermen can't be wrong, and there are now four cameramen stationed in court who are allowed to take pictures when the judge is off the bench. These "inside" men take their plates to a photograph pool in a former bakery shop, where they are developed in an improvised dark room. Each newspaper or press service in the pool gets a full set of all successful pictures. These are put in envelopes and addressed and the race for the home office begins. Record-breaking motor cyclists stand ready in the one-time bake shop to make a dash for the train, the airport, or the city room. One of them made the trip to New York in fifty-five minutes last week. One of them delivered his set of pictures ahead of an airplane which had started at the same time. Tonight the train will have to do; the fog is too thick for planes and motor cycles. There are only four pictures in this set, with Jafsie holding the main place. A newsman shoves his batch into its envelope in disgust. "That's the last picture of Jafsie I'm going to send." It isn't. The hundred or so photographers outside do not pool their pictures. They hunt new stuff and guard it with their lives. Yesterday with the help of a cop and a camera man a girl spectator was hoisted to one of the courtroom windows, where she was pictured "trying to get in."

One question is constant. Who is paying for the Hauptmann defense? Rumors are thick of course and facts are thin: he is being supported by pro-Nazi organizations; he is being subsidized by a powerful newspaper; Mrs. Hauptmann is carrying the expense through her broadcasts and a newspaper "life" of her husband. No one suspects that Mr. Reilly and his associates are working for humanitarian reasons.

Justice in the Virgin Islands

Washington, January 14

THE Virgin Islands may be a long way from Washington, but in one respect they are close to Nazi Germany—this in the administration of justice by District Judge T. Webber Wilson in a case which promises to become notorious in American jurisprudence. Incredible as it may appear to those accustomed to Anglo-American traditions, Judge Wilson acted in this case both as prosecutor and judge, and sentenced a government employee whom the government refused to prosecute. The case is that of *The People versus Leonard Walter McIntosh*. Judge Wilson, when the government attorney moved a *nolle prosequi*, overruled the motion, refused a jury trial, himself put the witnesses on the stand, questioned them, summed up their evidence, lectured the prisoner, and sentenced him. Thus stated in bald terms the facts are hardly credible. But this trial is the climax of a long and picturesque story which might be called “Storm Over the Virgin Islands.” It deserves a novelist’s canvas, which one can hope it will receive now that Robert Herrick has been appointed to the Islands as secretary to the administration. The material is too rich for detailed treatment here and can only be suggested.

The Virgin Islands, stepdaughter of the American colonial family, have appeared frequently in print during the Roosevelt Administration, principally because the President retained the services of the able, non-political governor, Paul Martin Pearson. Political insurrections have come to the boiling-point, with the steam rising to the newspapers. There was the rebellion of Paul C. Yates, administrative assistant to the governor, which ended in his own removal. Eli Baer, the government attorney, let it be known that the Islands were reeking with corruption, and brought 101 charges. This was followed by investigations by the Department of the Interior which ended with the dismissal of Baer and disclosed one actual case of petty thievery and no more, beyond a mass of innocent administrative irregularity natural in a far-away district, with a staff too small and untrained to handle a large public-works program. And there was this case against Leonard Walter McIntosh, chief clerk of the Public Works Department, accused of using \$11 worth of government lumber and \$27.40 worth of government cement in building his own house. McIntosh is an educated quadroon. He once borrowed some government cement which he returned. He did use the lumber and seven sacks of cement, total value of \$16, in building his house. But for these he gave the government full value: he repaired the government radio set, supplying transformers and tubes, and he furnished the government with \$5 worth of cartridge paper. The transactions were administratively incorrect, but they were crudely honest, and what is more they were approved at the time by his superior officer, Donald Stewart Boreham, Assistant Commissioner of Public Works.

A point to be noted is that if McIntosh could be convicted, it would do something to justify the broadside attacks on the Pearson administration and the Department of the Interior. A further point is that if Governor Pearson were removed he might be succeeded by none other than

the ambitious judge in this case, T. Webber Wilson, a Democratic politician not under the Interior jurisdiction. And still another point is that if Wilson became governor there would be some twenty-five jobs to be distributed among “worthy” Democratic office-seekers. Judge Wilson, a former Democratic Congressman from Mississippi, was defeated for the Senate some years ago. A party man out of a job, he attained the bench in the Virgin Islands through the Department of Justice via Homer Cummings via Jim Farley via Pat Harrison. His effective qualification was that he “deserved” to be taken care of. At any rate it was not his mastery of the forms of American justice or his special fitness as a Mississippian to administer the law to a colored population. In the Virgin Islands he consorted with the little social clique which is chronically anti-administration, and on St. Croix, with its population of 14,000, most of it native, a tiny clique can be both vociferous and important. The administrative colony is a mere handful, and the defection of a judge and a government attorney can work havoc. Eli Baer and the Judge were the closest associates, lived in the same house. Baer worked up the charges of graft. The island population was in a flutter. But Baer himself was investigated and dismissed. His successor, George S. Robinson, arrived, and knowing the facts in the McIntosh case, saw no other course than to move to dismiss it. There, without the vivid tropical color of St. Croix, is the preliminary to this extraordinary trial.

Judge Wilson was not to be checkmated. He delayed the trial until Baer, despite his dismissal, returned to the Islands, for he was to be the star witness. McIntosh once gave a statement to Baer admitting that he received and used the lumber and some of the cement. The admission had been made late one night when McIntosh had gone to see Baer at the police station, frightened half out of his wits. Knowing that he was implicated, he had already had two “nervous breakdowns” that day (he testified), and he got through only part of his story to Baer before a third came upon him. He asked for a drink of water and begged to be allowed to finish the story next day, when he would explain everything. That explanation would have told of the irregular barter of the radio parts and the cartridge paper. But he never went back to Baer because the very next day Washington intervened and ordered the government attorney to desist from his star-chamber proceedings. So Baer had an admission without the explanation, and was going to produce it in court as a “confession,” incomplete as it was and unsigned.

The trial began with the refusal of the new government attorney to prosecute; his motion to dismiss the case had been overruled a fortnight before. Judge Wilson thereupon established himself as that phenomenon in American justice, a prosecutor and judge in one. McIntosh’s attorney asked for a jury trial. Judge Wilson refused. The Judge then put the witnesses on the stand and himself examined them. Thus he established that McIntosh had received the lumber and cement. Baer introduced the “confession.” McIntosh naturally explained the barter transaction, and his

superior officer stood by him, swearing that he had authorized and approved it. In conclusion the Judge did a spectacular bit of summing up, regaled the crowded courtroom with a definition of fraud, and closed with a passage of Mississippian rhetoric which must be reproduced verbatim to be believed. Addressing the prisoner he declared:

You have become a Judas and Benedict Arnold to your country. There is a story from the Bible which I wish to recall to your mind, in the hope that it will be a great benefit to you and to others in the future. To err is but human, but when one does err and is brought to account he should remember the story of Christ on the cross. In the darkest hour ever experienced by mankind Jesus of Nazareth was delivered into the hands of the multitude to be crucified. Depraved mankind could not think of a more reprehensible death than to nail Jesus to a rustic cross with a thief on either side of him. One thief, so far as the record shows, never repented. The other looked up into the agonizing face of the Savior and repented, and Jesus uttered words that have echoed down the corridors of the centuries when he said: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." I would suggest that when you go home you get on your knees and appeal to the Christ even as the thief on the cross. And if you do that, then I feel sure you will live a life devoid of criticism, and will be given every chance to walk in a right way by well-think-

ing people in this community. . . . I want people in this community to give you every consideration and to give you every chance to start anew and to get back on the highway of life on which you once walked. I ask this for the sake of yourself and your family. I shall fine you \$200.

Now \$200 is a lot of money in the Virgin Islands, and McIntosh is a poor man. At first it looked as if he might have to serve out the fine in prison, but bail was found. His lawyers also filed an appeal, which will go before the District Court in Philadelphia if it can be financed. The case is under consideration by the American Civil Liberties Union, and deserves their active intervention. It must be assumed that Attorney General Cummings knows about the remarkable attributes developed by his appointee, but Wilson still retains his judgeship. The moral of the story need hardly be drawn. The case is a further stigma on the practice of making political appointments without regard to fitness or ability. On the whole, the non-political appointees in our colonies have done excellent work, and the sooner we can develop a trained colonial service in which ability alone qualifies for office the better. It will be strange if Judge Wilson, by throwing the lurid light of his own grotesque behavior on the situation, has not hastened a basic reform.

R. G. S.

Election in the Saar

By JACK FISCHER

Saarbrücken, January 15 (By Cable)

The 10 per cent Socialist and Communist minority in the Saar say they will not submit to Hitler rule but plan to continue their opposition underground. France expects 30,000 refugees. A huge export of capital has been going on during the last three days. The plebiscite was absolutely fair and peaceful despite extreme Nazi moral pressure. Ninety-seven per cent of the eligible voters balloted—the most complete expression of public opinion on record.—FISCHER.

Saarbrücken, January 2

SAARBRÜCKEN, in these last days before the plebiscite, is in a jittery and apprehensive mood. Normally it is a quiet, soot-streaked little city, the capital of a territory not much larger than the average American county. Because its wooded hills cover a six-hundred-year supply of coal, this strip of land is one of the most densely populated—and most coveted—in Europe, and the whole population is overwhelmed by its responsibility for making history.

Today Saarbrücken's streets are crowded with the troops of the League's first international army—apple-cheeked English youngsters and dagger-toting Italians, most of them, with a sprinkling of Hollanders and tall Swedes. The French frontier, a few miles to the southwest, is stiff with soldiers. From the Saar hilltops at night you can see their arc-lights as they work on their great chain of forts running from Switzerland to the sea. What the Reichswehr may be doing behind the other boundary is something of a mystery, but every Saarlander is eager to retail the latest rumor. Many a sober citizen believes that before the month is out the

Saar may be the first battleground in a new World War.

To an outsider this hysteria seems a trifle unnecessary, because nothing serious is at all likely to happen in the Saar. Every really explosive question stirred up by the plebiscite is already well on the way toward peaceful settlement. The result of the voting, in the first place, is a foregone conclusion. A German victory is so unmistakably certain that France stopped its propaganda long ago. And the last ominous possibility was forestalled by the arrival of the League's spruce little army. The excuse that international troops were needed "to preserve order during the plebiscite" was, of course, simply a tactful diplomatic pretext. The Saarlanders are docile folk, and the local police should have not the slightest difficulty in keeping them in order. The presence of British and Italian troops is the soundest guaranty that no putsch will be attempted by Nazi hotheads.

The only important question still at issue is the size of the dissenting vote. The Nazis have enrolled 93 per cent of the population in their German Front, but this figure means less than nothing. Thousands of members have been intimidated into joining, and not even the German leaders pretend that all of them will vote for the Reich. Few, indeed, will vote for France; but the Social Democrats claim—with pardonable optimism—that a good 35 per cent will declare themselves for the status quo.

Now the Saar population is almost solidly German. It includes only some 5,000 Jews and not many more Frenchmen—in all, less than 2 per cent of the total. Communism, likewise, has never claimed many converts even among the mine and iron-works laborers. A poll for the status quo of

more than 5 per cent, therefore, can mean only one thing: a thumping vote of censure against Hitler by loyal Germans.

The Nazis, quite naturally, are doing their utmost to lighten this blow to their prestige as much as possible. Their campaign is being carried out with a thoroughness which has few parallels. No expense is grudged, no effort shirked. The Saar people have been organized, propagandized, spoon-fed, and high-pressured in every conceivable manner. Germany has bought up most of the established Saar newspapers and started many new ones, "coordinating" them so that they publish only "authorized information." Its powerful Stuttgart radio station just across the border floods the ether with nationalist propaganda and scurrilous attacks on the League Governing Commission eighteen hours a day. In America Hitler's envoys dug up 370 persons who were residents of the Saar in 1919, and hence are qualified to vote; they were brought back, passage free, and billeted until the plebiscite in the homes of loyal National Socialists. With them came 1,200 other qualified voters, rounded up from all the corners of Asia, South America, Africa, and Europe.

German favors to the Saar have been generous. Saar products are given a tariff preference. Saar citizens are invited to visit German cities, at a 75 per cent reduction in rail fare. Literally tens of thousands have been transported free to mass-meetings on German soil. Athletic teams have been subsidized; school children on holiday have been entertained for weeks in German homes. Until the Governing Commission put a stop to it, the Nazis even managed to enlist from 10,000 to 16,000 Saar youths in the German Volunteer Labor Corps. At a cost of more than \$5,000,000, these youngsters were given trips all over the Reich, preferential treatment in the work camps, and "special instruction for the plebiscite campaign."

Against Saarlanders who are not susceptible to such bribery, the fascists have been able to bring almost irresistible social pressure. Persons who refuse to join the German Front have been shown the spot allegedly selected for the Saar's future concentration camp. A few, according to rumor, have even been kidnapped across the border and there imprisoned and beaten. An espionage system has been so thoroughly organized that for a time G. G. Knox, the harassed English chairman of the Governing Commission, could not trust his own police and personal servants. Social Democrat trade-unionists have the greatest difficulty in holding jobs. They are even hard pressed to find a place to meet, since no innkeeper dares rent his hall to "traitors." Nearly all the status quo demonstrations have been held either in the open or in the Saarbrücken municipal auditorium.

Few merchants are brave enough to advertise in *Volksstimme*, the principal Social Democratic newspaper, and still fewer distributors have nerve enough to sell it. You can still buy the paper at the railway-station kiosks, where it is kept under the counter and passed out with the name plate folded under. Nevertheless, *Volksstimme* manages to hold a good many readers—most of whom are content to read the pages pasted up each afternoon in the windows of the anti-Nazi bookshop.

Like many of his followers, Max Braun, the Social Democratic leader, has been personally boycotted. Because he can find no landlady willing to take the risk of sheltering him, he is forced to sleep in the Workers' Welfare House, owned and built by his party. Today he is hardly able to

buy a meal in many of the Saarbrücken cafes. His mail is full of threatening letters, and once it contained a bomb which failed to explode. So far he has suffered no physical violence. The reason, he believes, is that Hitler has decreed that on no account must anything happen to Max Braun until after January 13. The Nazis want no more martyrs.

It is probably true, however, that open coercion has been held to a minimum. Knox has made heroic efforts to keep the campaigning as fair as possible. He has prohibited the formation of Storm Troop units, the wearing of political uniforms, and since December 23 the display of political flags. He can and frequently does suspend newspapers for printing particularly inflammatory articles. Since his recent reorganization of the police, either side can hold its meetings in complete safety. Street clashes have been remarkably few.

Knox's precautions are, of course, constantly decried by the German press as the most unconscionable kind of tyranny. Knox himself is the target for a barrage of hostile comment, and he has been virtually ostracized by Saarbrücken society. Almost no one has a good word to say for him; and yet no one denies that he has been an efficient and conscientious administrator. The only indictment is that he "protects traitors," that is, those persons who still doubt that Hitler is the new Messiah.

At the same time, however, the German Front seems to be making a sincere effort to help the commission preserve outward order. Realizing that an open reign of terror would hurt Germany most, the responsible leaders have done their best to keep a check-rein on their younger firebrands. They even send out polite apologies from time to time to persons who complain of insults or abuse from Nazi workers.

The Plebiscite Commission—which is, of course, quite distinct from the Governing Commission—reports that there is no evidence that either side has attempted to register illegal voters on a large scale. Because many Saarlanders live in one place and work in another, the registration originally showed a number of duplications, most of them quite innocent. By careful checking most of these have been eliminated, and the present list of 540,000 qualified voters is probably accurate. There is every reason to believe that the balloting itself will be scrupulously fair. The most sinister attempt to pervert the plebiscite was a Nazi campaign to persuade "every loyal German" to use an open ballot; those who refused would have been automatically branded as enemies of the Reich. This campaign has been spiked, however, and all possible precautions are being taken to guarantee that the polling shall be really secret.

If the transfer to Germany finally is made without any serious mishap, the League of Nations should harvest considerable prestige from its first experiment in international government. On the whole the League administration has been commendable, except during the early post-war years when the Governing Commission was dominated by the patriotic M. Victor Rault, who thought it his duty to act, not as an impartial ruler, but as an agent of the French republic. True enough, many Saarlanders still protest bitterly against being "ruled like a nigger tribe," and complain that the suggestions of their advisory parliament are usually ignored. Yet the Nazis themselves admit that under the last three commission chairmen—G. W. Stephens of Canada, Sir Ernest Wilton of England, and Knox—the territory has been governed cheaply and well. The Saar has incurred no debts, its

budget is habitually balanced, and its taxes, compared with those of the bordering states, are low. Before the depression hit, the commission was even able to build up a surplus sufficient to permit a remission of taxes in 1929 and to carry a good part of the unemployment burden ever since. Relief and health service are admirable. And finally, in spite of

the dictatorial form of government, freedom of speech and press have been greater than in almost any other Continental country. The very fact that 800,000 people are eager to trade such plain economic and political advantages for the doubtful glories of Nazi Germany is one of the most discouraging symptoms in Europe today.

The Menace of Huey Long

III. His Bid for National Power

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Baton Rouge, December, 1934

"HUEY LONG is the best stump speaker in America. He is the best political radio speaker, better even than President Roosevelt. Give him time on the air and let him have a week to campaign in each state, and he can sweep the country. He is one of the most persuasive men living." This is the opinion not of a Long supporter, but of one of the key men in the fight against the Kingfish in Louisiana. The North, he said, is misled into dismissing him as a clown, and has no conception of Huey's talents and of his almost invincible mass appeal. Mrs. Hattie Caraway of Arkansas can testify to his powers, for when she entered the primary asking to succeed her late husband in the United States Senate, she was generally expected to run last among five candidates and to poll not more than 2,000 votes. The four men against her were experienced and able. But Huey took his sound van into Arkansas for one week, and though he could not get into every county, he made a circular tour during which he spoke six times a day. Instead of 2,000 votes Mrs. Caraway won a majority over the combined opposition in the first primary, tantamount to election in a Democratic state. An analysis of the vote showed that the districts where Huey did not appear virtually ignored her, while those which he toured gave her a landslide.

When his hour strikes, Huey will attack the rest of America with the same vehemence. That probably will be during the campaign of 1936. His platform will be the capital levy, strangely enough his exclusive possession as a political theme. He will speak more violently than Father Coughlin against the money interests of Wall Street and against the evil of large fortunes. He will pose as a misunderstood man, and to most listeners he will give their first information of what he has accomplished in Louisiana. He will be direct, picturesque, and amusing, a relief after the attenuated vagueness of most of the national speaking today. He will promise a nest egg of \$5,000 for every deserving family in America, this to be the minimum of poverty in his brave new world. He rashly will undertake to put all the employables to work in a few months. He will assail President Roosevelt with a passion which may at first offend listeners, but in the end he might stir up opposition of a bitterness the President has not tasted in his life. Obviously, he cannot succeed while the country still has hopes of the success of the New Deal and trusts the President. Huey's chances depend on those sands of hope and trust running out. He is no menace if the President produces reform

and recovery. But if in two years, even six, misery and fear are not abated in America, the field is free to the same kind of promise-mongers who swept away Democratic leaders in Italy and Germany. Huey believes Roosevelt can be beaten as early as 1936, but he is prepared to agitate for another four years. In 1940 he will still be a young man of forty-six.

Over the radio, if he follows the technique he uses at home, Huey will begin something like this: "Hello, friends, this is Huey Long speaking. And I have some very important revelations to make. But before I begin, I want you to do me a favor. I am going to talk along without saying anything special for four or five minutes, just to keep things going. While I'm doing that I want you to go to the telephone and call up five of your friends, and tell them Huey Long is on the air, and has some very important revelations to make." Thus he builds up an audience. He then can hold it for an hour or even two, weaving a speech of argument and anecdote and special pleading which is entertaining and informative, and quietly eats away any latent prejudice of his listeners. The country will make his acquaintance over the air before it does on the stump. Louisiana State University is to have a new radio station of fifty-kilowatt power, strong enough to reach all but distant states. L. S. U. is Huey's university, and this will be his station. It is a basic factor in his national plan. (Since this was written he has given the first of two talks over a National Broadcasting Company network, introduced as described above and including a strong attack on the President.)

He does not expect the support of the press. But the "lyin' newspapers" in a contradictory sort of way are an asset. Upton Sinclair knows how it arouses instant sympathy to say you are the victim of a conspiracy of misrepresentation. And most newspaper publishers, despite their pretense of representing American opinion, do not guess how little the majority of their readers rely on them for disinterested service. Like Sinclair, Huey publishes his own newspaper, but in Louisiana he depends still more on a remarkable system of circulars. His card catalogue of local addresses is the most complete of any political machine in the world. It holds the name of every Long man in every community in the state, and tells just how many circulars this man will undertake personally to distribute to neighbors. Huey's secretary maintains a pretentious multigraph office, and it can run off the circulars and address envelopes to each worker in a single evening. Huey then mobilizes all the motor vehicles of the state highway department and

the highway police. The circulars can leave New Orleans at night and be in virtually every household in the state by morning.

One may say that remarkable as that may be, it will work only in Louisiana and cannot be done throughout the United States. But in a way it can. By November the "Share Our Wealth" campaign had recruited 3,687,641 members throughout the country in eight months. (The population of Louisiana is only 2,000,000.) Every member belongs to a society, and Huey has the addresses of those who organized it. To them can go circulars enough for all members. The "Share Our Wealth" organization is first of all a glorified mailing list, already one of the largest in the land, but certain to grow much larger once the Long campaign gets under way. It is the nucleus of a nation-wide political machine. And though the movement is naively simple, its very simplicity is one secret of its success. Anyone can form a society. Its members pay no dues. They send an address to Huey and he supplies them with his literature, including a copy of his autobiography. He urges societies to meet and discuss the redistribution of wealth and the rest of his platform. He promises to furnish answers and arguments needed to silence critics.

The movement, however, is more than a mailing list, and since its doctrine is the basis of Huey's national appeal, it warrants close examination. This is set forth in a pamphlet entitled "Share Our Wealth," compiled by "Huey P. Long, United States Senator, Washington, D. C." On the cover is the quotation from St. John, Chapter 8, verse 32: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Under the title is the subtitle: "Every Man a King"—part of a phrase of William Jennings Bryan's, "Every man a king but no one wears a crown." This is followed by a six-line quotation from Goldsmith, and under this: "Containing authorities, laws, statistics, and published comments of Leaders of all times." On page 1 is the following statement of principles and platform:

1. To limit poverty by providing that every deserving family shall share in the wealth of America for not less than one-third of the average wealth, thereby to possess not less than \$5,000 free of debt.

2. To limit fortunes to such few million dollars as will allow the balance of the American people to share in the wealth and profits of the land.

3. Old-age pensions of \$30 per month to persons over sixty years of age who do not earn as much as \$1,000 per year or who possess less than \$10,000 in cash or property, thereby to remove from the field of labor in times of unemployment those who have contributed their share to the public service.

4. To limit the hours of work to such an extent as to prevent overproduction and to give the workers of America some share in the recreations, conveniences, and luxuries of life.

5. To balance agricultural production with what can be sold and consumed according to the laws of God, which have never failed.

6. To care for the veterans of our wars.

7. Taxation to run the government to be supported, first, by reducing big fortunes from the top, thereby to improve the country and provide employment in public works whenever agricultural surplus is such as to render unnecessary, in whole or in part, any particular crop.

In black-face type follows the text: "Go ye into all com-

munities and preach the Gospel to every living creature."

The pamphlet is so replete with Huey's Scriptural references that it is no surprise to find that a clergyman, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, is chief organizer of the movement. He is a kindly, eloquent, and sincere Long enthusiast, who left the wealthiest church in Shreveport to pursue this work. I doubt if he knows much about economics, for if he did he could not address huge meetings with such alluring promises and so much faith that he adds members by the tens of thousands. The power of promises among credulous people is not confined to Germany. There is a strawberry-grower near New Orleans who usually borrows enough money from the bank each year to finance his crop. This year the bank solicited the business, but the man said he wouldn't need the money as he was going to have more than enough from the \$5,000 that Huey Long was giving him. Nor could the bank convince him that he was mistaken. He refused the loan. America may not be a nation of Louisiana strawberry-growers, but gullibility is not local to the lower Mississippi valley. Others will believe Huey's figures, and if he says the wealth of America is enough to give every family \$15,000, they will not wonder that he is ready to guarantee each family a modest one-third of this figure.

I doubt whether Huey and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith realize that property as such cannot be redistributed. How, for instance, divide a factory or a railroad among families? Value lies in use, and if the scheme were to be realized, all property would have to be nationalized, and the income from use distributed. The income from \$5,000 would not be much for each family, not more than \$200 or \$300, certainly not enough to make true the dream of a home free of debt, a motor car, an electric refrigerator, and a college education for all the children, which is Huey's way of picturing his millennium. And if property is to be nationalized, why not share it equally? Why give the poor only a third, and decree the scramble for the other two-thirds in the name of capitalism? If Huey were to ask himself this question, he probably would answer that since both he and America believe in capitalism, he must advocate it. But probably he has not thought the platform through. He conceived of it early one morning, summoned his secretary, and had the organization worked out before noon of the same day. It isn't meant to be specific. It is only to convey to the unhappy people that he believes in a new social order in which the minimum of poverty is drastically raised, the rich somehow to foot the bill through a capital levy. It may be as simple as a box of kindergarten blocks, but could he win mass votes, or organize nearly four million people in eight months, by distributing a primer of economics?

I doubt, too, whether Huey has studied the dictatorships of Europe, though he can hardly help thinking of himself as a coming Hitler or Mussolini of America, since the parallel between him and his European prototypes is obvious. However, it must not be drawn too closely. Huey, for instance, is not a national socialist, if that title equips him at once with a philosophy of the state as the single dominant expression of the individual. He is a vulgar American politician, who has learned to play the two-fisted, sordid game of vote-getting and patronage infinitely better than his opponents. At his worst, he is no more unprincipled than they, his sin being that he is more ruthless and successful. At his best, he is not a social thinker, certainly not as much as

either Hitler or Mussolini. Hitler's "Mein Kampf" is the work of an ascetic crusader. Mussolini's autobiography palpitates with ideas. Huey's autobiography is a scratchy, smug little tale of his political victories, tossed off in two weeks. Even so, Huey is an improvement on Hitler in two respects worthy of mention. He is free of the virus of racial prejudice and he is not anti-intellectual. That is not to say that he does not have the proverbial Southerner's disdain of the colored man, but it is not the basis of his political creed. Indeed, he prides himself on having improved Negro education in Louisiana, and on the exemption of virtually all Negroes in the state from taxation. Nor will Huey Long ever burn the books of his contemporaries in a public bonfire. Like many a man deprived of an academic education, he has an almost touching faith in it, and certainly cheaper and better schooling has been one of his central objectives. However impetuously he stamped out criticism of himself in the student newspaper of L. S. U., he has seen to it that good professors have been employed by the state, and they enjoy academic freedom. The incident of the *Reveille* is to be explained not by a philosophic hostility to free speech, but by the fact that the student who wrote the critical letter was a nephew of one of his bitterest opponents. He exploded because he thought his enemies were using "his" university against him and were getting away with it. It showed well enough how little he cares about the rights of criticism, but he does not mount the platform telling people, as Hitler and Mussolini do, that individuals must be prepared to sacrifice such personal rights for the good of the community.

It would clinch the larger parallel between Huey and Hitler if it could be demonstrated that Huey, like the dictator of Germany, understands how to win the financial support of big interests. Ostensibly he is their implacable foe, and his record shows much to justify his claim. But if he knows how to strike he may know also how to withhold his blows. Julius Long, Huey's brother (at the time estranged from him), testified before the Senate committee under oath that Huey's first unsuccessful candidacy for the governorship in 1924 was financed principally by the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company and allied interests. He also alleged that money had passed to his brother from representatives of the Union Indemnity Company. "They handed my brother," he testified, "a large roll of money, I think a couple of times, while I was there, which he tucked into one of the back pockets of his trousers. It looked like it would almost pull them off; at the same time he sort of seemed to be talking to himself that the Union Indemnity Company would get all the insurance of this state." This brother also threw doubt on Huey's sincerity in attacking big interests. "He does not care whether the trust is in, just so he is in. The trust could not have a better agent than Huey Long." This opinion is frequently expressed in New Orleans by those who have watched him in action. Nor would inconsistency, if it exists, be a change from the political tradition of Louisiana. Where there is only one party, and political power swings from one faction to another, fundamental principles often are obscured or even absent, and the focus of the fight is victory, and the fruit of victory is the spoils. Certainly this description of Huey Long's political conquests is just as true as to say that he has fought for the good of the people. There is room in Huey's scheme of things for inconsistency. Power must precede reform, and

the end justifies the means. Even the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith himself said so.

The assumption in the North that Huey Long is a local phenomenon, a product of conditions not to be duplicated elsewhere, rests on the fallacy that the social picture of Louisiana is unique. The same easy-going mistake is made about those foreign countries, Germany and Italy. One has only to translate conditions in any of these regions into abstractions to see how little external distinctions really matter. Given a land in which the great majority are in want or in fear of it, in which democracy has not produced wise leadership or competent organs to conduct public affairs, in which "big interests" have far more than their share of power, the easiest sacrifice that society seems ready to make, if only its prejudices can be stirred, is of its democratic freedom. In Louisiana the dictatorship already is absolute; Huey controls all three functions of government, executive, legislative, and judicial. Is it resented? Certainly, by some people, just as Hitler and Mussolini are resented by some people in Germany and Italy. But not by all the people one might expect. This was brought home to me here, in a conversation with a young instructor at Louisiana State University. "I am troubled, too," he admitted. "There are many things Huey does that I don't approve of. But on the whole he has done a great deal of good. And if I had to choose between him without democracy and getting back the old crowd, without the good he has done, I should choose Huey. After all, democracy isn't any good if it doesn't work. Do you really think freedom is so important?"

This was not a German talking to me about Hitler, or an Italian about Mussolini. The argument was the same, the perplexity the same, the conclusion the same. I have heard scores of such confessions from equally intelligent Germans and Italians. The only new fact was the geography of the conversation. I was walking across the campus of an American university. And here it was I came face to face with the full menace of Huey Long. I repeat, he is no menace if Roosevelt succeeds, if he brings security to the lives of those who constitute the great majority of our people, if he redistributes wealth and democratizes economic power, if he establishes honest and efficient government. But if he fails, the man is waiting who is ruthless, ambitious, and indeed plausible enough to Hitlerize America.

[The last of three articles on Huey Long. Next week Mr. Swing writes on Bilbo the Rabble Raiser.]

A Merger for Music

By B. H. HAGGIN

OPERA at the Metropolitan, it has long been recognized, is an appendage of wealth, power, society. This was made clear a few years ago when there were proposals for a new opera house that would permit the long-suffering humble folk in the balconies to see. The boxholders—who under one name constitute the producing company and under another name the real-estate company that owns the opera house—refused, since the present opera house, which permitted them not only to see but to be seen, was completely satisfactory to them. The opera was theirs and for them; only their comfort, their social purposes were

to be considered; and the rest of the public, which was present by their sufferance, could demand nothing.

At first there appears to be an analogy with opera in Europe, which was theoretically for the monarch—part of the pomp and pageantry connected with his position, and in this case the official, external expression of his supposed cultural enlightenment and taste. The shape of the opera house conformed to this fact: it was designed to let him see and be seen. And the public was there by his sufferance, his graciousness. But there was an important difference. Since the opera, in theory, was his and for him, he supported it out of his personal income. He had to do this because the public was really admitted to the performances by his generosity—that is, it paid very little for seats. The theory, then, was as usual a fiction; in effect the opera was for the public—which was why the republic continued to support it when the monarch was deposed. But our millionaires who pose as royalty want the privileges of royalty without its responsibilities. They charged the public high enough prices to make the opera pay for itself; and recently, when there was a deficit, they had the cheek to call on the public to save “its” opera.

With all their cheek, however, they could not very well ask the public to assume the annual loss on the opera house. So they attempted to use the method which they are accustomed to use in such situations in business. Some of the Metropolitan directors were also on the board of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, which paid rent to Carnegie Hall for its concerts; and they attempted to get rid of their loss by securing the concerts for the opera house. They attempted to do this by a merger which also would have secured the Philharmonic-Symphony’s money—its endowment fund, and the guaranty fund contributed last year by the public to insure the continuance of the concerts during the next three years—for the Metropolitan producing company.

The significant thing is that these men were willing to sacrifice the interests of the Philharmonic-Symphony, which were intrusted to their care, and to impoverish the musical life of New York in order to accomplish their purpose. For the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra had nothing to gain financially from the merger; and artistically it had a great deal to lose. A point was made of the advantage of having a first-class orchestra for the opera; but the double burden would have caused a deterioration in the orchestra’s playing in both opera and concerts, and the quality of the concerts would have suffered in addition from the unfavorable acoustics of the opera house. Protest had its effect; the agreement, which was upset by the objection of Toscanini, provided for separate periods of opera and concerts, and restricted the use of the public’s guaranty fund to the concerts. Nothing, however, was said about the use of the Philharmonic-Symphony’s own endowment fund; and the concerts were still to be given at the opera house, which meant that Carnegie Hall would be torn down, and therefore that the city would be deprived of the visits of the Philadelphia and Boston Symphony orchestras.

The merger has fallen through this time, but sooner or later we shall have to accept the consequences of having artistic enterprises dependent on business men and financiers, who inevitably apply to them the criteria and methods which they are accustomed to apply to business and finance.

In the Driftway

WRITING in the Drifter’s favorite magazine, the *Countryman*, St. John Ervine, who is always provocative even when he is being silly, sets forth his reasons for liking to live in the country. After first describing the city as noisy, dirty, unaired, and full of people, Mr. Ervine, in an eloquent peroration, sums up his rural passions thus:

I like the country because, except when townspeople are about, it contains no clutter; because one can have solitude in it; because one can live near to growing things and enjoy the blessings of fresh fruit and fresh vegetables and not be dependent on stale stuff and things out of tins; because one can have a sense of community; because one can still live like a human being and not like an overworked machine; and finally because, as I said at the start, I like living in the country.

* * * * *

OF these several reasons for preferring rural to urban life, the Drifter believes only the last to have any validity whatever. Of the first point, it is clear that the country clutter is merely different in kind from that of the city. Unless, for example, English farmers differ markedly from those in the United States—and there is small reason to suppose they do—there is in every field a residuum of broken plowshares, rake teeth, scythe handles, and rusted blades; every farmhouse is accompanied—sometimes even surrounded—by piles of varying sizes and degrees of offensiveness, depending on the neatness of the housewife and her ability to persuade her menfolk to clean up, in which old rubber boots, broken bottles, tin cans, bits of harness, bent bolts, and fragments of china mingle in desolate fraternity. Hardly a road that does not boast its ancient, twisted motor car; hardly a secret wooded place which is not in some corner or other somebody’s dump heap also, the last resting-place of discarded stoves and water pails with holes in them. Clutter is clutter, and country people create it, being human beings, just as do their cousins who live in town.

* * * * *

MR. ERVINE’S next point is the popular notion that only in the country can solitude be found. Now apart from the fact that in a small community every neighbor knows the private doings of every other neighbor—and if he doesn’t, he takes considerable pains to discover them—it is well known that the most bitter, the most heart-crushing solitude is that found in the center of a great crowd of human beings, all strangers. To the unfamiliar in New York City, Times Square at theater time must be the loneliest, most solitary place in the world. The subway during the rush hour is packed with solitude—is packed, that is, with acres of human beings each bent on his own concerns and resenting furiously the intrusion of anyone else, however accidental. Push your subway neighbor’s paper awry, step on his toe, urge yourself past him, however apologetically, and he will glare at you for the simple reason that you are alone and he is alone and he wishes matters to remain that

way. And for the most part they do. Country solitude, when it is not being interrupted by friendly calls or the insistent ringing of the party line, is broken by birds whistling, or calves bawling, or branches creaking in the wind, or the distracting downfall of water on a brook bed. Not at all displeasing sounds, any of them, but not conducive to solitude.

* * * * *

MR. ERVINE'S other points may be briefly dismissed. Obviously, the city is the place for fresh fruits and vegetables; obviously, except for the comparatively short summer season, it is in the country that things are eaten out of tins, or—at best—out of glass jars filled in the warm weather by the country wife. Obviously, the only countrymen who do not live like overworked machines—that is, who do not rise with the sun and work till it sets—are those effete ex-city folk who, like Mr. Ervine, are slaves to only one machine, the typewriter, and otherwise regulate their own hours. No, there is only one good reason for wanting to live in the country, and Mr. Ervine has expressed it in his last six words. The Drifter heartily agrees with him, but a number of years ago he stopped trying to rationalize his prejudice.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Were the Russian Executions Justified?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Oswald Garrison Villard in a recent issue of *The Nation* takes a flat-footed stand that no end, however noble and desirable, would in his eyes justify such means as violence and the sacrifice of human life. But certainly no nation, no community in the past or present, has ever adopted this attitude. Of course Mr. Villard does not condone the shooting of spies and traitors, the killing of strikers, the execution of those who are caught plotting against existing governments.

But did not the Revolutionary Fathers know that the taking up of arms against England would result in the death of thousands of patriots as well as redcoats? Did not Lincoln know that thwarting the desire of the South for separation from the Union would mean the death of tens of thousands of Americans? Is not the path of human progress paved with the blood of willing and unwilling martyrs? Look at the human cost of the progress of aviation, of the motor car. Would Mr. Villard halt such progress?

The statistician can foretell with almost scientific accuracy the toll of human life that will be the cost of every bridge, every tunnel, every subway to be built in the future. Fifty thousand innocent lives could be saved yearly if every automobile were taken off our streets and replaced by the horse and buggy. Would Mr. Villard, in his concern for the sanctity of human life, consent to that? And would he forbid the building of bridges and subways and dams because of the lives that will be inevitably lost?

New York, December 28

M. SHAINÉ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

At last Mr. Villard has come to his senses by raising his voice with a bitter cry (*The Nation* of December 26) against the Russian despots for their latest butchery of their political dissenters. The true libertarians raised their voices many years

ago, and among them were Bertrand Russell, Emma Goldman, and Alexander Berkman. Their protest did not differ in principle from Mr. Villard's; and yet it required sixteen years for Mr. Villard to be convinced of the fundamental truth that a dictatorship by whatever name it may be called can be nothing else but despotic and cruel. From now on Mr. Villard will be placed in the column of the libertarians.

Stelton, N. J., December 29

A. SCHNEIDER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article by Mr. Villard on the executions in the Soviet Union reveals the following points:

1. That Mr. Villard obtained all his information from the anti-Soviet press.
2. That the press reports tried to make it appear that large numbers of men, women, and children were seized and shot without valid cause and without trial.
3. That it is the intent of the capitalist-owned press to spread lies and distortions of truth about the Soviet Union.
4. That Mr. Villard entirely forgot that a government which aims at a new social order must deal severely with those who are ready to destroy the building of that order. And that "speedy justice," which American newspapers demand for criminals here, is a fact in the Soviet Union. That does not make justice less just, for these conspirators were tried and found guilty. Many of them confessed and named others.

However, many tears will be shed over these enemies of the new social order, as Mr. Villard has also shed tears over the exiled kulaks—the petty Insulls and grafters who thought more of their own selfish gain than of the well-being of the mass of the Russian people.

Boston, December 30

HERBERT S. HYSON

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am a new reader of *The Nation*—indeed, a very recent convert to radical tendencies—and I hesitate very much to take issue with Mr. Villard, for whom I have the greatest respect; but his article on page 729 on the Russian executions doesn't seem to jibe very well with the Spanish piece on page 727.

Terrorist methods apparently do get results! If the Paris Commune had used them more generously in 1870, if the German Socialists had tried them with more rigor at the end of the war, if the Italian radical leaders had shed a bit more blood, if the Austrian Socialists had killed a bit more indiscriminately, isn't it at least perfectly reasonable to suppose that they might be better off, and that the cause of the working classes might also be better off in those countries?

It must be acknowledged in general that there is more ability, more leadership, more executive ability among the wealthy classes in capitalistic countries than among the Bolsheviks. Granted this, and the fact that the Bolsheviks realize how few of them were engaged in bringing about their revolution, without outside help that amounted to anything, is it strange that they feel that as long as the rest of the world is capitalistic, they cannot afford to take the slightest chance with domestic discord? Discredit their methods as much as you will—and no one would deplore them more than myself—still, looking at the facts of the case from a disinterested point of view, you must admit that they at least are running their country more in the interests of the working class than any other country is being run. Russia is still the only country in which a revolution has been made to stick.

I agree with Mr. Villard's statement that the recent Russian events merely prove the instability of the Russian regime. That is true. But I also imagine that as long as Russia is the only socialist state in the world, its leaders, if they stay realistic, will continue to consider it unstable.

Chicago, December 30

C. R.

Fortune and the Honor Roll

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The editors of *Fortune* magazine wish to express to you their deep appreciation of your mention of *Fortune's* disarmament article in your Honor Roll for 1934. We are proud indeed to have your approval so publicly expressed.

In communicating our gratitude to you, I should like to make one personal correction which perhaps you can find means to effect. In the newspaper accounts of your awards my name has been associated with the preparation of the article. Actually, *Fortune* articles are the result of the combined work of several members of the staff, and in this particular case the editor in charge was Associate Editor Eric Hodgins, to whom all personal credit should go. That the publication of the article had my fullest and most enthusiastic approval goes, I hope, without saying, but though I should very much like to claim the credit which the newspapers have given me, I cannot do so.

You would relieve me of an embarrassment which I very keenly feel if you could either make public this letter or in some other suitable way transfer your specific personal approval to the man who deserves it.

New York, December 28

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

[Mr. MacLeish's name was inadvertently included in press releases sent out before *The Nation* went to press. It was not on the Honor Roll as printed in *The Nation*. We are grateful for his letter and glad to print the necessary correction.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Correspondence on Liberty

The Nation reproduces the following five letters between Mr. Krutch and representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union as an interesting, if casual, commentary on a problem of immediate importance in a period of social unrest.

Joseph Wood Krutch to Elmer Rice

DEAR RICE:

I am inclosing a check and membership card to the American Civil Liberties Union. I must say frankly, however, that I would be happier if I were convinced that the majority of members really believed in civil liberties as such. I wonder if Roger Baldwin does?

New York, December 31

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Roger Baldwin to Mr. Krutch

DEAR MR. KRUTCH:

Elmer Rice has sent me your letter of December 13 with a copy of his reply. I see that you raise some question as to whether I really believe in civil liberties "as such." I think the best practical answer to that is that I do believe in applying without discrimination the right to carry on any propaganda whatever without interference, regardless of the political or economic philosophy involved. On that point I am in entire agreement with my fellow-members of the Civil Liberties Union, who represent, however, quite diverse elements from the point of view of their politics and economics.

On the economic front my views are left. I can support for that reason the Soviet dictatorship, which tolerates no civil liberties. I do so because, though I oppose dictatorship in principle, the Soviet Union has already achieved economic

liberties far greater than exist elsewhere in the world. In the long run the only ground on which liberty can be securely based is economic. The "workers' democracy," despite the limitations of dictatorship, is the nearest approach to freedom that workers have ever achieved—and they constitute all but a small minority.

New York, December 19

ROGER BALDWIN

Mr. Krutch Replies

DEAR MR. BALDWIN:

Thanks for your letter. I know that the American Civil Liberties Union has more important things to do than to carry on a controversy like this, but I am going to answer your letter anyway. My original question was prompted by the book you wrote a year or two ago about Russia. I am well aware that the union makes a practice of defending the civil liberties of all sorts of people, but I assume that this is merely because you believe that in a democracy it is only by such tactics that you can effectively fight for the civil liberties of the particular kinds of persons you are interested in. It does seem to me, however, that it all comes down to this: I believe in civil liberties as long as my side is in the minority and can enjoy liberty only by granting it to others, but of course if my minority should become the majority it would promptly deny to others the liberty which it now claims for itself.

I feel that free criticism is the only thing which could possibly prevent any dictatorship or bureaucracy from becoming completely corrupt. The article you inclose says that when the power of the working class has been achieved, you are for "maintaining it by any means whatsoever." The only way it can maintain itself is by securing the right of criticism.

New York, December 31

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

From Mr. Baldwin

DEAR MR. KRUTCH:

I have to add a postscript to our correspondence in the light of yours of the thirty-first, to say that I entirely agree that the right of criticism is indispensable to the successful conduct of any government. In the Soviet Union they have sought to achieve that by what they call self-criticism in the Communist Party—a quite limited right I agree—and the development of the so-called workers-and-peasants correspondents all over the Soviet Union, who are encouraged to register complaints and kicks with the authorities.

I know this does not take the place of a political opposition, but I concur in the view that this is quite impracticable in a period such as that through which Soviet Russia is going. For a political opposition would strike at the very framework of a socialist state. I say all this, deploring, as I know you do, the terrorism and highly concentrated political power of the present regime in Russia. I can tolerate it only as preferable to the concentrations of power in capitalist countries.

New York, January 2

ROGER BALDWIN

From Mr. Krutch

DEAR MR. BALDWIN:

You say that political opposition is "quite impracticable" in Russia today. Now I am constantly being assured by Communists that while capitalism is obviously collapsing, communism is inevitable. If this is true, then is it not obvious that a communist state is in a better position than a capitalist one to permit opposition?

New York, January 9

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Labor and Industry

How Radical Are the Farmers?

By JAMES RORTY

Pierre, South Dakota

DURING the month of November I traveled some two thousand miles by automobile through the agricultural regions of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota. I talked to scores of farmers, as well as to educators, agricultural economists, journalists, farmer-business men connected with the producers' and consumers' cooperatives, and miscellaneous citizens. In addition I attended two conventions of the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union—the Wisconsin State convention at Wausau and the national convention at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

When, in an effort to ingratiate myself with the farm leaders I encountered at the state and national conventions, I explained that I owned a few acres in southern Connecticut on which I grew a few cabbages, they shrugged and changed the subject. They were right. I am no farmer. In fact, I have always thought farmers a pretty stupid lot. When I intimated as much, they suddenly became interested. They agreed with me. They could prove it. They did prove it in closely documented speeches to their assembled "brothers and sisters"—this being the prevailing form of address. And this is how they talked to their brothers and sisters at the state convention at Wausau, Wisconsin:

"You are a class, a class of slaves, a voiceless herd of cattle. For years you have understood that you were the slaves of society. Why else have you educated John or Mary to be a doctor, a teacher, a business man—anything but a farmer? You have sent the best minds, the best spirits to the city, and have left the worst on the farm to become the future peons of America. What makes you think you have anything in common with these bankers, business men, Rotarians? They are a class; they know it, and organize as a class. Well, it's time you did the same thing. You've got to take out a card in a militant farm union."

It sounds like the anarchist Galleani in his best rabble-raising manner. But the speaker is Charles Talbott, president of the North Dakota Farmers' Union. He owns a big ranch near Jamestown, North Dakota. He is no peon. In Russia they would call him a kulak, or even a landed proprietor. And at the national convention at Sioux Falls a week later he was standing with the right wing of the convention, which wanted to placate the secedent Nebraska union by yielding to their demand that Edward E. Kennedy, the national secretary, be replaced. The right wing lost when the candidacy of Cal Ward, Kansas president, for the national vice-presidency was ruled out on the ground that a farmer-union man who got more of his income from the government than he did from the union was not eligible to hold a national office. (Ward had been paid \$15 a day by the AAA in connection with the corn-hog acreage-reduction program.) In the convention fight the expletives "pay-roller" and "bird-dog" were freely used in the lobbies and even on the floor. But Fritz Shulheis, retiring National Board member, who was active in the fight against the right-

wingers, himself holds the position of Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture in Wisconsin, having been put in the position more or less at the demand of the Wisconsin Farmers' Union. And both left-wing and right-wing spokesmen were equally eloquent in denouncing the scarcity-promotion program of Secretary Wallace and in demanding "cost of production," government refinancing of farm loans, and agricultural embargoes. I was obliged to conclude, therefore, that farmers' conventions, like labor conventions, are highly political, that the strife of leaders is intense; that as between right, center, and left only a highly sophisticated reporter—not the present writer—could be quite sure which was which.

Surely, one would suppose, Milo Reno represents the left of the farmers' movement. It was he who put Cal Ward on the spot in the national convention, and no one denounced more loudly the program of the Triple A. Well, I pursued Brother Reno to his hotel, scratched him, and found the fundamentalist underneath. Cost of production, remonetization of silver, embargoes on agricultural products—he was emphatically for the Farmers' Union line. But would not this line lead ultimately to the nationalization of the land as the only permanent solution? No. That would be communism and he was against communism.

"I'm a believer in the Bible," said Milo Reno. That gave me rather a jolt. Wilbur Glenn Voliva had said the same thing when I interviewed him in Zion City a month before. Wilbur also believes, or pretends to believe, that the earth is flat. Wilbur also believes in some kind of ecclesiastical cooperative commonwealth, although the cooperatively produced peanut brittle I bought in the Zion restaurant was not good. Wilbur wears a prehistoric boiled shirt with foot-long cuffs that stick out at you like cannon when you sit opposite him. I had to go through two secretaries and three deacons before I was privileged to interview the prophet. The top of his square head was dusty, like the white-maned head of Bryan in his last, fundamentalist period. He reads the papers. He says he gets his prophecies of doom out of the Bible but I think he gets them out of the papers. The little boys in Zion City speak slightly of the prophet. They refer to his tabernacle as the "White Dove Movie Palace." I think the prophet knew that I knew that he didn't believe in his prophecies, or care much. A seedy, dusty, dated showman, but useful by way of reminding us that fundamentalism still lives and must be watched out for. Reno is not like that. His political principles are disorganized, unintelligent, unformulated, but he has been a fighter, a leader ahead of his crowd, and in some respects he still is. But he remains a Middle Western fundamentalist.

It may be, of course, that the Holiday Association is to the left of its national president. Of all the farmers' meetings I attended, the most impressive was a conference of delegates from the drought-stricken counties of western Minnesota, organized by John Bosch, president of the Minnesota Holiday Association, to petition Governor Olson for more

help than the FERA and AAA were giving them. For the better part of a day they matched facts and arguments with the state relief administrator and came out better than even. Not, however, with more stock feed, which was what they wanted. There was no money for that. They warned that the farmers had only two or three days' feed ahead for their stock; that if the snow came and covered what was left of the meager forage, the farmers would probably take by force what little grain and roughage there was stored in the region. (They did precisely that at Appleton, Minnesota, a few days later.) And by way of summing up, one exasperated farmer shouted: "Why doesn't the government treat this drought as a calamity instead of as a plaything?"

This man, you would say, must have been a thoroughly class-conscious farmer. I visited him later at his farm near Montevideo. House, barns, and land were well kept. Here again was no peon. He told me that he had been a dealer in land in Iowa and had lost out in the "landslide" a few years ago. He had salvaged enough to make a good payment on 200 acres of Minnesota land and had done reasonably well until the dry years came. As business man and farmer, alternately and both together, he was more or less typical of the membership not merely of the Farmers' Union but of the Holiday Association. That is one reason why it is hard to make the phrase "class consciousness" mean anything as applied to farmers. Farmers are in business. Farmers are also traders and capitalists—oppressed and dispossessed capitalists, if you like, but still pretty much dominated by the individualist business man's psychology.

Why, for example, doesn't the Holiday Association, most of whose members also belong to the Farmers' Union, merge with the latter organization? Because the Holiday Association is not in business, owns no property, and is consequently foot-loose, whereas the Farmers' Union is tied to a complex structure of producers' and consumers' cooperatives, most of which center in St. Paul. The members of the Holiday Association describe themselves cheerfully as the "scrubwomen" for the Farmers' Union. It is they who stop evictions and stage milk strikes. And it is they, significantly, who join forces with organized labor, as recently when the Minnesota Holiday Association fed the striking truck drivers of Minneapolis. As for the Farmers' Union, as late as the convention of 1924 it came close to passing a resolution deploring the use of the strike as a weapon in labor disputes. It has traveled leftward since then, but not as far as one might suppose.

The farmers are in business. The Sioux Falls convention passed a resolution introduced by the delegate from California, K. V. Garrod, who is incidentally a member of the California State Board of Agriculture, opposing "unreasonable rules applied by the Food and Drug Administration for the protection of the consumer." The trouble was about prune juice, a designation for the new product of the California Prune Growers' Association which the Food and Drug Administration objected to. More importantly, the Minnesota union split two years ago because the "educational"—that is to say, political-organizational-legislative—part of the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union couldn't get along with the cooperative part, which means the Farmers' Union Central Exchange, Live Stock Commission, and Grain Corporation.

A word about these cooperatives. Radical phrases such

as the "cooperative commonwealth" are imbedded in their constitutions and declarations of principles. But with the possible exception of the Finnish cooperatives in northwestern Minnesota they seem to be anything but class conscious, and many of the cooperative leaders make a point of being non-political as a matter of principle. The Finns have a small string of cooperative stores centering in Cloquet, Minnesota, and in this region have more or less completed the circuit of producer and consumer cooperatives. For them cooperation has a social and cultural content derived from their old-country tradition; only with great difficulty is any such content injected into the American cooperatives by the educational program of the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union. The Finns don't understand this. A while back, at a cooperative meeting, a disgusted Finn exclaimed: "You Americans think a cooperative is something to make money out of." That is pretty much what they do think. And in a Farmer-Labor state like Minnesota the non-political philosophy of the cooperatives raises some curious contradictions.

The cooperatives, especially the consumer cooperatives founded on the cooperative distribution of gasoline and oil, have been flourishing during the depression, and one does not wish in the least to discount their significance. At the moment an FERA investigator with a staff of nearly a hundred people is gathering statistical and other information concerning the cooperatives of the Northwest. As money-saving enterprises, and as economic arms of the Farmers' Union, they have contributed aid—especially the check-off of Farmers' Union dues—as well as embarrassment. But it is not unfair to say that the growth of the cooperatives cannot be taken, in and of itself, as an index of the spread of radicalism among the farmers.

The Farmers' Union Youth Movement—otherwise known as the "Juniors"—will be a better index when and if it really gets going. The Juniors were very much in the foreground at both the Wausau and the Sioux Falls conventions. They sang and recited and danced and produced the inevitable pageant with a stage populated by the personified abstractions of Truth, Justice, and so on. A chorus of farm boys in overalls and red bandannas sang:

Don't go to the left,
Don't go to the right,
But right in the middle of the road.

Artistically, some of the numbers exhibited an unfortunate miscegenation of Broadway and the prairies. But others were pretty good, and on the whole the Juniors were impressive. The report of the Junior chairman states:

If we are forced to abandon capitalism we must adopt another system of economics; there is but one path open to a free people, and that is the collectivism of cooperation. It is imperative that our children understand how to use the principles of cooperation as the only known defense against a dictatorship of capital, with its impending rule of terror, sabotage, and war.

What kind of radicalism is this, and is it likely to develop a philosophy, an organization, a program adequate to deal with the social and political situation facing the farmers? Only the future can answer.

Meanwhile it may be said that on the showing of the Sioux Falls convention the farmers are making progress. No new splits developed, and the national secretary reported

the organization of new state unions in Alabama, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, with a combined new membership of 40,000; also fifteen other states in process of organization. All factions represented at the convention united in opposing the crop-reduction program of the AAA and in demanding that when the government takes plebiscites of the farmers it give them a chance to vote for a cost-of-production as against a crop-reduction program.

But the most impressive thing about these farmers' meetings was the farmers who attended them. They are not peons yet; they are not as dumb as they like to call themselves; and most of them—the younger ones especially—have stopped being fundamentalists. There are better, more realistic ideas brewing under the surface than appear in the Farmers' Union "line." What with one thing and another, it looks like more trouble ahead for Secretary Wallace.

A Cross Section of Insecurity

By EVELYN SEELEY

Washington, January 7

WHILE the Seventy-fourth Congress was opening on Capitol Hill, another congress—the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance—was opening in rambling old Washington Auditorium. Representative Ernest Lundeen of Minnesota, sponsor of the Workers' Bill for Unemployment and Social Insurance which this congress met to support, came, he said, from "the little Congress on Capitol Hill" to this, "the big congress." Certainly this "big congress," as one looked and listened, was a more dynamic and realistic cross-section of the country.

Twenty-six hundred industrial, agricultural, and professional workers had come from forty states, delegates from organizations representing millions of workers, to plan how to establish a new concept of social insurance—namely, that "continuity of average income, with an established minimum equal to a living standard, must be assured through governmental action." They were Socialists, Communists, Farmer-Laborites, Lovestonites, and people of no affiliation or philosophical category. There was, nevertheless, only one argument—inspired not by a political faction but by a young careerist—and only one threatened fight—between two individuals, and women at that. The Congress was, in fact, as many speakers said, the nucleus of the broadest united front workers had ever seen.

Delegates had come by train, bus, horseback, and on foot. The first man in from California had come, and must return, on \$10 for total expenses. He said that the increasing discontent in California, manifested by last summer's general strike and by the great vote for Upton Sinclair, was an expression of the need for what he called "a real people's program." A farmer from Ohio grinned and said, "I rode in on a pig." Having no money to send him, his farmers' union had raffled off a neighbor's pig. He told how at last the farmers of his state had begun to organize for their own needs. A tall, lanky, sandy chap from a Wyoming ranch, member of the Farm Holiday Association, rolled in,

with six Denver delegates from industrial unions, in a homestead shack mounted on a truck—its larder stocked with fried chicken and pie from the Wyoming ranch house and home-baked beans from Denver. He said his family, living on a ranch inherited from his grandfather and worked by his father and brothers, was holding its own but that all around him ranchers faced bleak deprivation. A gray-haired, eagle-beaked, deep-eyed boilermaker from Denver, a passenger in the homestead caravan, said: "I will fight to the bitter end for real unemployment insurance. Never can they get me to sign the Wagner bill. I have worked too hard for my Socialist and union cards for thirty-five years to let them force me to become a coward or a traitor to the workers." A bent little share-cropper from Virginia came with friends in a battered Ford. He said: "When my father died, he left me a team of mules but the mortgage people took them away from me. Then along come a fellow with a fine wagon and a team of mules and he could work the land. Now I got nothing." These are only a few samples to indicate the broad geographical range of the delegates: weather-beaten farmers, pale factory workers, big-muscled steel workers, sallow miners, bow-legged cowboys, broad-shouldered longshoremien, bearded architects, studious professors, fact-filled social workers, actors and writers and newspaper reporters; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker; the doctor, the lawyer, and the union chief.

The congress made history because it was the first time professional workers had met with industrial and agricultural workers for a common need. It was the first time, in other words, that white-collar workers had expressed their new realization that their fundamental status is precisely the same as that of every other worker, that their traditional aloofness in the clouds of pure professional integrity did not protect them from suffering more seriously in proportion to their numbers than any other group, and that they too must organize for their economic security. They stated their position at a special meeting—as part of the congress—of the Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance, to which most professional groups represented belong and which all other professionals attended. They said:

The professional worker's relatively privileged status is gone. He now knows unemployment, insecurity, hunger, want. More than half the architects, engineers, chemists, research and laboratory workers in this country have no work. Teachers, nurses, and government employees in general have been let out in increasing numbers. Musicians, artists, dentists, and physicians have suffered a steep decline in income because the great mass of people lack money to buy their services. . . . The numbers of all these groups are being constantly augmented by college graduates for whom there is no future under our present system.

The professional worker . . . has been turning increasingly to the promotion of broad . . . groups whose orientation is frankly economic and which seek security for their members through collective action on specific issues and joint action with other workers' groups on common issues.

This was news to the labor world, news voiced by some of the best and most able persons in the professions. Seasoned trade-unionists may have looked on at first a bit skeptically, wondering if the professional people had come to see what the other half was like or if they did, in fact, mean business. They listened to Mary van Kleeck, head of

the Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance, as she wound up a brilliant analysis of their joint concept of social insurance with these words:

This address must close with an assurance to the workers of America that an increasing number of professional workers and technicians are ready to place at the disposal of the organized labor movement not only the technical, professional, and scientific knowledge which is needed for the solution of the nation's problems, but also the devotion and loyalty of a group to a movement which in all history is alone the source of progressive social change.

When she finished, the great audience rose to a man, cheered and whistled and applauded until even farmers' calloused hands were stinging.

This response, repeated in less degree as individual professional groups sent spokesmen to the platform, was construed by the professionals not so much as labor's recognition of the fact that the professionals had at last come over to it as labor's acceptance of the professionals as equals in realism.

Labor Notes

The President and Steel

COMING too late in the history of Section 7-a to be of much use, the recent election orders which the National Steel Labor Relations Board has directed against the United States Steel Corporation possess a purely academic interest. Hiding behind the puppet company union, the Steel Corporation has already projected the orders into the federal courts, where they will remain entangled in the red tape of the judicial process for many months. They cannot possibly come to a determinate issue, that is, to a review by the Supreme Court, before the Recovery Act, Section 7-a included, expires in mid-June. Why did the Steel Board wait six months before it sought to bring about a showdown on collective-bargaining referendums? The answer is simple. In his anxiety to promote labor-capital "truces," the President conveniently forgot all about the terms of the steel truce executed last summer. When he extended the iron and steel code on May 30, 1934—a week after the Amalgamated, its recognition demands rejected, began to prepare for a strike—the President pledged his word that he would shortly provide for Section 7-a elections in every unit of the industry. When William Green, on June 15, 1934, talked the Amalgamated out of the strike due to begin the very next day, he appeared in a quasi-official role and gave tacit assurances that the government was about to set true collective bargaining in motion. When the Steel Labor Board was created on June 28, 1934, the executive order conferred election power upon it and stipulated that majority rule should govern. By this time, however, the strike threat had died down, at least temporarily.

For half a year thereafter the Steel Labor Board refrained from exercising its theoretical election powers. Instead, it held hearings and tried to argue employers and the union into working out formulas of accommodation. By December, 1934, steel production was picking up at a brisk rate; a strike once again became possible. At this point the Administration intervened with proposals which denied point by point the terms of the original truce. Bind yourself to a new truce, the Amalgamated was urged; submit to proportional representation; permit compulsory arbitration; and agree to forgo election demands

for the next six months. For once in its history the Amalgamated was clever enough to avoid the snares of the "national run-around." Moral suasion upon the workers having failed, the Steel Board proceeded to turn the feeble sanctions of the law, long overdue, upon the employers.

The steel strike, if it comes, will constitute the most violent labor explosion of the New Deal. The Administration has sidestepped any true showdown with the feudal barons of the steel mills. If union recognition is worth fighting for, the workers will have to carry on the fight by and for themselves.

Prodding the A. F. of L.

THE recent victory of the striking printers at the Altum Press in New York City centers attention on a labor situation which is distinctly unusual. The strike was conducted by the Independent Printing Employees, a new organization. For years New York newspaper and book printers have been organized in A. F. of L. craft locals. These have not striven seriously to unionize job-printing plants, which are difficult to approach on craft lines because they seldom employ more than one or two workers in each craft. Union books have been closed and initiation fees set high enough to discourage applicants. Craft officials justify such exclusiveness largely on the ground that, with many members unemployed, to admit more might ruin conditions in union shops. In truth, many union men, hiding their affiliation, now work in non-union shops at non-union wages. The cutthroat competition among "cockroach bosses" has jeopardized the status of organized and unorganized workers alike.

The Independent Printing Employees began more than a year ago to organize the unorganized. The union now has over 1,000 members. It holds that the protection of all must be based on universal organization and job expansion through a compulsory thirty-hour week. Its chief demand is for admission of the unorganized into the A. F. of L. "We are no dual union," says the I. P. E. president, D. S. Gordon. "We advocate solving the problem of the unorganized through a joint organizing drive with the Allied Printing Trades unions. Perhaps there is need for a special local embracing all crafts in the small shops. Thus far most of the unions have ignored the question, although some officials seem inclined to discuss it. The I. P. E. has been approached by an agent of an ink corporation whose credit control makes it a power in the industry. He proposed to make a company union of the I. P. E. Kicked downstairs by us, he is now organizing a company union to fight us and the A. F. of L. Unless the latter answers satisfactorily the questions we raise, there is grave danger of a union-smashing drive with further deterioration of wages and working conditions throughout the industry."

While knocking for admittance on the closed doors of the A. F. of L., the I. P. E. has been conducting a fight against the violators of the Graphic Arts code, which culminated in the Altum Press strike. The Altum Press workers filed a complaint against their employers through the I. P. E. more than ten months ago. They were given the usual national run-around from the code authorities to the Labor Compliance Board, from the Regional Labor Board to the State Labor Board. Finally, when one of their men was fired for union activities and refused reinstatement despite an order from the State Labor Board, a strike was called on December 11. In five days the employers came to terms with the union. As a result of its quick victory the I. P. E. has tremendously increased its influence among the printing employees, both organized and unorganized. It may yet compel the A. F. of L. to open its doors.

Books, Drama, Films

Values and Manners for Radicals

Was Europe a Success? By Joseph Wood Krutch. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.

THE battle is on in the literary field. And it is a more fundamental controversy than that embodied in, let us say, Mike Gold's attack on the alleged superficialities and evasions of those who write pleasantly merely to entertain the leisure class. V. F. Calverton and Granville Hicks in "The Liberation of American Literature" and "The Great Tradition," respectively, have argued that the real fruition of American literature lies ahead with the full recognition of the class struggle, proletarian values, and the social revolution. John Strachey, in his "Literature and Dialectical Materialism," has gone even farther and contended that the significant writer of today must not only espouse the above dogmas but must also undergo an emotional conversion and submit to a complete mental discipline which closes his mind to any contrary suggestions.

Joseph Wood Krutch picks up the gauntlet for the liberals, albeit a very advanced group of liberals, and returns to the charge in an expanded version of his notable articles in *The Nation*. He uses a rapier rather than a bludgeon and reminds one of the intellectual subtlety of a Bayle arrayed against the Jesuits and other dogmatists of nearly three centuries ago. His little book is by all odds the most damaging criticism of the intellectual temper and literary manners of the exuberant Marxians and Communists that I know of in any language. Preserving the utmost good nature throughout, his analysis is utterly devastating as a study of the weaknesses in the undeviating radical temper and perspective.

The main contentions of the author are: (1) that the liberal differs from the dogmatic Communist mainly in seeking what appears to be immediately desirable rather than what is alleged to be "inevitable," according to the Marxian dialectic; and (2) that no social or economic system can be justified if it repudiates intellectual urbanity and civilized attitudes and tastes. By the latter he does not mean the rationalizations and obscurations of the predatory leisure class, but those intellectual and aesthetic standards and values which have been approved by civilized writers from Plato to Huxley and Bertrand Russell.

Many will be likely to hold that Mr. Krutch has been ill-advised in assuming to be writing as the champion of liberalism, for he apparently has little use for the optimistic temporizers who think that a cancer can be treated successfully with an ice pack or by cauterization. He comes far closer to writing a brief for civilized radicalism. I can see little in his book with which Bertrand Russell, for example, would differ very sharply. But he certainly sails into the 100 per cent dogmatic Marxians, especially the recent and fanatical converts to the new theology.

Mr. Krutch shows that Marx and Engels were just as sure that capitalism was on its last legs in 1848 as the *Daily Worker* is that the days of capitalism are numbered in 1935. He holds that there is nothing "inevitable" in history, and that the class struggle may very well go on indefinitely if governments allow it to proceed with some fairness. The radicals appear to believe that bourgeois civilization must disappear root and branch and that we are in a "new Middle Ages" which will prove to be the transition to the proletarian Utopia. The liberal, Mr. Krutch compares to Plato and the radical to Tertullian:

He [the liberal intellectual] may even be convinced that the economic system of the modern world has outlived its day and cannot possibly last much longer. But even granting the possibility that the most radical radicals are right in their main contentions, he feels himself on surer ground in asserting that, however right they may be in their conclusions, both their thinking and their writing certainly lack all those secondary virtues which are commonly implied when we speak of anything or anyone as "civilized." The thinking and the writing are dogmatic, harsh, and intolerant. They are full of an intense and burning hatred for that urbanity, detachment, and sense of fair play which make thinking amiable and which liberals pretend, at least, to admire.

Some of the best sections in the book are those in which Mr. Krutch compares the contemporary "reds" at length with the early Christian controversialists—with their mystical faith, their belief that the slightest questioning is blasphemous, their fierce hates, their intolerance, and their insistence upon 100 per cent acquiescence in the most minute phases of the creed. In their deification of the worker they seem to Mr. Krutch much like Rousseau and his apotheosis of the noble savage. He has little relish for the radical belief that there can be no art for art's sake—that the artists must be "in uniform," to use Max Eastman's phrase, and must make art and literature a vehicle of proletarian propaganda and technique. He also chides the radicals for their inconsistency in fiercely attacking international capitalistic war and in the same breath glorifying the proletarian class war which they allege to be impending.

How shall one assess the outcome of Mr. Krutch's joust with the radical writers? My own prejudices are all with his argument. Urbanity has appealed to me as the highest of human virtues—one Montaigne is worth an army of Loyolas or John Calvins. I would much prefer resolute gradualism to revolution in economic reconstruction if it were feasible. But there seems pathetically little real evidence in the Western world that gradualism has any strength or prospects, especially now that the New Deal has petered out and become a mere bid for the cooperation of the moguls of predatory finance and the "captains" of exploitative business, mainly on their own terms.

One contention does not need Karl Marx to back it up, and that is that a man must eat before he can have any mind or art or urbanity. It is becoming ever more evident that capitalism neither can nor will feed its sheep. It begins to look as though revolution, though not necessarily a bloody one, is the sole way in which the economic requirements of a civilized society can be assured in any reasonably complete or permanent way.

Some will doubtless feel that the outcome of Mr. Krutch's book is encouragement of a profound pessimism: capitalism is economically hopeless and communism is today intellectually barbarous—as is also militant capitalism in the form of fascism. The civilized man is intellectually all dressed up with no place to go. Perhaps the best way of resolving the dilemma is to regard Mr. Krutch as writing not so much a refutation of, or direct attack upon, the basic principles of economic radicalism as a most powerful and engaging argument for better intellectual manners and sounder aesthetic values on the part of contemporary radicals.

There is some basis for this view in Mr. Krutch's own argument, for he points out clearly the fallacy of American radicals in their slavish aping of Russian communism, which had to adopt methods suitable to a backward and barbarous culture that does not exist in Western Europe or the United States. There may be no real need for American Communists

to adopt with the most abject intellectual servility the repulsive, if necessary, intellectual harshness and brutality of Russian radicalism today. American radicalism will make headway among those who count here just in proportion as it makes its appeal in terms that do not repel every man with any intellectual subtlety or spirit of fair play. Moreover, and this is a point which Mr. Krutch might wrestle with in a new edition, the advanced technology of the Western nations might permit so rapid and easy a transition to communism that the abysmal "dark ages" which Mr. Krutch fears would hardly be perceptible. There is no reason why economic reason and justice must of necessity be harnessed to intellectual barbarism.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Unemployment Insurance in Great Britain

The British Attack on Unemployment. By A. A. C. Hill, Jr., and Isador Lubin. The Brookings Institution. \$3.

SO much unmerited censure and unearned praise have been bestowed on the unemployment-insurance system of Great Britain that only the expert can describe it as less than a mythological wonder. It is far from perfect, even with the reforms introduced in the Act of 1934, and its critics, had they been wise, might have flooded this country with far more accurate derogations than they did. But they condemned it in many particulars for what was its strength, and ignored its inestimable service to Britain during the depression. Most discussion has been a debate not on the system but on the advisability of any kind of insurance whatever. Now that unemployment has become a major political fact in America, no longer to be hidden simply by being unmentioned, the British system of insurance deserves close study as the fruit of human experience from which much is to be learned. The first lesson, and one which Washington may well consider first, is that the establishment of unemployment insurance is a long, intricate, and experimental process. Even after thirteen years of depression the British have found answers for only the simplest of their problems.

Mr. Hill and Mr. Lubin have written a terse history and description of the British experiment, rounded out with a valuable critique. They like the contributory basis in Britain and do not foresee any advantage in changing it, though they might mention that such men as Snowden and Lloyd George now regret that contributions were taken from labor. Their chief criticisms are that the labor exchanges need to be much more effective, that five million workers, nearly all good insurance risks, are not covered and do not help bear the cost of the scheme, and that rates of contribution, being by age and sex, are not as satisfactory as if made according to income. They also point out the defect that insurance is against time lost, instead of income lost. The reader may be surprised to learn that the cost of the system to industry, paying roughly a third of the bill, has been an average of \$75,000,000 a year, or 1.6 per cent of the industrial wage bill, an extraordinarily cheap protection against civil unrest. The reader, too, will be reminded that the British have made no real effort to reduce unemployment by public works, confining their spending for this end to the years before the crisis of 1931. The book should be in the hand of every Congressman and legislator who must vote this year on bills which launch the kindred experiment of insurance in America, not because the British system is a pattern, but because this lucid analysis gives a realistic measure of the scope of the problem.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

New Lyrics for Old

Permit Me Voyage. By James Agee. Yale University Press. \$2.

TO take exception first to four of the pieces in this book, Epithalamium, Chorale, Ann Garner, and Dedication: the first two are exercises, logical attempts for a young, experimenting poet to make, able as such, but more interesting as the data of poetry than as successful poetical statements. Ann Garner, it is said, was written while Agee was still in school, which is explanation, not excuse. Emotionally and factually it is a bit of back-to-the-bulls-and-Jeffers, a trial in blank verse without distinction, again data. The inclusion of Dedication was made, I imagine, in self-defense, precipitated by the current fashion of reviewers to label a man by his social conscience, national fervor, primitive sensuality, everything but by his achievement in handling his medium. Its interest, besides that to be found in the objects of its tribute, in the information that the author believes in God and pays homage to certain men and women living and dead, lies in its affirmation of positive Christian—not here a synonym for Aryan—virtues, of the complexity and paradox of man's character and institutions, of the dignity of man, of the threat of the evil that lurks in high place and the benightedness among the lowly. In such affirmation is a restatement of certain observations not now fashionable, which Agee insists are worthy and valid. Yet again these are data, those data of belief and emotion which Archibald MacLeish, in his preface to the book, warns us about mistaking for art.

Agee's art is in the short poems at the beginning of the volume, in the title poem ending the volume, and in the sonnets. Admiration for them increases with rereading, admiration for the firm dexterity of their technique, for the right and individual choice of the words, for the true and ably ordered sound of syllables and lines. It is emotive verse, dependent on the correct descriptive word, on the implication in the arrangement of those words, and not on the final metaphor. It is sentient, and its sentiency is pointed with active reason and humor, which, as in an occasional phrase, bring short echoes, if you like, of the early seventeenth century and of some contemporaries. But the suggestion of derivation is never derogatory or harmful when, as with Agee, its impression is cut short by a transformation essentially the poet's own.

So with his music: his lyrics have the same functional grace and movement, the same clear melody that English poetry had when it was by descent and practice nearer performance on musical instruments or by the human voice. There is nothing, however, borrowed from the other art and imposed upon the lines, no confusion of material, nothing that is not a natural property of the words themselves, no artificial use of liquids and gutturals to fabricate a counterpoint, a cadence, a rhythm that does not actually belong to poetry.

In censure it may be wished that Agee would permit more detail in his poems. They are closed to it now, confined by what are probably his reservations about the uses and purpose of poetry, but this restriction in attitude—not a limitation in perception—makes one wonder in what ways his future verses can differ without repetition from these. At the moment his talent is well fitted, well exercised, but it could be loosened without lessening its effect. His perceptions are especially sensitive to the comedy and sorrow of living, to the good and need of love, to the year's changes into seasons, to the fresh newness of that old brawl, man versus nature. In the shorter lyrics this gamut stretches from the gentle "I loitered weeping with my bride for gladness" to the lusty Happy Hen. It

is more formalized in the sonnet sequence, which is also a cycle, an autobiography. For the irrelevantly curious, there is no invocation to the masses, nor, as a corrective, is there retreat. There is a firm new lyric gift approaching maturity with strenuous precedents self-imposed.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Power Theory of Politics

Political Power. By Charles E. Merriam. Whittlesey House. \$3.

THE most significant work in the entire field of political science at the present moment is probably being done at the University of Chicago. Here alone there is adequate recognition that the problem of the power appetite is one which neither bourgeois nor Marxist political theorists have done more than evade. Peculiarly the Marxists have fallen down over it. Professor T. V. Smith has just produced a fascinating book on the philosophy of the problem, of which one can say that if the kill takes place in the twilight of skepticism, the hunt is an absorbing pursuit. Professor Lasswell's forthcoming book may be of momentous importance to the technical student. The present work is the second volume of this trilogy. It discusses such issues as "the birth of power," not without attention to psychology, the reasons why power is regarded with repugnance by moralists, the significance of propaganda, and others of equal interest.

Machiavelli's "Prince" has been called a manual for practicing diplomats. Marx wrote a quarto, and Lenin thirty volumes, as a practical manual for the class war. This book also is a "manual of power." When Signor Mussolini reads, in Professor Merriam's book, "It is important that leaders possess some facility in invention," I do not doubt that he will concur. But I cannot feel convinced that Mussolini is likely to consult Professor Merriam's collection of data as a *vade mecum* for the attainment of sovereign rule. Its statements lack the precision that recognizes that "le détail c'est tout."

Professor Merriam has a singularly honest and unprejudiced mind. He approaches his subject with a proper preference for description rather than for premature and pretentious dogmatism. He even seems to feel that there is scientific virtue in the absence of definition. Thus the word "power" itself—not to speak of the word "political"—is haunted to the end with an ambiguity between technological power and the appetite for personal power. At least Professor Merriam has none of the chastity-imperative in confronting the allurements of power that characterized Lord Acton. He concludes with something like a mystical paean to the "emergent trend of power" molding the new world, coupled with a hesitant proviso that these "conflicting controls . . . sweeping on" had better be guided by intelligence.

The most valuable parts of this experimental book are in the indication of the nexus between "conditional anarchy" and Marxist revolution; the statement of the issue between the expert society and the free society; the description of the role of technological change in the brave new world; and the suggestion that the study of the method of politics, and of the uniformities or laws that have been revealed in the conduct of revolution after revolution in our own times, is more important for the scientist than the question of which brutal group actually achieves power. The laws of human nature are mightier even than dictators and condition their success. It is for us to serve, by patient study, this nature if we would ultimately control it. This suggestive book will be remembered among the pioneer works toward that end of social control.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

The Career of Alfred Stieglitz

America and Alfred Stieglitz. A Collective Portrait. Edited by Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Norman, Paul Rosenfeld, and Harold Rugg. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

"THIS book," write the editors in a short, pertinent preface, "is not a collection of tributes, it is not a symposium of opinions, it is not a compilation of facts about a man. The life of Alfred Stieglitz has been lived in active relation with the world; his work has been in the deepest sense a communal work. This book is an attempt to express the nature of the career of Alfred Stieglitz by being, itself, in spirit and form, a communal work, a work organic with its subject." The volume is divided into two parts. The first of these presents the body of the subject in historical and biographical terms. Part Two treats less personally of Stieglitz and is more ideological. Dr. Harold Rugg evaluates Stieglitz's place within "the Great Transition," the forty years of drastic social change between the 1890's and the present time, in which "the First Industrial Revolution catapulted into the Second," and "the wasteful Machine Age passed quickly over into the efficient Power Age"; Dr. Evelyn Howard and Waldo Frank discuss his relationship to the philosophy of science and to the organic evolution of mankind. In a special section labeled Variations on the Theme there appear memoirs of personal relationships with Stieglitz in both lyrical and narrative form, followed by an essay on the machine by Paul Strand and a discussion, technically interesting, however obscure, on the aesthetic significance of photography, by Evelyn Scott.

Stieglitz was born at the end of the Civil War, when photography was still in its prenatal stages. When he was ten years old, however, and was spending the summer with his parents at Lake George, he became a regular visitor to the laboratory of the village tintyper, where he naively probed the mysteries of light striking a sensitive plate. As a university student he switched from mechanical engineering to photochemistry and in 1887 won his first recognition in an amateur competition held in London. About four months after his matriculation from the Berlin Polytechnic a camera with a single lens resting in the window of a shop in the Klosterstrasse held his attention. He bought the camera, studied it, experimented with it. He was dissatisfied with the explanation of his instructor that in photography compromises are inevitable, that the faithful reproduction of a plaster Juno with a black cloth is impossible. He purchased a modern camera and took up the dry plate, which had recently appeared in the market. He improvised a dark room. He was told that the camera could photograph only in daylight. He shut himself and his camera in a cellar "lit by a weak electric lamp and occupied by a disused dynamo. He focused the camera, uncapped the lens; and after an exposure lasting for twenty-four hours, finds he has secured a perfect negative of the machine . . . deliberately, he is pushing the camera beyond accredited frontiers."

In 1890 he helped reestablish the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, which was considering the project of transforming itself into a bicycle club; he edited their magazine *Camera Notes*, exhibited photographs demonstrating the human friendliness of the machine, and recreated an interest in the medium. In 1903 he resigned from *Camera Notes* and founded *Camera Work*, the quarterly organ of Photo-Secession, the American branch of an international photography movement of which he was considered the international leader. In the unanimous opinion of all critics, *Camera Work*, where Stieglitz championed the work of Eugene, Strand, Steichen,

White, and many others, remains the greatest periodical of photography ever published. He then founded and maintained the famous 291 Gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, and in 1908 and 1911, respectively, exhibited the paintings of Matisse and Cézanne for the first time in the Western Hemisphere, as well as the first Rodin drawings, Picassos, and Toulouse-Lautrecs. Since then he has devoted his energies almost exclusively to presenting the work of John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Arthur Dove. Young men and women, artists and others, continued to seek out Stieglitz. Many of these, after viewing his photographs, talking with him, attending the exhibitions, were able to go back enriched to their own work in artistic and other fields.

Most of the contributions in the first two sections serve to indicate, within the sequence of history, and ideologically, Stieglitz's place in our civilization. The most distinguished essays are in Parts One and Two, by Lewis Mumford, Ralph Flint, Harold Rugg, Evelyn Howard, and Waldo Frank. The Variations on the Theme, except for the two critical studies by Elizabeth McCausland and Harold Clurman, the seemingly superficial but actually penetrating observations by Victoria Ocampo, and Sherwood Anderson's well-planned lyric prose, are far inferior.

"America and Alfred Stieglitz" is an unusual experiment, and a success. Despite its 120 illustrations, a special section at the end of the volume, I do not recommend it for cursory reading. The book's implications are manifold—and worthy of the sensitive reader's closest scrutiny.

ERIC ESTORICK

Drama

Heartbreak House

THE brilliant and instantaneous success of "The Petrified Forest" (Broadhurst Theater) need surprise no one.

Writing so suave and acting so ingratiating would be enough to insure the popularity of a play far less interesting in itself than this one happens to be, and even now, indeed, they make it difficult to be sure just how substantially good it really is. Mr. Sherwood, the author, has something to say and he is obviously in earnest, despite the light grace of his manner. He is also, however, too accomplished a craftsman to ask indulgence from any Broadway audience, since he knows the tricks of his trade and has a witty fluency quite sufficient to make something out of nothing. He could fool us to the top of our bent if that was what he wanted to do, and we may take it for granted that at least half of his delighted audience will like the play for reasons which have little to do with its theme. Not for the moment am I meaning to suggest that he is wrong to use his talents or that a serious play is the better for being uncouth or clumsy. I am saying only that "The Petrified Forest" could succeed upon its superficial merits alone, and that one has some difficulty in deciding whether or not one has been charmed into granting it virtues deeper than any it really has.

To begin with, the play is quite capable of standing on its feet as a simple comedy melodrama of a familiar type. The lonely filling station on the edge of the desert has been used before, and so has the band of fleeing desperadoes which descends upon it to take charge temporarily of the assorted persons who happen to find themselves there. In itself all this is merely sure-fire theatrical material, and so is the fresh and innocent rebelliousness of the budding young girl, who happens in this case to be the proprietor's daughter. Add, for love in-

terest, a penniless young man who has made a failure at writing, and there is still little to distinguish the play from very ordinary stage fare. Imagine further that the dialogue is bright and the characterization crisply realistic. You have now a play admirably calculated to please anyone intelligent enough to prefer the routine when it happens to be well performed. What is more, this routine play can easily be detached from all the meanings which Mr. Sherwood has given it. It is complete in itself and it is, as I remarked before, quite capable of standing alone.

Yet for all this, it is plain enough that this play is double and that the familiar situations may be taken, not at their face value, but as symbols. Solidly realistic as the filling station is, it is obviously intended also as a place out of space and time where certain men can meet and realize that they are not only individuals but phenomena as well. Though there is no obvious patterning, no hint of plain allegory even for an instant, the characters represent the protagonists in what the author conceives to be the Armageddon of society. The young man is that civilized and sophisticated intelligence which has come to the end of its tether; the young girl is aspiration toward that very sensitivity and that very kind of experience which he has not ceased to admire but which have left him bankrupt at last. About them are the forces with which they realize they cannot grapple: raucous bluster in the commander of the American Legion, dead wealth in the touring banker, primitive anarchy resurgent in the killer and his gang. By whatever grotesque name the filling station may call itself, and no matter how realistic the hamburger being served across its lunch counter as "today's special" may be, the desert tavern is Heartbreak House, a disintegrating microcosm from which the macrocosm may be deduced. And the moral—or at least the only one which the only fully articulate person in the play can deduce—is a gloomy one. What he calls Nature, and what a poet once called Old Chaos, is coming again. We thought that she was beaten. We had learned her laws and we seemed to manipulate her according to our will. But she is about to have her way again. She cannot get at us with floods and pestilence because we are too clever for that. But she has got us through the mind and the spirit. Intelligence can no longer believe in anything, not even in itself. It can only stand idly by with refinement and gallantry and perception while the world is taken over by the apes once more. And so when the bullets of the posse begin to shatter the windows, the young man and the young woman drop to the floor in each other's arms. It is a symbol of all they know or can still believe in, but they have no illusion that it is enough.

When Cervantes had finished the first part of "Don Quixote," he was visited, so he says, by a friend to whom he confessed his inability to describe in any Introduction what his aim in the book might be; and upon this the friend replied that he should not worry about either explanations or meanings. "Strive," said he, "that the simple shall not be wearied and the great shall not disprove it." One can hardly deny that the method worked in that particular instance, and it works again in the case of Mr. Sherwood's play. I have, to be sure, a lingering feeling that there are dangers inherent in the effort to write on two levels at once, and some scruples about accepting as symbols things as familiar in their literal use as some which "The Petrified Forest" employs. There is an unresolvable ambiguity at times, not only concerning the meaning but also concerning the emotional tone, and the melodrama as such sometimes gets in the way of the intellectual significance. But such objections are purely intellectual. Mr. Sherwood has achieved the almost impossible feat of writing a play which is first-rate theatrical entertainment and as much more than that as one cares to make it. He has also had the good fortune to secure in Leslie Howard the ideal performer for the difficult

central role. Mr. Howard has all the charm which the part calls for and yet he remains always masculine and convincing. He is also very generous with his fellow-players and permits Peggy Conklin, as the girl, and Humphrey Bogart, as the killer, to give very fine accounts of themselves.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Too Good to Be True

IT is some weeks now since Messrs. Covici-Friede brought out what they announced as "the first full-length scenario for an actual talking-picture production to be published in book form as a serious example of the craft." In the meantime, it has been possible both to read the script of "The Mighty Barnum" as written by Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth and to view the production based on it by Walter Lang, the director, with the help of Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, and Janet Beecher in the principal roles. One has had time, in other words, to meditate a little on the claims set forward in the statement just quoted. That the first part of the statement is true is probably most convincingly evidenced by the rumor that this scenario in book form was completely sold out on the first day of publication. Undoubtedly many among the thousands of untutored poets of the cinema throughout the land availed themselves immediately of the hint on the dust-cover that the book might provide "a reliable and highly practical guide to their endeavors." The insertion of the word "talking," however, just saves the publishers from an inaccuracy. For several full-length scenarios for silent films are to be found scattered through the various little film magazines, including the famous Eisenstein version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." And one must not forget such attempts to apply the scenario form to the novel as Jules Romains's "Donogoo-Tonka" and Blaise Cendrars's "L'Or," both of which appeared more than ten years ago. But Messrs. Covici-Friede are quite justified in claiming honors for the talking picture; and it is only to the last few words in their announcement that one might object. Mr. Fowler's script is bright, lively, mildly amusing, but not, by any extension of the critical tolerance, a *serious* example of anything. It is all too evident that this writer whose principal talent is for the debunking wisecrack, is too busy poking fun at the whole idea of a Hollywood picture about Barnum to be much concerned with giving us the truth about Barnum and his time. This is, as a matter of fact, the trouble with the picture from beginning to end. Nobody was prepared to take Barnum with enough seriousness, that is, as a human being, to make him seem even mildly credible to a contemporary audience. It was not necessary to make Barnum consistently ludicrous; more of his absurdity could have been left to the audience to discover for itself; the real problem as always was to impose a decent restraint on life—to make this more than life-size creature seem not too good to be true. But both Mr. Fowler, in the lines and situations which he contrived, and Wallace Beery, in the unrelieved exaggeration of his performance, were carried away by their subject. Everything was possible in a picture about Barnum, and everything is put in. Let us not fail to mention the nauseating sequence of the love scenes between Barnum and the Bearded Lady, which terminates, of course, with Barnum's burning the seat of his trousers on the lady's curling iron. It is to be hoped that the neophytes who have bought the script of this picture will learn the proper use of such terms as "close shot," "sound track," and "dissolve." But it is also to be hoped that they will not

be deceived into believing that it is "a serious example of the craft."

"Evergreen" (Radio City Music Hall) is also, in its way, too good to be true: a musical film from the British studios which yet manages to sustain its "penny-colored" mood very successfully from beginning to end. For this phenomenon various circumstances are responsible—an ingenious plot situation by Benn Levy, the music and lyrics of Rodgers and Hart, an American camera man, and Miss Jessie Matthews. Concerning Miss Matthews the report must be made that she can sing, dance, and act with almost equal distinction; that she possesses a quality unlike that of any other musical star on the English or American stage; and that this quality belongs quite definitely to an earlier period than our own. The period, to be exact, is the Edwardian, which happens also to be the period evoked for us in the opening sequences of the film. But Miss Matthews has about her a suggestion of the early Anna Held, as that *fin de siècle* symbol of Continental wickedness exists for us in old photographs of the theater, which she would probably keep in any costume or role.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

JACK FISCHER is an English journalist now engaged in research work in economics at Oxford. He has been in the Saar for the past month and has written articles on the plebiscite for the London *New Statesman and Nation*.

B. H. HAGGIN is the music critic of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*.

JAMES RORTY, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," is making an extended tour through the United States gathering material on social and economic conditions. He has published a series of articles in the *New York Post* and will contribute additional articles to *The Nation*.

EVERLYN SEELEY, a New York newspaperwoman, has been editor of the woman's page of the *New York World-Telegram* and feature writer for the Scripps-Howard papers and the United Press.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, a member of the editorial department of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, is the author of "A History of Social Thought" and "History of Western Civilization," to name the most recent of his many books on sociology and history.

FLORENCE CODMAN is the head of the publishing house, Arrow Editions.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN, a member of the Department of Government at Cornell University, is the author of "Preface to Action."

Coming Soon

The Hitlerites on Hitlerism

A Collection of Gems from the Nazi Press Selected and Classified

by John Gunther

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THE SUPREME COURT of the United States, in a striking decision, has at last pushed open for Tom Mooney the door that was slammed shut upon him eighteen years ago with all the force that perjury and collusion could muster in the hysterical, red-baiting state of California. The case has been sent back to the California Supreme Court, to be sure, but it is made clear that if Mooney cannot get relief there he may appeal to Washington with a fair certainty of a complete review; and the court administered a severe rebuke to California for its preposterous contention that its courts do not have the power to reopen cases in which intrinsic fraud is alleged:

Without attempting at this time to deal with the question at length, we deem it sufficient for the present to say that we are unable to approve this narrow view. . . .

The court then goes on in effect to instruct the Supreme Court of California as to its duties under the Constitution:

No decision of the Supreme Court of California has been brought to our attention holding that the state court is without power to issue this historic remedial process when it appears that one is deprived of his liberty without due process of law in violation of the Constitution. . . . Upon the state courts, equally with the courts of the Union, rests the obligation to guard and enforce every right secured by that Constitution.

These are stirring words. It is difficult to see how the Supreme Court of California can resist their logic or their appeal to reason. Meanwhile the Governor of California could well afford to order the immediate and unconditional release of Tom Mooney. It would save the expense of another hearing, and it would do more than any other single gesture to rehabilitate California's reputation for justice.

THAT MOST USEFUL SENATOR, Edward P. Costigan, of Colorado, has again introduced an anti-lynching bill in the Senate in conjunction with Senator Wagner of New York, who cooperated with him on a similar bill which was favorably reported by the Senate Judiciary Committee at the last session of Congress. Though there has been a decrease in the number of lynchings, the necessity for this measure is greater than ever because of the failure of the Department of Justice to move in the case of Claude Neal, who was lynched on October 26 last at Marianna, Florida. The circumstances of this crime were revolting beyond words. The lynching was planned and advertised in advance and was accompanied by every form of torture and mutilation that a brutal and sadistic mob could invent, including the searing of the man from head to toe with red-hot irons. When he was finally killed—after hours of torture—his remains were hung up and viewed by a crowd variously estimated at between 3,000 and 7,000 people. Now it happened that this Negro was seized in Georgia and carried into Florida, but the Attorney General of the United States has not acted—for reasons which doubtless seem sufficient to him. It is clear that we need a law which will compel the government of the United States to move in every lynching case; if it did so with the enthusiasm with which it is going after gangsters and bank robbers, it would speedily reduce lynchings to a minimum. Such fiendish atrocities as those at Marianna do the good name of the country vastly more harm than a Dillinger or a Floyd.

ALL FRIENDS OF PEACE will rejoice that the munitions investigation is to continue. The first \$50,000 needed for this year's work was voted without difficulty and Senator Nye did not press for the second \$50,000 on being assured that he would get it when needed. Investigation will go into shipbuilding, steel, chemicals, and banking, with promise that the revelations will continue to indict the profiteers and illumine the dire need for nationalizing the munitions industry. The success of the committee in maintaining public interest despite the vast volume of material unearthed redounds to the credit of Stephen Raushenbush, chief investigator. He has been a thorn to the manufacturers, and at one time was to be attacked by the underhand method of a pamphlet on his matrimonial affairs. The pamphlet actually was written but was never circulated, probably because news about it was published in good time, which drove leading manufacturers to be quick in denying they had any part in it. His work of investigation has been done with so much modesty that it is well to point out that

the committee has relied on him for a considerable measure of its own success, a statement which does not in any way minimize our admiration for the signal ability with which Senators Nye, Clark, and Bone, in particular, have used the material and conducted the inquiry.

SENATOR NYE and his colleagues now find themselves in something of a dilemma. They are being pressed to bring in an early report with precise recommendations. This is by their friends, who want them to cash in on the present public interest, which experience suggests cannot be kept too long at high pitch. It is also by those who are interested in defeating the main purpose of the investigation, who know that hasty action is likely to be superficial. We hope the committee, even if public interest is not kept at fever heat, will not do anything to jeopardize its fundamental program, which in our opinion should have two parts. One should lead to a drastic revision of our defense policy, now conceived in terms of raising and equipping an army of 4,000,000 for service overseas as in the World War. The other should be the nationalization of the munitions industry. Not until we have a really defensive defense policy, with army and navy only large enough to protect our territory, will a nationalized munitions industry be practicable. But until the industry is nationalized it may not be possible to revise the defense policy, since our munitions profiteers are not going to let the country decide defense matters on their merits if they can avoid it. The first step may have to be nationalization as a means of reaching the second.

HIROTA'S annual speech before the Diet affords slight comfort to those who had hoped for the emergence of a more liberal policy in Japan. While in tone it is friendly enough to foreign nations, it is nevertheless firm in its reiteration of Japan's "special position" in Eastern Asia. Particularly disquieting are Hirota's reference to the "growing trend among the Chinese people to appreciate the true motives of Japan" and his expressed hope that they will "undertake to meet the genuine aspirations of our country." These words carry especial significance in view of the fact that Nanking has apparently just acquiesced in the surrender of another slice of Chinese territory. Although the section of Chahar which the Japanese are seeking to annex to Manchoukuo is of no great economic importance, it would be of high strategic value in the event of a war with the Soviet Union, as it would furnish a base for a flanking movement against the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is significant, moreover, that Hirota follows his remarks regarding difficulties with the Soviet Union with a reference to Chiang Kai-shek's campaign against the Communists, in which he laments the fact that the Chinese Soviets appear to be consolidating their position in Kweichow and Szechuan. Taken as a whole the speech is neither provocative nor particularly alarming, but it serves as a warning that Japan is unlikely to be swerved from its fundamental objectives.

EVENTS RATHER THAN DESIRES have forced Prime Minister Bennett of Canada to agree to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States at the same time that the British are preparing a festive effort to consolidate the empire. This is the jubilee year of King George's accession, and the upwelling of loyal sentiment throughout

the dominions, London hoped, would make it easy to widen and strengthen the economic ties of the Ottawa agreement. That agreement, it will be recalled, brought Canada somewhat out of the American constellation and drew her more into the British economic field. It was effected largely at the cost of trade with the United States. American exports to Canada have dropped two-thirds since 1929, and imports are down nearly three-fifths. Mr. Bennett's Opposition has been working up strong feelings in favor of its traditional policy of reciprocity with us, and now he must try to steal as much of the liberal program to avert if possible his own defeat next year. So within the Anglo-Saxon clan comes a curious strain—the British trying to draw Canada into their branch of the family while we are trying to lure it into ours. The outcome may not be clean cut, but it might mean the end of the narrow conception of imperial free trade, hence of a self-contained empire.

THE PRACTICABILITY of international planning is illustrated once again by the shipping agreement just concluded at London. A tentative scheme has been drawn up, subject to approval by the various governments, whereby all ships in commission would contribute to an international fund for the retirement or compensation of serviceable vessels for which there is no employment. While the fact that any agreement could be reached in an enterprise so strongly affected by nationalist feeling is encouraging, the shortcomings of the proposal should serve as a warning to those who look upon planning as a panacea for all present-day economic difficulties. Largely because of American opposition, nothing is to be done to restrict the prevailing system of subsidies. What we have in effect, then, is a scheme by which American taxpayers not only subsidize their own uneconomic vessels, but pay foreign ships to stay off the seas. Of course some American ships will also doubtless be retired, but that merely means that the taxpayer pays both ways—first to construct a vessel that never should have been built, and then to retire the ship to make way for another. This may be flattering to our national ego, but it is bad politics and worse economics.

A NEW pure-food-and-drug bill substantially weaker than the original Tugwell measure has just been introduced by Senator Copeland. This time Senator Copeland has been so zealous in the protection of the manufacturer that his bill omits the existing legal requirements—in effect since 1907—that labels of drugs shall disclose the presence of alcohol, chloroform, or the dangerous sedative acetanilid, to say nothing of the newer coal-tar sedatives and the cumulative poisons like arsenic, mercury, and strychnine. Another conspicuous weakness of the bill is its failure to require complete formulary disclosure on labels, to provide for licensing medicine manufacturers, or to ban outright the sale of drugs for those diseases in which self-medication is dangerous. The proposed measure follows closely the second Copeland bill introduced last year. It makes illegal the adulteration and misbranding of food, drugs, and cosmetics, prohibits false or misleading advertising, and provides for two important committees to prescribe regulations for the act. The Committee on Public Health, to be composed of five disinterested experts appointed by the President, is empowered to designate dangerous adulterants or

narcotics and to impose safe tolerances for their use, to require precaution on labels against unsafe dosage or use by children, to regulate the licensing of food manufacturers or packers whose product may be contaminated by bacteria, and to designate diseases for which drugs may not be advertised as having therapeutic claims. A Committee on Food Standards, with the food industry given minority representation, is similarly empowered to fix standards of identity and quality for food. The bill, of course, represents a tremendous improvement over existing legislation, but it is not much stronger than the one introduced last year by Senator McCarran at the request of the food and drug industries. We see no reason why the consumer should be entitled only to that protection which trade interests are willing to give.

IF WE WERE MARXISTS, we should be inclined to say that by taking the President's security measure out of the hands of the House Labor Committee, where it normally belongs, and referring it to the Ways and Means Committee, Administration leaders have revealed the class character of that measure. Headed by Representative Connerly, of Massachusetts, A. F. of L. spokesman, the Labor Committee is alleged, whether justifiably or not, to have a somewhat pro-labor bias, a charge that has never been leveled against the Ways and Means Committee. Not being Marxists, we shall merely call the action of the Administration machine a despicable maneuver, praise the members of the Labor Committee for their courage in filing a unanimous protest, and trust that they will go through with their announced intention of holding hearings on the Lundeen bill. It is interesting to note in passing that this was another of those items which the *New York Times* does not consider "fit to print."

WALTER LIPPMANN, whose ability to carry water on both shoulders has been phenomenal, seems to be getting tired. In his speech before the National Association of Book Publishers he took his stand resolutely on the right. Publishers, said Mr. Lippmann, should not accept codes, because codes constitute a threat to the freedom of the press. Not even Elisha Hanson has suggested that building regulations might be used to interfere with the freedom of the press. But Mr. Lippmann has the courage of his prose style and he hesitated not at all to draw a horrendous picture of a progressive publisher being forced out of business by a censor disguised as a building inspector, an architect, or a labor board trying to get higher wages for newspapermen. Incidentally he paid tribute to the principle of lower wages, which has lately come to be one of his minor theme songs. On January 19 he approved the President's proposals for unemployment insurance not because they were generous but because they were niggardly.

This American system [of unemployment insurance] is devised . . . to discourage rigid wage rates and to encourage reemployment. It discourages rigidity because the unemployed worker, after his insurance is exhausted, will be offered work that is distinctly less attractive than the work he might obtain elsewhere by accepting a private wage. It encourages reemployment, in part, because public works stimulate private business but chiefly because wages must come down when prices fall if men are to be employed.

A few days earlier, in a lyrical outburst in praise of what he called The New Deal of Today, Mr. Lippmann said:

Since the balancing of the budget is made dependent upon the revival of business, it becomes the duty of the government to reject policies which obstruct revival . . . This involves a refusal to raise the cost of production before profits are earned, and therefore a refusal to encourage monopolistic prices, monopolistic wages . . . It involves the abandonment of merely punitive and terroristic attacks on private business.

It was in this same article that Mr. Lippmann furnished final proof that even a man with a prose style cannot carry water on both shoulders indefinitely without getting all wet. Of the President's new program he said:

[It] has been applauded as radical by all but those who had hoped that the New Deal was seriously proposing to establish a planned socialist economy. It is radical . . . On the other hand, the new program has been applauded a conservative except by those who distrust all public enterprise and prefer to rely upon a struggle for survival. It is conservative . . .

The World Court

ADHERENCE to the World Court has never been a policy we could support with unqualified approval, though we prefer it to non-adherence without much hesitation. The objections to it are not, we admit, of a purely isolationist character. The court is an imperfect institution, with the shortcomings to be expected of a modest departure into a new international venture. Our adherence will not greatly strengthen the court at the outset, any more than our non-adherence has greatly weakened it. It will remain for a long time a judicial body which in minor matters will function as a court of law and on issues of major political importance will vote along political lines. What many Americans easily assume is that the World Court in international affairs is even more supreme than our own Supreme Court in interstate affairs. But this is far from being true. Our Supreme Court is an integral part of a federal system of government, built upon the limitation of state sovereignty. But there is no corresponding world state or federation, nor even the prospect of one. National sovereignty remains the uncontested principle in all international relations. Most of the American hesitation about adherence to the court has been due not to the objections advanced by those trying to draft reservations protecting our sovereignty, but to the fear of a system of world law in which we somehow lose control over our own affairs. The reservations laid down by the Senate protect us fully, but even with them many persons are timid of stepping out of isolation and cooperating in any way with far-away and suspect countries.

Europeans have been taken aback by our prolonged weighing of scruples. It appeared to Europe that we were holding back from a worthy and essential start on a new technique of international dealing, and giving quite inappropriate reasons for it. The real function of the court, beyond strengthening the fabric of international law, is to provide a way of settling a limited range of international disputes. Obviously the chief task of the present generation, the first in history to turn so passionately against war, is to find an effective alternative to it. Arbitration, con-

ciliation, the outlawry of war, the League, the World Court, the Optional Clause, all are attempts to create machinery which nations will use to settle conflicts without impairing their sovereignty, and yet without resort to force. The efforts have been vitiated in large measure, because they ran parallel to the determination to punish Germany through the Treaty of Versailles, convert the League into an agency for enforcing that treaty, and through the League make certain that all future wars must be League wars, hence world wars. The years since 1919 have been rich in fruitful disappointments in these contradictory efforts. The League abjectly deflated itself as an agency to impose peace in the Manchurian crisis. The rise of Hitler bitterly rebuked Europe for trying to carry out punitive repression in a peace treaty. The first major issue before the World Court, following the Silesian plebiscite, brought a straight political vote by European judges against Germany, and showed how far sovereign states still remain from voluntarily accepting the application of abstract justice. But the years have not been all lost. Indeed, these setbacks have brought us much closer to realities, and have taught the first lesson of all—what not to expect. At the same time the peace machinery of the League has settled some minor but dangerous conflicts, and the World Court, though not put to another major test, has worked well in ruling on lesser differences. The habit of using the court has begun, and without the slow establishment of the habit, there can be no development of a genuine system of international justice.

Where Is Security, Mr. Roosevelt?

WHEN the President declared in his message to Congress last June that the primary objective of the Administration's policy was "the security of the men, women, and children of the nation," he was voicing the fundamental desire of millions of American citizens. Ten to twelve million unemployed with their families, three to four million indigent people, and a countless number of men and women dependent because of illness, child-bearing, or other circumstances were promised that the resources of this great country would be mobilized to banish forever from their lives the terror of insecurity and undeserved pauperism. On January 17 the Administration's specific program for carrying out this promise was laid before Congress. Even as it stands it represents a historic advance in the whole social outlook in this country. For this the President personally deserves credit, however much we are astonished that he did not support his own experts, who wanted to start with a national system of social insurance.

In essentials the unemployment-insurance plan provided in the new Wagner bill represents little, if any, advance over that in the old Wagner-Lewis bill. A federal tax is to be levied on payrolls, beginning with 1 per cent in 1936 and reaching 3 per cent in 1938, to encourage the states to adopt unemployment-insurance legislation. States must make all contributions compulsory, but are free to determine whether or not employees shall contribute and what shall be the length of the waiting period and the amount of benefits to

be paid. No recommendation is made regarding the crucial question of whether the states should adopt the company-reserves scheme now in force in Wisconsin, or whether all reserves should be pooled as in the so-called Ohio Plan. No minimum benefit is established, but the Committee on Economic Security recommends half wages with a maximum of \$15 a week for a period of from fifteen to twenty-five weeks.

Provision for the care of needy persons over sixty-five years of age is also to be left to the states, except that the federal government would appropriate not more than \$50,000,000 to supplement state funds, an appropriation which may rise to \$125,000,000 in succeeding years. As in the case of unemployment insurance, no minimum benefit is stipulated, but the maximum is set at \$30 a month for persons who can qualify under a means test. Individual states can, if they so desire, increase this maximum, but the chances are that many will fall short of even this level. In addition, the plan calls for a compulsory old-age-insurance scheme, to be financed by a tax on both employers and employees, which will not begin payments until 1942. This is to be supplemented by a voluntary system of old-age annuities to be sold by the government to low-income groups not included in the compulsory plan. The bill also provides for small appropriations for mothers' assistance, maternal and child welfare, and public health—the total cost to be no greater than \$48,000,000 a year.

From this brief summary it is evident that the defects in the President's program are not matters of detail but of fundamental principle. To refer to the Wagner bill as a plan for social security when it makes no provision for the millions now unemployed is, to our mind, presumptuous. To be sure, the Administration is planning to enroll 3,500,000 men in a gigantic government-works scheme which is to be launched soon. But even allowing for indirect employment under this project, there will remain at least four million adults for whom no national provision is being made. Moreover, to establish forty-eight different systems of unemployment insurance is a violation of all sound actuarial principles. If unemployment is to be conceived of as an insurable hazard—as the President's plan assumes it to be—it is desirable to spread the risk as widely as possible rather than to confine operation of the scheme within plant or state boundaries. In lieu of rigid federal standards, we can be certain, furthermore, that many of the states will adopt legislation even less adequate than that suggested by the President's committee. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn why the Administration, against the recommendation of many of its technical advisers, sidetracked the proposal for a national insurance scheme, based on the established principle of grant-in-aid, for the cumbersome federal-state plan.

Finally there is the crass assumption that half pay or less for from fifteen to twenty-five weeks—providing the reserves have not previously been exhausted—can afford any genuine protection against the hazard of unemployment. In a survey made in Buffalo in November, 1933, it was found that 71 per cent of the unemployed had been without work for more than forty weeks and 60 per cent had been jobless for over a year. The old-age pensions are likewise so niggardly as to be of little value. If each dollar of the \$50,000,000 to be appropriated by the federal government is matched by similar contributions from the states, a total of \$100,000,000 will be available for distribution among

6,500,000 persons, at least two-thirds of whom are without means of self-support. In later years this fund is expected to rise to \$250,000,000—but even that amount will provide less than \$100 a year apiece for the needy aged.

While the editors of *The Nation* are conscious of the necessity of immediate action in the field of social insurance, they believe that it would be a mistake to commit the country to a long-time program as cumbersome as the present one. On this we agree fully with the experts of the Committee on Economic Security, who maintain that any national scheme, no matter how inadequate, would be preferable to the Wagner-Lewis formula, since it would more easily lend itself to amendment and liberalization. We would go farther and question whether genuine protection against the hazard of unemployment can be placed on an actuarial basis. In those countries where actuarial schemes have been tried, experience has shown that they either have to be abandoned or transformed into direct relief measures when a crisis becomes really severe. The actuarial approach conceives of wealth as being stored up to meet future contingencies. This is economically unsound. The goods and services which we consume must obviously be derived from current production. Thus protection against the hazards of modern life must be based on a redistribution of existing resources rather than on an accumulation for future catastrophes.

The Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance bill, introduced into Congress by Representative Lundeen, dramatizes some of the fundamental principles of social security. It is loosely drafted and must be reworked before it is ready for legislative consideration, but it has served in its present form as a rallying-point for working-class support. With its basic principles we would differ at one point. The bill provides "compensation . . . equal to average local wages" to all workers and farmers unemployed through no fault of their own. A more satisfactory criterion would be that of an adequate living standard, irrespective of prevailing wages. Such a standard not only would be more equitable but would have the advantage of simplicity in operation, and should have a salutary effect on wages. In practice, it should necessitate benefits at least as large as the minimum of \$10 per week, plus \$3 for each dependent, specified in the bill, varying slightly with the locality.

In commending the Lundeen plan we realize that we are laying ourselves open to the charge that we are seeking to wreck the capitalist system. To this we would reply that we have no interest in preserving any system which cannot give security to the American people. But on the basis of careful computation, we find no justification for the charge that this bill would impose an intolerable burden on the national economy. The experience of this country between 1917 and 1919 shows rather conclusively that it is possible for the whole population to attain a relatively high standard of living if the resources of the country are utilized to the utmost. And we know of no means better calculated to stimulate the fullest use of these resources than a measure which would provide the underprivileged groups of the country with sufficient purchasing power to guarantee them a decent living. All of this is not to imply that security can be bought cheaply, but rather that true security would cost and be worth vastly more than any sum envisioned in Mr. Roosevelt's miserly program.

The Casa Is Fascist

ABOUT three months ago *The Nation* published an article charging—and giving evidence to prove the charge—that the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana at Columbia University were controlled by active fascists, that the Casa was a center of fascist propaganda in the United States, and that free discussion was prohibited within its walls. A letter of denial from President Butler was printed in *The Nation* on November 14. It was evasive and general and ignored most of our charges, but it contained a few positive statements. Dr. Butler could not claim that anti-fascist scholars or publicists had ever spoken at the Casa but he did assert that the famous historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, "was invited by the director of the Casa Italiana in person to speak at the Casa, but was compelled to decline to do so." A week later *The Nation* published a letter of similar reproof and denial from the officers of the Graduate Club in Italian Studies at Columbia, in which it was suggested that it might "be of interest to know that it is part of our program for this year to invite Professor Gaetano Salvemini to speak on some phase of contemporary Italian history (and this not as an after-thought). . . ." This was of interest, since Professor Salvemini of Harvard is certainly the most distinguished anti-fascist Italian scholar in the United States and had not even been mentioned in President Butler's careful defense.

The assertions by President Butler and the Graduate Club have until now constituted the only important objections to the general indictment brought by *The Nation* which have remained unanswered. In this issue they are answered. We call our readers' attention to the exchange of letters between Professor Salvemini and the Graduate Club in Italian Studies on page 129 of this issue, and the letter to *The Nation* from Dr. Ferrero on the next page. Their effect on the small remaining fragments of the defense is like that of a sharp pin on a soap bubble. Dr. Ferrero was never invited to lecture at the Casa Italiana and, therefore, was not "compelled to decline." The hopeful defense put up by the officers of the Graduate Club has similarly collapsed. Professor Prezzolini, put to the test, flatly refused to be a party to an invitation to Professor Salvemini to speak at the Casa. The students were evidently taken aback by this refusal. They had somehow cherished a belief that the Casa would welcome even an anti-fascist scholar of Dr. Salvemini's distinction. When the truth was forced upon them by Prezzolini, they acted with courage; they withdrew from the Casa and then, as an independent organization, renewed their invitation.

These letters do more than buttress *The Nation's* indictment of the Casa. They place the president of the university in an uncomfortable spot that was certainly not of his choosing. Dr. Butler is, or likes to think of himself as, a liberal. In his recent Annual Report to the Trustees, he earnestly reaffirmed his condemnation of fascism and his respect for *Lehrfreiheit*. But in the same report he praised "the vigorous scholarly activities of the Casa Italiana." How does President Butler manage glibly and with apparent sincerity to reconcile his opposition to fascism with the existence of out-and-out fascism under the roof of his own uni-

versity? The answer is not as hard as it looks. Naturally Dr. Butler wants to believe that his Italian Department and its magnificent Casa are instruments of free scholarship. And naturally, when they are attacked, he turns to their chiefs for information and reassurance. The "facts" in his letter to *The Nation* were supplied to Dr. Butler by Professors Bigongiari and Prezzolini, heads, respectively, of the department and the Casa. They doubtless composed the best defense they could; it is unfortunate for Dr. Butler that it was so frail. But it apparently served his immediate needs, and he was able to go on believing in the academic integrity of an important segment of the university. The integrity he leans upon has turned out to be a weak reed. Sooner or later Dr. Butler is going to discover that the first loyalty of the men he relied upon is not to the university that houses them. Dino Bigongiari and Giuseppe Prezzolini are Italian citizens. Bigongiari is openly a member of the Fascist Party. Prezzolini has not acknowledged membership, but it is reliably reported. Both men owe duties to Mussolini that precede and override those to Columbia or its president. That these are not merely general or sentimental duties is indicated by the following regulation which appears in an official circular issued by the Italian Ministry of Education in August, 1934, for the instruction of Italian professors who lecture in foreign countries:

When, moreover, professors intend to go abroad to lecture or to take part in events or conventions of a cultural character, the Ministry must be informed, if possible, at least two months before the date fixed for departure, so that measures may be taken, in concert with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, for the guidance of our authorized diplomatic representatives concerning the proper propaganda to be carried on in the interest of our culture [italics ours].

What has happened, then, is obvious. The fascist professors at Columbia are obligated to the double duty of representing the Italian government and at the same time preserving a necessary appearance of impartial scholarship. But under examination and in the face of challenge their essential bias becomes clear.

Now that the facts are all known, what action will the Columbia authorities take? Will President Butler continue to hide behind the screen of official silence that has surrounded him since he dispatched his ill-fated letter to *The Nation*? And what will be the function of the Casa now that the only important student organization has withdrawn in protest against its policy? Can it justify its continued existence (not to mention a deficit amounting to one-fourth the deficit of the entire university) by serving as a lodging-house for visiting fascist officials and housing a few graduate courses? The Casa stands as a pretentious monument to the spirit of dictatorship which Dr. Butler so solemnly deploras.

There is only one honorable way out for the university. That is to make a clear break with fascist control; to let Professor Prezzolini and Professor Bigongiari go home and serve their party on their native soil, where the universities make no pretense of permitting free discussion or supporting disinterested learning; and then to appoint as head of the Italian Department at Columbia and as head of the Casa scholars who are not obliged to carry on "proper propaganda" in the interest of fascist "culture."

Sticky Business

BALLYHOO has been such a howling success in this country that it has all but broken down the power to recognize it, as well as any scruples against using it even to corrupt public opinion and private conscience. It finds its way into the most respectable newspapers and magazines, often over the names of our best-known molders of thought, reaching its highest point when these molders of thought do their molding at so much a word which they themselves do not write—for, aside from the willing press agent who can turn out copy to anybody's style, "ghosts" now advertise their shadowy services in the best papers. But Americans are still shocked when money passes hands; and even hard-boiled realists have a right to be stirred by the disclosure, based on conclusive proof which *The Nation* possesses, that the recent thrilling flight of Amelia Earhart was merely the most spectacular of several projects in ballyhoo designed and paid for by the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau to increase the profits of Hawaiian sugar planters.

We are more than willing to believe that Miss Earhart, whose passion for flying is perhaps matched only by her desire to demonstrate that women are the equals of men in the air or out of it, would rather fly the Pacific than have \$10,000 if the choice were necessary. The fact remains that she was privately paid that amount, not to fly the Pacific but to fly the Pacific and then, against the shining background of that magnificent achievement, parrot a puny phrase to the effect that Hawaii was part of the United States. Such transactions are generally regarded as corrupt, even though her best friend—presumably her husband, who arranged the terms—neglected to tell her so. In this instance it appears that Miss Earhart, used to more rarefied air, was not the equal of the gentlemen with their feet on the ground who traded upon her interest in aviation to promote their private fliers in sugar, publicity, and plain cash.

This is not to imply, either, that Miss Earhart should not have had \$10,000 for risking her life to cross an ocean for the first time. As a prize, \$10,000 would have been little enough. As a secret payment for propaganda services rendered, it was \$10,000 too much. "It helped my peace of mind to know that I was obligated to do nothing at all beyond the fulfilment of an ambition Mr. Putnam and I have long cherished—to visit the alluring southwest corner of the United States that is Hawaii." So read the tail end of Miss Earhart's own story in the *New York Times* of January 13. Since then she has received the congratulations of the nation's congratulators from the President down, she has been proposed for a Congressional medal, and her stock as "an example to the youth of America" has undoubtedly risen to a new high. It is this which really distresses us. The youth of America have been put upon quite enough already. They have seen one great example after another bite the dust in the past few years. Miss Earhart might have spared the y. o. A. the disillusionment of finding that the pot of gold at the end of her rainbow flight from Hawaii to California was badly tarnished. We suspect that our foremost woman flier has at least learned one of the facts of life; and that in future she will keep her wings free of sugar of whatever sort.

Issues and Men

Walking Through Race Prejudice

A SIMPLE news item in the New York dailies the other day gave me a real thrill. It read as follows: "Twenty-nine sergeants today were promoted to lieutenants by Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine. Among them was Samuel J. Battle, a Negro, the first of his race to rise above the rank of patrolman." It took my mind back a long time, to the days of the founding of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the demand of some of us who were associated in that undertaking that Negroes be appointed to the police force of New York City. Of course we were looked upon as crazy people. It had never been done and it couldn't be done. You could not mix the two races. Had we forgotten that policemen sleep and at times eat in police stations, and that you could not expect white policemen to associate in that way with colored men? Policing the city was a white man's privilege, and while you might find a colored man who had the physical courage necessary for the job, you could not find one with the brains and the judgment necessary in some of the dangerous situations which arise in a policeman's life, and of course it was inconceivable that a colored man should have the right to give orders to white men. Vainly we pointed out that the men best fitted to deal with Negroes were men of their own race; that as Italian detectives were put on the force to deal with Italian criminals and Russians to deal with Russians, so colored police would not only understand colored people better, but actually get greater obedience and cooperation from them than would white.

Well, time passed. Negroes took the civil-service examination for patrolmen but were usually found ineligible or skipped on the list for promotion. Finally one man, Samuel J. Battle, came along who stood so high in his examinations that it was impossible to pass him over, and besides there was a police commissioner in office who was willing that the experiment should be tried. He was appointed and assigned to a station house—and went through hell. He did encounter race prejudice—lots of it. Had he been a colored cadet at West Point he could not have been tried more severely. Whether he was inspired by the fact that he was a pioneer for his race or not, he stuck it out and won the respect and regard of the men who had started out by yielding to senseless prejudice without stopping to reason about it. Today there are no less than 125 Negroes in the Police Department doing entirely satisfactory work. Battle was the first to be promoted to sergeant, but another Negro, Dr. Louis T. Wright, has been for years a police surgeon, having the rank now of inspector. The white policemen are very happy to have his services. He was the second Negro medical man to be elected to the College of Surgeons; at a dinner given to him in recognition of this the chief surgeon of the Police Department testified in highest terms to Dr. Wright's worth as a physician and a man. But, of course, it couldn't be done—before it was attempted. Oil and water wouldn't mix, and white men would never submit to close association with Negroes or to examination by a colored physician.

In the Fire Department of New York City the captain of Engine Company 55 is Wesley Williams. He, too, is a colored man—no doubt about that—and he is today commanding the very same company which he joined years ago as a lowest-grade fireman. He, too, was told that he could not last, that he wouldn't be allowed to sleep in the dormitory with the white men. He attended strictly to his business; he took with a smile the tricks played upon him in the hope of shaking his nerve and getting him to resign; he worked his way up steadily through every grade, serving always with this same company which he now commands. The white men under him who know his worth are happy to serve under him, and the Fire Commissioner went out of his way, when Wesley Williams was promoted, to call attention to the fact that he was the first colored man to reach this rank, and that he was considered one of the ablest officers in the department. It couldn't be done!

All this reminds me of the old Eastern fable of the traveler who came to a narrow defile and found his way blocked by an obstacle. He tried to surmount it and could not. He tried to go around either side and failed. He tried to go under it, but that was impossible. Finally, after much delay and doubt—he walked right through it and found that it wasn't an obstacle after all. So it is with many manifestations of race prejudice. Years ago in New York City the Cosmopolitan Club gave a dinner to which some of us were invited to discuss the lot of the Negro in New York. Of course some Negroes were asked. How could we discuss the Negro problem adequately without getting their point of view? A drunken Hearst reporter attended and the next day there were tremendous headlines. Leering, vicious-looking Negroes were portrayed by staff artists as sitting next to white women; and the whole undertaking was pictured as a move for miscegenation. The Associated Press sent the story all over the country, with the result that those of us whose names were mentioned, both men and women, received letters of abuse and obscenity from half the states in the Union, and the good old New York Times, true to its Southern ownership, solemnly warned us that we were countenancing something that must never be in America.

Well, a couple of years ago I attended a dinner here in a leading hotel in honor of a British lieutenant general, given by a group of entirely conservative persons interested in Southern education. Half the people in the room were Negroes and half whites, but this fact was never referred to in the accounts of the dinner. White people and colored people frequent the same night clubs and restaurants in Harlem, there is free and open association between literary men and women and artists of both races, yet the Republic still stands, the heavens have not fallen, and in its own opinion the Anglo-Saxon race is as sacredly virile as ever.

Bruce Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



WANTED A SHOT-GUN.

A Flier in Sugar

By LESLIE FORD

THE ways of the power trust with professors, "experts," and journalists have been so thoroughly exposed during the past few years that an article or interview extolling the benefits of private ownership in this field is no more convincing to the intelligent reader than is a Vanderbilt or Cabot testimonial for a face cream. The same may be said for the press agency of a dozen other national issues. Probably few people realize, however, that one of the bitterest and most amusing "public relations" campaigns of the past year has been that conducted by the Hawaiian sugar interests against the Jones-Costigan Act.

Other politico-industrial battles have had bigger and better lobbies, larger budgets, and more spectacular legal talent, but none has had more devious literary sidelights. Born in the brain of an advertising executive who two years ago "sold" himself to the various interlocking Hawaiian interests—sugar, pineapple, shipping, and tourist—as the Ivy Lee of the Pacific, it has been founded upon two assumptions: namely, that one page of display advertising should result in six pages of editorial matter (and no nonsense about "editorial integrity" either), and that any writer's name can be "had." The campaign itself has been conducted by the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau, ostensibly an unbiased news and feature service covering the Pacific area, but actually the publicity agency de luxe for the Hawaiian sugar and allied interests. The bureau is synonymous with Bowman, Deute, Cummings, Inc., the advertising agency handling the accounts of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, the Matson Lines, the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, and the Hawaiian Pineapple Company. Since the passage of the Jones-Costigan Sugar Control Act in May, 1934, its primary function has been the defeat of the Hawaiian sugar quota by attempting to convince the American public—and incidentally the United States Supreme Court—that Hawaii is "an integral part of the United States," and therefore entitled to quota parity with American continental producers. To the service of this program, Sidney S. Bowman, executive of both the advertising agency and the press bureau, has tried to harness the talents—or at least the names—of novelists, short-story writers, journalists, moving-picture stars, professional travelers, cartoonists, broadcasters, and a member of the Cabinet. (One of the bureau's recent releases is "Law Enforcement in Hawaii" by Homer S. Cummings.) The literary and journalistic profession—ranging from Irvin S. Cobb, Vicki Baum, and Anita Loos in the higher-income brackets to mere contributors to the liberal journals in the lower—has been most persistently wooed because, as every advertising man knows, a stable of established writers provides an excellent entrée to editorial columns. But even though novelists and journalists frequently supplement their incomes by writing publicity or advertising copy, many of them are reluctant to lend their names for obvious political-propaganda purposes. The Pan-Pacific Press Bureau has stubbed its toe on more than one angle of editorial sophistication and literary integrity. It has had, however, its distinct triumphs. The most spec-

tacular of these was the recent Earhart flight from Hawaii to the mainland, for which its clients paid \$10,000.

Though there may seem to be little relation between a trans-Pacific hop and a Supreme Court decision on the Hawaiian sugar quota, the Hawaiian sugar interests—through Mr. Bowman—did not pay out \$10,000 "in the interests of science." A trans-oceanic flight, especially by our foremost woman aviator, is front-page news. From it flow publicity releases, personal interviews, signed stories, lectures, radio broadcasts—and in this case a possible moving picture featuring Miss Earhart and built around her flight, by her husband, George Palmer Putnam of Paramount. These are the legitimate by-products of long-distance flying, as they are of prize fighting or the winning of a Nobel prize. Through all such by-products of the Earhart flight there was to run a certain *leit-motif*—familiar by now in newspaper and magazine offices throughout the country as the theme song of the Hawaiian sugar planters in their fight against the AAA quota. Its dominant note is "Hawaii, an integral part of the United States," or the variant—"Hawaii, the southwest corner of the United States." The significance of these phrases will be discussed later. It was with the explicit understanding that this and allied "educational material" should be introduced into all the publicity flowing from the Hawaiian flight that Miss Earhart—through Mr. Putnam—received \$5,000 before her departure for the islands, with the promise of \$5,000 more before her take-off. In other words, the bureau cared not who flew the Pacific so long as it could write the theme song.

In spite of the facts that the "inspired" nature of the flight was revealed in *Editor and Publisher* of December 15 (in the course of an exposé of the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau's space-chiseling activities), and that the exact amount paid for it by the Planters' Association was revealed in the *San Francisco News* of January 4, Mr. Putnam has persisted, both before and since the flight, in denying its connection with any propaganda agency. Miss Earhart, who unquestionably is more interested in aviation than in sugar, has been merely hurt at the suggestion. But the facts are too well known to too many people to bear denial. And when Miss Earhart's "own story" of the flight, released through the North American Newspaper Alliance, appeared on the day after her landing, it bore, as was expected, the Pan-Pacific trademark—"the alluring southwest corner of the United States that is Hawaii." Because of the *News* scoop of January 4, the propaganda content of the flight publicity necessarily has been decreased.

During the eighteen hours spent by Miss Earhart in flying the Pacific from Honolulu to California probably the two most nervous persons in the world were George Palmer Putnam and the head of the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau. After the revelation that the flight was a publicity stunt, both the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* and the *San Francisco News*, together with a number of navy aviators, had urged that it be abandoned, since Miss Earhart would be risking not only her own life but those of the fliers sent out to find her

in case she was forced down. Had Miss Earhart been lost, the repercussion would have been unfortunate for Hawaiian sugar, Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Putnam, who made the arrangements. Luck was with them. The newspapers, knowing the truth, have been kind enough not to mention it in their stories of the flight.

Although Miss Earhart has been unquestionably the brightest feather in the Pan-Pacific Press cap, the always fertile field of Hollywood has not been neglected. College professors and experts have their uses, but for the glossy-papered monthlies there is nothing like a movie star. Here is an excerpt from a sample story prepared for the signature of Miss Claudette Colbert by a Pan-Pacific copywriter, an account of the star's adventures in a Hawaiian rain storm:

After such a flattering speech, I did feel better and, with a little thought, even grateful that with such showers a more bountiful crop of sugar was in the making—Hawaii's perennial gift to her sister states from this near-western part of the United States.

To the credit of Miss Colbert, it must be said that she objected to the sugar content of this opus.

In a story released to the movie-magazine circuit, Miss Betty Compson, through her ghost writer, tells one how to develop a glamorous personality. The secret, it would seem, is travel—and particularly travel to Hawaii. In the midst of all this glamor there is sounded a strictly statistical note, strangely out of place from such a pen:

Ninety per cent of Hawaii's trade is with the mainland. Good times in the Islands mean good trade on the mainland, for in trade as in politics, *Hawaii is an integral part of the United States.*

And in an intimate little item, scheduled for a golfing journal and called Footloose in Hawaii, Mr. Frank Condon, short-story writer for the Hearst magazines, is made to say:

The sports of the whole country seem to be condensed into this very *integral part of the United States.*

Mr. Condon also is said to have objected to the amount of sugar in the compositions created in his name by the harried copy-writer.

A travelogue entitled Hawaiian Medley, by Joseph C. Granger, appearing in *Vanity Fair* in its December, 1934, issue, manages by a miracle of editorial manipulation both to quote the President and to mention the sugar quota within the space of a dozen lines:

"Your Administration in Washington," said Mr. Roosevelt, addressing a multitude whose eyebrows had a tendency to slant upward, "will not forget that you are in very truth an integral part of the nation."

The Administration may not forget that the Islands are American (though someone did when the sugar quotas were being established last spring and Hawaii was permitted to send the United States less sugar than foreign Cuba or the Philippines), but anyone going for pure pleasure to Hawaii . . . is strongly advised to do so.

If you happen to live in those less urban districts where editors are partially dependent upon boiler-plate, you may have opened your paper on the morning of your state's last birthday to find a full-page illustrated spread celebrating the event. A hundred to one it contained the following non-sequitur:

Eleven years after Washington [in this case] became a full-fledged state, Hawaii, then a republic, came into the Union on a territorial basis. . . . Hawaii is the sugar bowl of the country. . . . For that reason Washington citizens will watch closely the progress of the Hawaii sugar planters' suit contesting the sugar quota imposed by the Jones-Costigan Act. The people of Hawaii claim that it shows discrimination against Hawaii in favor of a foreign nation, failing to take cognizance of the fact that *Hawaii is an integral part of the United States.*

These "state birthday stories" featuring Hawaii have appeared in newspapers throughout the country during the past year.

Just recently the editor of a metropolitan rotogravure section discovered as he went to press that the four smiling socialites sipping drinks on the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel were able to smile in spite of the fact that the Jones-Costigan Sugar Act discriminates against *an integral part of the Union.*

All of this would be merely funny and of no particular significance if the same theme were not enlarged upon in some serious monthly review by some academic authority whose disinterestedness the editor may have accepted at face value, and in the daily newspaper columns. This is not to say that there are not academic authorities and newspaper editors who fully agree with the arguments of the Hawaiian sugar interests. But every one of the items mentioned, with the possible exception of the quotation from Mr. Granger, was written not by the person who signed it but by a copy-writer in the Bowman agency. One former copy-writer was startled to find one of his routine publicity stories appearing verbatim in the financial column of the San Francisco *Examiner*. A recent confidential report of the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau to its financial backers coyly admits the inspiration of editorials in the Hearst newspapers attacking Secretary Wallace and Rexford Tugwell (the red flag of internationalism was waved in this case), describes the "cultivation" of a Washington columnist who "will work our material into his syndicated column as conditions permit" and its efforts to influence the editorial policy of an important monthly magazine, and discusses the manipulation or attempted manipulation of editors, authors, columnists, broadcasters, and political reporters.

If all this seems a little far-fetched in relation to the AAA, it may be well to review briefly some of our recent sugar history. The three-cornered battle of the sugar barons—continental beet sugar, American insular, and the Cuban cane producers—has been waged with particular intensity since 1929, with Cuba steadily losing ground before the rapid increase in domestic production and a diminishing consumption. It has been waged with every type of propaganda and lobbying device. The Philippines owe their independence to the beet-sugar pressure, and the agitation for the reduction of the Cuban sugar duty was inspired less by the desperate plight of the Cuban workers than by the fate of \$600,000,000 worth of American investments in the island. Early in 1934, with the sugar caldron boiling over in Washington, the Roosevelt Administration attempted to solve the problem on the basis of a "planned" domestic program and a cut in the Cuban tariff. The Jones-Costigan Sugar Control Act was passed in May after a titanic battle for quota advantages on all sides. It made sugar a basic

commodity under the AAA, fixed definite quotas for the continental producers, and authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to allot quotas to the insular producers, including Hawaii. A processing tax was imposed on refined sugar, and the Cuban tariff was cut $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent.

The continental growers were satisfied, Cuba was mollified, the colonial possessions protested weakly, and Hawaii rent the heavens with cries of discrimination. As "an integral part of the United States" it claimed parity with continental producers. In July the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association sought an injunction against the quota. Denied the injunction in October, it took an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime the campaign to convince the American people that Hawaii has been discriminated against has been waged from every possible publicity angle. Privately it was whispered to Republican newspapers that Hawaii was being "punished" for its traditional Republicanism. To the Hearst newspapers the quota was portrayed as an evidence of the Administration's "internationalist" attitude toward Cuba.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the merits of the quota, Hawaii's legal status, or the economic soundness of a crop-reduction program. The Hawaiian publicity campaign has not concerned itself in the least with this last issue or with the treatment of other insular producers. There are certain things to be said in behalf of Hawaii's feudal aristocracy—primarily, that its plantation wages and living conditions, poor as they may be, are infinitely superior to those of other insular producers and excel those of many of our agricultural states. But this argument is evidently considered by the Planters' Associa-

tion and its press bureau a dangerous one with a strictly proletarian appeal. Instead, the propaganda battle has been conducted on a high moral, patriotic, and constitutional note, ridiculously out of keeping with its methods. Those methods have been no more high-handed perhaps than the ones employed by the New York-financed Cuban interests or the Midwest beet-sugar people before the passage of the Jones-Costigan Act. The Cuban interests were the best-financed and undoubtedly paid the highest retainers. The beet-sugar people had the advantage of a large Congressional bloc. The Hawaiian campaign is backed by an impressive array of advertising power and unquestionably has the most sex appeal.

The use of literary "names" as first aid to editorial cooperation was probably suggested to the Bowman agency by its spectacular coup in the *Saturday Evening Post* more than two years ago. The occasion was the launching of the great new Matson liner. Under the signature of Peter B. Kyne there appeared at this particular moment a six-page "romance" of the building and launching of the new Pacific greyhound, a saga of the Matson family, and a fulsome testimonial to every firm, including the purveyors of the silverware, involved in the building or furnishing of the Matson boat. The article was profusely illustrated and was probably the most obvious and brazen piece of advertising ever to appear in an American periodical without the little word "advertisement." The *Post* was induced to leave that word out, and as a result is said to have got involved with the Post Office Department. It is the office joke at the Bowman agency that Mr. Kyne never saw the article until it appeared in print.

Bilbo the Rabble-Rouser

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, twice Governor of Mississippi, was clipping newspapers at \$6,000 a year for the AAA in Washington last summer; at least that was his function, though the piles of uncut newspapers mounted higher and higher in his tiny office and he spent much of his time chatting with stogie-smoking cronies who visited him there. One day he sent his stenographer to ask the guard on duty outside the Department of Agriculture building to arrange a permanent space for parking his car. Parking is the prime problem of the capital, and naturally the guard said it couldn't be done. Bilbo sent the stenographer back with the word that "Governor" Bilbo asked for it. The guard still refused. The newspaper cutter grew testy and drove the stenographer down a third time. The guard, looking at the crowded curb, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "I couldn't without arranging it with Einstein himself!"—a remark which the stenographer duly reported to her chief. "All right," shouted the former Governor, "go down and tell that guard to telephone Einstein, and get it arranged!"

Bilbo, former newspaper clipper, now occupies a commodious suite in the Senate Office Building and admits to looking forward to at least eighteen years in the Senate. No political down-and-out ever experienced a more dazzling

change in fortune. It smacks of the miraculous, even to those who know Mississippi. For if ever a politician was through in that state, after stepping out of the governorship, it was Bilbo in 1932. He had a few friends, but his last record in the Statehouse was phenomenally blank; a pig-headed legislature had blocked him in every effort to build a machine or foster constructive legislation. He was broke. He had to give up his heavily mortgaged pecan farm, worth \$75,000, because he could not raise \$500 to settle a claim against him. The job of newspaper clipper in Washington was a life-saver. It happens that it set him up politically, too, like a restorative. For it demonstrated to the wiseacres in Mississippi that Bilbo wasn't so dead after all. He still had "influence" with somebody, and that somebody was Senator Pat Harrison. Bilbo without Harrison was nothing, a pathetic relic. Bilbo with Harrison—well, he was the only man ever twice elected governor, and Harrison was the universally accepted elder "statesman" of Mississippi.

Bilbo wanted to succeed his old personal enemy Senator Hubert D. Stephens as Senator from Mississippi, and when he learned that Stephens as member of the Senate Commerce Committee was considering the approval of Dr. Willard Thorp as expert to the Department of Commerce, though Thorp, an Amherst man, once registered as a Re-

publican, he had his cue. He returned to Mississippi, told the boys that Stephens was about to give a \$9,000 job to a damn Yankee Republican, and began his extraordinary campaign for Stephens's job. He came in second to Stephens in the first primary and beat him in the run-off. He won because he is a rabble-rouser, second only in talent to Huey Long in the South. Even with the shadowy support of Pat Harrison behind him, his victory was miraculous. A real rabble-rouser is a wondrous creature.

Bilbo is a little fellow in his middle fifties; usually wears loud check suits (in Washington they are more subdued), a red tie, and a diamond horseshoe tie pin. He has a wide skull with far-apart pale-blue eyes, a pointed chin, and a lipless straight mouth which makes a grim, thin line across his face. But the line belies his nature, for in him lurks a rare devilment, which is one of the essential condiments of the true rabble-rouser, who must have a genius for instantaneous, crushing, and laughter-provoking sallies. A lay preacher of Baptist persuasion, Bilbo looks the part until the devilment in him is provoked. Then the eyes come to life, the grim mouth smiles boyishly, and out comes the devilment without reservation. The performance is part of his stock in trade, but it also can get him into hot water. During the last campaign for governor he called a certain local candidate a man "who was found newly born in a cemetery, suckling a sow," and the candidate followed him across the state and nearly brained him with a revolver butt in a railroad car. This experience cost him weeks in a hospital. But biting invective, the stronger the better, is essential to rabble-rousing, and the spontaneous gift of it is one of Bilbo's great attributes. He and Stephens crossed swords in 1931 in a famous exchange. Stephens had gone to the hospital and was expected to die. But the thought of Bilbo, who as governor would have the appointment of his successor, revived him, and he issued a statement accusing Bilbo of waiting like a ghoul for him to die. To this Bilbo replied in writing: "Hubert Stephens is a vicious, malicious, pusillanimous, cold-blooded, premeditated, plain, ordinary United States Senatorial liar." And of Huey Long, whom he dislikes still more than Stephens, he predicted in a speech on the border of Louisiana: "Within five or eight years he will end in one of three places, or all three: in an asylum, in the penitentiary, or in hell." The Senate is not likely soon to see a demonstration of this talent of Bilbo's, for he has adopted the self-denying discipline of not making a speech for a year. But let Huey Long once taunt him, the devilment in Bilbo will not be denied and he will show the Upper House how picturesque invective can be.

Invective, of course, is not the whole of rabble-rousing or even more than an essential detail. A greater part is rhetoric, flowing, sententious, high-flown, and the still greater part is theme. The rabble-rouser must know the prejudices of his rabble. In this knowledge Bilbo has attested his expertness. He has been elected state senator, lieutenant-governor, governor on two occasions, and now United States Senator. The expertness was specially demonstrated in last summer's Senatorial campaign, when Bilbo clearly had to cover the entire field of prejudices if he were to overcome the handicaps he faced. He must make a wholesale job of it, and he did. His platform ran to twenty-seven points. The chief four of them, essential to success in Mississippi, were social security, particularly unemployment insurance and old-

age pensions, government control of the Federal Reserve System, payment of the bonus, and redistribution of wealth. That is the essence of radicalism in the South and fairly generally throughout the Middle West. Where election depends finally on mass response, this is the kind of special appeal that is needed. Bilbo went the whole way down that particular road. He also advocated shorter working hours and more than a living wage for labor, but he showed no really coherent scheme of society, nor, indeed, any knowledge of the social structure. He threw in a few bright ideas of his own; one of them, preparedness for war, was decorated with the proviso that every Congressman qualified for service should resign on declaration of war and be placed in the ranks of the first attacking forces. Another was the return to two-cent postage. The full details do not matter; so long as one recalls again that monetary expansion, government banking, payment of the bonus, redistribution of wealth, and social security are what plain people want their Senators to believe in. This holds for the red-necks and hill-billies and plain townsmen of Mississippi; it holds as well for their kinsfolk almost anywhere.

Such an appeal is not enough of itself to elect a man to the Senate, not even if the candidate also has the gift of invective. He needs the further attributes of tireless vocal chords and a lust for travel within the state. Stephens lost the election because, a crippled man whose foot had been amputated, he could not get out into the piney-woods country and meet the people, and partly because he did not take his opposition seriously. But the little fellow in the bookmaker's suit is a phenomenon. He delivered more than a thousand speeches during his campaign—all long-winded, full-length affairs. He spoke six or eight times a day, which means that he was orating on his feet for as long as the average clerk sat at his desk during the same months. At the end of the campaign he had been seen in nearly every hamlet in the state, had spoken in every county, and had been heard by almost everyone who might possibly be interested in politics. Almost frail in physique he gained ten pounds in weight during the ordeal. Rabble-rousing is a strenuous occupation which might kill a weakling, but apparently it also can be as health-giving as a vitamin diet.

Certainly purity of political behavior is not requisite to the success of the rabble-rouser. Though in the South allowances are quickly made, since politics after all is a game with accepted rules, Bilbo played it with sensational crudity, as for instance in the field of education. This makes a diverting chapter in the past of a Senator. Mississippians will boast to the visitor that the state has always been a pioneer in education, by which they mean that it opened the first state college for women in the country, started the first state agricultural high schools, and has consolidated its little red schoolhouses into larger units with a teacher for each grade. But when Bilbo was governor he removed in one day the heads of the University of Mississippi, the State College for Women, and the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, and lopped off 179 professors and teachers for political reasons. For president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College he chose the director of public relations of the Mississippi Power and Light Company. For chancellor of the State University he chose a real-estate salesman without a college degree. He named a new administrative board for the university which consisted of two dentists, one bank

cashier, one physician, and three lawyers. Patronage is the basis of state power and Bilbo was having trouble with his legislature, not being able to get enough money spent to build up his machine. That is one reason he dipped into the schools and demoralized them. But at the same time he avowed a deep interest in education, sought to move the University of Mississippi from Oxford to Jackson, and wanted to spend vast sums on a new plant. The students burned him in effigy and that scheme fell through. Bilbo, however, insisted on a new plant and rebuilt the university at Oxford at a cost of \$2,000,000.

The patronage problem did not loom so large during Bilbo's first term as governor, 1916-20. He initiated the school consolidation and built a school for the feeble-minded and a tuberculosis sanitarium. Looking backward, even his present enemies admit it was a fairly good showing. But the second term, which ended in 1931, was a stormy and fruitless time. It was one long wrangle over the new state insane asylum. It may strike the outsider as morbid that the chief state enterprise of recent years is this institution, probably the finest in America. It was begun under Bilbo's predecessor, and when Bilbo became governor he naturally wanted to cut in on the spending, so as to build up his machine. The legislature objected; Bilbo equally stubborn, would not issue the necessary bonds. The asylum was half built and was left, so to speak, in mid-air while Bilbo and the legislature blocked each other. The old asylum at Jackson had accommodation for 1,400 patients, but actually was housing 2,500; probably 200 were dying each year who might have lived in the new quarters. At last Bilbo compromised when a \$10,000 architect of his choosing was appointed to the board, and construction could be continued. When completed, the institution will have cost \$5,500,000, and the group of eighty buildings, with many bronze fixtures and marble baths, will be the pride of the South.

The legislature heartlessly obstructed Bilbo's whole program. He had promised during his campaign to build brick-paved roads throughout the state, the bricks to be made by convict labor; this was his parallel to Huey Long's road-building project in Louisiana. He wanted a state printing plant where all state schoolbooks would be printed for free distribution, a modification of a Long idea. He wanted a central state purchasing agent, a worthy project if politics did not enter into the matter. He had a scheme for reorganizing and consolidating the agricultural schools of the state. He proposed a central board of trustees for all state colleges, a state constabulary appointed by the governor and responsible to him, an \$82,000,000 bond issue to finance road buildings (after he had dropped the convict-labor scheme), and a $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent sales tax. He got none of it. But most of the platform was promptly passed by Bilbo's successor after the little Governor, impoverished and discredited, had retired to private life.

The state highway scheme with its huge bond issue led Bilbo into close fellowship with high finance, and he was near at one time to getting his money on an I.O.U., the bonds actually to be deposited in a bank outside the state. The eminent group which played with him was interested on a vast scale in road material, and one of the principals, Luke Lea, is now in prison. This project would have been a vast "gravy-dish," but the money was not borrowed after all, and when he retired the state was \$11,500,000 in the

hole and its credit was in jeopardy. His successor had to clap on a 2 per cent sales tax, a 20 per cent cigarette tax, and a 6 cent gasoline tax, and slash the overhead of all state institutions by 35 per cent, while complaints were made that some children in state institutions were going hungry to bed. One would think this would have made Mississippi an impossible place for Bilbo, who at least was partly to blame.

There were other demerits for him to overcome. Even in Mississippi it was not quite to his credit that he had launched his candidacy for governor from the yard of a prison from which he had just been released. This happened in 1923. He had gone to prison to avoid testifying in a seduction suit brought against his successor, Governor Russell, by a woman employee of the state. He was imprisoned for contempt, after having been found hiding in his barn on his Pearl River farm. Another judicial matter also not wholly reassuring was his impeachment for bribery in 1910. He had taken money for his vote in a Senatorial convention. There was plenty of evidence to show that he accepted the money to trap the bribers, for before taking it he discussed the trap with friends. But the evidence also showed that the bills with which the bribe was paid were not the bills he ultimately returned, and he escaped impeachment by only one vote. But nobody in Mississippi ever charges him with having grown rich from politics. Indeed, he is known as one of those unhappy mortals who live in a tangle of debts and he probably never owned a clear \$10,000 in his life.

Senator Bilbo from a national point of view is not a menace, but he is a portent. What he has done to conquer difficulties in Mississippi he probably never will undertake elsewhere. If he were ten years younger, knowing the rabble throughout America to be not unlike the rabble of Mississippi, he might go out to rouse it. He is a portent in that the right kind of promise-maker, with strong enough lungs, persistent enough abuse of his enemies, and picturesque enough personality, can sway the masses if they are economically ready to be swayed. The point about Bilbo may be that Huey Long is a menace, since they are so much alike, for Huey is fifteen years younger, possesses lungs and the talent of vituperation, and can make promises as fast as they can be listened to. But happily Bilbo stands somewhat in Huey's way. Psychologists will understand why they detest each other—Huey calls him "just a plain damn fool"—and Bilbo's election is a setback for Huey's plan to conquer the South, defeat Pat Harrison and Joe Robinson, and invade the North after gobbling up Georgia and Tennessee on the way. Huey has countless members of his "Share Our Wealth" movement in Mississippi, but when the issue has to be fought out for supremacy there, Bilbo can raise the rabble as well as he can. So for the present Huey is leaving Bilbo strictly alone, and Bilbo, heavily laden with the dignity of being a United States Senator, is saying nothing whatever. It would hurt Huey's plans to let his "message" to the American people fritter away in a factional feud with Bilbo. But Long has an impetuous tongue and it may escape his control one day at the sight of his little rival, and then the world will be regaled with the finest tom-cat fight ever seen in the Capitol. One may pray it will happen, not for the sheer bizarre amusement or it, but because it would do something, at least, to hamper Huey. This suggests the interesting conclusion that if there must be rabble-rousing, it is better to have two masters in the field than one.

If the Court Turns Thumbs Down

By HENRY HAZLITT

IN two articles in *The Nation* of March 30 and April 6, 1932, the present writer maintained that the devaluation of the dollar, on net balance, would be far preferable to the continued policy of deflation that otherwise seemed inevitable. The proposal at that time was nowhere being seriously discussed; and in the atmosphere of the Hoover Administration, when so few things seemed possible, the scheme appeared even to myself remote and academic. I remarked apologetically that for its practical realization we should have to assume a few political "miracles." One of these had to do with convincing the President and Congress of the necessity of the step and of the quick method by which it had to be taken. I continued:

In an American devaluation program we have to assume one more miracle. When devaluation was carried out in France and Germany, bonds were payable in terms of currency, and were automatically scaled down with everything else. But since the scare of 1896 nearly all bonds in the United States have been payable in terms of gold. If you take almost any American bond, public or private, you will find that it is payable "in gold coin of the United States of America, of or equal to the standard of weight and fineness as it existed on"—the date of issuance of the bond. Here is a "sacred" contract, a private contract. Would the courts—would, specifically and finally, the members of the Supreme Court—permit Congress to declare that such a contract could be put aside—that the bond could be paid in currency and not in gold? If every judge thought of economic consequences as Justice Brandeis does, it is imaginable that such gold contracts, after devaluation, might be declared null and void because their fulfilment would be contrary to public policy. It is imaginable that the Supreme Court would hold that just as an individual corporation in bankruptcy must have its debts scaled down, regardless of its previous contracts, so must a nation when it would otherwise face general bankruptcy. It is imaginable, but not probable. For it is in general the pride of the legal mind that it decides on precedent and "principle," and maintains an Olympian unconcern regarding the mere social consequences of its decisions. Only five justices would need to be legalistic to assure that one of the most important parts of the program of devaluation would be defeated.

One is disposed, now that the case is actually before the court, to be more sympathetic toward its dilemma. Judges have always protested that they are not legislators; that it is their function, as judges, to decide not on the economic consequences of sanctioning or upsetting a law, but merely on the interpretation or constitutionality of the law. There have been innumerable guesses as to what the Supreme Court will actually decide in the present case. These guesses need not here be rehearsed, but one thing may be said with some confidence. There can be little doubt that most of the judges, as economic men, want to support the government, would like to see the gold contracts abrogated. They know as well as anybody the crushing and appalling burden it would put on private debtors and on the government to have their gold debts—estimated at some \$100,000,000,000—sud-

denly increased by 70 per cent. They know what this would mean for the government's credit, for future taxation, and in terms of wholesale bankruptcies. They know that under present conditions it would merely throw huge unearned windfall profits into the laps of creditors, who would chiefly turn out to be a new crop of speculators and gamblers.

But how can they decide against the gold clause, and save their faces, as judges? The gold clause is too explicit to be interpreted away. It does not just say "dollars." It does not say legal tender. It does not say gold coin of the current weight, or of the weight that Congress in its infinite wisdom has most recently fixed. It says gold coin of the precise weight and fineness that existed on the day that the contract was made. And the judges know, and the government knows, that this clause was inserted by borrowers solely for the purpose of assuring lenders against precisely the sort of change that Congress has made; otherwise there would have been no point in inserting it at all.

The dominant opinion, at the moment of writing, is that the court will somehow find a way, not too humiliating, too inconsistent with its usual ways of reasoning, or too dangerous as a precedent, to hold that the gold clause can be abrogated. But even if there is one chance in ten of the court's deciding the other way, there is too much at stake for Congress not to have some measure immediately in hand for counteracting the potential damage. In my article of April 6, 1932, I suggested that one possible measure would be a special tax:

If the devaluation amounted to 33⅓ per cent, for example, the federal government could place a tax of 33⅓ per cent on all receipts—whether of interest or principal—representing the fulfilment of gold contracts made before the date of devaluation. Such a tax would be no more "discriminatory" than the excise tax on tobacco; it would take away nothing but windfall profits. And though it would not help to relieve the burden on those saddled with gold debts, it would at least secure social justice by preventing gold creditors from profiteering. It would, incidentally—for such a tax could be deducted at the source—bring in very heavy federal revenues.

Proposals similar to this have now been brought forward. Representative Dies is reported to have prepared a bill providing for a tax equal to 40 per cent of the principal and interest on private obligations payable in gold.

I now recognize, however, that this plan would not be adequate. What is necessary is that private debtors be relieved of the burden of having to pay the gold debts, or of the fear of that burden. This can be achieved very simply. It would merely be necessary to make the special tax on gold payments *greater* than the percentage of devaluation. For our present 41 per cent of devaluation, for example, we could place a tax on gold payments of 50 per cent. The result would be that only an occasional crank, bent on cutting off his own nose for the sake of injuring a corporation, would demand gold payment. If he did not demand it, he would receive \$100 new dollars for every \$100 of old debt. If he

did demand it, \$169 new dollars would be set aside for him for \$100 of old debt; but under the 50 per cent tax \$84.50 would be deducted and only \$84.50 forwarded.

It may be said that if the Supreme Court throws out the gold-clause repudiation it would throw out this too, under the "due process" clause or on the ground that it was an obvious dodge. But this is to assume that the Supreme Court would be on the warpath rather than, as I prefer to believe, hopefully on the lookout for some reconciling formula. The Supreme Court has supported obvious dodges before. A significant case is that of the federal tax of 10 per cent placed on the notes of state banks. This was decided in 1869. "That the tax was so excessive as to in-

dicade a purpose on the part of Congress to destroy the franchise of the state bank [Chief Justice Chase] held was a matter which the court could not consider. "The power to tax may be exercised oppressively upon persons, but the responsibility of the legislature is not to the court but to the people, by whom its members are elected." (Charles Warren: "The Supreme Court in U. S. History"; Vol. II, p. 508.)

It seems possible not only for Congress to have such a measure ready, but to adopt it immediately and allay the present uneasiness. Even if it is itself eventually rejected by the court, which does not seem likely, precious time will have been gained for a more permanent solution.

Party Regularity in 1936?

Washington, January 21

THE election of Senator Cutting of New Mexico is to be challenged after all. Notice of contest was filed with the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections by Cutting's opponent, Dennis Chavez. It was quite the most upsetting political development of last week, for it throws into doubt the President's entire informal alliance with the Progressives. Some of them, at least, believe the President himself has thrown down the gauge and could have prevented the contest if he had so willed. The basis of the contest is not yet known, as particulars had not been filed at this writing. Time must elapse before the issue can be decided, since an investigation will have to be held in New Mexico. The contest came as a surprise, for it had been understood that the Democratic leaders in the Senate did not wish to unseat Cutting. Thus the decision for a fight was not made in the Senate, which means that Farley had a hand in it. And Farley could not have acted without authorization from the President.

Now a great deal can be read into this situation. It might even mean that the President has decided to run in 1936 without the help of Progressive leaders. It might mean that the pressure from Democrats in New Mexico and throughout the Southwest was so strong that Farley and the President felt they must heed it. Or it might simply be a personal punishment of Senator Cutting as a man whom the President has grown to dislike. The first of these readings is the hardest to believe, for the President will not be strong enough in 1936 to win without Progressive votes, even if he might think he could dispense with alliances with Progressive leaders. But there would be a certain allure-ment in the idea of making the victory of 1936 a purely Democratic triumph, with no debts owing outside the party. The present Administration is an informal coalition, with Ickes as the symbol of it in the Cabinet, and with many non-partisan appointees in the huge army of New Dealers brought into Washington. Purely party consideration would insist on the coalition ending as soon as it could be managed, so as to give all the jobs to worthy Democrats. But however alluring, the idea does not now appear sound. It is one thing for the President to decapitate Cutting, but it would be incredible to see him break with Norris or La Follette. He needs Norris's loyal support in his power

policy, and he will need La Follette more and more as the outstanding radical in the agricultural Northwest. But the break with Cutting is not easy to justify. Two years ago the President was trying to give him the Interior portfolio, as weighty an assignment as he had to offer. Beyond the fact that Cutting voted for the bonus, there is nothing in his Washington record to explain the change in the President's attitude.

If it were true that the President is now steering into strictly partisan waters, Secretary Ickes would have to ask himself about his own future. It may be far-fetched to dwell for a moment on the troubles he is now enduring, and to speculate whether they have anything to do with his being the one coalitionist in the Cabinet—cynics call him the last liberal. One of his petty annoyances is the torpedo fired at him about the activities of his two subordinates, Burlew and Glavis. This was fired from the White House. It did not explode, but it churned up an ominous channel. The President was able to say he had nothing to do with it. So was Mrs. Roosevelt. The charge against Burlew was that as "bottle-neck" man in the Interior Department he was wielding an insidious influence against certain New Deal enterprises. Whoever else may be convinced that this is so, Secretary Ickes is wholly satisfied with his subordinate and considers him the ablest individual in the department. The charge against Glavis is that in investigating certain Interior matters he overheard a telephone conversation with someone of the White House secretariat. But Ickes is content to have Glavis go on investigating affairs of the Interior Department, the chips to fall where they may, since the Secretary is solemnly, even tediously, determined to have everything in his vast domain strictly honest. A further difficulty for the Secretary is the Moses matter. Now this is an instance where he is not acting on his own behalf—he hardly knows Moses—but is gallantly accepting the brickbats as vicar of his chief. He himself does not say so; he is much too good a sport for that. But the situation needs further deciphering. If there is no White House drive against Progressives, the troubles of Mr. Ickes are not remarkable. But if Cutting is to go and if Progressives are to be shaken off in 1936, Mr. Ickes may reasonably expect still more troubles.

The Moses episode, so far as the public can see, is a

simple case of the President not liking the man. Moses has had the poor grace to attack both the Lehman and the Roosevelt Administration, publicly and privately, while being an employee of both. This, politically speaking, is bad manners. He is being punished as though manners were an important signal ability. Further, the Moses affair makes the Cutting affair look like personal punishment. But this is the most unsatisfactory of all interpretations to recommend, since it would suggest that after two years of patience and good-humor the President had grown fussy about criticism, and was beginning to feel the strain of office.

To come back to Cutting, a good deal of whispering went on in New Mexico, which now is being disseminated in the East. It is worth stating that during the campaign Senator Byrnes, chairman of the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures, sent an agent to New Mexico to make an investigation. He did so without the authorization of his full committee, though what the agent reported was duly laid before the committee. His account contained a certain amount of the New Mexican tittle-tattle, but no real evidence of corruption. The Senate committee considered it carefully and finally decided unanimously not to make an investigation. Senator Byrnes is a loyal Administration man, and one must suppose that this agent, chosen to do the Administration the service of measuring up the election, would have supplied genuine evidence of corruption if it existed.

Huey Long became the first to speak in Cutting's behalf on the floor of the Senate. The large Louisianian nose is sharp. It smelled out the chances for Huey to strike at the White House and make friends with a Progressive at the same time. Last week he was talking about running for President in 1936 with a Progressive as vice-president. And last week, for his part, the President promised second place on the Democratic ticket to Garner, which is certainly a deep and unnecessary tribute to pay to party regularity.

The fears here about the Supreme Court decision on the gold clause subsided last week as quickly as they had risen the week before. The sudden calm was almost as strange as the sudden alarm. The first explanation at hand is that the Administration made known, somewhat tardily, that the gold content of the dollar would not be changed no matter what the court ruled. This intent was demonstrated by the drastic use of the exchange-equalization fund to maintain the decreed level of the dollar abroad, the first really extensive use of the fund yet made. Besides, Washington has more than one way to meet an adverse ruling. It could clap an excise tax on all profits made by collecting gold bonds at \$1.69 to the dollar, which would solve the domestic problem. Or there might be a still simpler procedure. The government might pay its bonds in gold coin as required by contract, then seize the gold from the payee the instant he received it, giving him paper currency in exchange, since the possession of gold coin is illegal. No doubt still other devices have been proposed in addition to the major action of amending the Constitution or enlarging the Supreme Court. Thus the calm of last week was psychological. The possibility of evading the court made it less to be feared. Whatever its function in the American system of government, this was seen to be one of preserving institutions, not destroying them.

R. G. S.

In the Driftway

IF there are no young children about, the Drifter has a few words to say about the much-mooted subject of spinach. For himself, he finds that when it is picked fresh and cooked dry—with most of the sand washed off—it is quite edible, although turnip greens are much better and young beet tops best of all. But a correspondent in Switzerland who will hardly suffer the detested weed on his table sends a recipe for second-day spinach that sounds rather fetching. It is a Swabian dish and is called spinach pudding. You mix cooked spinach—that has been returned from the table uneaten the day before, doubtless—with eggs, butter, flour; lay it on a couple of milk-softened rolls in a pudding dish and boil for two hours. The proportions are properly given in the document received by the Drifter. But it does not really matter. If you put in plenty of butter and eggs, and if your rolls are nicely baked from fine white flour and your milk sweet, then obviously baking them together, even with spinach, would make a very palatable dish.

ALL this is merely a preamble to another document culled by Alice Stone Blackwell out of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It concerns pie. Obviously New England pie, since it was in New England that pie-making first became an art; and obviously in the early days of our New England fathers, because only then were there stomachs big enough and tough enough to receive a daily quota of pie with safety. Hear Mrs. Stowe:

The making of pies at this period assumed vast proportions. Pies were made by forties and fifties and hundreds, and made of everything on the earth and under the earth.

The pie is an English institution which, planted on American soil, forthwith ran rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species. Not merely the old traditional mince pie, but a thousand strictly American seedlings from that main stock evinced the power of American housewives to adapt old institutions to new uses. Pumpkin pies, cranberry pies, huckleberry pies, cherry pies, green-currant pies, peach, pear, and plum pies, custard pies, apple pies, Marlborough pudding pies—pies with top crusts and pies without, pies adorned with all sorts of fanciful flutings and architectural strips laid across and around, and otherwise varied—attested the boundless fertility of the feminine mind when once let loose in a given direction.

The Drifter had some difficulty in digesting even the idea of this much pie. But a note tacked on to it by Mrs. Blackwell sent him reeling from the table. "The surplus pies," Mrs. Blackwell explained, "were stored in a large, cold northern chamber, where they remained safely frozen, and were drawn upon for the use of the family all winter. Pies baked at Thanksgiving often came out fresh and good with the violets of April."

A BENIGN Providence has seen to it that in general we no longer have large cold northern chambers to store hundreds of pies in, and the chances of the human race for survival are correspondingly bettered. But let no

one think that in a day of small apartments and scant storage space, the hiving instinct has failed us entirely. The Drifter has an amiable young friend with a still younger and equally amiable son. "I don't much care about leaving him a fortune," the young father explained. "Or rather, I don't much mind not leaving him one, as I shall not. But I should like to leave him a cellar. I think it would be fine if I could accumulate about 5,000 bottles of really good wine for him. I've arranged for cellar space in a cave under the city—I can't tell you just where—and there I am laying away his inheritance." The Drifter has gradually recovered from his astonishment at this surprising statement, but further to confound his readers he will add that the charmingly romantic and old-fashioned idea came from a metropolitan who is at home nowhere but in New York City, and who is thoroughly au courant with the latest political and literary chit-chat. The cold-pie chamber may have vanished, along with most of the pie, especially at breakfast time. But the cold-pie idea is with us still. Let the revolution be ever so imminent, we still manage to expect next April, and to act accordingly.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Salvemini and the Casa

[Professor Salvemini of Harvard has kindly turned over to *The Nation* for publication the following correspondence between himself and the Graduate Club of Italian Studies at Columbia. It will be recalled by our readers that the three officers of the club in a letter published on November 21, 1934, denied *The Nation's* charges of fascist control in the Italian Department of the university and asserted that "it is part of our program for this year to invite Professor Gaetano Salvemini to speak on some phase of contemporary Italian history." Three and a half weeks after writing this letter the Graduate Club dispatched the invitation. The correspondence printed herewith carries the story from that date until now.]

DEAR PROFESSOR SALVEMINI:

The Graduate Club of Italian Studies together with the History Graduate Club of Columbia University extend you a very cordial invitation to speak at a joint meeting, the week of January 5-11, 1935, on the subject Italian Nationalism from 1870 to the World War. For the past two years we have been working on a series of papers on Italian Nationalism from the French Revolution to Fascism. The series was opened with a general discussion of nationalism in history by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, of the History Department of Columbia University.

In view of the recent exposures in *The Nation* in regard to fascist activities at Columbia University, we think that some explanation is due you in extending this invitation. First, and above all, we do not want you to feel that you are being invited now on account of the statements in *The Nation*. There is no afterthought connected with this invitation. Our regard for you as an eminent Italian scholar and historian is too great. We want you to know that it was our intention to have you come last year, and our invitation was delayed only because we wanted to complete the series of papers on nationalism on which we were then still engaged. Last year no outside speaker

was invited. This year we opened our discussions with a lecture on Italian Lyric Poetry during the Napoleonic Era by Paul Hazard. We have also invited Professor Arthur Livingston to discuss Pareto with us, as well as Professor Irwin Edman of the Philosophy Department of Columbia to discuss the subject of Nationalism in Philosophy.

We sincerely hope that you can arrange to accept our invitation. If the dates mentioned are not suitable will you kindly suggest to us when you will be free to come. We assure you that we all look forward to your coming.

M. F. GRILLI,

For the Graduate Club of Italian Studies
and the History Graduate Club

Casa Italiana, New York, November 28

DEAR MR. GRILLI:

Your invitation to speak at the joint meeting of the Clubs of Italian Studies and of History of Columbia University was gladly received. I have no doubt that—as you have taken the pains to explain—this invitation is not an afterthought connected with the recent exposures in *The Nation* in regard to fascist activities at Columbia University. Since, however, these exposures are now matter of history (we historians are more concerned with facts than with intentions), the general public which does not know the inner details of events might give to



1935—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VIKING PRESS

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LETTERS

FROM

GREENROOM

GHOSTS

by JOHN MASON BROWN

this invitation from your club and to my eventual acceptance of it an interpretation that would not be very flattering either to me or to Columbia University.

Furthermore, I gather from your letter that the headquarters of your club are at the Casa Italiana, and hence that the meeting at which I am invited to speak will take place in the institution of which Professor Prezzolini is the director. In view of these facts I think that to avoid misunderstandings my acceptance of your invitation must be subordinated to one essential condition, and this is that Professor Prezzolini as the director of the Casa Italiana extends to me personally an invitation to attend the meeting of the two clubs at the Casa Italiana. Without such an invitation I do not think it convenient to cross the threshold of that institution.

I venture to suggest also that in view of President Butler's letter to *The Nation*, Professor Prezzolini ought to inform President Butler of this invitation, so that in the case of unfavorable comments or misinterpretations there should be—as you Americans say—"no passing of the bucket."

Cambridge, Mass., December 6 GAETANO SALVEMINI

MY DEAR PROFESSOR SALVEMINI:

We appreciate very much your willingness to address us. However, we regret that Professor Prezzolini will not satisfy the conditions laid down in your letter.

M. F. GRILLI,

For the Graduate Club of Italian Studies
Casa Italiana, New York, December 19

MY DEAR PROFESSOR SALVEMINI:

In view of the fact that we could not meet your conditions in extending our previous invitation to speak to us, and since, as a result, we feel our freedom to invite other speakers in

the future to be uncertain and subject to misunderstandings, the Graduate Club of Italian Studies of Columbia University has decided to sever all connection as an organization with the Casa Italiana and will henceforth hold all its meetings somewhere else on the Columbia University campus.

Since our position as liberal American students interested in the study of Italian culture is now clear and unequivocal, the Graduate Club of Italian Studies has again charged me to renew its invitation to you to speak to us at a joint meeting with the Graduate History Club (whose separate invitation has already been issued to you), at a date convenient to you and on the subject, as suggested in our original invitation, Italian Nationalism from 1870 to the World War.

We are confident that you will arrange to accept this invitation and therefore we look forward to your coming with a great deal of pleasure.

New York, January 9

M. F. GRILLI

A Denial from Ferrero

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I beg you to publish some rectifications to the article by President Butler published in *The Nation* of November 14, 1934.

I have never been asked to give a lecture at the Casa Italiana. I was invited to be a guest there while I was in the States in the spring of 1931, but I did not accept this invitation. I lunched once at the Casa Italiana, but not as guest of the Casa. I was a guest of Mr. Prezzolini, who asked me as a personal friend and not in the name of the institution he is in charge of. At the lunch were five or six professors of Columbia University, but no member of the board of the Casa Italiana. Of this board I never saw anyone except Mr. Prezzolini, whom I knew when he was still in Italy.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Geneva, Switzerland, December 1, 1934



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Contributors to This Issue

LESLIE FORD is the pseudonym of a well-known author.

HENRY HAZLITT, a former editor of *The Nation*, is on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. He is the author of "The Anatomy of Criticism."

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY is the author of "Birth Control: Its Use and Misuse."

MARK VAN DOREN has published this winter his first novel, "The Transients," and a new volume of verse, "A Winter Diary, and Other Poems."

ANITA BRENNER is the author of "Idols Behind Altars."

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON, associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University, has translated many of Pirandello's plays and stories.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is a member of the Department of Education of Brooklyn College and the author of a biography of Samuel Butler.

R. P. BLACKMUR contributes reviews and criticism to various literary periodicals.

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

MARY MCCARTHY frequently reviews books of fiction for *The Nation*.

Labor and Industry

The Newspapers and Child Labor

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

ON December 12 Elisha Hanson, counsel of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, talked over the radio on "The Purity of the Press." "It is to the everlasting credit of the news associations and the press of this country," he declared, "that their work cannot be defiled." The gentleman's claim is a trifle comic in view of the concerted and prejudiced attacks which the A. N. P. A. and many of its member papers, under Mr. Hanson's guidance, have made upon the child-labor amendment during the past year.

The attitude of many of the country's papers toward the amendment underwent a sea change as soon as the newspaper code came up for discussion. From the beginning the publishers argued that the freedom of the press would be abridged should regulations be imposed that would "unreasonably raise the cost of production or unreasonably decrease the return from publishing." The publishers themselves were to determine these limits. President Roosevelt spoke to the point when he said, in signing the newspaper code in February, 1934, "the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution is freedom of expression, and that will be scrupulously respected, but it is not freedom to work children or do business in a fire trap or violate the laws against obscenity, libel, and lewdness." At this time he asked that a further report be made on working conditions among newsboys.

The publishers were quick to assume a sanctimonious air. "The financial end of this question," said Mr. Hanson at the June, 1934, hearings, "does not concern us for a minute. It is not a commercial proposition. It is not child labor, not by any stretch of the imagination." The same argument was elaborated by H. W. Stodghill, president and circulation manager of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* (Ambassador Bingham's paper), and chairman of the welfare committee of the International Circulation Managers' Association. "There is a question," he said at the hearings, "as to whether the work of the newspaper boy is child labor or play by contrast with the errand boy, the messenger boy, the boy that works in a mill. I say it is play." Mr. Stodghill dwelt on the comparative lightness of the newsboy's work, the many benefits offered by his own and other papers in the way of swimming pools, and other social-welfare features.

Compare, now, the publishers' claims with the findings of the Children's Bureau, whose investigators visited seventeen different cities and questioned 1,259 street sellers and 1,830 newspaper carriers under sixteen years of age. While Mr. Stodghill had presented figures showing that the average carrier earned \$3.47 and the average street seller \$3.22 a week, the investigators found that boys under sixteen earned much less than these amounts. Indeed, 17 per cent of the street sellers under sixteen were earning less than 50 cents a week, and two-thirds of this group less than \$2. Among the carriers, 27 per cent earned under \$1 a week and 75 per cent less than \$3. In many localities competition was keen and there was a superfluity of young boys in the field.

Although conditions in some cities were found to be better than in others, the hours which the newsboys worked were hardly conducive to health or to a spirit of "play." One-third of the street sellers were under fourteen, and many of these young boys worked until eight o'clock in the evening and later in the winter. In one small city thirty-six boys out of fifty-eight who were interviewed worked at selling their papers until ten and later. A twelve-year-old boy had the day before worked from the close of school until five o'clock and again from half-past nine until two in the morning. Another twelve-year-old had sold from four o'clock till midnight. Still another was on the streets from eight Saturday morning until two Sunday morning, with one hour out for meals, while on school days he sold from four in the afternoon until midnight and again on Sunday night, earning all told \$2.75 a week.

While the carrier boys do not put in such long hours, the Children's Bureau found that about three-fourths of them start work before six in the morning. The "little merchant" system, furthermore, is a doubtful blessing, since it obliges the boy to solicit accounts, keep books, and collect as well as deliver. The majority of the newspapers, as Mr. Stodghill's own report showed, hold the carriers responsible for the full amount of their bills, and if the boys do not succeed in collecting them, that is their hard luck. One indignant mother, a poor colored woman who testified at the hearings, bewailed the fact that her son was all the time wearing out shoe-leather and yet never got any money for himself. The training in "salesmanship" which is supposed to be so valuable comes close to begging in many instances. One of the model newsboys who was brought to the hearings ended up his fifteen-minute sales talk lamely with the plea, "Now won't you sign this blank and help me win a prize?"

The champions of the newsboy's right to work at any age claim that practically all our eminent citizens got their start selling papers. Some of them may have, but it seems that a good many criminals got their start the same way. According to Warden Lewis E. Lawes, 69 per cent of the inmates of Sing Sing Prison sold newspapers in their youth. The most damaging attack on the newspaper publishers' exploitation of newsboys has come from within their own ranks. The *Daily News* of New York says bluntly, "When our fellow-publishers talk of freedom of the press they mean freedom to hire children to deliver newspapers before light on winter mornings, because children are cheaper." The *New York Post* "wants to see child labor ruthlessly rooted out of our country's economic and social system." Similar courageous expressions of opinion have come from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Milwaukee Journal*, the *Raleigh News-Observer*, and a number of independent small papers. But the straw that must have come near to breaking the publishers' collective back was the editorial pronouncement which appeared in *Editor and Publisher* on June 30, after the hearings. "The fourteen-year limit that is now pro-

posed," this journal said, "against which the circulation departments are crusading, is a sensible and fair proposal. . . . Joining hands with the exploiters of child labor in this country, with demonstrations in favor of a complete let-down of law in regard to child life, is not the way out for the American press."

While the child-labor amendment has had the consistent support of the Scripps-Howard papers, until recently of the Hearst papers, and of a fair number of dailies scattered over the country, a shocking number of papers have changed their views since the agitation began over the newsboys. In 1922 the New York *Herald Tribune* came out strongly for the amendment, but in the spring of 1934, when it was being considered by the state legislature, this influential paper maintained a studied silence. The New York *Sun* was also for the amendment in 1922, but in 1934 it conducted a sharp campaign against it. Altogether some sixty newspapers in the country which had supported the amendment recently as 1933 had a change of heart in 1934, while a still larger number evaded the issue.

More than a few leading journals have devoted a disproportionate amount of editorial space to attacks on the amendment. The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, between March, 1933, and March, 1934, printed fourteen adverse editorials; the Hartford *Courant*, eighteen in the course of ten months; and the Indianapolis *Star*, fourteen editorial attacks in nine months; yet the amendment was not at the time up for consideration in any of these states. In Massachusetts, where it was brought up and was defeated, the Boston *Transcript* came out with five blasts in two months, and the Springfield *Union* with nine adverse editorials in four months. In Kentucky, where the amendment went down to defeat, Ambassador Bingham's two papers, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, printed between them forty-nine adverse editorials from October, 1933, to April, 1934, and broadcast unfavorable propaganda over their radio station. The *Courier-Journal* also supplied its newsboys with form letters which were to be distributed to subscribers. "Dear Subscriber," the letter ran, "reformers are attempting to prohibit through the NRA and through a proposed amendment to the Constitution boys under eighteen years of age from being gainfully employed. . . . I want to ask you to write a note on my behalf to General Hugh S. Johnson. . . ."

These form letters are an instance of the misrepresentation and distortion of facts which have crept into news columns all over the country. The impression has been given, either explicitly or implicitly, that the child-labor amendment, if ratified, would automatically deprive every boy under eighteen of the right to work. A reading of the amendment should show the editorial writers that it merely empowers Congress "to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." No one in his right mind believes that Congress would enact a law prohibiting the employment of persons under eighteen in healthful daytime occupations or making it illegal for parents to require their children to work on the farm or in the kitchen.

The most unfortunate "playing-down" of news favorable to the amendment occurred in connection with two letters which President Roosevelt wrote indorsing it. The first of these, addressed to Mrs. LaRue Brown of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters, read, "Dear Dorothy: Of course I am in favor of the child-labor amendment. . . ."

The letter was released to the Associated Press in Boston on the evening of February 6 and sent out by them only on the New England wires. It was not put on the national hook-up until twenty-four hours later when an inquiry was made by the National Child Labor Committee about the reason for its suppression. The omission was said to be due to bad editorial judgment, nevertheless it may have worked great injury to the cause. The amendment was at the time up for consideration in five states, and the Texas legislators, who voted it down on February 8, might conceivably have been influenced by the President's declaration if they had heard of it.

On November 8 President Roosevelt addressed a second letter of indorsement to Courtney Dinwiddie of the National Child Labor Committee, which was released for publication on November 19. The New York *Herald Tribune* devoted a column to this letter on page 7 of its suburban edition, but dropped it out of the city edition, although the item was not removed from the index. The New York *Times* gave it a short write-up, which was buried in the city edition in the financial section on the page of "unlisted quotations." The *Sun* did not mention it. Only the *World-Telegram*, the *American*, and the *Daily News* gave it adequate display. No mention of the letter appeared under any Associated Press line, although two weeks later, on December 3, the President's indorsement was mentioned in a Washington A. P. dispatch discussing the amendment's chances.

At the present time it appears that the fight in behalf of the newsboy has been lost. At the June hearings the NRA authorities proposed a revision of the publishers' code which would have prohibited the employment of boys under fourteen either as carriers or street sellers (except boys over twelve who already had routes), and would have prohibited carriers being employed before 6 a.m. It was hoped that the Administration would see fit to impose this change, despite the publishers' selfish objections. But nothing was done. Now the Code Authority has proposed for the approval of the publishers substitute provisions which allow boys of twelve to work indiscriminately as carriers, and boys of ten now employed in cities of 50,000 or less to continue as carriers. These rules, furthermore, would allow carriers under sixteen to begin work as early as 5 a.m. These new provisions would seem to constitute the "complete let-down of law in regard to child life" which *Editor and Publisher* deplored in its editorial of June 30. The *Daily News* in commenting says, "Such a system of newspaper child labor is the kind of thing Dickens used to write about—and which Dickens was thought to have largely killed off with his writings."

Still more important than the immediate fate of the newsboy is the fate of the child-labor amendment. In 1933 under the impetus of the New Deal it was revived and ratified by fourteen states in quick succession, but since the newspaper campaign against it got under way in the latter part of 1933, not a single state has ratified it. To date twenty states have voted on it favorably, and it must be indorsed by sixteen more before it will become law. In 1935 it will be considered by twenty-four state legislatures. But public opinion in a number of these states has already been poisoned by newspaper campaigns. Should the amendment be defeated and should the NRA expire in 1935, we may look for a recurrence of child labor in its worst form in sweatshops and mills. The newspapers will then have to take the blame for having killed cock-robin.

Books and Films

All Too Historical

Another Caesar. By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

MUCH of this novel sounds like the novels of Captain Mayne Reid, who never let any information escape his reader if he could help it. When Herr Neumann, for instance, has got Louis Napoleon to that point in his career at which Miss Howard, his English mistress, is about to enter it, he lets us have the following facts full in the face:

Howard is one of the great names of England. The head of the Howard family, the Duke of Norfolk, is the first of the dukes and the hereditary Earl Marshal of England; while the Earls of Suffolk, Carlisle, Nottingham, and the Lord Howard of Glossop represent in the peerage the younger line. In this connection we think also of John Howard, the famous eighteenth-century philanthropist and reformer of prisons. Another Howard whose name is famous was Frederick Howard, major of hussars, killed at Waterloo, immortalized by Byron (himself a relative of the Howards) in the third canto of "Childe Harold."

Now it may seem strange, but I was not thinking also of John Howard as I approached that priceless third sentence. If I was thinking about anything it was the name Glossop. Yet I do not remember thinking about even that, though it occurs to me now that the syllables must have sounded amusing. I had long since been rendered incapable either of thought or of amusement by a historical novel which did not know how to arrange its history, so that, for example, on the three-hundredth page before this one I had been compelled to learn that:

The election of Gregory XVI was the great challenge, the declaration of war. This took place on February 2, 1831, after the conclave had lasted sixty-four days. The revolutionary central committee fixed the central Italian rising for February 5. Modena started two days earlier, on February 3 [yes, that would be the 3rd]; thereupon the notorious Duke of Modena, a Carbonaro, but really a Habsburg provocative agent, bombarded the house of the insurgent leader, who was his personal friend, with grape-shot; shot the place to pieces, arrested the wounded Carbonaro chief and his staff, and sent for the executioner. The news started the flames of revolution in Bologna, Parma, Reggio, Ferrara, and Ravenna, on the 5th; the movement spread like wildfire through all the States of the Church, through the Legations, the Delegations, through Romagna and Umbria.

Neumann's novel is as dull as that. Not that those facts are dull in themselves; but Neumann does nothing more with them than I have indicated. They mean nothing to the reader; they are never alluded to again; they were never needed or desired in a work presumably occupied with the story of one man, Louis Napoleon, nephew of the Emperor and one day to be Napoleon III. There are thousands of facts just like them in the book—copied, I suspect, directly from notes which the author once took with the idea that he might give them life if occasion arose; but having more the air of annotations which some assistant professor will compose in future years for a school edition; supposing the novel breathes that long, which of course it will not, since it is already dead.

Even the hero is dead. Louis Napoleon himself was never very much alive, but I can imagine something better being done with him than the thing Neumann has done. Neumann has understood the pathos of his hero's position, and has gone to enough trouble to erect a theory about his character; but he has presented him in a series of episodes and conversations,

many of them prematurely and febrilely climactic, which is never more than a temporal series. The events of Louis's life and the aspects of his strange, weak, stubborn, waxy character do not compose. They remain as stringy and indigestible as Modena and Glossop, and as far apart as history is from fiction. At least bad history, which I take this to be because it is so singularly uninteresting. History is interesting and so is fiction; but Herr Neumann's kind of historical novel is as near to nothing as the human mind can come.

MARK VAN DOREN

Man's Fate on the Pampas

Don Segundo Sombra: Shadows on the Pampas. By Ricardo Güiraldes. Translated by Harriet de Onis. With an Introduction by Waldo Frank. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

WALDO FRANK says in his introduction to this story from the Argentine that it "occupies a place in Argentinian letters not unrelated to that of 'Huckleberry Finn' in ours." It is the story of an orphan boy, he points out, on his own in a frontier day. Other critics remark that it is more like a Western thriller, since it is a story about cowboy life, and they compare Güiraldes to Jack London. To me it suggests irresistibly "Moby Dick" because of its underlying theme—the pursuit of some enormous mystery, and against that the shaping of human lives in a noble pattern, on a grand, exciting scale.

These different aspects of the book have a common denominator, the thing sensed in it by everybody who reads it. It is unmistakably an American book. It has the feel of space, endless and generous and dangerous; the vigor and nobility of youth; the casual ruthlessness, the horseplay, and the enormous hopefulness of the primitive. Its thread of mysticism—the inarticulate emotions of a man riding alone at the head of thousands of cattle, across hundreds of miles—is also the sense, the excited awe, of explorers, prospectors, whalers, migrants, and pioneers.

Don Segundo Sombra, the hero of the book, rides into the life of the boy who tells the story when that boy is a small-town tough, escaping from two pious and petty "aunts" to go fishing and to hang around saloons. He has become a shrewd little guttersnipe and spends his time clowning maliciously, picking up spare pennies however he can, or brooding uncomfortably by the river. Sly subtleties in public places have made him well aware that there is a shadow on his birth. His aunts are not exactly fond of him. Yet an "uncle" whose ranch he once visited gave him two ponies and a poncho, so that when Don Segundo Sombra, the almost legendary *gaucho*, rides into his town at dusk one day, a complete vision of escape flashes into his head. He departs, with his ponies and his poncho, to lead a brave man's life, the *gaucho* life of Don Segundo Sombra.

What he pursues when he rides out to find Don Segundo Sombra is this: "I stood still and watched the silhouette of horse and rider strangely magnified against the glowing sky. It was as if I had seen a vision, a shade, a something which passes and is more a thought than a living thing; a something that drew me as a deep pool draws down within it the current of a river." So he attaches himself to the *gaucho*, watches him, listens, obeys. And together with him rides from ranch to ranch, from round-up to fair, to make a marvelously colorful and dramatic tale.

Güiraldes says Don Segundo Sombra was a real person. Frank says he met him when he was in the Argentine. But in the story Don Segundo Sombra is also a complete ideal, like our own frontier heroes. He is courageous, silent, modest,

witty, and completely sure of himself. Of course he can rope, saddle, ride, break horses, dance and sing, and tell stories better than anybody else. But he was something more than these things. He was *gaucho* inside as well as out, and therefore, says the boy who took him as a model, "only Don Segundo seemed to escape the fatal law that events play with us and make us dance to every vagrant tune." As he broke green horses, as he dominated broncos, so he dominated life itself. He had "the strength of the pampas." The silent land gave him "something of its greatness and its unconcern." And because he had somehow eliminated fear, "the result was that while the rest of us were heading toward death, he seemed to be on the way back."

Don Segundo Sombra as a complete personification of young Argentine, young America, and manhood making its own fate is probably the triple reason that the book has long since become a classic in the Spanish language, one of those literary mountain peaks at once a widely popular story and a book to be studied in school. Mrs. de Onis has made a superb translation. It is informal, colloquial, and yet true. The decorations by Howard Willard are slight, but they bring out the gay and picaresque plot of the book.

ANITA BRENNER

Stories by Pirandello

Better Think Twice About It and Twelve Other Stories. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur and Henrie Mayne. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

THIS is by far the most readable and charming of the many Pirandello volumes that we have had. The translators have made it a point to bring together here stories that catch Pirandello in his fairly rare moods of unmixed joy and good nature, when he forgets, and allows his reader to forget, the cosmic horror of never knowing who one really is, and so permits himself to enjoy to the full the mirth that is inherent in his many ingenious situations. It is a side of Pirandello that is too seldom stressed, and his popularity among English readers should gain immensely from it. Here as usual we find many subjects that have been treated also in dramatic form. The Other Son and the inimitably sportive The Jar (which may be seen occasionally in operatic form at the Metropolitan) figure among the one-act plays. *Better Think Twice About It* appears as "Pensaci, Giacomino" among the better of the three-act comedies (the motif of the aged schoolmaster who marries a girl-wife to get even with the government, which will have to pay her pension). The Call to Duty is none other than "Man, Beast, and Virtue," which Brock Pemberton naughtily slipped over on a Broadway Sunday-night audience as "Say It with Flowers" (in the story it is said with handkerchiefs). What, among the novelties, will make this volume unforgettable will be, I venture, *The Quick and the Dead*. That surely is one of the best short stories ever written. It is perfection itself, and not a word, not an undertone, could by any stretch of the imagination be altered in it (the sea captain who, by an act of God, is left with two wives, sets up two homes in the same town, alternating voyages between them, and has two sets of "legitimate children," one child every five months). The Madonna's Gift, in its pathos, is in the more familiar Pirandellian vein (the saint mistaken for the thief), while *The Captive*, too, has a typical thrust of irony (it is better to be rid of life than to be compelled to live it). Chants the Epistle has its taste of bitter-sweet, with the emphasis this time on the side of the sweet (there is error in translation in the title: in Italian, as in other languages, in nouns made up of a verb plus an object, the verb is in the imperative; "Canta l'epistola" is "Chant the Epistle"). It's Noth-

ing Serious is perhaps not altogether in tone in this collection—a mere banality, a man who marries a halfwit in order to escape matrimony. Novel, instead, will prove a little rosary of charmingly fanciful animal stories—*The King Set Free*, *The Crow of Mizzaro*, *Black Horses*. The translators of this collection are finding some delicious bits in the fourteen volumes of the "Tales for a Whole Year." One looks forward with anticipation to others.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

A Poet Turns Novelist

The Transients. By Mark Van Doren. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

HAVING read many poems by Mark Van Doren, I felt that he was more interested in what grass does, how animals move, how wind blows than in what people do, what people feel. There are no people in his poems; if there are it is mainly for gardening or looking at non-human things. There is a great intimacy with the inanimate, the subhuman, the small, the far. There is always the watching eye that looks and looks until the watcher becomes the watched; the profound absorption in appearances that becomes identification, a blood knowledge as incommunicable as sleep. There is silence and fear and the burden of time flying. The eyes, the nerves, and the pulse are merged in something beyond the seen that is timeless, that simply is. This is rest from the messy incompleteness of the brain's and the heart's futile strivings, which are not so much fled from as coldly ignored.

But a novel, I thought, must be about people, unless it is about machinery, which this one surely won't be. It will be set in village or country, mostly outdoors. Nature will be more important than human nature. There will be detail of movement and pattern of activity but a certain blankness of final impression. It will have the quality of loneliness beneath the sky and of silence. I was fascinated by my idea of what the novel would be like, and I continued to be fascinated by what it turned out to be. It was what I had thought, but a great deal more.

There are four main characters, two mortals and two immortal beings from another world, transiently clothed with humanity. There are three episodes, the love of each mortal for an immortal, the love of the two immortals for each other. They are here for a short time only. They may remain and become human or return to their former state, of which they remember only that it is pure being, bodiless and perfect, knowledge and happiness instantaneous and eternal, needing no organs and no expression. The woman wants to stay, but the man, though he loves her, loves more the impersonal serene existence, wise, painless, and beautiful. He has observed that human life consists mainly of hurting and being hurt. He escapes from her, and during this escape each meets and is loved by a mortal. But later she finds him again and seeks to bind him to earth.

Although the episodes interlock, each has a special quality and completeness. The first, the love of the girl Madge for the strange creature John Bole, who is arrested for hitchhiking and lodged in the one-room jail attached to her father's house, seems to me extremely beautiful. Madge, a girl of potential character, a slangy little thing, interested in parties and boy friends, becomes through her love for Bole an authentically tragic figure. And this is done realistically and simply, for her English grows no better while her spirit is tempered and purified by her suffering. She loves Bole and follows him, knowing that he must shortly leave her.

The love of Stephen for Margaret, the woman immortal, is in another key, for Stephen is a spoiled child of fortune,

though a charming one. He can command a perfect setting for his idyl, and tries to imprison her in it. He loves her with wonder and humility, yet his love has not the poignancy of Madge's. He suffers but he will recover. Margaret vanishes and he does not find her again, but he does not have to see her walk away with his rival as Madge does her lover. For Margaret, after leaving him, finds Bole on the road with Madge and quietly takes him away. Her victory, however, is only over Madge. She must now conquer Bole for herself, wean him from his adoration of an imagined principle of life to actual living. Her struggle to do this constitutes the last episode.

The language and the setting are simple. The other-worldliness is all in the feelings and behind the feelings of the beings involved. There is homeliness in the speech and air of the first episode. This is New England; these people are Yankees, Madge, her father and mother. They talk of the strangeness of Bole as he might be talked of in any village kitchen. The author's long habit of looking has flowered in one of the most pictorial of novels. It is a series of scenes that remain in the memory, and these scenes have the emphasis on movement that one finds in the poems, greatly heightened in meaning. In the poignant scenes of Madge's two visits to Bole in the jail, one remembers, as though one tasted their salt, her tears on his cheek. When he eats a farewell breakfast with her and her mother, her resolute turning away of her face as she serves him, the prodigiously achieved flippancy of her speech produce an effect of intolerable tension, which is later released when she slips through a back window to join him. Many such instances might be cited. The two women, one mortal, one wishing to be, have much simplicity and womanliness in common, and John, the immortal, is a good deal like many mortal men. He loves women well, but fundamentally he loves something else better, though he doesn't quite know what it is; kind, charming, and ruthless, he will take all that they have to give him on the way there, enriching them with a pain that is almost understanding, while himself shrinking from giving or receiving pain. The existence he longs for is a dissolution in still air, a spirit of peace and vacancy in the quiet of country afternoons, on sunny hillsides, something that the watching eye and receptive heart will feel as perfection, and Margaret must make the decision to follow him there or not.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

A Psychogenic Goodness

Heaven's My Destination. By Thornton Wilder. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

PERHAPS the great bulk of the immediate readers of this romance will be among the subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month Club, of which it is the January selection. There is a flier from the *News* of that club, written by Henry Seidel Canby, to which it is therefore pertinent to refer. Dr. Canby compares "Heaven's My Destination" with "Don Quixote," "Pilgrim's Progress," Sinclair Lewis, Ruth Draper, and an unwritten book by Voltaire. But it is "Don Quixote" without the tolerance and gaiety, "Pilgrim's Progress" without Bunyan's passion or allegory; it is the Sinclair Lewis of "Free Air" not "Arrowsmith"; it is Ruth Draper without the irony or taste, Voltaire with neither wit nor intellectual rage. Dr. Canby teaches us that when applied with a ladle rather than a juster measure comparisons are indeed odious. For the rest, there are matters more naturally within the book itself which may be made to characterize it more firmly, if on another level, than Dr. Canby's encomiums.

Superficially, as every reviewer has noted at length, Mr.

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Wilder has purged his style and altered his subject; there is neither verbal sophistication nor ritual sonority of theme; there is, rather, a lively, entertaining novel of picaresque incident presenting the twenty-fourth year of the life of George Brush in plain but highly literate idiom. Brush is a Middle Westerner traveling in schoolbooks; he is also a primitive American Christian and a disciple of Gandhi. The combination of occupation and scene with a radically dissociated personal point of view puts him in constant conflict with everyone he meets. To the ordinary American, either pretentiously hard-boiled or inarticulately simple, with whom he mostly deals, he seems either a pig-headed religious freak with no sense of reality or a high-minded prig with a passion for butting into other people's business. Mr. Wilder has chosen, quite rightly for certainty of immediate effect and interest, to represent his theme in terms of humorous incident. Thus we see Brush made the victim of practical jokes, arrested for misunderstandings, and married, because of a principle, to a woman he does not love. The sense of reality is secured by showing, with the heightening power of humor, the reaction of "normal" people to a personality they take to be absurd. The clinching irony lies in the author's objective rendering of the different incidents; by the objectivity the "normal" people gain a new proportion in the absorbed light of their victim's personality. There are few authors with both enough skill and enough purpose to make such comment either possible or relevant. But even the reader who fails to apprehend either the purpose or the skill can yet, if he merely lets himself go, enjoy the immediate value of the achieved effect—which represents, I suppose, a triumph of craft.

Fundamentally, in the important aspects of his work, Mr. Wilder has not altered much; he has merely matured his technique, dropped meretricious ballast, and shifted his angle of vision. That his substance remains constant is perhaps indicated by the quotation from his own "The Woman of Andros" on the title page: "Of all the forms of genius, goodness has the longest awkward age." Certainly it is with the representation of goodness, conceived in terms of the Christian insight and posed in conflict with the world, that Mr. Wilder has always been concerned. Goodness, not intelligence (as with James), not passion (as with Balzac), not the rational life (as with Mann) is the predominating theme. It is goodness, too, taken not merely as a quality or a resource but as the final vocation of life, and it is the special goodness of the Christian insight; which is to say that, as with the great novelists, the theme is made omnivorous and inclusive.

Every artist may be granted his theme with the proviso that he represent it to the limits called for. In Mr. Wilder's case there are two difficulties which interfere with complete initial assent. There is the difficulty of Christianity and there is the difficulty of the limit of the form of Mr. Wilder's imagination. Christianity is no longer, in the phrase of Ramón Fernandez, quite to our spiritual baking—not in the Catholicism of T. S. Eliot, in the Tomists, or in Mr. Wilder's humaner form. As a fundamental, governing assumption in the affairs of our own day it is hard to swallow; so that when George Brush is presented as a heresy—an exaggerated instance—of Christian goodness, neither the heresy nor the implied corrective in the off-stage figure of Father Pasziewski (who, hearing of Brush and his goodness, prays for him on Fridays) can be easily digested as matters of dramatic belief. Thus, too, some of Brush's opponents, particularly the unregenerate Harvard intellectual, seem set up like ninepins solely for the purpose of being knocked over. The reader has, for more than immediate satisfaction, to perform an operation which he is not equipped for: he has to provide the substance of the spiritual reality of which Mr. Wilder supplies only the outward sign. However successful superficially, which is a great deal, good-

ness which is merely imputed has not enough authority to substantiate a theme.

It requires, for natural unbelievers, either the persuasion of communicated passion in the phrase or deliberate representation. Dostoevski's character Alyosha—with whom Dr. Canby might profitably have compared George Brush—gains the complete assent of the reader as to his profound Christian goodness because he is so thoroughly represented both in conflict and alone. Dostoevski employed an imaginative form of large enough scope to require complete representation; Mr. Wilder does not, employing rather the mode of the rigidly selected item, the hint, the indication, the light touch. If I may draw an analogue from the art of painting, Mr. Wilder uses the mode of outline and inner markings where Dostoevski uses the mode of total visual effect. So far as literature is concerned, the difference between the two modes is this: where Dostoevski depends the least on an assumed fundamental agreement with his readers, exactly at that point Mr. Wilder depends the most. Since with Mr. Wilder the agreement does not widely exist, the reality, not of the theme, but of his special instance of it, seems at a critical point without the authority of art, and merely psychogenic, a matter of intention. Thus Mr. Wilder achieves a success which is secondary and provisional when on every other ground it ought to have been primary and certain.

R. P. BLACKMUR

Case History

We Are Betrayed. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is by far the most interesting volume in Vardis Fisher's tetralogy, of which two volumes, "In Tragic Life" and "Passions Spin the Plot," have already appeared. The hero, Vridar, is grown now, married to a girl from his own Antelope Hill country. This section of a morbidly fascinating case history is concerned with the young man's college years, with his brief experience in a training camp during the World War, and with his violent and varied post-war disillusionments. "We Are Betrayed" is better written and more important in subject matter than the earlier volumes largely because the main, and almost only, character is now adult. He is no longer dwelling on the petty though terrible sex experiences of his early youth, but is examining himself as an adult and as he reflects the lives of others. This volume, therefore, gives the first hint of universality of theme. It remains, nevertheless, the study of a morbidly sensitive, frightfully egocentric personality. Through his intense desire to be utterly honest with himself and with all his friends and associates Vridar succeeds, in his passionate self-absorption, in treating those he loves more cruelly than might the most villainous of men. This book is an account of how the man and the artist together kill the woman loved.

One gets no clear character portrayals in such a book as this—actually no one exists except Vridar. Nor is this volume, any more than the others, truly a novel. Every sensation of the author has been set down, and since his is so violent and absorbed a mind—a mind certainly a little mad—they are all set down with great intensity. We see Nelo, his sweetheart and wife, his college professors, his family, his soldier companions, his friends, his intellectual mistress, through his eyes. One suspects that Nelo might have told a very different story about herself. One realizes that many of these people must have seen in Vridar the fool, the madman, the destroying, self-centered person he obviously was. The author, to give him full credit, is not unaware that he is showing us a character

by no means so noble as this suffering hero with the tremendous passions obviously believes himself to be. No writer could put Vridar down on paper and not see his faults. But in this case the novelist—or biographer—is more concerned with writing a completely “honest” account of a life than with the effect his protagonist produces on the reader.

There is more invention in this volume than in the earlier ones. Vridar, loving Neloia with a Lawrencian blindness, and choosing deliberately to leave her for the impossible Athene, symbol of his mind and its needs, is drawn in good measure from life. But one doubts whether he drove Neloia to suicide in quite the manner he describes. These last chapters are exciting, well constructed. The only difficulty is that one has been borne through the book on great waves of agony and as a result the final climax hardly surpasses the many preceding ones.

We leave the hero reading Marx (“Except for the faint light of Marx, I’ve found nothing yet in books to sustain me”), and perhaps some humility, some realization of himself as one of many, will result. So far, he has been the complete romanticist, Byronian in his frenzies, the modern Faust fully equipped with a Freudian psychology.

Mr. Fisher has provided us with absorbing reading, particularly as he has analyzed his hero’s most intimate acts and thoughts, but he has so far not succeeded in creating literature. He writes with power, but the difficulty is that power forever turned on at full force loses some of its effectiveness. There is little variety in mood, little selection, little change of tone or tempo throughout the book. If Mr. Fisher could learn restraint in the use of the power he obviously possesses, if he could introduce more variety into his tone, if he could give to a wider range of characters as much reality as he gives to Vridar, he would be a novelist to reckon with.

EDA LOU WALTON

Pass the Salt

Lightship. By Archie Binns. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.
Lost Horizon. By James Hilton. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

Mary Peters. By Mary Ellen Chase. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

February Hill. By Victoria Lincoln. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Shipmates. By Isabel Carter. William R. Scott. \$2.50.

EVERY year at the holiday season the critical brothers fall victim to an epidemic of list-making. Probably every critic on every daily and every weekly in the city of New York, and doubtless elsewhere, composes his or her list of “My Favorite Books,” “Best Books of the Year,” “Books to Give Your Friends for Christmas.” The value of this annual game is, I think, greatly overrated. Lists can be made which are serious, disinterested estimates of a year’s literary activity, but too frequently they become mere exhibitionistic frolics in which the critic has all the pleasure of airing his prejudices with none of the pain of defending them. This year, early in the game, *The Nation* published its own list, which was, I truly believe, compiled in the sober spirit I mention above. Whatever its spirit, it evoked what amounted to a howl of protest from the daily papers. Critics were vociferously hurt to find that *The Nation* (and for that matter, the *New Republic*) had failed to include their favorite novels. One commentator, dashing into the fray with her own list, announced that *The Nation*’s selections in fiction would spoil anybody’s Christmas dinner, to which *The Nation* can only reply that its selections were not intended to be taken as an apéritif.

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However, in the midst of all this excitement *The Nation* found on its shelves five novels of the 1934 season, four of them critics' "favorites," all of them in or near the best-seller class, and all still unreviewed. These were the five: "Lightship," "Lost Horizon," "Mary Peters," "February Hill," and "Shipmates." In exhuming them now, when most of them are already on their way to oblivion, *The Nation* is not writing a codicil to its list. This review is really nothing more than an explanatory footnote.

These five neglected novels have very little in common. Three are sea stories, one a tale of adventure, one a bawdy romance. There are but two qualities they share, and the first is a splendid, sickening mediocrity. They are not bad books; they are, for the most part, competently written. They are the work of patient craftsmen who have learned how to write a smooth, grammatical sentence, how to manipulate a conventional plot, how to make a character look vaguely like a human being.

James Hilton, for example has sat at the feet of more masters than I can name, and as far as I can judge from "Lost Horizon," he will never be more than an obedient disciple. From Somerset Maugham and Lord Dunsany he has taken the old stunt that involves two former Oxford men who meet in a club in a distant spot and fall to discussing the adventures of a mutual friend. When the strange story ends, there you are, back in the security of the British club, and you wonder: was it real, or was it but a winter's tale told near a comfortable fireside? For the rest of his plot Mr. Hilton must have turned to Sax Rohmer, for throughout the novel you have the uneasy feeling that at any moment, out from behind a tapestry in the luxurious Tibetan monastery, will step your old acquaintance, Dr. Fu Manchu. In the same fashion, Mr. Binns, Miss Chase, and Miss Carter, authors of the sea stories, have all come to realize that a disaster at sea can give a reader—or a movie-goer—a sound emotional wallop, and someone has unquestionably told Miss Lincoln, progenitrix of "February Hill," that you can always get a laugh out of a dirty joke.

But beyond these few simple, traditional devices, the authors of the five novels have learned and felt little. In "February Hill" Victoria Lincoln has created two characters, a wicked old woman and a wicked young child, who, while not deeply realized, are at least memorable. Of the other characters in the novels this cannot be said; two weeks after the books have been put aside their names will be forgotten. Of Mary Peters and her mother, Sarah, one knows nothing but the constantly iterated fact that they are "brave women." The heroine of "Shipmates" has not much more than a continual giggle to distinguish her from the rest of the human race. It is the same with "Lost Horizon" and "Lightship." The essential mediocrity of all the books reveals itself most strongly in their presentation of character. The situations are there, but the people, weakly sketched, are not large enough to fill them.

In a second respect are the novels alike, and it is this common quality which probably accounts for their popularity. They are all escape novels. Whether the action takes place on a nineteenth-century vessel or a modern lightship anchored off Puget Sound, whether in lonely Tibet or strike-ridden Fall River, it is never at any time concerned with problems which are to contemporary human beings real and pressing. The action of all seems to take place in some kind of vacuum where satire is never sharp and pain is suffused with a pleasurable melancholy. If one wishes to be melodramatic one can call them anodyne, narcotic, but such epithets give them a dignity and a power that they do not in themselves possess. They are, in essence, pure, old-fashioned treacle, and if they were taken as pre-Christmas nourishment, I hope they were accompanied by a side-dish of bitter aloes and Attic salt.

MARY MCCARTHY

Shorter Notices

Memory of Love. By Bessie Breuer. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

Here is an extremely interesting first novel. A number of well-known writers have, as usual, written extravagant blurbs for it, and it will probably suffer from being overpraised. It is the story of a love affair between a virile but weak man and a strong, confused girl, a love affair that begins in simple lust and ends in high, almost Platonic passion. The character of the man is badly conceived, so much so that he seems more a woman's dream of a forceful male than a living member of the masculine sex. The writing is often strained and perfervid. Yet, for all its faults, Miss Breuer has managed to condense into her short book such a terrific sense of the agonizing, yearning power of half-fulfilled love that it is more affecting than a dozen well-executed novels. Miss Breuer's intensity of feeling is real, and if she will rid herself of a certain fake intensity of style, her next novel will lack the blurry quality that defaces "Memory of Love."

Via Mala. By John Knittel. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

This vast and sluggish novel of 667 pages deals with life and crime in a Swiss Alpine canton. Its publishers boast that it has already gone through several editions abroad, though how this was accomplished is a problem more fascinating than the central problem of the novel. Mr. Knittel's book occupies itself with the ancient but perhaps burning question: Is murder ever justifiable? His villain and central character, Jonas Jauretz, is a drunken owner of a sawmill, who abuses his family in a violent but unconvincing fashion. His maltreated relatives finally take matters into their own hands and murder him. The rest of the novel is devoted to the state of their consciences after the fearful event. The characters whom Mr. Knittel manipulates through this drama of primitive passion are unreal in conception, jerky in movement. The few chunks of modern political philosophy which are tossed at random into the book are altogether infantile, and the prose reads like a bad literal translation of a foreign novel. One may commend Mr. Knittel only for his energy in putting together such a tremendous opus.

Pitcairn's Island. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

The Tale of a Shipwreck. By James Norman Hall. Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

"Pitcairn's Island" completes the trilogy of high adventure of which "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Men Against the Sea" were the first two volumes. Here we are told what happened to Fletcher Christian and his mutineers after they left Tahiti for the second time, to be seen no more by their former associates. Only one survived to tell the story of how they landed on a little paradise, where food and water was abundant, where the climate never harassed them, where there were no dangerous beasts, where the scenery was all that could have been asked for. And as did their Biblical ancestors before them, they lost their Eden because of the greed and anger in their own hearts. Like the best romances, that is, "Pitcairn's Island" has a moral. The story of the Bounty began in violence, and with violence it came to its end. For with the death of Christian and Young, it may be said to have ended, although their children survived to be discovered by Europeans and to be betrayed by Christian missionaries, the familiar fate of the South Sea islands. But this pathetic ending to the tale was not told until Mr. Hall wrote his "Tale of a Shipwreck." He went to Pitcairn's Island to see for himself what was left of the little society which Christian had founded. He, too, was

shipwrecked on the way back and had to make a portion of his passage in a small boat, just as Bligh had done. This is a fitting epilogue to as grand a tale of sea romance as we have had in a long time. Whether it is "true" or not, in the sense of whether or not Mr. Nordhoff and Mr. Hall have correctly interpreted the facts that have come down to us about the Bounty mutiny and its consequences, matters less than that their account is spirited, direct, passionate, and always interesting. It has the truth of art; the reader could not ask for more.

Background for Venus. By James Laver. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This new novel by the author of "Nymph Errant" is mildly entertaining and quite unimportant. The fashionable art world of London is its background; its hero is a gifted young artist who sells himself out to the fleshpots and thereby destroys himself. Its plot is intricate enough for any taste, and it plays melodrama against a rather crude satire in the accepted modern fashion. Unfortunately, Mr. Laver's wit is not sufficiently sharp nor his emotions sufficiently profound to lift a mediocre tale into high comedy or into tragedy. Yet the novel is so unassuming that one cannot be angry with it for its shallowness. One can only think, a shade regretfully, of what Evelyn Waugh would have done with the plot.

Films

Blood and Glory

IT would undoubtedly surprise the founders of this commonwealth very much to hear their descendants loudly applauding two recent Hollywood pictures which are nothing more or less than testimonials to the glory of British domination. Yet this is the curious spectacle that may be witnessed this week at two New York theaters not hitherto open to the insinuation of Anglophilia. "Clive of India" at the Rivoli celebrates the founding in the eighteenth century of that empire which is being so stoutly defended today in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" at the Paramount. It is not easy to offer an explanation for this sudden devotion to the cause of British imperialism on the part of Hollywood producers. There is of course the possibility that the warnings which Mr. Hearst used to issue on the subject of British propaganda in this country were not properly heeded. But in the absence of any evidence of this sort one must look elsewhere for an explanation. Perhaps one need look no farther than the mind of the average American motion-picture audience, to which one empire is probably the same as any other. It is probable, in other words, that nothing more portentous lies behind these pictures than the inveterate human attraction for destruction, carnage, torture, and bloodshed. If the story of British rule in India has so suddenly become a popular film subject, it may only be because it is so rich in opportunities for playing on the more ferocious modes of heroic conduct. For the heroic note, which reappeared last season with such biographical pictures as "Catherine the Great" and "Viva Villa," has apparently come to stay: the current Broadway screen is gory with the blood of heroes of all nationalities. Nor is it altogether surprising that, in a period of tension like the present, screen audiences should like to relieve their feelings now and then by a few orgies of blood and glory.

At the same time not all spectators will be so easily able to suspend their intelligences before such spectacles; and for these people everything in the two films just mentioned is likely to be vitiated by the essential phoniness of their assumptions. For them Lord Clive will appear less the romantic hero

~~~~~ Not Even Supposed to Exist! ~~~~~

## The SEX LIFE of the UNMARRIED ADULT

Edited by Ira S. Wile, M.D.

The contributors include Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, Margaret Mead, Prof. Ernest R. Groves, Mary Beard, Prof. Ernest W. Burgess, Horace M. Kallen, Prof. Robert Morss Lovett, Lorine Pruette, Morris L. Ernst, Prof. N. W. Ingalls.

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that Hollywood makes him out to be and more the ruthless opportunist, forger, and taker of bribes that he actually was. The little band of intrepid British warriors in the other picture will hardly be distinguishable from any band of marauders in an alien country. And these disturbing reflections will seriously hamper any response of a purely emotional or dramatic order. It will be difficult to feel properly sympathetic toward Lady Clive (Loretta Young) when her husband (Ronald Colman) is off fighting for his "honor," to admire the rigorous patriotism of the Lancer colonel who makes his son suffer the penalty of breaking discipline, or to work up the necessary resentment against the Indian prince who tortures the two young officers (Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone) in the same picture. "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" is the better film only in the sense that in covering more ground it provides a more considerable distraction for the eye. An expensive display of Hollywood incoherence, it is at least colorful, noisy, and varied in movement. So much cannot be said for "Clive of India," which is a niggardly production in every respect. The Indian background is skimmed for the sake of interminable marital dialogues in a London drawing-room. The horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta are not even indicated, and the attack of the battle elephants at Plassey is a grave disappointment.

Between these two films and the film that has just opened at the Cameo there is an almost absolute difference. "Chapayev" is also a hymn to action; its hero is a warrior who thinks nothing of risking his life for a cause. But the action is so indissolubly related to a clearly defined theme that both the emotions and the intelligence of the spectator are engaged from beginning to end. The action, in a word, has some meaning for the mind. This is not to suggest that like so many recent Soviet productions "Chapayev" is another sermon on the Lenin mausoleum. Its meaning is projected entirely in terms of individual character. Chapayev, who was one of the best-known leaders of the red forces during the civil war in 1917, is presented "in the round"—undoubtedly the most successful achievement in this kind of characterization that the Soviet studios have yet managed. As an impetuous and strong-willed hero he exercises all the seduction that this type of individual always exercises in history and in the theater. He is even endowed with a generous overflow of rich peasant humor. But he is also made to illustrate the consequences of this sort of temperament when it is not subordinated to some outside authority. Like all true tragic heroes, Chapayev suffers from an excess of self-confidence; and he comes to disaster when he refuses to heed the orders of the commissar from Moscow—the remote and abstract symbol of authority in the film.

It is not possible to enumerate all the things in this picture which contribute to making it one of the most magnificent that have ever come to us from the Soviet Union. The performance of Babochkin in the title role should become a classic model of what acting on the screen can be; and the same might be said for most of the other players in the film. As for the handling of the war scenes—the "psychological attack" of the White Guards in particular—it illustrates to what extent successful pictorial design on the screen depends on sharpness of thematic intention. The vigorous aesthetic pattern in the attack scene, for example, is based exactly on the collision of psychological forces in the story. In the Soviet Union the picture has taken on the importance of a political event—and for obvious reasons. But for the rest of the world it may serve to demonstrate how every quality of an artistic work derives from its possession of a clearly recognizable and intelligible theme.

WILLIAM TROY

[The dramatic column is unavoidably omitted from this issue because of the illness of Joseph Wood Krutch. It will appear next week as usual.]





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THE SINKING OF THE MOHAWK off Sea Girt, New Jersey, only a couple of weeks after the Havana grounded on a Bahaman coral reef and four months after the Morro Castle disaster, provides a final indictment in the total charge of criminal negligence against the Ward Line. In these three wrecks 181 lives have been lost. In each case carelessness in the ordinary performance of duty has been coupled with evidence of low standards of construction and maintenance. The Mohawk, it is true, was owned by the Clyde-Mallory Line and chartered to the Ward Line to fill the vacancy left by the stranded Havana, but the companies are affiliated and the guilt, if guilt is proved, will be attached to both. But the question of individual or corporate blame is a small one beside the larger issue of the standards of ship construction and maintenance which should be established by law for all lines. We do not need to await the end of the inquiry to set down certain known facts and conclusions—one of which is that a generous share of blame for at least two of the recent disasters belongs to the United States government. If the hull of the Mohawk had been adequately divided into watertight compartments, she should not have foundered as the result of her collision with the Talisman. The International Con-

vention for Safety of Life at Sea in 1929 adopted safety standards among which were provisions that the hulls of passenger ships should be so subdivided that when any two compartments were flooded the ship would have enough reserve buoyancy to remain afloat. This country is the only major maritime nation that has failed to ratify the convention which our delegates approved. While all our recently built transatlantic ships conform to the highest standards, a coastwise line may use its own special hull designs, which need not conform to the requirements internationally agreed upon. Immediate ratification of the international convention by the Senate may save many lives in the future even though it cannot wipe out past tragedies.

THE JAPANESE INVASION of Chahar is ominous, not as a further attack on China, but as an indication of a Sino-Japanese alliance directed against the Chinese Communists and the Soviet Union. Nanking's assertion that a clash involving several thousand Chinese and Japanese troops was purely a "local affair" merely demonstrates to the world what impartial observers had long surmised: that Chiang Kai-shek has completely sold out to Japan. Rumors of an impending Japanese advance into Chahar have been circulating for many months, yet last November Chiang transferred 145,000 northern troops to central China. Of the troops dispatched no less than 50,000 were taken from the forces of Sun Cheh-yuan, military chieftain of Chahar. This action appears to have been part of a concerted move to place north China completely under Japanese control. A reorganization of the local government was carried out in December in which all officials suspected of harboring anti-Japanese sentiments were removed from their positions. At the same time a virtual reign of terror was launched against individuals and groups in the community who were believed to be anti-Japanese. Among those arrested were several of China's most distinguished educators and a large number of students from the Peiping National University. Particularly prominent was Professor Feng Yu-lan, dean of the Liberal Arts School of Tsing-hua University (the institution maintained by American Boxer-indemnity funds), who was arrested and taken to a military prison at Paotingfu because he was reputed to have delivered lectures favorable to the Soviet Union. In addition, two well-known generals who had achieved renown for their activities in the defense of Jehol in 1933 were wounded by members of Chiang Kai-shek's pseudo-fascist "Blue Jackets" and after being removed to a hospital in the French concession of Tientsin, were extradited by Chinese authorities on charges of Communist activity and executed.

THE PARTICULAR SECTION of Chahar which the Japanese have taken over is important only as a stepping-stone to further advance into Inner Mongolia. Should the Japanese follow up their present drive by occupying Kalgan, they will not only be in a favorable position to strike at Russia through Outer Mongolia but—and this is of immediate importance—will be able to prevent the establish-



ment of communications between Soviet Russia and the newly formed Communist areas in Kweichow and Szechuan. For despite the optimistic bulletins issued periodically by Chiang Kai-shek's press agents, it is evident that both Nanking and Tokyo are seriously concerned over the success of the Chinese Red Army's westward march. Nor does one need to look far to see the basis of their perturbation. In their former location the Soviet districts formed a buffer between the rival forces of Nanking and Canton, and the two armies could be induced to cooperate against them. Once the reds have consolidated their power in the west, Chiang dares not send his picked troops against them for fear the Cantonese may attack his flank. Moreover, large sections of the population which are not Communist by conviction have come to view the Red Army as the sole defense against Japanese imperialism. As every new concession which Chiang makes to Japan serves to enlarge this group, the Japanese have been placed in the paradoxical position of being the true envoys of communism in the East. Unless the United States and the Western powers find some means of checking Japanese aggression, we may be faced with a gigantic social upheaval of which the outcome cannot be predicted.

**LLOYD GEORGE'S CALL** for a New Deal may land him in the National Government, but not because it intends to scrap its staid conservatism and meekly accept him as a Welsh replica of the Great Spender of the White House. All British developments these days are to be read first as preliminaries to the next general election. The National Government has chosen to remain "national," which means conservative beneath a thin outer coalition garment. But a garment consisting only of the National Liberalism of Sir John Simon and the Labor rags of Mr. MacDonald is embarrassingly transparent. If Lloyd George could be added, the coalition would be one of all capitalist parties against Labor. This year the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the king will be celebrated with an outpouring of sentimentality of which the wedding of the Duke of Kent was a saccharine foretaste. While the mists of sweet loyalty are still in the air the National Government is expected to appeal to the country. But it needs to have a real coalition, and Lloyd George, though he can boast a record-breaking array of enemies, is better forgiven and absorbed than hated and left to exert his brilliant talents in the opposition. He can only be won over if there is some spending, and some no doubt will be ventured. A five-year road-building program already has been promised. But we shall be astonished if there is any on the Washington scale, or to the point of unbalancing the British budget.

**CONSIDERABLE CREDIT** must be given to the League of Nations for having found a formula for easing the tension in the difficult Abyssinian controversy. Although Teclé Hawariate, Abyssinian delegate at Geneva, was unable to force the League Council to take up his country's protest against Italy, his efforts were responsible for a compromise which is much better than could have been achieved if no League had existed. As a result of pressure at the Council table, Italy has agreed to withdraw its demands for an apology and an indemnity and to negotiate "in the spirit of" the 1928 treaty. While direct negotiations between a large power and a backward country bereft of in-

fluent friends are unlikely to produce justice, they may at least prevent a war in which the weaker country would be suddenly absorbed by the larger. The incident is further evidence of the emergency of a new technique in international affairs; the old game is being played under somewhat different and more refined rules.

**EXCEPTION IS BEING TAKEN** elsewhere in this issue to the President's ruling on the controversy between the Newspaper Guild and the publishers. And as we write, the child-labor amendment is going through its periodical grilling at Albany. It is perhaps pertinent therefore to put the two things together and to remind our readers that the newspaper publishers—who are so very anxious that the question of their employment of labor be removed from the jurisdiction of meddlesome government boards—are the largest and most stubborn employers of child labor in the country. As Dorothy Dunbar Bromley pointed out in last week's issue, the Division of Research and Planning of the NRA proposed as an amendment to the newspaper code that the minimum age of employment for girls in selling and delivering papers be fixed at eighteen and for boys at fourteen, provided that boys of twelve or over already employed in delivery work could continue. It was also proposed to prohibit boys under sixteen from selling or delivering papers at night or early in the morning, before school hours. The newspaper publishers flatly refused this infringement of what they like to call the freedom of the press. The standards finally sent to the employers for approval permit delivery boys to work at twelve years, and provide that those ten years old now employed in cities of 50,000 or less may continue their employment. The minimum age for street sellers is fixed at fourteen years except in cities of 50,000 or less, where it is fixed at twelve. Delivery boys are permitted to begin work at 5 a. m. instead of at 6 a. m. as at first proposed. The thought of a ten-year-old child beginning his working day at five o'clock, with five hours of school ahead of him, is something which even the opponents of the child-labor amendment may find a little hard to contemplate.

**WHILE MR. HEARST** is conducting his campaign against subversive influences in the colleges, he should take special notice of that radical publication the *Literary Digest*. In conducting its peace poll of the American colleges, the *Digest* raises some extremely "un-American" questions. Through its prompting, 5,400 youths—18 per cent of the total—declare that they would not fight even if the United States were invaded. Only 20 per cent of the students replying to the poll subscribed to the favorite Hearst doctrine that a navy and air force second to none would be the best means of preserving peace, while a small majority favored joining the League of Nations. Lest Hearst be discouraged regarding the efficacy of his life endeavor, we make haste to point out that in the gigantic British peace poll still under way the results reveal an even greater international bias. More than 970,000 out of 1,500,000 voters favor remaining in the League, while 93 per cent desire the abolition of private profits in the munitions trade—a possibility not even suggested in the American poll. Although we doubt whether true pacifism can be either engendered or tested by the marking of ballots, we find ourselves heartily in support of the experiment when we



read such a statement as that recently made by Sir John Simon—that “the question of war and peace is not one on which the opinion of the uninstructed should be invited.” The instructed, unfortunately, are just those whose opinion cannot be consulted; they lie beneath the sod on Flanders field.

**T**HE REPORT of the Cuban Commission of the Foreign Policy Association just released might well be entitled “Cuba in Chaos.” After years of political and business dictatorship, backed or imposed by American interests, the population has been reduced to an economic level comparable to that of Asia. Out of this misery has grown a militant but thwarted labor movement which has kept the country in a state of constant turmoil. To remedy the situation the commission recommends, among other measures, a reorganization of the island’s economy on the basis of a more diversified agriculture and the development of small independently owned farms. It also advocates the permanent adoption of the principles of sugar control contained in the Chadbourne plan and the Jones-Costigan Act, with further measures to extend these principles by Cuban legislation. It recognizes, however, that no solution is possible without a drastic change in the policy of the United States. While the report hedges somewhat in placing responsibility for the overthrow of the Grau government upon the American State Department, the inference is nevertheless plain. Taken as a whole the report is scholarly and comprehensive, though we share the feeling of many liberal Cubans that its recommendations fall short of meeting the needs of the island.

**T**HE CASE OF WARD H. RODGERS, who was recently convicted of “anarchy” at Marked Tree, Arkansas, and sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of \$500, is not an isolated phenomenon. As usual, it marks the eruption of one of the numerous economic volcanoes which underly the surface of American life. The volcano in this instance is the whole plantation system of the South with its thousands of share-croppers existing at a level that makes the “subsistence income” of the social economists look like Coolidge prosperity; and the present eruption may be traced directly to what the AAA has done—and left undone—in connection with its crop-reduction program. Our next issue will contain a comprehensive article on the situation written by William R. Amberson of the University of Tennessee in collaboration with Mr. Rodgers himself. For the present it is sufficient to say that the central issue in Mr. Rodgers’s case is not anarchy but his activity in organizing the Southern Tenant Farmers’ Union, which admits both blacks and whites and which is attempting among other things to prevent the eviction of share-croppers. Literally thousands of these people throughout the South are in danger of losing what little livelihood they have because the planters with whom AAA contracts are made, while accepting government funds, are violating Section 7 of the contract providing that landlords shall keep a “normal number of tenants and other employees.” Mr. Rodgers has now been released on bail and three of the charges have been dropped (including inciting to riot and the use of profane language). But the battle is only beginning. C. T. Carpenter, a lawyer of Marked Tree, is defending Mr. Rodgers and the share-croppers at the certain cost of any future career in that section. Funds both

for the defense of Mr. Rodgers and to prevent wholesale evictions are being raised by the Emergency Committee for Strikers’ Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which Norman Thomas is chairman. Meanwhile we suggest that newspapers in search of good dramatic American copy might well transfer a few reporters from Flemington, New Jersey, to Marked Tree, Arkansas.

## More Trouble for Ickes

**O**UR article on Justice in the Virgin Islands of two weeks ago has been the detonator to explode the whole question of partisanship in Washington. Secretary Ickes, already on the defensive as a Republican in the Cabinet in control of a great volume of public expenditure, has been pushed back to perhaps his rearmost trench, and the patronage-passers are gloriously in the ascendancy. The part our article played in this is worth reviewing. Mr. Ickes, who is a subscriber to *The Nation*, was greatly interested when he read our account of Judge Wilson’s conduct in the Virgin Islands, part of his domain as Secretary. He wanted it reproduced for circulation in the department, and it passed to the press department for that purpose. The head of the department had a toothache, and his subordinate issued the article as a memorandum to the press. The rule in the department is that no press release is to be issued without the O.K. of the Secretary himself. Mr. Ickes was in New York that day, and *The Nation* article became an official release without the O.K. of anyone. Since the article had commented on the appointment of Judge Wilson through Homer Cummings via Jim Farley via Pat Harrison, and was now an official release of the Department of the Interior, it was construed as an attack by that department upon the men named.

Too late the department tried to recall the memorandum, and the storm at once became violent. Senator Harrison angrily promised to deal with Mr. Ickes in the Senate, and rushed to the White House with a protest, emerging to tell the correspondents what a fine man Judge Wilson really is. It became necessary to promise the House, then debating the work-relief bill, that Mr. Ickes would not be allowed to spend the four-billion-dollar fund. All the old grievances against Mr. Ickes flared up. Mr. Ickes returned from New York and promptly issued an explanation and an apology to Cummings, Farley, and Harrison, and there for the moment the matter rests. But explosions of this nature almost always produce changes in the landscape. A minor one, we hear, is that Governor Pearson of the Virgin Islands, a Pennsylvania Republican named by Hoover, will be either investigated by Congress or replaced by a worthy Democrat, or both. Judge Wilson might also have to go, to keep the victory of patronage-passing from being too one-sided. But the major change may prove to be in the position of Mr. Ickes himself. The resentment against him is really not because of his enthusiasm for an article in *The Nation*, but because he is grit in the oil which keeps party politics running smoothly. This frustrates and infuriates the politicians. Despite his shortcomings we regard Mr. Ickes as a great asset to the Administration, the outstanding symbol of its bipartisanship. If he should have to go—and perhaps his days are numbered—it will not be for his faults but for his virtues.



# The Letter to Mr. Biddle

THE President's letter to Chairman Biddle of the National Labor Relations Board was both a left-handed rebuke for its intervention in the Jennings case and the formulation of principles to guide the board in cases arising from labor tribunals set up under codes. As a rebuke it adequately scored Mr. Richberg's revenge against Mr. Biddle for having had the courage to override him, the President's Number One adviser, in assuming jurisdiction in the newspaper case. Mr. Richberg has shown that he is stronger at the White House than Mr. Biddle, at least when he is heavily reinforced by the organized newspaper publishers of America. Unfortunately, he has shown as well that he is stronger than simple concepts of accuracy and of the basic democratic principles of government. For the President's letter is deceptive and dangerous. It is deceptive because it gives a false impression that labor boards under the codes are functioning and should be left alone, and so advertises the President's and Mr. Richberg's shocking ignorance of, or indifference to, the history of labor adjudication under the codes. A substantiation of this charge will be found in our Washington letter in this issue. It is dangerous because it attempts to set up procedure which would permit no appeal from code tribunals on findings of fact, and no appeal on the interpretation of law save to the President himself, who thus would assume both the judicial and the executive function of government. The letter does leave the NLRB the right to inquire into the constitution of a code tribunal if appealed to, and to decide whether Section 7-a has been correctly interpreted by such a tribunal. But it is then to make recommendations only to the President, and he becomes Judge, a minor matter perhaps but ominous if it reveals a new attitude on his part toward his future under the New Deal.

Now we do not challenge the authority of the President to limit the jurisdiction of the NLRB. He established it by executive order under Public Resolution No. 44. What he gives in one executive order he can take away in another. But his letter was not an executive order; it was a "request." The President asked the board to reduce its own jurisdiction. If the board does so it will be conniving with the President in limiting the rights which labor was guaranteed under the law, and the President alone will not have to take all the blame. But the board did not at once resign, and it has not yet shown whether it will voluntarily reduce its jurisdiction. For our part we see strong reasons for its resigning, though we know that the board was urged not to do so by liberals and organized labor in the hope that the air would be cleared by legislation in the present session of Congress. Resignation last week would have been over an issue to be clearly understood by the simplest of that great army of forgotten men, workers without real collective bargaining. It would have meant that the board refused of itself to deprive labor of rights already enacted into law. It also would have meant that the board refused to acquiesce in a practice which virtually turns labor adjudication under the codes into compulsory arbitration; and that it did not care to see the President assuming the power to be the final judge on questions of law.

Our Washington correspondent believes the President's letter was drafted chiefly by Mr. Richberg, who ought to know that there are no codes whose labor tribunals now bring in "final and enforceable" decisions. It is mendacious to give the impression that the NLRB, if it intrudes, is obstructing the operation of a working system. We are not interested in the technicalities, but we are interested in whether it is possible under the codes for a worker, penalized for union activities, to receive justice. The fact is that not a single tribunal set up by a code has made a single "final" decision which has been enforced by an agency of the government. Further, it is doubtful as a question of law whether any of these tribunals have the power to bring in "final" and enforceable decisions, as the President states. Mr. Richberg thinks the newspaper board has. The newspaper board itself does not know, for it voted on the issue and divided four to four. When Blackwell Smith, general counsel of the NRA, argued before the Biddle board on its jurisdiction in the Jennings case he did not deny the right of appeal to the board; he simply urged that the newspaper board should reach a decision first, which then might be appealed. But this is not the point we wish to stress. What troubles us is that the practice now outlined by the President gives the code boards the power to bring in findings without the right of appeal except on the interpretation of the law. This is close to compulsory arbitration, and it may be that the President knows this better than anyone else and wants it that way. But he would be advised to consult someone besides Mr. Richberg on this point, since the great body of labor opinion is and will remain steadfastly opposed to compulsory arbitration.

The disheartening truth about the President's entire labor policy is that he has stood idly by while collective bargaining was scuttled by resolute obstruction, that he himself has whittled it away, and that he even himself urged labor, as in the negotiations for a steel truce, to accept less than it possesses under the law. It is also disheartening, we admit, that the A. F. of L. is not strong enough to make its power felt, or wise enough to build up its power to hold the gains it has been given under the law. If it were, the President's chief labor oracle would not be Mr. Richberg, and the letter to Mr. Biddle would not have been written. But the question is not whether labor is strong or wisely led. The question is what kind of civilization the President is building. If the New Deal is to be an economic democracy, the President, while he would be wise in not becoming himself the leader of labor and in not anticipating a nationwide labor strength which does not exist, would not frustrate and humiliate publicly a board of law and seek to reduce its competence. He is touching here what should be one of the fundamentals of a new social order, and it can never be firmer than he himself allows it to be. We feel that the letter to Mr. Biddle was petty and mean in trying to give the impression that all is well with the labor tribunals under the codes and that Mr. Biddle has been obtrusive. But we feel it was much worse for betraying how little intention the President himself has of driving straight ahead to the enforcement of the law on collective bargaining.



## Picketing Playwrights

**L**AST week the Theater Guild's public was treated to an unusual and engaging spectacle when it met on the sidewalk two protesting playwrights who were passing out handbills instead of writing letters to dramatic editors. The two in question were Paul Sifton, author of "1931," as well as of "Midnight," which the Guild itself produced four seasons ago, and Virgil Geddes, who puts on his own plays in a Connecticut barn when he is not writing pamphlets against Eugene O'Neill. Each playwright was the meat in a sandwich bearing the legend "The Guild Is Unfair to New Playwrights," and each was provided with handbills explaining their case:

It is generally presumed by theatergoers, critics, and playwrights that the Theater Guild encourages the development of new writers. . . . A glance at the Guild's publicity will show that it has constantly salved its conscience by buying script after script and then inferentially promising them as parts of its program. It makes no consistent effort to produce these plays. . . . How is the American theater to grow in quality and importance if the Theater Guild is allowed to continue its policy of making gestures to fresh talent without putting this talent before its audiences by way of production?

Just what the public thought of this new kind of picketing it would be hard to say, and the Guild itself has made no official answer, though its unofficial one probably is that it does not know what the protesters are talking about. A check of its record shows that during the present and the preceding seven seasons it has produced fifty-three plays. Of these, twenty-seven were by American writers, and eight of the twenty-seven were by dramatists whom the Guild was introducing for the first time to a New York audience. It is true, we believe, that it recently paid Mr. Sifton \$500 for a six months' option on a play which it later released to him before the option had expired. It is also true that it still holds a similar option, several times renewed, on a play by Mr. Geddes. But it is, after all, only following an established theatrical custom. A producer undecided about a certain script sometimes keeps the author dangling without any recompense as long as possible, but it is generally considered fairer to make him an advance against possible royalties and to forfeit the sum if the play is not produced within the specified period. This procedure is called "taking an option," and no promise to produce is made or implied; if it were there would be no point in securing the option. Doubtless the Guild would be willing to release Mr. Geddes if he should find someone else anxious to produce his play, and, in fact, it did once release him only to take the script back again when the second manager also failed to act. Meanwhile it probably feels that it is at least doing him no harm by paying for the privilege of holding a play which no one else seems to want.

Various questions are nevertheless involved in the dispute. Some of them are almost too large to open because they could not possibly be answered by anyone not ready to announce a solution of the whole problem of the commercial theater and to define the extent of its duty to risk in probably unprofitable productions the profits which it must make if it is to operate at all. There remain, how-

ever, two separate and smaller questions: Does the established custom of taking options tend in general to work unnecessary hardships on the dramatist; and has the Guild been guilty of a specific injustice in its dealings with these two particular writers or with other "new playwrights?"

Many new playwrights would undoubtedly answer the first question in the affirmative. It is a well-known fact that manuscripts often languish for years in the offices of one manager after another, and that the dramatic author must put up with delays usually unknown to the novelist, who may generally expect a prompt yes or no from every publisher to whom he submits his work. But it is, on the other hand, rather difficult to see how the situation can be avoided so long as play production depends upon so many factors. Mr. Sifton's rejected play dealt, we believe, with Nazi Germany, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the flat failure of another Guild play on the same subject, coupled with the equally flat failure of still another put on by a different producer, led the directors of the Guild to decide that the public was not interested in dramatic treatments of the theme.

As to the individual grievances of Mr. Sifton and Mr. Geddes, it is hard for an outsider to judge. They have every right to appeal to the public, but that public, however sympathetic it may be to new talent, is hardly in a position to know whether or not it would like to see the plays which the Guild has considered. Evidently the Guild believes that the public would not, and there the matter must rest until the Guild changes its mind or until the two playwrights find some other means of getting their work before the public.

## Two Years of Hitler

**N**O single event since the World War has had such profound influence on the world as Hitler's assumption of power on January 30, 1933. An overwhelming majority of Germans will insist, in most cases quite sincerely, that the two years which have elapsed since that date have brought a unity, a spiritual and moral awakening, unprecedented in German history. Regarding the first of these assertions there can be little doubt. The two years have been utilized to achieve a consolidation of power and a "coordination" of all existing social institutions which have apparently made the Nazis secure from internal attack for a number of years to come. True, a certain amount of open opposition has been encountered, particularly from the churches, but in each case Hitler has had his way without making any substantial concessions. The one serious setback suffered on the political front was the internecine strife which led to the blood bath of June 30 and the subsequent disarming and virtual disbandment of the once powerful Storm Troops. Even this appears to have been accomplished without appreciably weakening Hitler's hold on the masses of the German people.

On the economic front the evidence is somewhat contradictory but distinctly less favorable to the Nazis. While they boast of having reduced unemployment from approximately 6,000,000 in February, 1933, to 2,350,000 in November, 1934, the actual gain, after making allowance for the



number absorbed by work camps or otherwise employed at subnormal wages and the women and young people arbitrarily removed from the register, is believed to be less than half as large. It is true that the index of industrial activity has risen from 65 to 86 during this period, but this has been due largely to the expansion of the iron-and-steel industry and other enterprises engaged in "preparing for armament equality." Moreover, there are many indications that re-employment and increased business activity have been bought at a price which threatens to be exorbitant. The expansion of credit necessary to finance Hitler's rehabilitation program has tended to boost German prices above the world level, with catastrophic effect on the Reich's balance of payments. For the twelve months of 1934 German exports were 15 per cent less than in 1933, while imports—despite rigid restrictions—increased 5 per cent, transforming a favorable trade balance of 667,000,000 marks in 1933 into a deficit of 283,000,000 in 1934. This contrasted with a favorable balance of 1,072,000,000 marks in the year prior to Hitler's accession to power. Even after making allowance for the relief gained through the moratorium on foreign debts, the deficit in Germany's balance of payments for 1934 is estimated to be more than 600,000,000 marks, which can be met only by a ruthless reduction of industrial costs or further restriction of imports. Of the two possibilities, the drift is clearly toward self-sufficiency, with an accompanying reduction in living standards.

At home the price of Hitler's program of public works and war preparation has been paid primarily by the working class. Nominal wages have remained stable or declined slightly, in the face of a rise in the cost of living which is shown in official figures to be over 5 per cent and is reputed to be nearer 15 per cent. Total payrolls have not increased as rapidly as employment, indicating a decline in per capita wages.

It is not surprising, however, that Hitler's main defeats should have been encountered in the international sphere. Ballyhoo and pageantry were never calculated to be particularly effective when dealing with rival powers. The vote in the Saar plebiscite stands as the one conspicuous success achieved outside the boundaries of the Reich, and this was doubtless due to the thoroughly German outlook of the Saarlanders. Even in Austria, which is only slightly less German, the Nazis have fumbled every opportunity which has presented itself. In addition, they have alienated the countries which were formerly friendly to the Reich's desire for treaty revision. Alarmed by reckless Nazi statements regarding the necessity for expansion to the East, the Soviet Union has been forced into a defensive agreement with France. The recent Franco-Italian pact completed the disintegration of the former revisionist bloc and left the Reich even more isolated than in 1917.

Let no one jump to the conclusion, however, that foreign hostility is likely to weaken Hitler's hold on the German people. Dictators long since discovered that the best way of strengthening their position at home is through the unscrupulous exploitation of anti-foreign feeling. The spectacle of declining exports may yet force a shift in policy, but it will not provoke an uprising against Nazi rule. This does not mean, of course, that the Germans have an insatiable appetite for such inanities as are quoted elsewhere in this issue. High-powered political evangelism may serve as the

stock in trade of a party struggling to achieve power, but it becomes merely ridiculous when utilized by a party in power to cover up its shortcomings. The so-called spiritual awakening is, after all, little more than a frenzy of nationalistic emotion which can scarcely be expected to endure. Already we find Hitler depending less on propaganda and more on the army as the basis of his rule. This tendency may be interpreted as a first sign of approaching decay, but for the time being it represents unquestioned power.

## Hunting for Hawaii

WE have discovered a game especially designed for unhappy Americans who sit in the dentists' waiting-rooms confronted with one extraction and a half-hour of leisure. It is called Hunting for Hawaii and can be played by one or more people with almost any magazine. In last week's issue of *The Nation* Leslie Ford outlined the campaign of publicity masquerading as non-advertising matter by which the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau, in behalf of the Hawaiian sugar planters, is attempting to defeat the Jones-Costigan Act by asserting that Hawaii is part of the United States. We had just sent the magazine to press with its burden of exposure and were attempting to forget about Hawaii and the chicanery of sugar planters when we sank into a waiting-room chair and picked up *House and Garden* for January. Hawaiian Adventure in Houses and Gardens ran the title of the leading article, by Margaret McElroy. We quote three sentences:

... I saw a decorating idea on the outside of the hotel that could well be transplanted to houses in other sunny portions of the United States. ... Two pages of this smart Hawaiian furniture will appear in the next issue of *House and Garden*. ... Decoration in Honolulu—this westernmost city of the United States—is as varied and exciting as the gardens.

It should be added that the February issue did contain two pages of smart Hawaiian furniture. It also contained a smart full-page advertisement, in gorgeous colors, outlining the delights of a Hawaiian vacation. In *Harper's Bazaar* for January Robert Mack describes the "Tang of Hawaii" in glowing sentences. In fact his language is so other-worldly that this sentence in his penultimate paragraph seems somewhat incongruous.

Although [these islands] are part of the United States, none of our jangle is evident.

It is a very short article, although the photographs are large and beautiful. In the same issue is a quarter-page advertisement of Hawaiian pineapple juice, not in color.

*House Beautiful* for January contains an article by George Tichenor called Invitation to Hawaii, in which he, too, ingenuously refers to "the Hawaiian Islands—the southernmost point of the United States." Our game was interrupted at this point, but we hope we have indicated its fascination. We urge our readers to take it up—and to the one who collects the largest number of statements (not labeled advertisements) that Hawaii is part of the United States we will present a large Hawaiian pineapple handsomely engraved.



# Issues and Men

## On a "Pollyanna Optimism"

THE writer of this series has again been accused, in one of the numerous letters that come to him in praise or criticism of his writings, of indulging in a "Pollyanna optimism." He has been urged to "wake out of his Rip Van Winkle sleep" and realize some of the hard facts of life—"that there is no Santa Claus, and that babies do not come by means of storks." Well, the complaint is not new; curiously enough, I am always being accused of being either a complete and hopeless pessimist or a doddering and rapidly aging optimist. I never seem to occupy any middle ground in the estimation of my critics.

None the less, I want once more to subject myself to denunciation as an impossible optimist by pointing out as a basis for cheer and encouragement, certain facts, certain events that happened within one week, in a stupid and almost hopeless world, which ever since 1914 has seemed bent upon suicide. Here they are. President Roosevelt sent a message to Congress asking adoption of his plan for permanent unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and benefits to needy mothers and children. On the same day Prime Minister Bennett of Canada, through the Governor-General's speech from the throne, announced in Ottawa that reform measures would be submitted to the Canadian Parliament "as part of a comprehensive program designed to remedy the social and economic injustices now prevailing, and insure to all classes and parts of the country a greater equality in the distribution of the benefits of the capitalist system." The measures proposed relate to unemployment, sickness, and old-age insurance for the worker, minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, taxation more in conformance with ability to pay, protection of the investing public against exploitation, safeguarding of the consumer and primary producer against unfair trading practices, and regulation of "concentration in production and distribution in the interest of the public."

In addition, on the same day Lloyd George, with the support of Philip Snowden, started his campaign for a New Deal in England. He began by saying: "I take my hat off to the American President because he is a man of rare courage." He added a little later: "President Roosevelt started out with recovery but soon learned that a new order is necessary. Premier Bennett of Canada has made the same discovery." Now I ask—in my best Pollyanna manner—whether three such happenings on a single day do not afford ground for the belief that we are progressing. Of course I realize just what kind of politician Mr. Lloyd George is and always has been, and I find I have a good deal of sympathy with the London *Daily Herald*, which sees little that is radical and only a "small and modest program of reform" in Lloyd George's utterances. They are somewhat ambiguous, these proposals, but can anyone deny that they lead in the right direction? I am realistic enough, too, to know that Premier Bennett has been frightened into his reform plans by the evident threat of a Liberal success in the coming parliamentary elections. But again I say it is extraordinarily stimulating to see the head of the Con-

servative Party in Canada taking over a large part of Roosevelt's New Deal, about which our American conservatives have been so exercised, and proposing to enact it into law for the benefit of the people. I don't care a fig for the Premier's motives, nor shall I stop to measure exactly the amount of progress and social justice that his program promises. I am content to record that he is orienting Canada along new lines and bringing some cheer to the masses.

And similarly as to President Roosevelt's proposals. I know that they are less than half a loaf. To all social workers and students of our present conditions they are disappointing. The idea of suggesting only a \$4,900,000 appropriation for unemployment insurance in the fiscal year 1936 and on the same day asking of Congress an immediate appropriation of \$5,000,000 for the construction of a giant dirigible to cross the Atlantic, when we know how easily these dirigibles can be wrecked! All in all the Roosevelt security program is one of the weakest ever presented in this field in any important country. And yet I am thrilled by it; I am full of enthusiasm and unashamed. For it is a great entering wedge. It establishes the principle of the responsibility of the state for these things. When I look back on all the years that some of us have been advocating the assumption of this responsibility, I feel I have a right to cheer. I never expected to live to see this beginning made in even one field; to have it undertaken in three fields at once is astounding, indeed. It is all the more so if one remembers that there was nothing whatever in President Roosevelt's electoral campaign or in the Democratic platform of 1932 to give us the slightest expectation that he would lead the country in this direction. As one who has always asked for a full loaf in the field of human justice, I propose to have a thoroughly good time when I get a fraction of that loaf, for I know how stupid are nations, how timid are our political leaders, how foolish and worse our big business rulers.

Was it merely an accident that three such programs came out in these countries on the very same day? I don't think so. I believe that these are signs of the turning of the tide. It is certainly proof that three great democratic countries have come to realize that at least in some degree they have got to put their houses in order if they are going to head off the twin menaces of fascism and communism. There is only one way they can do it, and that is by proving that democracy contains within itself the power to remove the monstrous mass of special privilege, injustice, and economic inequality which has produced such gross evils as to make many men doubt the ability of the democratic system to grapple with modern capitalism and the machine age. Not rejoice at this? Why, anyone who doesn't is no friend to democracy or humanity.

Bruce Garrison Villard



A Cartoon by LOW



SITTING UP AND TAKING NOURISHMENT.

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# The Hitlerites on Hitlerism

## Quotations from the Nazi Press

Compiled by JOHN GUNTHER

### Religion

**C**HRIST cannot possibly have been a Jew. I don't have to prove that scientifically. It is a fact.—DR. GOEBBELS, Minister of Propaganda.

Hitler is a new, a greater, and a more powerful Jesus Christ.—ALOIS SPANIOL, leader of the Nazis in the Saar.

The Pope is a Jew whose real name is Lippmann.—*Völkische Beobachter*, official Nazi newspaper.

Though their historical forms come from the Orient, all religions are derived from German monotheism, because the Nordic race originated religion.—PROFESSOR HERMANN HOLLANDER, Nazi theologian.

Adolf Hitler is the real Holy Ghost.—DR. KERRL, chairman of the Prussian Diet.

Roman Catholics are the black vultures of German nationalism and the drummers of discord in the German nation. We will not stop until we have scratched them out of the lives of the German people.—STORM TROOP LEADER AMMERLAHN.

The creator of mankind appeared 2,000 years ago in the form of Christ. Today God reveals himself to the German people again in the form of Hitler.—*Welt des Kaufmanns*, trade paper.

In its newly begun chapter of history, the German people has elected Adolf Hitler as its champion before God.—DR. FRANK, Reichscommissar for Justice.

### Art

When I hear the word "culture," I pick up my revolver.—HANS JOHST, president of the poet's academy.

### Morals

National Socialism welcomes everything that tends to maintain the race on a healthy Aryan standard. It is quite immaterial whether the children are legitimate or illegitimate.—*Deutsche Textil-Arbeiter*, trade journal.

The Germans have no feeling of guilt or that they are born sinners. Even if the German sins he does not lose direct connection with God.—PROFESSOR FREDERICK HAUER, of Tübingen University.

I treasure an ordinary prostitute above a married Jewess.—DR. GOEBBELS, Minister of Propaganda.

### Phonetics

Generally speaking, the Nordic race alone can emit sounds of untroubled clearness, whereas among non-Nordic men and races the pronunciation is impure, the individual sounds are more confused and like the noises made by animals, such as barking, snoring, sniffing, squeaking.

That birds can learn to talk better than other animals is explained by the fact that their mouths are Nordic in

structure—that is, high, narrow, and short-tongued. The shape of the Nordic gum allows a superior movement of the tongue.—HERMANN GAUCH, in "Neue Grundlagen der Rassenforschung."

### Foreign Affairs

Our Brown Shirts saved France from bolshevism, and even now with its Stavisky scandal and Paris street riots, things are not in order there.—DR. GOEBBELS, Minister of Propaganda.

No land in Europe is so dominated by Jews as England is, and yet England hardly realizes it. Queen Victoria carefully guarded the documents that purported to prove her descent from King David. . . . For many years the highest government appointments have been held by Jews. Among the great newspapers in Jewish hands are the *Daily Welsh [sic]* and the *Sunday [sic]*.—*Der Stürmer*, Nürnberg.

Germany must no longer be the world's spittoon.—PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM, grandson of the ex-Kaiser.

### Anthropology

If non-Nordics are more closely allied to monkeys and apes than to Nordics, why is it possible for them to mate with Nordics and not with apes? The answer is this. It has not been proved that non-Nordics cannot mate with apes.—HERMANN GAUCH, *op. cit.*

### War and Peace

From St. Stephen's Church in Vienna to the Strasbourg cathedral in Lorraine, from the ancient church of the Teutonic Knights in Riga, the chimes do not ring out in unison with these bells of the German cathedral of Aachen. The work is not yet finished. The eagle does not yet stretch its wings from Aachen to Vienna, from the gates of Burgundy to the German sea in the Near East, from the Alps to the coast. But the work will be finished.—VON LUNINCK, provincial governor of the Rhineland.

The true citizen of the Reich believes with fiery zeal and faith that the German Reich has been recreated in its purest and most perfect form, and that we Germans will once more place our seal and stamp on the peoples of the world.—JOSEF WEHNER, in "Das Unsterbliche Reich."

For the church, the word "peace" does not necessarily mean the opposite of "war." We have been too much a church of peace.—REICHSBISHOP DR. MÜLLER, head of the German Christian Church.

Pacifism is cowardice on principle—not a theory of life but a defect in character.—The late CAPTAIN RÖHM.

It must be thoroughly understood that our lost lands will never be won back by solemn appeals to the good Lord, nor by pious hopes in the League of Nations, but only by the force of arms. . . . Almighty God, bless our arms!—ADOLF HITLER, "Mein Kampf."



### Philology

The name "Goebbels" calls to mind a magnificent trait in German life—hospitality and generosity. "Goebbels" is a diminutive derived from the verb "geben" (give). . . . It is remarkable that the name "Göring" includes the syllable "ker" or "ger," which means the lance of the great God Thor.

"Röhm" comes from the ancient "hroum" or "glory." "Frick" comes from an ancient German word meaning "security." The name of the new Minister of Justice, Frank, means "free and capable."—E. SCHMIDT FALK, in the *Völkische Beobachter*.

### History

Frederick the Great was the first Nazi.—DR. SCHACHT, president of the Reichsbank.

Result of new research: Jesus was Aryan on both parents' sides.—New Nazi pamphlet, "Die Herkunft Jesu."

An Adolf Hitler comes only once in history.—DR. FRANK, Reichscommissar for Justice.

### Jews

The Jew means the same to the white races morally as plague, consumption, and syphilis mean to humanity hygienically.—WILHELM KUBE, one of the pioneers of the Nazi movement, in *Westfälische Landes-Zeitung*, May 21, 1934.

You must follow the example of Dr. Goebbels when a Jew chances to address a remark to you. First, act as if you do not hear him and gaze over his head as if looking for the distant land of Canaan. If he repeats the remark, look him straight in the eye and say nothing. If that is not sufficient and he addresses you a third time, inspect him slowly from head to foot as if he were a strange and curious animal.—Instructions in *Der Angriff*, official Nazi organ.

The Jews are a nation of outcasts. Crime is their calling.—*Der Stürmer*, Nürnberg.

References have been cropping up from time to time charging that the British Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon, is Jewish. This must stop. Simon is not a Jew.—Order of Ministry of Propaganda.

It [Judaism in theaters, etc.] was pestilence, spiritual pestilence, worse than the Black Death.—ADOLF HITLER, "Mein Kampf."

### Pedagogy

Throwing the grenades was rather fatiguing, but it amused us very much. The lesson lasted an hour. We were given wooden imitations of hand grenades weighing 800 grams. We were told just how to handle them and how best to throw them from all positions.—Letter from a member of the Hitler Youth in Dortmund *General Anzeiger*.

"Attention! Eyes right! Forward march!" A four-year-old boy was leading two three-year-olds in the correct formation of the Storm Troops. . . . In German youth the spirit of the soldier, always latent, has awakened.—Frankfort *Nachrichten*.

We begin with the child as soon as he is three years old. As soon as he begins to think, he gets a little flag put in his hand, then follows the school, the Hitler Jugend, the S. A., and military training. We do not let him go; and

when all this is past, then comes the Arbeitsfront and takes him up again and doesn't let him go till the grave, whether he likes it or not.—DR. ROBERT LEY, chief of Nazi trade unions.

### Medicine

If what we have done here is insanity, then insanity becomes me.—GENERAL GÖRING to a conference of the foreign press.

### Sport

The German chess league sends its patron, Dr. Goebbels, reverent greetings and vows its cooperation in the creation of the German national community.—HERR ZANDER, chess leader.

The idea of German gymnastics is aimed not only at the growth of the individual but deliberately at the culture of pan-Germanism.—FOREIGN MINISTER BARON NEURATH.

### Science

Mathematics is a heroic science which reduces chaos to order; National Socialism has the same task and demands the same qualities; thus the spiritual connection between them.—Conference of Berlin Mathematicians.

The centrifugal handwriting of the Aryan race and the tendency to write up the page is a sign of creative and expansionist force. . . .—*General Anzeiger*, Berlin.

Proper breathing is a means of acquiring heroic national mentality. The art of breathing was formerly characteristic of true Aryanism and known to all Aryan leaders. . . . Let the people again practice the old Aryan wisdom.—Berlin *Weltpolitische Rundschau*.

### Economics

Economic life is derived from labor and not from capital or credit. Certainly not from credit. If it was derived from credit, why, then, did God hand Adam a spade when he turned him out of the garden of Eden, and not a home-loan bank?—STAATSKOMMISSAR DR. LIPPERT.

### Justice

If any persons offer resistance to the national revolution, these fools and criminals will be extirpated.—DR. WAGNER, former Bavarian Minister of Justice.

The consideration of political factors ought to be the essential condition in every trial.—DR. ALFRED ROSENBERG, head of the foreign-affairs section of the Nazi Party.

### Women

The absence of all-round abilities in women is directly to be attributed to the fact that woman is vegetative.

Actually in their deepest consciousness these emancipated females want nothing else than the chance to live at the expense of man.—DR. ROSENBERG.

### Miscellaneous

The idea of National Socialism is an accomplishment of the human soul that ranks with the Parthenon, the Sistine Madonna, and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.—DR. ROSENBERG.

Dr. Ludwig Cohn, after twenty-five years of service in caring for the blind in Lower Silesia—Dr. Cohn has himself been blind since early youth—has been dismissed from his post because he is not an Aryan.—Breslau newspaper.



# "There Goes God!"

## The Story of Father Divine and His Angels

By CLAUDE McKAY

THE most African characteristic of Harlem, after the color of its people, is the multitude of amazing cults. Native African churches (so-called), groups of Negro-Jews, and a host of straight Christian and revival sects pullulate in Harlem. To say that there is a cult to every block would be no exaggeration.

It is through religion, more than any other channel, that primitive African emotions find expression in our modern civilization. Indoors and along the pulpit pavements of Harlem, black men and women, some singularly robed, ecstatically prance and reel and writhe with a fervor that is tolerated simply because their exhibitions bear the label of religion. No Negro cabaret or Negro theater could permit the display of such very African antics.

Returning to Harlem after three years spent in North Africa, I had a queer, topsy-turvy sensation when I mingled with folk who were so similar physically to those of North Africa (and from the same cause—miscegenation) but in spirit so different, though they have precisely the same strenuous preoccupation with religion. My arrival in Harlem coincided with a big religious parade. The streets were massed with marching people, led by bands of music, shouting, singing, bearing banners proclaiming, "Father Divine Is God," "God Almighty Is Father Divine." Automobiles loaded with enthusiastic disciples were bright with pennants praising Father Divine. Spectators jammed the pavements. Excited black and brown faces, framed in apartment windows, beamed down on the scene. Suddenly an airplane droned through the clouds, and looking up the people shouted: "God! God! There goes Father! Father Divine is God! The true and living God." Never had I seen such excitement in Harlem except in the days of Marcus Garvey's Back-to-Africa movement.

Father Divine is God! With that one phrase Father Divine stands out above all the other leaders and their cults. God, who was invisible to all before, is now personified in him. He has created "Kingdoms" of Heaven in Harlem and elsewhere. "He is sweet, so sweet," chant his "angel" followers, "God, so sweet, Father Divine." According to them Father Divine is the source of all things. He gives his "angels" work, health, food, happiness, prosperity—everything. Accepting nothing, he gives all, being God.

Father Divine was a name unknown to the large public a little more than two years ago. As the leader of a holy-rolling kind of black-and-white cult, he was known only in Sayville, Long Island. There Father Divine had acquired property, upon which he had built a house. The house was called a "kingdom." He had lived there for about ten years. Actually he was supposed to be in retirement after many years of preaching. But some of his faithful white and colored disciples, mainly from New York, continued to visit him, eating, sleeping, and worshiping in his house. As their numbers increased, their presence dis-

turbed the respectable white residents, and Father Divine was prosecuted for maintaining a public nuisance. That colored and white persons of both sexes were united under a Negro leader seemed particularly to incense the presiding judge. In his preliminary examination of Father Divine he laid special emphasis upon that fact.

Meanwhile the case had attracted wide attention, especially among Negroes, because of its white-with-black feature. A clever Negro lawyer with some political influence offered his services free to Father Divine. In Harlem his followers organized large protest meetings. At one of these meetings, held at the Rush Memorial Baptist Church, a leading disciple exhorted the assembled congregation to hold together and be not dismayed, for their Father Divine would sentence the judge to death if the judge dared to sentence him to prison.

The court was unable to elicit anything about the antecedents of Father Divine, since he insisted that he had been divinely projected into existence and had no record of his life. Thereupon the judge committed him to jail, to obtain further information and to have his mental condition determined by a psychiatrist. When the case came up for final trial, the judge sentenced Father Divine to a year in prison and \$500 fine. Curiously, three days after the sentence the judge died suddenly. He was very old and had been stricken by heart disease. To the Divine disciples the hand of their Father had struck the judge dead. They even reported that Father Divine had said that he regretted having to make an example of the judge. The news spread through the country.

Father Divine's attorney appealed the sentence. The verdict was reversed by the Brooklyn Supreme Court, which ruled that the presiding judge had injected prejudice into the minds of the jurors. Upon being released, Father Divine entered into his apotheosis. Overnight his following had developed into a vast army. The man who had retired to Sayville emerged as God. He came to New York again and thousands flocked to the Rockland Palace to hear him speak.

"Peace!" he cried to them; "Good health, good appetite, prosperity, and a heart full of merriness. I give you all and everything." And his people responded: "God! It is wonderful! I thank you, Father." Such is the essence of the Divine message and the response it calls forth. And so greatly grew that response that Father Divine alone could not handle it as he had done at Sayville. More and greater "kingdoms" had to be created. Father Divine declares, and his followers believe, that he is in all of them at the same time. "I am here and I am there and I am everywhere," he says. "I am like the radio voice. Dial in and you shall always find me."

Fifteen Divine kingdoms are maintained in New York City alone. In fine buildings all. The finest is the former bath premises in 126th Street, now known as the Faithful



Mary Kingdom. Other kingdoms are in Jamaica, Brooklyn, and White Plains, in New Jersey and Connecticut. From Washington, D. C., to Seattle, Washington, centers have been established by Father Divine enthusiasts. Headquarters Kingdom, where Father Divine has office and residence, is in 115th Street. In whichever "kingdom" he eats, Father Divine himself serves his flock. The food goes through his hands before it is served. He pours and passes the coffee and cream in the grand style of a maître d'hôtel. And he has more dignity and naturalness doing that than when he is haranguing an audience.

The kingdoms are sanitary and apparently well managed. They pay their way. The secret of their financing is Father Divine's. Rooms are rented to individuals at a dollar a week, but there is more than one person to a room. In the restaurants meals are served for ten and fifteen cents. The food is good and plentiful. A good piece of meat and two vegetables cost ten cents; a piece of cake or ice-cream, five cents; coffee or soft drink, three cents. There are separate kingdoms for men and women. For in the kingdoms sex is proscribed.

The decorative motif of all the kingdoms is the apotheosis of Father Divine. His enlarged photographs dominate the walls. Large posters with black and red lettering proclaim his virtues: "Father Divine is God." "Father Divine is the living Tree of Life, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." "We all may take of the words of Father Divine, eat and drink and live forever." Other posters make a queer mélange of social and religious statements. They reveal that Father Divine is aware of social problems and that he has a special approach to them. Framed newspaper clippings advertise Father Divine's letters to firms doing business with him, from which he solicits jobs for his people. Also displayed are letters to the mayor referring to Father Divine's secret service, which is investigating racial and color discrimination and segregation in New York City institutions. One poster reads:

We the Inter-racial, International, Inter-denominational and Inter-religious Coworkers . . . as being called Father Divine's Peace Mission Workers . . . do demand the release through commutation of the life sentence of the Scottsboro boys, and other means of releasing the nine boys. And also we demand freedom, and extermination of the mistreatment of the Jews in Germany and all other countries, and we demand the equal rights and religious liberty according to our Constitution.

I thank you, Father.

Enthusiastic masses of colored people, with a sprinkling of whites, West Indians, and Latin Americans, make up the kingdoms. Women predominate, forming about three-quarters of the whole number. It is largely a middle-aged crowd. No prayers are said at the meetings. Praise has taken the place of prayer in Father Divine's religion. He often quotes: "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire, unuttered or unexpressed." And instead of praying, his people testify, praising and thanking him. Of music and singing and dancing there is no end—a riotous, prancing, antic performance that "it is wonderful" indeed to see and to feel. Loosely the women fling themselves about, with a verve and freedom that would startle a cabaret. They toss up their skirts and contort their limbs, dancing and singing to Father Divine:

I don't know why, I don't know why,  
I don't know why you love me so . . .

You put your arms around me and you took me in . . .

With nervous, petulant gestures they turn from the men, the forbidden, and dance extravagantly with one another, colored with colored and colored with white. After they are exhausted from singing and dancing in chorus, they give individual testimony—amazing testimony, whether openly given in the kingdoms or privately related.

At Headquarters Kingdom I saw a little, wiry black man cleave through the jam to reach and kneel a moment against the back of Father Divine's chair. Standing up again with uplifted hand he cried: "Peace—O Father, thank you, Father, for what you have done for me. Father, I used to think I was smart. But I was all wrong and bad. I used to take the Jew man's furniture and then change my address and sell it. But Father, you showed me where I was wicked and I don't do that no more. And I mean to pay back all what I stole. And Father, I used to make the women pay. I was a mean feller, Father. Until I find one woman what was different and wouldn't pay off. And I wanted her, Father. And wanted her that bad I couldn't help falling for her. But I had to take it the way she wanted to give. And she made me go housekeeping together like an honest couple and I changed my ways and worked like a man. Then we both heard about you, Father. And we came to you. And you stopped us from living in sin, thank you, Father, it is wonderful. Peace. And you put me in one kingdom, Father, and put her in another. And you did right, for Father Divine is always right. But, oh, Father, she been coming to my room every night in my dreams. It was powerful awful, Father, and I was afraid and asked you to guide me. I concentrated on your spirit, Father, and last night when I was dreaming she come again and all at once you just descended into the room like a lightning bolt between us. Oh, thank you, Father. It was wonderful."

"It is wonderful!" everybody echoed and joined in singing: "All hail the power of Father's name, let angels prostrate fall."

From a mulatto young woman standing behind Father Divine's chair escaped a frightening yell. "Father, you did call me," she cried, "call me all the way from Seattle. Father, let me confess the truth that I had sinful thoughts about you, sinful, deceitful woman as I am. I imagined that you were just another colored minister. I said, Father can't be so different, he is just another one. For I have lived my life, Father, as a sample and example of a free woman among men and counted my victims. All the long way from Seattle I came, Father, thinking evil. And when I entered your presence and tried to fix you, you fixed me instead. You saw straight through me, Father, the lust that was in me, and you drove it out of me into the Gadarene swine. And, oh, Father, you were God in the place of the man I was looking for. You put your spirit in me and made me pure, one of your 'angels,' Father. I thank you, Father. It is truly wonderful."

California and other points west have supplied most of the white followers. An old man in his sixties said that he had left California doubting that Father Divine could be more than a prophet, because there is a passage from the Bible which says that no man can look upon God and



live. But as soon as he saw Father Divine he was convinced that he was in the presence of God. And he immediately experienced a transformation from a mortal to an angel. He lives now in one of the kingdoms.

The skeptic part of Harlem's population, whatever its opinion of Father Divine, is excited over his success and the financing of it. Unlike other evangelists Father Divine never collects any money at his meetings; he delights in making a mystery about the source of the funds he uses to run his Divine Trust of large, well-appointed kingdoms, cheap restaurants (where hundreds of hungry out-of-work persons are fed free daily), and the splendid buses and automobiles which convey his disciples from kingdom to kingdom. He waxes sharply waggish when inquiries are made. He told a group of white parsons, professors, and students that he got his money from the Treasury in Washington, just like other people. At his meetings he jokes with his followers about "people who want to know where I get my money." "They want to know how I get my money. But you all know I take absolutely nothing." "Right, Father! Yes, Father!" the people cry. "I give everything, because I am omnipotent. I give you plenty of good food, clothes, shelter, work. And you are fat and merry." "Yes, Father! Thank you, Father!" the people shout. "It is wonderful!"

Graciously granted an interview, I could not ask Father Divine how he got his money. His white secretary had explicitly stated to me beforehand: "Father Divine does not accept money from his followers. Rich people interested in his work have offered large sums of money which Father Divine has refused, because he does not want to be limited in the conception of his work." The secretary also intimated that inquiries about the source of his income were annoying to Father Divine. I said that primarily my interest was in Father Divine's work.

In his sumptuous living quarters, African in the gay conglomeration of colors, Father Divine in a large easy-chair appeared like a slumping puppet abandoned after a marionette show. He seemed to have shrunk even smaller than his five feet four, which is not unimpressive when he is acting. He pointed to a seat near him, and said he thought he had said enough at his meetings to give me an idea of his work and mission. I told him that I was interested mainly in his ideas about social problems and inter-racial relations and would like a special pronouncement from him as a Negro leader and pacifist. Father Divine replied: "I have no color conception of myself. If I were representing race or creed or color or nation, I would be limited in my conception of the universal. I would not be as I am, omnipotent."

I said that I accepted his saying that he was above race and color, but because he happened to have been born brown and was classified in the colored group, the world was more interested in him as a Negro. And I asked him what was his plan for the realization of peace and understanding between the masses and the classes. Father Divine said: "I am representative of the universal through the co-operation of mind and spirit in which is reality. I cannot deviate from that fundamental. The masses and the classes must transcend the average law and accept me. And governments in time will come to recognize my law."

I drew his attention to an editorial in the *Daily Worker* referring to the demonstration against war and fascism,

in which the Communists had paraded in company with Father Divine at the head of thousands of his people carrying banners bearing Divine slogans. The editorial was an explanation to critical readers of the necessity of cooperating with Father Divine and his followers, "carrying such strange and foolish placards." Father Divine said that he was always willing to cooperate in his own way with the Communists or any group that was fighting for international peace and emancipation of people throughout the world and against any form of segregation and racial discrimination. But what the Communists were trying to do he was actually doing, by bringing people of different races and nations to live together and work in peace under his will. He had come to free every nation, every language, every tongue, and every people. He did not need the Communists or any other organization, but they needed him. For he had all wisdom and understanding and health and wealth. And he alone could give emancipation and liberty, for he was the victory. I thanked Father Divine for the interview, and he dismissed me with the gift of a pamphlet.

The followers of Father Divine are always ready to testify to his divinity, the glory of the kingdoms, the sweetness of the fellowship, and the wonders of his works. But ask a pertinent question about the Divine finance and immediately they clamp their lips. That is something as taboo with them as it is with Father Divine.

Some cabalistic thing, such as exists in a secret society, may be at the bottom of this. The Divine disciples are called "angels." And Father Divine has said, "Denial of money is Angelship degree." Even those who have ceased to be followers will not discuss it. There is a story of a Negro petty shopkeeper who disappeared taking \$1,500 of his own money. Investigating, his wife discovered him in one of the kingdoms, but without the money. Finally he was persuaded to return home. But neither he nor his wife will discuss the incident or what has become of the money.

Perhaps a clue to the Divine method of finance may be found in Faithful Mary. She was the first disciple of Father Divine. At all his big meetings she sits at his right. In striking contrast to him, her brown-moon face shines with a disarming other-worldliness. She is middle-aged, a fine-fleshed, compact, and balanced motherly woman. She testifies that she had been insane from drink for ten years, had been discharged from hospitals as an incurable. She was living soddently in the gutters of Broome Street in Newark, eating out of garbage cans, when she heard about Father Divine. She concentrated upon him, believing that he was God. He lifted her up and cured her. And now she belongs to God. Faithful Mary's sincerity strikes you; her story is convincing.

Father Divine's little white secretary, who unlike Father Divine does talk about the material side of the Peace Mission, had this to say of Faithful Mary: "She is blessed with the love of the people and they give her great gifts. They have given her houses to be converted into kingdoms, clothes, and automobiles. The largest kingdom in 126th Street was given to her." If Father Divine as God takes absolutely nothing, his first disciple, Faithful Mary, is not like him. And she declares that she belongs to God.

"It is truly wonderful," even as the "angels" of Harlem sing-song, this frantic, prancing expression of black emotionalism in the heart of the great white city.



## *Taxation in the New Social State*

# IX. Who Will Pay for the Next War?

By HUGH DALTON

*London, January 3*

**W**ILL there be another great war? The answer lies with the peoples of the world, in particular with the peoples of the greatest powers. H. G. Wells recently said that if the American, the British, and the Russian peoples thundered in unison, "There shall be peace; woe to the peace-breaker!" there would be no war. Other nations, the vast majority if not all of them, would take up the cry. The power behind peace, both moral and material, would be overwhelming. No gangster government in any continent, no money-grubbing war-mongers in any nation, would risk being overwhelmed. Peace would be secure in our generation and, if our children willed it, in theirs.

I agree with Wells. If another great war comes, it will come because we shall have been too indolent, or too preoccupied, or too mentally immobilized through the influence of false theories to summon up our courage and to speak straight to those who plot against peace. If war comes again, it will come bearing all the newest gifts of science in its hand. Past wars will seem by comparison like innocent children's games. "If that is what the future is going to be like," said the wife of a college president who entertained me in the state of Ohio last spring, "I hope I shan't be here." So might we all hope. Nor let the citizens of the United States count on being able to sit safely between two wide oceans in a future war. Science is fast destroying height and distance. Death will fly fast through the stratosphere in another war. New York will have drawn close to Europe, and the Pacific slope to Asia and the innumerable isles, possible aircraft bases, that lie between.

If another great war comes, how will it be paid for? This is a melancholy minor question for economists to discuss, if on the major question peoples and politicians have given the wrong answer. Every war is paid for while it lasts by applying human labor and ingenuity, land and machines and stocks of goods, to the great purpose in hand. There is a vast diversion of productive forces and of new production from peace aims to war aims. A planned economy springs up, well or ill organized, with one simple object—to win the war. This economy is far simpler in conception than any planned economy of peace time, which must have, whether in Russia or under the New Deal, a multiplicity of objects to be jointly pursued and justly balanced, one against another.

In terms of production, then, the answer to the question is elementary. War is paid for by labor and materials diverted from other uses. The cost of war, objectively, is the mass of useful things, including personal services, which, had there been no war, would have been produced, but whose production war prevents, plus that mass of useful things, including human beings, destroyed by the actual processes of war itself. The cost of war, subjectively, is that immeasurable aggregate of human toil and deprivation, of fatigue and hunger, of freezing cold and blistering heat, of "agony

and bloody sweat," of terror and hatred and moral degradation, which war scatters both among combatants and non-combatants, if indeed this latter historical distinction is not already trampled under foot by the march of science.

But round the garment of production there runs an elaborate financial frill, a decorative pattern of exchange, money, credit, taxes, and the like. With the advance of what we call "civilization," this decoration becomes ever more elaborate. We have left far behind the chaste simplicity of the self-sufficient family homestead. We practice, though often with political reluctance and deliberately imposed obstacles, division of labor, not only nation-wide, but world-wide. The "funds," as we call them, for the conduct of war are obtained partly by open taxation, partly by hidden taxation—through inflation of the currency and the depreciation of money by governmental action—partly by loans. Loans, again, are in part genuine, based on real savings, and in part a pretense, based on inflation of credit and currency. Loans, moreover, are in part internal, raised within the belligerent country, and in part external, raised in other countries, whether classed as "allies," "associates," or "neutrals," willing to lend and trade.

When the war is over, it is already paid for, objectively in terms of material damage and lost production, subjectively in terms of human values. But it is not yet paid for in terms of finance. If ghosts of dead men haunt the battlefields and the hearts of the survivors, so ghosts of dead deeds, of past financial transactions, haunt our economic life and our national budgets. Every belligerent nation staggered out of the last war loaded with debts. All carried increased, and some prodigiously increased, internal debts. Some carried new external debts for services rendered. Some, as part of the price of defeat, carried new external debts, for disservices rendered. These last were called reparation debts. And in every country, victor, vanquished, and neutral alike, some men had grown rich, and some exceedingly rich, through their financial operations during the war. These men were called in England war profiteers.

These debts have dragged us down into the deep depression of the post-war years. Internal debts, in the countries of Continental Europe, have been burned away by inflations. But these have burned away much else as well—the patient savings of a whole generation, the liquid capital which is the life blood of any national economy, and finally, as in Germany, human liberty itself. In England we have escaped inflation only to suffer deflation instead, advised by bankers posing as inspired oracles. Englishmen so far, less wisely than Americans, have had more confidence in the social wisdom of bankers. Deflation has increased intolerably the burden of our internal debt. All our amortization payments out of taxation and all our conversion operations, large though these have been, have hardly offset the adverse effect of deflation on our annual burden. During the war and in the early years of peace the British Labor



Party advocated a frontal attack, without repudiation or social injustice, on our national debt. We proposed, first, a special levy on war fortunes; next, and more far-reaching, a general levy on a graduated scale on the capital value of all fortunes in excess of £5,000, the proceeds to be applied to debt redemption. We claimed that if conscription of life was justified to wage the war, conscription of wealth was justified to wipe away the war debt. Our plan was pronounced by experts to be practicable, and won much support from economists both inside and outside our party. We fought two elections, in 1922 and 1923, principally on this issue. But we were defeated, largely by deliberate misrepresentation of our purposes. Many who opposed us then recognize now, too late, that we were right.

External inter-governmental debts resulting from the war have had many unfortunate international repercussions both in politics and economics. Finally they have perished in the world economic crisis. Elsewhere I have written recently of their fate as follows:

The crisis is washing them all away. The "solemn engagements" of the Germans at Versailles in 1919, of Mr. Baldwin at Washington in 1923, of the French and Italians to the British government in 1925 and 1926, all these and many others like them are swirling down the stream, following, after an interval of some fifteen years, the promissory notes of the last of the Romanovs, which the Bolsheviks, from the first hour of their arrival in power, bluntly refused to honor. As regards war debts to foreign governments, we are all Bolsheviks now. Neat schedules of payments, running on till 1984 or even longer are now only scraps of paper. But for the crisis, and the increasing burden on unbalanced budgets of these tributes fixed in terms of money, this strange system of one-way traffic between state treasuries might have endured a little longer. It is better that the end should have come now. From the hour when the Hoover moratorium, nominally for one year only, was offered to a panic-stricken world at the time of the German credit crisis in 1931, it was obvious that the system was doomed.

However it may be with war debts, the ravages wrought by the war and its distortions of our pre-war structure of demand, supply, and markets are still deeply disturbing the economic life of the world. They are an important part of the causation of the depression, which still holds us in its grip. We are still facing many unsolved problems which derive from the last war.

So much for the past and present. What of the finance of a future war? Of the nature of such a war I have said something already. Some prophesy that it would be short, conducted principally from the air and ending in the early collapse, amid scenes of unparalleled slaughter, destruction, and confusion, of what is pallidly described as the "morale" of one or other of the contending nations or groups of nations. Such prophecies have been made before and have been wrong. The last great war was expected by some high authorities, both military and civilian, to last only a few weeks. It lasted for four and a quarter years in its main theaters. The "morale" of both sides seemed almost indestructible, and they remained almost till the end very evenly matched. It had been prophesied by others, claiming to be economic experts, that a great war must be short because the "fabric of credit" was so delicate that it could not stand the strain. This prophecy, too, was childish wrong. We

cannot count, even in the conditions of almost incredible horror which science has made probable, on a short war. The chief hope, indeed, of shortening it—if we must, at least for the sake of argument, abandon the greater hope of preventing it—is to concentrate an overwhelming force, economic and financial as well as military, against any nation which breaks that universally binding treaty obligation, under the Kellogg Pact, to seek the solution of all differences with its neighbors, of whatever kind, only by peaceful means.

The chance of revolutionary upheaval, in the defeated country even if the war is short, in many countries if it is prolonged, will in my view be vastly greater in the next war than it was in the last. And of the outcome of such an upheaval only a Communist doctrinaire would dream rosy dreams. Beyond the bloody chaos would be only a grim question mark. It is fully possible that civilization as we know it would literally perish and only a handful of survivors continue to exist in a disordered primitive misery. Even if the disaster were far less catastrophic than this, the niceties of finance would vanish into history. The decorative pattern of which I have spoken would be roughly broken up.

The question is sometimes put whether we could not cool men's ardor for war by making war unprofitable for any man, by giving notice that in another war there would be no war profiteers, that all should share and share alike in ill fortune, that conscription of wealth should be part of the initial policy of every belligerent. I have little hope of such a simple solution. It is a false simplification of complex reality to suppose that most men have any ardor for war, until it comes, and patriotic passion enters into them. It is, still more emphatically, a fallacy to suppose that a large number of men plan war in order to enrich themselves. Most men, including so-called "statesmen," drift carelessly into the rapids that suddenly plunge downward into war. They do not steer their boat skilfully or turn aside in time. Their fault is not deliberate wickedness but lack of foresight.

But there are some men and some social groups standing in a separate category. Armament firms are such a group. Concession hunters in weak countries are another. These men pursue a policy which increases the risk of war. The state which desires peace must put its thumb on them. Armament makers live by selling armaments. They make most profit not necessarily when their own country is at war, for then they might be taken over and controlled in the national interest, but when other countries are at war, or when there is a keen fear of war leading to big orders for armaments. And disarmament, even a small instalment of disarmament, may ruin them. All the world owes a great debt to Senator Nye and his colleagues for their most revealing inquiry into this most subversive private industry. The British Labor Party stands for its suppression. Whatever armaments are needed should be manufactured in the states' own arsenals and dockyards, yielding no private profit to any man. The economic causes of war are a much larger field of study. I hope that in the United States and in other countries that study will be eagerly pursued, and that the results of it will lead to bold and decisive action by governments before it is too late.

[The tenth and last article on Taxation in the *New Social State* will be *A Program for the Future*, by Professor Paul Studenski, who planned and edited the entire series. It will appear in an early issue.]



# Richberg Misinforms the President

*Washington, January 28*

**A** CERTAIN amount of sympathy is due the President for the inaccuracies in his letter to Chairman Biddle of the Labor Relations Board. The President cannot be expected to know even the simple fact of how many labor tribunals are set up under the codes. If someone tells him that out of 550 codes "a very small number—probably less than five—contain provisions for the consideration and final adjudication of complaints of violation of labor provisions" he accepts the statement as true. In this case the informant was Donald Richberg, who really ought to know. The letter shows convincing signs in other parts of having been drafted by Mr. Richberg. Now Mr. Richberg, who goes up and down the country talking authoritatively about labor policy and the NRA, ought not to say "probably" about anything so vital as a labor board, and should know all about the fewer than five boards he mentions. Since he has a definite theory that the Biddle board had no right to take jurisdiction in the Jennings case, he at least ought to make sure that the law on the matter is clear enough for the NRA and its boards to agree on it.

Newspaper correspondents have been harrying NRA authorities to find out which five boards or fewer the President was referring to. And NRA authorities—without mentioning names—are completely in the dark. They have no idea what the President meant or what Mr. Richberg could have had in mind in so informing the President. For the fact is that there are twelve codes which provide for such boards. There are, in addition, four boards created by the President, longshoremen, steel, petroleum, and textiles; and a fifth board like them is the automobile board, usually considered a Presidential board, though the order creating it was actually signed by General Johnson. In addition there are seven boards established by administrative order, that is, by the NRA itself, and there are three bipartisan code authorities. So there are twenty-seven boards in all, twelve of them set up under the codes. The code boards are worth listing:

Bituminous coal, Newspapers, Construction, Infant's and children's wear, Household goods, storage and moving, Electro-stereotyping, Photo-engraving, Printing-ink manufacture, Textile-print roller engraving, Trucking, Importing, Cigars.

The greater part of these twelve are unimportant, and Mr. Richberg may have meant "less than five" important boards. But this still does not make the letter into good sense. There are just two important boards, bituminous coal and newspapers, but they do not live up to the description in the remainder of the President's letter. The President, in telling the Biddle board to keep hands off, wrote:

Whenever, in an approved code of fair competition, provision is made for the consideration and adjudication of complaints of violation of the labor provisions of the code, and where a committee, board, or other tribunal has been established under the code to which an appeal can be taken and which is empowered to make a final and enforceable decision of such complaints . . .

The letter certainly leaves the impression that there is

a working system of boards rendering "final and enforceable decisions" which must be permitted to function. In the bituminous-coal board the labor machinery defined by the bituminous-coal code (drafted by employers and employees in conjunction) in the main perpetuates the machinery existing before there was a code. It consists of six regional boards made up of one representative of each side and an impartial chairman now appointed by the NRA. Relatively few disputes ever reach the regional boards, since most are settled in direct negotiations at the mines. Appeal may be taken from a regional board to a national board consisting of the six regional chairmen. In about fifteen months the national board has held two meetings. All its decisions have been accepted, and the NLRB has never once contemplated dealing with coal cases. Here is a system of voluntary arbitration which, being between two parties of approximately equal strength and accepted in good faith, is working. But since the Biddle board has never "horned in" here or even thought of it, the President could only be referring in his letter to the Newspaper Industrial Board.

The affairs of this board are incredibly tangled. It is not, to begin with, a board operating under a code in the writing of which employees had any voice. It was drafted by the publishers, and the bipartisan industrial board, which according to the President is "empowered to make a final and enforceable decision," has spent most of its life in deadlock. It is deadlocked over the fundamental question whether the board has jurisdiction over Section 7-a disputes, the employees naturally maintaining that it has. It is deadlocked on its own powers to bring in a "final" decision. The employees maintain that since they were not consulted in drafting the code they are entitled to appeal. Richberg agrees with the publishers that there is no appeal. But the general counsel of the NRA, Blackwell Smith, who argued the Jennings case before Mr. Biddle and his colleagues, did not support his stand. Instead, he argued that the NLRB should not intervene until the Newspaper Industrial Board had come to a decision, when it could review the case on appeal. The board deadlocks on nearly everything as a kind of conditioned reflex. So resort must be had to a neutral chairman. Under its rules the board should maintain a panel of five of these; at present it has one, Judge Fred C. Gause of Indianapolis, and never has had more than three.

This board, which the President gives us to understand should be allowed to work without the interference of the NLRB, has had before it thirty-five cases. Definite action was taken in five of them, in every case by resort to a neutral chairman. Wage rates established by local arbitration were reduced in three cases by the chairman. They were increased in one. The Toniatti case, the only Newspaper Guild case ever decided, is the fifth instance of action. Toniatti was ordered reinstated. But his publisher, Generoso Pope, it must be noted, was not a member of the Newspaper Publishers' Association which drafted the code and named the employer members of the board. The Toniatti case likewise came up after the Jennings case, at the time the publishers were trying to persuade the White House to throw the NLRB out of the picture, and when they had an in-



terest in demonstrating their "fairness" and indeed the very possibility of functioning.

The publishers on this board wish it to be an instrument of compulsory arbitration. Hence they claim the right to cite any of their employees before the board whenever there is a controversy or a dispute. They also claim that in any such case the decision shall be final. The employees hold that since they were not parties to the code, jurisdiction can only be by mutual agreement. But they also hold that the publishers, having set up the machinery and the terms on which it shall operate, are bound to arbitrate if the employees so propose. They believe that the publishers' claim to the right to cite any of their employees is compulsory arbitration.

A further evidence of the paralysis on the board is in the matter of 7-a cases. Here the rules of the board are that the admissibility of evidence requires a majority vote, after the chairman decides whether the facts in the case warrant action. The chairman is a nominee of the publishers' association, so the cards are stacked against employees to begin with in such cases; and even if this publisher-chairman recommends action, other employer members can block it.

This is the confusion as it existed at the time of the President's letter. The NRA at least, and probably the President, was aware of it. For today the newspaper board is being summoned by the NRA, and an effort is to be made to put it to work, which must entail the adoption of new rules. It remains to be seen whether in giving the newspaper publishers their pound of flesh—near the heart of effective mediation as symbolized by the NLRB—the President exacted from them a pledge to accept a reform of their own board. Even if he did, this would not meet the issues raised in the Presidential letter, for he obviously looks toward a system of compulsory arbitration with no appeal save on questions of law, and sets himself up as the final judge.

The question naturally arises as to why the Biddle board did not resign on receiving the President's letter. A good deal of resignation talk was in the air, and I can say that Mr. Biddle himself, at least, did not offer his resignation. He was importuned by liberal Senators and labor officials not to resign. The hope was held out to him that the real and free status of the board might be established by legislation. Certainly Senator Wagner believes that his labor bill will pass Congress. He withdrew one similar to it in the last session at the request of the President, and there is a growing number of skeptics who are not convinced that the President will back the Wagner bill, and who doubt that Senator Wagner will defy party discipline to fight for a bill if the President frowns.

Furthermore, the President has no intention of letting the Biddle board barge into the automobile crisis. His letter does not technically forbid it, but it was a sign that the Biddle board will have to heed. The A. F. of L. has finally withdrawn from the automobile labor board—after a much too long delay—which leaves it without any board for the appeal of collective-bargaining cases except the Biddle board. Continuation of the code is being negotiated and the A. F. of L. might consent to it if the jurisdiction of the NLRB were to be one of the concessions. If the negotiations fail, the Biddle board may be forced to accept the automobile cases whether the President likes it or not. After all, it is a legal board, set up by executive order defining its jurisdiction. The President in writing a letter does not alter that jurisdiction; he can do that only by an executive order. The

Biddle board under the previous order has wide powers. It may review cases coming from other boards on the request of such boards, or when such boards have a difference of opinion, or whenever it deems that a review would serve the public interest. The President's letter requests the board not to act in cases from industries which have boards provided by their codes. The automobile board was established outside the code, so even if it existed, the NLRB could still hear automobile cases on appeal and not violate the President's letter. But the automobile board does not exist any more in law, since it was set up for an unlimited time by agreement between two parties, one of whom has now withdrawn from the contract. How, if the automobile workers appeal to the board, it could legally refuse to hear them is difficult to understand. And it might be that the Biddle board would agree to take jurisdiction. It might also be that the President thereupon would issue a full-fledged executive order forbidding a hearing of automobile cases. And then the board might resign, and the country might see what has become of the enforcement of collective bargaining under the New Deal.

It must be said in conclusion that the President probably will take some step this week, perhaps in a public statement or another letter, to mitigate the bad effects of his first letter to the Biddle board. It would be only natural that he should want to do so. He has in this episode publicly bent knees to the newspaper publishers and offended organized labor beyond the safety point of offense even to the semi-impotent. Incidentally he has chosen to play with the publishers rather than with the men who write the news. In a sense this means that he has chosen between the friendship of the editorial writers (though not of Mr. Hearst's) and that of the reporters and interpreters of news. It is not a realistic choice. The men who write the news are more powerful in molding public opinion than those who write the views.

R. G. S.

## In the Driftway

OF all the senses, that of smell is the most mysterious and affecting. City dwellers draw deep breaths of fresh country air when they are free from their gasoline-laden atmosphere; the earth after the first thaw sends forth an odor composed probably of rotting damp vegetation but suggesting spring itself; sensitive New Yorkers shrink from the subway scent of garlic; and we are told that members of each race are offended by the smell of another.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter is brought to these thoughts by reading in the works of Mrs. M. Grieve, whose "Modern Herbal" has been one of his bibles since its publication. There is probably no one who knows more about plants than she does; in the presence of such an expert, the Drifter puts aside all his prejudices and his tendencies to irrelevance, and merely learns. It pleases Mrs. Grieve to write about flowers of sweet scent and their employment in perfumery. Her pupil thereupon learns that perfume comes from the Latin words meaning "through" and "smoke"; the first perfumes were probably woods and plants burned for worship.



But perfumery for personal use is almost as old. It was old in the heyday of Greece; from Persia, from Arabia, from Babylon perfumes came, and sweet-scented plants were strewn underfoot or dropped from overhead or laid between bed-covers or done up in a little box and worn on a chain around the neck. At the great religious processions and festivals of the ancient Egyptians "all guests were anointed, and during the entertainment fresh flowers were used in great profusion—chaplets of lotus decorated the necks of the guests, garlands of crocus and saffron encircled the winecup, floral wreaths were hung all around the room, and over and under the table were strewn various fragrant flowers."

\* \* \* \* \*

NOR was this merely a charming way of scenting and decorating a festival. Many scents were thought then and are believed now to have definite therapeutic and otherwise useful properties. We have only to recollect that we use camphor to drive away moths; that mosquitoes abhor citronella, cats love catnip, and—this the Drifter learned for the first time—rats cannot abide peppermint to realize how practical a part scent plays in our lives. Our custom of sending flowers to the sick probably arose not from a desire to beautify the sick chamber, but from a much more ancient desire to drive away pestilential vapors, as, indeed, to a certain extent even in our antiseptic day some of them do. A hundred years ago in England rue was placed in front of the judges in the assizes to protect them from jail fever, and the bailiff in certain English counties now who knows that it is the custom to present his Honor with a bunch of flowers at the opening of court probably is not aware of the time-honored reason for it. Like many other customs which have come down to us from antiquity, the use of sweet flowers and plants has dwindled from a powerful ritual to a pretty gesture. In the sickroom now we believe the bouquet less important than soap and water and iodoform; we wash our clothes and our persons before adding scent (instead of forgoing the washing, as was done in Queen Elizabeth's day, when the use of perfume was at its height in England). The Drifter has long suspected that all this washing, all this deifying of soap and tooth powder, may well be a serious mistake. Suetonius reports that the Emperor Nero spent the equivalent of \$100,000 for flowers at a festival, and that on another occasion he caused the entire surface of Lake Lucina to be strewn with roses. With such a powerful adjunct to sweetness, it did not matter whether Nero washed himself or not—although he probably did. What we undoubtedly need in our subways is not more soap but more roses.

THE DRIFTER

## Two Fellowships

In the hope of encouraging writers of promise, Houghton Mifflin Company are offering two Literary Fellowships for 1935, each carrying an award of \$1,000 apart from subsequent royalties. All applications must be received by May 1 and evidence must be submitted that the candidates are persons of unusual creative ability and personal integrity. They will be expected also to submit samples of past work, published or unpublished. Houghton Mifflin Company will expect to publish the works for which the awards are given, upon their successful completion, on the usual royalty basis. Further information may be obtained by writing to the company at 2 Park Street, Boston.

## Correspondence

### The Apra Movement of Peru

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Few persons in the United States are as thoroughly qualified as Dr. Ernest Gruening to review a book dealing with Latin America. His conclusions toward the end of his review of my "Fire on the Andes," in which he treats of the Apra movement led by Haya de la Torre of Peru, are most interesting.

But I feel that to make his point he has slightly distorted my position by emphasizing my critical comments on Apra, thus putting me in the position of attacking it while he rises in its defense. He has confused my analysis with condemnation.

As a matter of fact, I stated that Haya de la Torre is the first great popular leader of national scope who has arisen during Peru's independent history, and that Aprismo, whether ultimately successful or not, is the beginning of a new Peru. I did not argue that Apra is a fascist movement. It is the most defined movement of revolutionary nationalism in Latin America, and I pointed out why such movements in semi-colonial countries defy the political tags of more industrialized countries. As I stated, it is a curious but explicable compound of fascist, communist, and democratic principles. It seemed to me more important for the American public to understand its causes, its components, its historical significance, its relation to the social scene and to economic evolution, and the probable results of its success than to praise or condemn it. Whether Haya's compromising of his program, which has alienated a good deal of his popular support and has gained him but little support from the foreign-capital group, the clerics, and the militarists, whom he hoped to appease, and which has caused a deep schism in Apra ranks, is statesmanship or opportunism I leave to the eminent New Dealer who is my critic. That Haya's attitude is not "doctrinaire" I agree heartily. Neither is mine.

New York, January 19

CARLETON BEALS

## Are the Japanese Mandates Fortified?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of January 2, 1935, you say: "The subsequent fortification [by Japan] of its Pacific mandates in violation of the agreement with the League further destroyed the basis of the 1922 compromise."

I am amazed that you have the hardihood to make such a bald statement without any evidence to support it. So far as I am aware, only two competent and disinterested observers from the United States have visited the Japanese mandated territory recently—one was Junius Wood of the *Chicago Tribune*, the other myself. I spent six weeks in the mandated islands in October and November of 1933 and devoted considerable time to an investigation of the alleged fortifications, airplane depots, and construction of naval bases. Anyone who has visited these islands and has the slightest idea of shipping necessities knows how preposterous these stories about naval bases and fortifications are. I went wherever I pleased with no restrictions or limitations, took photographs, and no one interposed any objections. I conversed with Japanese officials, merchants, fishermen, missionaries (both Protestant and Roman Catholic), and



with the natives on all the islands visited. In this way I learned all that had been done or was being done. I saw for myself the actual conditions.

There is an over-plus of international friction without the gratuitous distribution of misinformation. And there are various things for which Japan may be criticized justly without resorting to fiction. It can be stated without qualification that Japan is obeying literally the terms of the mandate.

I do not know the sources of these stories about the nefarious actions of Japan in the mandated territory. I have invariably found that the people who are greatly incensed concerning conditions there have never been in those regions and can only support their statements by the ambiguous phrase "they say." The Associated Press stories ostensibly emanating from the League of Nations are not put out under the name of any responsible individual, nor are they said to be the findings of any authorized investigator sent by the League of Nations. They are strictly anonymous. In this connection I have discovered that certain widely circulated newspapers are not at all interested in obtaining information from persons conversant with conditions at first hand.

ALBERT W. HERRE,

Curator Zoological Museum,

Formerly Director of Fisheries in the Philippines  
Stanford University, Cal., January 11

[While we welcome Mr. Herre's report as that of a first-hand observer and hope that he is correct in his belief that the mandated islands have not been fortified, it is interesting to note that as recently as January 18 the League Council formally asked Japan to explain "the disproportion which appears to exist between the sums spent for the equipment of ports in certain islands and the volume of their commercial activity." If such an explanation is forthcoming at this late date, we shall of course be glad to withdraw our statement.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

## No Place Like Home!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I say, for the benefit of your readers in the Northwest, how it feels to come home to "God's Own Country"?

Through the month of December I talked in Canada from Montreal to Vancouver. I addressed twenty-six meetings in all, held under various auspices and in all kinds of halls. Three of the meetings in Vancouver were held in public schools—halls seating from five hundred to eight hundred people, rented for \$10 per meeting. During my entire stay in Canada we had no hall trouble and all meetings were held as per schedule.

On January 6, I was scheduled to speak in Seattle for the Friends of the Soviet Union. The local Hearst paper was running a violent anti-red campaign. There was a great deal of nervousness among hall owners, but a hall was obtained and the meeting was held. About three thousand people came out, and we discussed "The Economic Significance of Soviet Russia." The meeting passed off quite without incident. On January 7 I was scheduled to speak on the same topic in Spokane. The local Chamber of Commerce, assisted by the American Legion, closed every hall in the city. The F. S. U. secretary had to call off the meeting. On January 8, at Bremerton, Washington, I was scheduled by the local F. S. U. to speak on "Fascism, Capitalism, and Technocracy," a grotesque enough subject, in all conscience. The Board of Education rented the High School Auditorium, took a \$5 deposit on the contract, and then, on the night before the meeting was to be held, called a special meeting

and refused the use of the hall. The American Legion was most outspoken in demanding this action.

Out of my first three meetings in the "good old U. S. A." two were canceled on the insistence of the local business interests—an average of 66⅔ per cent.

The Commonwealth Builders, a local organization, has just elected a majority of the Washington Statehouse and Senate, and proposes to transform Washington from a profit to a use economy by parliamentary action. It would seem, however, as though the local business men might still have something to say on that and other subjects.

New York, January 15

SCOTT NEARING

## Are Payless Furloughs Pay Cuts?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It was stated in your editorial on the LaGuardia administration that the pay cut instituted by the Mayor had never been revoked. The truth is that the reduction in pay instituted by the Mayor was a temporary furlough and that the furlough lasted less than a year, the pay of all city employees having now been restored to the level which obtained before the furlough. Of course there are a few exceptions in the higher brackets, where salaries of commissioners and some others were permanently cut, but it is not fair to describe this reduction in salaries in high places as a wage cut. I think the Mayor has a right to claim that he carried out his pledge not to institute any general wage cuts. It seems to me that a temporary furlough for less than a year, caused by a grave emergency, cannot fairly be called a general wage cut.

New York, January 21

A READER



1935—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VIKING PRESS

### THE JUDGE AND THE PROPHET

Two recently published books have a peculiar appropriateness and importance at this particular time.

"*The Curse of Bigness*" (\$3.50) is a collection of the private papers and important decisions of Supreme Court Justice Brandeis. Thoughtful readers cannot afford to neglect this life-time of wisdom of the distinguished social reformer, people's attorney and history-making jurist.

The Supreme Court is now beginning an unpredictable session, during which it will be called upon to hear test cases arising out of New Deal legislation. This intimate glimpse into the judicial philosophy of one of the Court's pivotal members will be uniquely meaningful to perceptive readers. It is a valuable contribution to a clearer understanding of this present, critical hour in history...

... as *Thorstein Veblen and His America* (\$3.75). In this biography of America's most original thinker, Joseph Dorfman has written the history of the mind of a genius, and a matchless picture of the intellectual background of his time.

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## United Front in California

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The trial of workers of this city for criminal syndicalism is proceeding in an atmosphere of reactionary frenzy stimulated by Hearst, the *Bee*, the Lions, the Elks, and other antediluvian mammalia. The prosecution argues that the contending forces are the American "peepul" and Moscow. Your editorial paragraph of January 16 argues that the contending forces are the agricultural overlords and the Communist Party. True, the prosecutor wants to outlaw the C. P. But the chief aim of the overlords, who are supplementing the state's salary to the prosecutor, is to smash unionism in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys by sending to San Quentin Pat Chambers, Caroline Decker, Jack Warnick, Norman Mini, and other leaders and active members of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union. The issue is one which deserves the support of every friend of organized labor.

May I add that while Leo Gallagher represents most of the defendants, Norman Mini is being defended by Albert Goldman, noted Chicago Socialist attorney, retained by the Non-Partisan Labor Defense. The latter organization has also bailed out Jack Warnick, who is defended by the International Labor Defense, and is raising additional bail funds.

Thus far defendants and counsel have presented a united front against the reactionary prosecution. If the united front continues and is aided, we may have a fighting chance to save the prisoners, head off a new terror wave, and protect unionism. One way to aid is by sending a financial contribution to help defray legal expenses; address James Rorty, Apartment 205, 150 Franklin Street, San Francisco. A strict accounting will be given.

Sacramento, Cal., January 20

HERBERT SOLOW



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## Radio Censorship

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am now engaged in the preparation of a survey for the American Civil Liberties Union on the subject of radio censorship. I should be very grateful to any of your readers who may know of actual instances of radio censorship if they would communicate with me at 1359 Broadway.

New York, January 15

MINNA F. KASSNER

## Contributors to This Issue

JOHN GUNTHER is the Vienna correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*.

CLAUDE MCKAY is the author of "Home to Harlem" and "Banana Bottom."

HUGH DALTON, an English economist and a former Labor M. P., is the author of "Principles of Public Finance."

CHARLTON OGBURN is counsel for the American Federation of Labor.

SAMUEL ROMER is managing editor of the *Voice*, official organ of the Mechanics' Educational Society of America.

LOUIS M. HACKER has recently published "A Short History of the New Deal."

ARTHUR WUBNIG is a student of economics who has followed closely the history of labor under the New Deal.

H. B. PARKES is a member of the History Department of New York University.



# Labor and Industry

## Labor Ends the Automobile Settlement

By CHARLTON OGBURN

*Washington, January 28*

THE announcement of the withdrawal of the American Federation of Labor and of the federal labor unions of the United Automobile Workers from the compromise settlement of March 25 last between the automobile manufacturers and the American Federation of Labor, and from the Automobile Labor Board set up thereunder, has been publicly made by William Green; the notice of the withdrawal had been previously given to the automobile manufacturers and to President Roosevelt.

As a result of the President's successful mediation of a serious conflict between the automobile manufacturers and the labor unions threatening a strike, this compromise agreement was announced on March 25, 1934. Under this settlement an Automobile Labor Board was to be created, one member to be named by the manufacturers, one by the American Federation of Labor, and the third, representing the public, by the NRA. As this settlement was without duration of time, either of the two parties could withdraw by giving notice to the other party. Public announcement of this withdrawal was withheld in the hope that a revision of the agreement could be accomplished which would permit its being reinstated for a fixed time. The formula on which this settlement was based, embodying proportional representation, was accepted by the unions with misgivings but as a patriotic act, because the President as mediator recommended it and because it was a basis on which the issue could be compromised with the manufacturers.

That the elected representatives of the majority should speak for all voters has now been positively confirmed as the labor law of this country by Acts of Congress—to wit, the Railway Labor Act of June, 1934, and the Joint Resolution of Congress, No. 44, approved June 19, 1934—and by the executive order of the President providing for majority rule, as in the order creating the National Steel Labor Relations Board and in the decision announced on September 1 by the National Labor Relations Board in the Houde Engineering case and a number of decisions of the same board and of other boards, based on the Houde decision, all subsequent to the automobile settlement of March 25. It is therefore futile for the A. F. of L. unions in the automobile industry to continue the experiment of proportional representation.

The United States government through the Department of Justice is seeking to have the federal courts enforce the majority rule announced in the Houde Engineering case. Organized labor is firmly and irrevocably committed to the policy of majority rule as essential to collective bargaining, and is strongly opposed to proportional or minority representation because it frustrates collective bargaining. It becomes manifestly impossible for the American Federation of Labor with its right hand to fight vigorously for upholding majority rule in the Houde case and with its left hand to support proportional representation. It is too anomalous a position to be sustained.

Automobile workers should not be the only workers in

this country to be denied the benefits of the Joint Resolution of Congress and of the majority-rule decisions made thereunder, which really constitute a repudiation of the principle of proportional representation. Proportional representation should therefore no longer be the basis for the decisions of any labor board. The American Federation of Labor accordingly had no alternative but to withdraw from this settlement and from the Automobile Labor Board. It is unthinkable that the agreement should be in perpetuity, and that the automobile workers should alone have saddled on them forever the principle of proportional representation to frustrate their collective-bargaining efforts. The jurisdiction of the Automobile Labor Board was limited to questions of discrimination, discharge, and representation. It could not hear and pass on all controversies under Section 7-a, as can the boards created under the Joint Resolution.

Furthermore, the Automobile Labor Board on December 7 announced plans for an election in the Cadillac plant with the purpose of establishing "proportional representation for all substantial labor groups" in the plant. This election ordered by the Automobile Labor Board, without authority and over the opposition of the American Federation of Labor unions, precipitated a crisis among the automobile unions. Subsequently, the Automobile Labor Board, without authority of labor and on a wholly impossible basis, has ordered and held further elections in automobile plants, which accomplish no earthly good except to leave the workers without adequate means of collective bargaining.

I may add, furthermore, that the Automobile Labor Board has been extremely unsatisfactory to the unions of automobile workers; a large audience of automobile workers attending the NRA hearings in Detroit on December 16 actually booed the name of the Automobile Labor Board. These workers expected the board under its admitted jurisdiction to pass on the hundreds of cases of automobile workers discharged for union affiliation.

In the cases of twenty-four employees who completely proved that they had been discharged or laid off for union affiliation, the board had to make findings of fact to that effect. Nevertheless, the board did not order the reinstatement of a single one of those twenty-four employees, but either recommended that they be given work or ordered that they be put to work. Generally the jobs given them by their employers were of a less satisfactory kind than the jobs from which they had been discharged. The record of failure made by this board grows out of the chairman's conception of the functions of his office, which apparently is that his duties in industrial relations are such as might be performed by the personnel manager of a plant. His present antagonism to organized labor, despite his long career in it, might have been foreshadowed by his article on Labor in "Social Trends," in which he voiced the prophecy that the labor movement of the future might lie in the company unions. This philosophy has rather unfitted him for dealing in an impartial capacity with organized labor.



# That Automobile Strike

By SAMUEL ROMER

*Detroit, January 23*

**I**F the United Automobile Workers of America fails to call a general strike of automobile workers in the spring or is defeated in such a strike, it will mean that the American Federation of Labor is through in the automobile industry—that it has proved itself incapable of organizing production labor in an important anti-union industry.

The A. F. of L. organization in the industry is composed of plant unions (federal locals), each separately affiliated to the parent organization but loosely united in a national council called the United Automobile Workers of America. This council functions in a strictly advisory capacity to the national representative of the A. F. of L., meets only at the call of the national representative, and generally is quite powerless. Thirty-five per cent of all dues collected by the locals is remitted to Washington. But neither the locals nor individual members have any control either over the national representative, who has the practical power of an absolute dictator, or over the 35 per cent. Attempts by these locals to band together in an autonomous international union have been frustrated by vague promises of William Green that "you shall become an international when the time is ripe."

Failure to call a general strike this spring will mean that after two years of intensive effort the A. F. of L. admits that the employers are too strong. If the strike is called, however, the likelihood of its success is small. In addition to the usual omniscient spy systems both within and without the shops and the formation of company unions, the organized employers during the past year have made deft use of the Automobile Labor Board and the NRA automobile code to impede and stifle any revolt against their autocratic rule.

Practically everyone in Detroit admits that the Automobile Labor Board is definitely pro-employer and playing the bosses' game. Thousands of workers accept the actions of the board as the Roosevelt stamp of approval upon company unionism; and certainly nothing that has been done in Washington with respect to automobile labor would tend to destroy that impression. The Automobile Labor Board was set up by Presidential proclamation in the spring of 1934 in an attempt to stave off a threatened strike. Until December it was inactive, inefficient, and useless. A study of 195 decisions issued by the board from its inception until January 17, 1935, reveals that in the overwhelming majority of alleged discrimination cases the board ruled either "no discrimination" or "the employer did not err." In those instances where discrimination was so obvious that it could not be ignored, the board did not admit that the employer had used "discrimination" against active unionists in so many words; it merely "recommended" that the employer rehire the discharged worker.

The personnel of the board consists of Nicholas Kelley, attorney for the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, Dr. Leo Wolman, representing the federal government, and Richard Byrd, a Pontiac, Michigan, automotive worker. Mr. Kelley is obviously biased. Dr. Wolman is generally

regarded as the brains of the board, and he has been consistent in the tacit and direct promotion of company unions against free trade unions. Byrd, supposedly representing labor, can only rank as Dr. Wolman's office boy. Since his first act was to agree to unanimous decisions, he cannot, even if he disagrees with any ruling, issue a minority report. He has been repeatedly repudiated by every section of organized labor and has devoted his efforts for the most part to a still-born independent union, the Associated Automobile Workers of America.

On its way to oblivion because it was generally ignored by labor, the Automobile Labor Board has played its trump card—and stands a good chance of winning. Using the prestige of the federal government, it has suddenly ordered "collective-bargaining elections" held in the plants. These elections provide for the choosing of representatives by the different departments in the factory to meet in a body with the employers. Both the A. F. of L. and the Mechanics' Educational Society of America, a strong independent union, immediately repudiated the elections and ordered their members to refuse to vote. They pointed out that to place unionists in the running for department representatives would mean that these unionists would have to sit side by side with men representing company unions—a tacit recognition that these company-puppet organizations have a legal right to exist. The attitude of these "collective-bargaining committees" is well expressed by Elmer H. Gustavson, chairman of the committee at the Cadillac Motor Car Company. After a full day's session, for which the men were paid by the company, Gustavson announced that "there are a few inequalities in rates in the plant which the management is as anxious to straighten out as we are. We are working together for the same end." Gustavson revealed the real reason for these elections when he announced that the elected boards throughout the country would unite in a "national automotive employees' association"—an industry-wide company union.

The federal government may deny responsibility for the anti-labor actions of the Automobile Labor Board; it cannot deny its own responsibility in the matter of the NRA code. The automobile code is as rotten an egg as was ever hatched by the Blue Eagle. Not only does it nullify labor's right to organize through the infamous "merit clause"; its wage-and-hour provisions are farcical. At the Detroit hearings evidence was given that under the code the employers could legally make their employees work seventy and eighty hours a week, since the code provides only for a forty-two-hour average over a six-month period. A study made by the M. E. S. A. of wages received by the tool-and-die makers, "the aristocracy of automobile labor," reveals that the average annual wage of a skilled machinist is between \$500 and \$700.

The expiration date for the code had originally been set for September 4, 1934, but as labor prepared for a showdown, the White House arbitrarily extended it until November 3. As November rolled around, it was again extended



—this time to February 2, although labor had been promised public hearings. At this writing, nine days before this date, no hearings have been announced, and it is certain that it will be extended at least another thirty days and may be extended until the expiration of the National Recovery Act. By that time, of course, automobile production will be in the doldrums and a strike will be ineffective. It seems obvious that, in the words of an A. F. of L. official, "the automobile industry is the diapered baby of the Roosevelt Administration." Or vice versa.

Any automobile strike must and will be political as well as economic. As a matter of fact, at a recent meeting of the national council of the federal locals one delegate seriously proposed that a general strike be called in the industry to force the abolition of the Automobile Labor Board.

Last spring the A. F. of L. could have evoked at least a 50 per cent response to a general strike call. But by delay it wasted its opportunity and let a wage increase and the meddling of Roosevelt postpone any possible action until too late. The immediate result was a great dropping away of membership. Thousands of workers tore up their union books, vowing never to reenter union halls. Unversed in trade-union tradition, these workers could only see that they had spent four or five dollars and had got nothing in return. During the past two months the A. F. of L. unions, under the leadership of Frank J. Dillon, have been making strenuous efforts to come back. Assuming a far more militant attitude, they have been organizing on the promise of definite action if the code fails them again. This campaign has met with a certain measure of success. In Flint, where a militant group had united with Byrd in Detroit in an attempt to form the Associated Automobile Workers, the group is back in A. F. of L. ranks convinced that the Associated was merely a masked company union. Ingenious tactics of organization have been resorted to in the face of the widespread fear of discrimination; in the Ford Motor Company, for instance, the men are organizing by number instead of by name. Although in case of a strike the A. F. of L. may be able to stop production entirely through control of key plants, it will not have the sympathy of thousands of workers in the many assembly plants in which the union has not even nuclei. The A. F. of L. strength is evidently concentrated in the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel and Motor Products, two key plants, and the White Motor Company, unimportant in the industry. Union strength in General Motors and Chrysler can only be guessed. A factor which must be considered is that it will cost millions of dollars to run a successful strike. Thousands of workers may answer the strike call; few will stick on the picket line unless their families are fed.

If a strike is called and the mass of workers respond, the horrors of Toledo and Minneapolis will be remembered as a kindergarten tea when the Detroit workers prepare to pull into line recalcitrant sections of the industry. Many of the biggest plants are in small cities, where the company controls the police forces. For instance, in the event of a general strike, it is probable that no more than a minority of Dodge workers will respond. This will mean mass picket lines in Dodge-controlled Hamtramck. The automobile bosses don't fool—the graves of five workers who dared to march to the Ford factory to plead for relief bear mute evidence. The challenge of organized labor will not be met with kid gloves on the part of the manufacturers; arsenals in the factories

and machine-guns on plant roofs testify to the preparations on the other side of the fence.

It is unfortunate that the best-organized section of the industry, the tool-and-die makers, will be finishing off its program; a walkout of these skilled men will add little to hopes for success. The Mechanics' Educational Society, which finds its strength among these tool-and-die makers, will thus be relatively unaffected by the smashing of the A. F. of L. if the strike is lost. The M. E. S. A. is today the only successful union in the industry, having gained in prestige and power from two general strikes of the skilled men. It has been able to enforce a forty-hour work week for tool-and-die makers in the industry despite the code. Now an industrial union embracing both the skilled and semi-skilled, it will no doubt attempt the organization of the production workers if the A. F. of L. fizzles. But it will face the same united front of the bosses and the government, offset only by a more militant leadership and the prestige of previous success. I predicted a year ago in *The Nation* that the automobile worker was marching on the road to organization. He is still marching, but with a decided limp.

## "Rioting" in Illinois

THE acquittal of fourteen workers charged with violation of the Illinois Treason Act—more commonly known as the criminal-syndicalism law—at Hillsboro, Montgomery County, has been followed by the prosecution of eight unemployed workers on charges of "rioting" at Carlinville, Macoupin County. Eleven workers were arrested on August 18, at Virden, a historic mine town, because they took the evicted furniture of Galen Sutphin from an alley to the city park, where a miners' mass-meeting was going on. The city fathers, who in oratory had pledged themselves before the surging miners' meeting, as "strong friends of labor," were embarrassed at being exposed as instigators of evictions. On the day of the meeting, when thousands of militant mine folks were in town, nothing was done, but on the following day warrants were issued for eleven of the militant members of the Virden unemployed organization. Eight of the workers were summarily released on bonds varying from \$3,000 to \$5,000, and the three others on their own recognition. They were told very vaguely that nothing would come of the charge. Once the November elections were over and the county Democratic machine safely in power, the prosecution almost overnight served notices of trial. The defendants, all believing that the charges would not be pressed, had prepared no defense or mass agitation and were caught asleep at the switch. They charge that the Macoupin County state's attorney, M. F. Seyfrit, Democratic boss, tricked them. The trial began on January 18 with hurriedly procured defense attorneys courageously working to save the accused, most of them mere youths, from penitentiary sentences. One of the most prominent defendants is C. H. Mayer, a leader of the Workers' Party, who was arrested with A. J. Muste at Belleville, Illinois, last summer. The prosecution has made no secret of the fact that they are out to "get" Mayer.

Next Week

**Saving Cuba**

*By Carleton Beals*

A Review of the Foreign Policy Association's Report,  
"Problems of the New Cuba."



# Books, Drama, Films

## Body's Freedom

By HELEN NEVILLE

From body's self the body  
cries release;  
itself to shed  
in unbodied space—

but weighed with its blood, dragging  
a pulse like a chain;  
breath drawn up and pressed back  
on itself again;

limbs that ebb and flow:  
in this wilderness,  
the pulse may run, the blood leap, the body  
find its egress;

swell to its ends, flooding  
sinew and thigh and breast—  
the body released, to fathom  
the body released.

For body's freedom  
is bodied yet:  
the absolute flesh  
goes to defeat;

the crescent flesh  
weighs like a stone:  
the body flies  
within the bone.

## All There Is to Say

*The Economic Consequences of the New Deal.* By Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.

IN a very real sense this little book says all there is to say about the New Deal; and it says it with such economy of means, the utilization of such a brilliant and at the same time forthright vocabulary, that one wonders what the rest of us, prosing along in pedestrian fashion, could have been thinking we were up to all this time. Of course. Not patient analysis, not detailed exposure of economic and social errors, but ridicule—a blistering, scornful, and honest contempt—was the rhetorical method that the Washington monkeyshines merited; but only Ben Stolberg, with the competent assistance of Warren Vinton, was capable of employing it. Almost every page—to the penultimate sentence on the last one, “There is nothing the New Deal has so far done that could not have been done better by an earthquake”—contains a wise and dismissing final observation, and proves what many of us knew all the time—that Stolberg not only is our leading pamphleteer but belongs in the company of the select few of all time.

“The Economic Consequences of the New Deal” is a pretentious title for a tract for the times; but the authors do succeed, within the compass of some 17,000 words, in exposing almost all the amazing and disastrous results of the Brain Trust's blunderings. The crisis occurred essentially as a result

of capitalist accumulation; no thoroughgoing program of reconstruction, therefore, could work, short of the expropriation of the private owners of the means of production. The New Dealers, however, were no revolutionists but middle-class reformers; they were firmly convinced that the mechanisms of production, distribution, and exchange could be patched up once more. Their proposals were charmingly simple. The nation's consumptive capacity had broken down because of the maldistribution of income: naturally, then, redistribute it. The New Deal has ended by redistributing income upward. Economic and social insecurity was one of the evils of our time: safeguard the adult, the sick, and the old against unemployment, acute and chronic illness, and indigent old age. The New Deal has ended by saddling upon the workers themselves—through its failure to provide for public contributions via taxation to the social-insurance funds—the costs of their own grossly inadequate protection. The capital-goods industries were in a state of collapse: revive them through a public-works program. The New Deal has looked into every ditch and behind every thicket for construction projects that were socially useful and capable of paying for themselves ultimately. The unhappy results of this hunt we all know today. Agriculture was in depression because of overproduction within the price framework: reduce yields until domestic and foreign markets could be restored. The vicious program of destruction of the AAA was launched and scarcity became the keynote of agriculture's planning, but neither the domestic nor the foreign market has been revived.

After two years of pulling and hauling, the New Deal has only succeeded in making the rich richer and the poor poorer; it has fixed more firmly the hold of monopoly capitalism on the productive enterprise of the country; it has made the petty bourgeois—the small home- and farm-owners—more completely the victims of interest slavery; it has underwritten scarcity as the economic method of capitalism; it has gulled and cozened labor so effectively that the conservative labor leaders have virtually surrendered the use of the only effective weapon they ever had—the right to strike. About all these subjects this little book by Stolberg and Vinton has something to say; and often only a single flashing sentence is required to illuminate a whole dreary landscape. It is to be noted that the chapter on labor is particularly penetrating.

One may indicate, however, that the authors have committed one error and have failed to point the moral of one of their accusations. In three different places (pp. 6, 35, 44), in connection with their discussion of agriculture's difficulties, they seem to think that a system of low tariffs would help the farmers. It is true that the American farmer sells in a world market and buys in a protected domestic one, and that to some extent he is therefore at a disadvantage; but it must be recalled that during the whole period 1865-1920, when American agriculture was selling abroad profitably its great surpluses of wheat, meatstuffs, and cotton, the domestic tariff wall was as impenetrable as ever. What is at the heart of the agricultural problem today is the same blight that is destroying the whole capitalist economy—its debts. American agriculture simply has too costly a plant to permit it to compete successfully in a world market with young producing countries—capitalistically speaking—like Canada, Argentina, Brazil, India, and Russia. In 1933, for example, we sold 32 per cent more cotton abroad than we had sold annually during 1921-25, but the value received was 50.5 per cent less! Tariff tinkering is no solution for agriculture's ills: foreign markets can never be recaptured at a profit as long as we continue to operate a vast and inefficient plant; and as for our domestic needs, if we were to conduct agriculture at a high stage of productivity we could dispense with most of the farmers and most of the land in culti-



vation. But what would that do to existing capital values?

In the second place, I regret the failure of the authors to point out what has become the greatest economic danger inherent in the New Deal's program of scarcity. The New Deal has not merely placed limitations in the way of production; it is openly and wantonly encouraging inefficiency. A large number of the industrial codes under the NRA not only limit production but prevent plant expansion and the installation of new machinery—with the inevitable obstacles placed in the way of the introduction of better technical and therefore more economical methods. In the case of agriculture the use of the device of proration for the purpose of limiting production in cotton, tobacco, and sugar (the Secretary of Agriculture has spoken of asking Congress to extend the scheme to the other cash crops) simply means that farmers will be encouraged to be less efficient rather than more; for what profit will there be in the utilization of the technics of biology, chemistry, and mechanics if the end result is to be not the production of greater crops but simply the same fixed quotas? As a result, we are in danger of losing the few agricultural skills we have acquired so painfully and over such a long period of time. This, really, is the greatest peril that confronts us: that in its efforts to protect the profit system the New Deal is permitting the realization of the possibilities of abundance to escape us. And without abundance not socialism but a new feudalism is bound to be our fate.

LOUIS M. HACKER

## A Mind Divided

*A House Divided.* By Pearl S. Buck. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

THIS second sequel to "The Good Earth" centers its attention upon the third generation of Wangs. The hero's grandfather was a farmer and his father was a war lord, but he himself is our strict contemporary, being one of those educated Chinese youths who are so much in the world's news at present. Not that he is in any sense a typical young revolutionary. He is a type, of course, as all Mrs. Buck's people are and have been, but he is not the type that circulates literature and gets beheaded. He is the type that knows the old world to be dead, and is in the main willing to have it so, but does not know what kind of world should be put in its place. He is the young man whose mind is sensitive, subtle, and divided, so that his characteristic mood is perplexity when faced on the one hand with elders who are satisfied with a convention and on the other hand with juniors who are convinced of a cause. Because he is complex he can decide nothing. But because he is conscientious he sees everything—and therefore is an excellent hero for Mrs. Buck, who appears now more than ever to be quite frankly engaged in a narrative analysis of New China.

Her trilogy has been almost perfectly schematic. Just as Wang Lung loved the land and as Wang the Tiger loved warfare, so Wang Yuan loves the truth. Not only that. Wang Yuan's environment conveniently arranges itself in a pattern whose purpose is to show him the scope of his problem. His days pass partly in the country and partly in the city, partly in the East and partly in the West, for he spends six years as a student in the United States. The older generation subdivides itself for him in the persons of his father, who represents the war lord now about to become obsolete, his mother, who represents the country lady gone peasant again, his adopted mother in the coastal city, who represents the enlightened yet not too egregiously emancipated lady, and his uncle, who represents the rich elder indolently and gracefully content with his good lot. Yuan's own generation separates itself on the male

side into his cousin Sheng, who as an aesthete accepts the new freedom without any of its responsibilities, and his other cousin Meng, who as a revolutionist accepts so much responsibility that he is utterly graceless and granitic; and on the female side into four girls—Ai-lan, a beautiful dancing moth who has grown Western wings and has a shallow heart, the revolutionary schoolmate (nameless) who is too intense and mirthless to be felt as a woman at all, Mei-ling, who suits him exactly because she is both serious and feminine, and Mary Wilson, the cool professor's daughter whom he meets in America but cannot accept because she is alien, and because although she is all that a Western girl can be she is not enough.

It is from these specimens that Yuan learns to know himself and his world, and from such a list of them the impression might be gathered that Mrs. Buck's novel was somehow lifeless. But this is not so, for no less than in "The Good Earth" and "Sons" she has revealed here a remarkable ability to breathe the finest, warmest, and most delicate life into the abstractions she has chosen to treat. It is not the kind of life which we ordinarily expect and occasionally get from fiction; it is at once rarer and more general than that, the result in us being a sense of respectful intimacy, of dignified identification, with the whole of an endlessly interesting race. It is perhaps unfortunate that Mrs. Buck should have chosen in the beginning a prose style which now grows a little tiresome in its effect of effortlessness. But that is a minor point in view of all that we have gained from her trilogy—not to speak of what we have gained from her masterpiece to date, the translation two years ago of "All Men Are Brothers."

MARK VAN DOREN

## The Sophistries of Sokolsky

*Labor's Fight for Power.* By George E. Sokolsky. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

IF Mr. Sokolsky's book has not been underwritten by the National Association of Manufacturers, it should have been. "Labor's Fight for Power" is sheer propaganda—crude, stupid, and vicious. What it lacks in subtlety, it makes up in confusion and ignorance. Mr. Sokolsky sets himself a perfectly fictitious problem in reconstructing the history of Section 7-a: Why, he asks with a perfectly straight face, do American workers "prefer" the company union to the trade union? He has his answer pat. Each American worker is a little boss and capitalist in psychic embryo. The company union constitutes a perfect device for achieving "a community of interest between capital and labor." The A. F. of L. unions are rife with labor racketeering. The A. F. of L.'s craft-union policies are "unrelated to the necessities of American labor." At the same time, by seeking to impose the principle of One Big Union, the A. F. of L. steers us straight toward communism.

Mr. Sokolsky accomplishes a truly prodigious feat. He not only gives voice to the idea that American workers have been flocking into company unions of their own free will; he not only proclaims that in the major industries "capital has been able to prove that its own workers are not dissatisfied and that they do not want to join the Federation"; but he does all this without ever breathing a word about the determined fight which the overlords of industry have carried on against the principle of free and secret elections in which workers might indicate their choice between trade and company unions!

From the first page to the last the book is studded with gems of historical insight and logical acumen. The NRA suffers from a fallacy which must lead straight to fascism, for it "attempts to introduce communistic measures in a capitalistic structure." One of the characteristics of Marxism, *inter alia*, is



the "principle of the totalitarian state." We would not have suffered from a depression beginning in 1929 if wage rates had come down fast enough and far enough after 1921. "Organized capital," we are informed, "does not exist in the United States"; our capitalists "are too recent to have become class conscious"; Owen D. Young, although a capitalist, advocates "socialistic measures." Bentham is set side by side with Marx, Veblen, and Lenin as one whose economic theories "vied with the ancient Ricardo, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer." Revolution can never come in the United States, because we possess an "automatic process for the redistribution of wealth and economic power," because there "is no army," because in the course of pressure politics "men telephone to Congress," and because "the American is without temper." Do we wish to discover the true "idealists of the world"? Then we must seek for them among "White Russians, émigrés, reactionary Chinese, treaty-port *compradores*. They believe that men may be hungry and just . . . may starve and yet adhere to that which produced starvation. They have principles and ideals. They know what is right and wrong. They are conscious of historical continuity. Therefore they are the first to die." Before the advent of 1929 "there had been only two or three panics in the United States but they were of a trivial nature." Professor Tugwell's original drug bill flies in the face of the law of supply and demand. The Brain Trust is of one flesh with Hitler and Stalin. Organized labor is the only pressure group in the United States which "has the strength and purpose to fight for what it wants"; moreover, should "all the possible demands of labor be granted, then profits must disappear and communism is inevitable." The rich in the United States "give to charity lavishly, thus taxing themselves for the upkeep of the depressed"; what is more, the capitalists of our country are utterly incapable of resisting "redistributive legislation," for "although the rich seek to avoid higher taxes, they are few in number, rarely vote, seldom know how to influence public opinion, and therefore have no real medium of resistance."

In all this awful cacophony of depraved ignorance one statement rings true: "I uphold the capitalist system . . . the faults are in the operation of the capitalist system, not in the essential structure." The prospective customer may be interested to know that a substantial part of the book is entirely alien to its ostensible themes—the struggle over Section 7-a and the political tendencies of the New Deal. To puff and pad his commodity to its full \$2 worth, the publisher has seen fit to introduce one essay which deals with American diplomatic policy in the Far East, and another which expounds the wisdom of flexible as against rigid tariffs.

ARTHUR WURNIG

## Mr. Belloc's History

*A Shorter History of England.* By Hilaire Belloc. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

*Cromwell.* By Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$4.

MR. BELLOC'S historical writings have usually been dismissed as literary exercises. It is true that he can be convicted of frequent inaccuracies, and that he has a habit of clinging to his prejudices in the face of all the evidence—notably in his insistence that the dominant strain in the English racial inheritance is that of the Romanized Celts, not the Anglo-Saxon. His activities as essayist, novelist, poet, politician, and student of military strategy have been far too varied to enable him to devote much time to research. Moreover, he writes better English than has usually been considered quite decent among scholars. His style is somewhat archaic and over-

inflated, in an eighteenth-century manner; but in spite of its divorce from the language as it is now spoken, it shows a mastery of English rhythms and a respect for the precise meanings of words which make it always, no matter what subject Mr. Belloc may be discussing, a pleasure to read.

The general principles of Mr. Belloc's interpretation of history should not, however, be dismissed so easily. He is prejudiced, but not more so than most academic historians. The official version of English history, as promulgated by such writers as Macaulay, Freeman, Stubbs, Froude, Gardiner, and Green, was Germanophile, Protestant, bourgeois, liberal, patriotic, and optimistic. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, is a Roman Catholic; he considers that a popular monarchy is more truly democratic than government by parliament; and while his social ideal is distributivism, he believes that what is actually being realized is its antithesis—the servile state. These three opinions are at least as respectable as the conviction of the official historians that the English race inherited from its Teutonic ancestors a genius for reconciling individualism with order, and that the main current of English history was the slow growth of English freedom, broadening from precedent to precedent until it finally reached perfection in the age of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Belloc's Catholicism does not noticeably cause him to distort facts; he admits most of the criticisms which Protestants have made against the church. It shows itself chiefly in his insistence that spiritual conditions are prior to material conditions. What he means by this assertion it is difficult to say; he nowhere produces any evidence which illustrates it. Such an attitude virtually makes history chaotic, since if changes in people's beliefs and ideals are not caused by the development of the productive forces and by changes in the relations of production, they can be attributed only to accident. Ideas do not drop from the sky. In point of fact, in so far as Mr. Belloc explains historical processes at all, he attributes them directly to accident. He attaches an overwhelming importance to the Black Death, for example, which he supposes to have caused the destruction of the medieval synthesis, and to Henry VIII's passion for Anne Boleyn, and to the personal weaknesses of the Stuart kings. It would follow from this attitude that it is impossible to forecast the future—an implication which Mr. Belloc would probably refuse to accept—and indeed that there is no particular reason why history should be studied at all.

Mr. Belloc's faith in monarchy is equally unhelpful. It makes his interpretation of the Middle Ages little more than a fascinating series of character studies. Undeniably the best of the medieval kings struggled against the feudal nobles and were, in their day, a progressive force; but they were powerful only because they represented the interests of those social classes—of the bourgeoisie, chiefly—which were opposed to the feudal anarchy. When this attitude is extended to the seventeenth century and the Stuart kings are represented as fighting for the welfare of the entire nation against a small group of rich men, it becomes nonsensical.

Mr. Belloc's distributivism does, however, give him considerable insight into the meaning of English history. It has no visible connection with his other beliefs—a fact which may be proved by the statement that it is identical with the agrarian radicalism of Thomas Jefferson and John Taylor of Caroline. Like Jefferson, Mr. Belloc realizes that the development of capitalism means the servile state, and, again like Jefferson, he regards the servile state as the destruction of human freedom and of all true civilization and not as a necessary transition phase in the progress of the race toward a more genuine and universal freedom. Mr. Belloc, therefore, plots English history in terms of an advance of the servile state. He realizes that the central theme is the development not of freedom and democracy but of the power of the English ruling class. England has for several centuries been governed by a relatively small clique of



landowning families, who have from the beginning been in close alliance with the merchants and financiers of the City and who, after a short period of conflict in the eighteen thirties and forties, became amalgamated also with the manufacturers. In spite of certain appearances of democratic control, England is an oligarchy. This is the one cardinal fact which explains its political and social development.

For the origins of the English oligarchy Mr. Belloc, like William Cobbett, Disraeli in his Tory-democratic period, and Karl Marx, turns to the sixteenth century. The English ruling class first acquired its power by robbing the church in the time of Henry VIII and by expropriating the peasants. Elizabeth, in Mr. Belloc's interpretation, was merely a puppet in the hands of the leaders of the new oligarchy, the Cecils. There followed the Stuart attempt to revive the monarchy, which was frustrated by the Roundhead leaders, many of whom, Mr. Belloc insists, were millionaires, and which ended with the consolidation of oligarchical power, including the establishment of the Bank of England and its other characteristic institutions in the reign of William III. Since that time the rule of the oligarchy has never seriously been threatened, and its only important failure was in Ireland. Mr. Belloc, emphasizing facts which are slurred over by the official historians, gives considerable attention to the impoverishment of the Irish people and the Irish famine.

If one assumes that the main lines of recent historical development, instead of being reversed by revolution, will be extended into the future, then this view can be accepted as largely true. One will criticize Mr. Belloc not for his thesis but because his elaboration of it is inadequate—because he devotes so much space to the details of political controversy and military tactics and so little to the financial and commercial forces behind them. His study of Cromwell, for example, which is perhaps the weakest of all Mr. Belloc's biographies, treats Cromwell merely as a cavalry leader and does not attempt to set him in his place in the social and economic forces of his time. And in his "History of England" he does not sufficiently emphasize the influence of India in determining the whole course of English foreign policy for the past two centuries; nor does he show how England today is governed not from Whitehall but from the Bank of England, or by what methods radical leaders are transformed into champions of the aristocracy, or how public opinion is molded to suit the interests of the ruling class. One might enumerate such criticisms indefinitely; but when all is said, the fact remains that Mr. Belloc's interpretation of English history since the Reformation, in spite of all its inaccuracies and inadequacies, is probably nearer to the truth than that given by the official historians.

H. B. PARKES

## Drama

### Elisabeth Bergner

AT the Shubert Theater Miss Elisabeth Bergner is giving New York "a taste of her quality." The phrase is from "Hamlet" and its import is modest, but it happens, I think, to cover the case. Here is an actress widely heralded in England as the best of our day and here is a heap of theatrical rubbish romantically entitled "Escape Me Never." Set the first to rummaging as best she may among the fripperies of the second and you have, perhaps, an exhibition not undiverting in its own trivial fashion. You have, to be specific, an engaging *gamine* who impishly bluffs her way from one meretricious situation to another and who keeps you interested in her grotesque little self when you could not possibly be interested in Margaret Kennedy's tawdrily romantic tale of the young musical

genius as he appears to the delighted eyes of shocked respectability. You have that and you have also as much more of the same sort of thing as you may care to take, but you have, unfortunately, precious little to go on if you happen to be trying to decide whether Miss Bergner is the great actress she is said to be or merely a cute little thing shrewdly exploiting her cuteness in a play which demands no talents essentially different from those of a music-hall mimic.

Probably no one could play this particular part any better than she does. Few if any, indeed, could play it one-half so charmingly, but the discouraging fact is that it seems to suit as well as it does. Great actresses are ready enough to appear in meretricious plays, but when they do one expects to catch in their performance something which the play itself does not even suggest. One expects them somehow to lift it above its own level, to give it a poignancy and a meaning which it does not have. But it was for this magic touch that I waited in vain. Miss Bergner gets out of the play everything which its author put in it. In her hands it realizes itself and becomes as entertaining as it could possibly be. But she does not transform it, does not make it into something better than it really is. Nor does it anywhere demand of her anything very difficult. For two acts she is an impudent waif sharing the garret of two musical-comedy bohemians; for a third she is the child-mother weeping softly over a dying baby. If most actresses of the type could not do what she does anything like so well, they would, nevertheless, do much the same thing, and the difference would be a difference of degree not a difference of kind.

One thing is certain. If Miss Bergner really is a great actress, then it was a mistake of major importance ever to introduce her to America in a play of this particular sort, for even if its badness were only badness of a different kind, the effect might not be as unfortunate as it is. She might struggle against a clumsily constructed fable and against an inarticulate or even bombastic script. She might struggle; she might triumph—partly at least; and by that triumph she might demonstrate her power. But the trouble with "Escape Me Never" is just that it is so meretriciously and so obviously easy, that its tawdry romanticism and its endless succession of emotional clichés are all actable with the minimum of effort, and that the one virtue it has is the virtue of providing any engaging personality with a series of opportunities to be coy, impudent, tender, defiant, and melancholy at appropriate intervals. There is no doubt that it serves very well to display the charm of a vivacious and appealing young lady, but it leaves the question of her possible greatness wide open.

Great works of art do not resemble one another. One knows when one has met a new one because one recognizes in it something which is unique, and the last thing one ever thinks of saying is that it is "like so and so only better." One does not think of something else because one is standing in wild surmise before a reality whose possibility had never been suspected. Now Miss Bergner has been described in terms which imply that she is capable of a performance suggesting the uniqueness of genius. She has been compared to Duse and Bernhardt by persons who obviously meant by the impossible combination only something which could not be described at all. But it was precisely by the absence of any hint of such uniqueness in her performance that I was most disconcerted. I do not know what it was that I expected, because I expected something which I could not possibly anticipate. Here, I thought, will be either a personality not merely attractive but attractive in some unfamiliar way, or even, perhaps, some mood of gaiety or sadness, some manner of thinking or feeling, not already a part of the familiar repertory. Some new door is about to be opened, some glimpse granted me of a mode of sensibility unknown before. When I come away, the world will seem richer, as it always does when something new has been added to it.



I shall be lifted as I always am when someone has broken through the familiar routine and thought or felt with that freshness which seems so easy but is actually so difficult. Perhaps, I said, I shall want to say what I always say when a greatness is revealed: "O brave new world, that has such people in 't!" But I did nothing of the sort. I came away saying only that Miss Bergner is a clever and attractive young lady who seems so far very easy to classify. Go to see her expecting a vivacious little urchin and you will not be surprised.

"The Old Maid" (Empire Theater) is dramatized from Edith Wharton's story about a woman who steals from her sister the affections of the latter's illegitimate child. There are two unusually fine performances by Judith Anderson and Helen Menken, but as is so often the case with dramatizations the bare outlines of the plot are more adequately represented than the psychological study for which the plot furnished an occasion.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Films

### "David Copperfield"

IT would be unnecessarily dull to enlarge on the reasons why the version of "David Copperfield" at the Capitol is not, and could not be, altogether satisfactory entertainment. It is enough to say that one can respond to it only as one responds to any of the works of Dickens—that is, by temporarily suspending any claims to adult intelligence. A marvelous child, with a lively gift of invention and a large heart, but with no particular aptitude for using his brain, Dickens requires that we get down on the floor and romp with him if we are to prevent the slight feeling of nausea that always arises before the spectacle of arrested development. Of Dickens it may truly be said, as it is said of many greater novelists, that in his books he gives us a *world*—whole, unique, instantly recognizable. But it is a child's world; it bears no close correspondence to any known reality; it has the cohesion of a dream. Perhaps it is for this reason that it is immortal. Because it is fundamentally unreal it is just as acceptable or unacceptable, as the case may be, to audiences today as to the readers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* in the forties. There will always be people for whom the world of the child is more comforting than whatever world the adult constructs out of his experience and understanding. There will always be those who find their classic type of the indigent eccentric in Micawber rather than in those less consistently humorous Russian cousins of his—Marmaladov in "Crime and Punishment" and the Captain in "The Brothers Karamazov." In brief, Dickens is as immortal as the necessity in the human breast to confuse what one would like to be true with what is, in all probability, the truth. He is as immortal as illusion.

Perhaps the best tribute that one pays to this new version of "David Copperfield" is to say that it manages to rebuild the charming child-world of Dickens in celluloid as palpably unreal as the pages of his book. George Cukor has had the good sense to let the long roll of familiar characters parade before the eye with such rapidity that no interruption of the mind is possible. The direction, unmarked by any originality or striking quality of style, is exactly right for the intention. Everything is subordinated to the primary purpose of bringing out the particular idiosyncrasy by which each of the characters is remembered by the audience. Backgrounds are therefore dimly etched: the Micawber menage is indicated by a few brief shots, the wine merchant's establishment where David works flashes on for only a moment, and a "processed" back-drop of St.

Paul's behind W. C. Fields's stovepipe hat is all that we get of that London whose tides swirl around most of the personages in the novel. In the same manner, the scenarists are determined by the necessity of getting as many characters as possible within the time-period. This requires most notably the elimination of David's school days and all of the earlier history of his relationship with Steerforth. (In one sequence at least, the death of Dora, the necessity becomes a virtue, and one is confronted with perhaps the first example in history of a Hollywood director actually "toning down" a scene from an old master.) As may easily be imagined, the picture gives more of the excitement of a hasty scamper through a portrait gallery than of an integrated dramatic construction. And most discussion is certain to hover around the question of how successfully the different artists have caught the precise lineaments of the characters whom they portray.

It must immediately be acknowledged that Hollywood has spared no expense in providing for its audience the desired emotion of recognition. From W. C. Fields to Hugh Walpole the players in the film have been recruited from the very front ranks of contemporary entertainers. And on the whole the cast is as competent as it is expensive. The greatest single inspiration was the choice of Frank Lawton, perhaps the most satisfactory juvenile on the English-speaking stage at the moment, for the title role. So naturally does this young actor fall into sincerity in his rendition of the emotions that he very nearly forgets that he is playing Dickens. He almost destroys the illusion that everybody else is building up. A less happy selection was made in the case of Master Freddie Bartholomew (as David Copperfield, the child), who seemed to this spectator much too effeminate and at times badly trained in the use of his voice. Concerning W. C. Fields's Micawber opinion is certain to be very much divided. Although it may be granted that he conforms to the physical image remarkably well, he will probably be found lacking in sufficient gusto in his more important scenes. Here especially is a case where a less well-known actor would have worked against fewer handicaps in the audience's recollection. And the same is true for Roland Young, who is fundamentally too charming an actor to be properly sinister in the role of Uriah Heap. The less well-known players do, as a matter of fact, come off very much better; the Mrs. Micawber, the Peggotty, and the Steerforth are excellent; and, for this reviewer at least, the actor who plays the last named evokes the early Victorian period more uncannily than anyone else in the film. In brief, Hollywood has taken no chances in doing justice to the favorite author of G. K. Chesterton, Hugh Walpole, and Alexander Woollcott; and the result is another of those large-scale debauches in nineteenth-century sentimentalism which will one day swell the archives of early twentieth-century evasion.

"Bordertown" recounts the failure of a reformed roughneck from the Mexican quarter in Los Angeles to make a success of the law. The moral would seem to be that foreigners in this country should recognize their congenital inferiority and keep their proper place. Despite a slow beginning and wretched direction throughout, the film takes on a certain interest through the acting of Paul Muni as the frustrated self-made man and Bette Davis as the border-town sorceress who commits murder to secure his love. The Martin Johnsons' latest record of African exploration, "Baboon," includes some remarkable shots of mountain peaks, stockaded native villages, and animal herds taken from their large three-motored amphibian plane. Of interest also are the close-ups of rhinoceroses, giraffes, lions, and baboons, made possible, as one is too often reminded by Mr. Johnson's voice, by tempting the animals within a perilous range. There is not enough new material, however, to make the film a very significant addition to its class.

WILLIAM TROY





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TO CALL the American-Brazilian tariff agreement the "first break in the log-jam of international trade," to quote Secretary Hull, is to reveal the bankruptcy of the Administration's tariff policy. Nearly a year has elapsed since the passage of the reciprocal tariff act, and though at that time negotiations with several countries had been in progress for months, only two agreements have since been reached. Of the two, the one with Cuba belongs in a separate category because it does not involve the question of most-favored-nation treatment. The Brazilian pact represents the Administration's first attempt to bring about a genuine reduction of tariffs by means of bilateral negotiations under the most-favored-nation clause. As such the results are disheartening. The United States has agreed to reduce its tariff by 50 per cent on balsam, natural ipecac, maté, manganese ore, Brazil nuts, and castor beans—for which we paid all told less than two million dollars in 1933. In return Brazil undertakes to cut duties by 20 to 60 per cent on twenty-eight articles from the United States which had a total value in 1933 of nearly ten million dollars. Thus

the United States, instead of making the tariff reduction necessary to restore the purchasing power of a debtor nation, has utilized its bargaining power to break down the protective barriers of a weaker country. And this end achieved, the American press jubilantly commends the Administration for its great victory. The difficulty, of course, lies in the psychology aroused by the bargaining process. As long as it is assumed that we benefit by our tariff and that we should be weakened by any concessions, it is obvious that no real reductions will be made. It is disquieting, moreover, to note that in the first real test of our sincerity regarding the most-favored-nation principle—the generalization of the tariff reduction on manganese—the benefit is not to be extended to the Soviet Union. Since no explanation has been offered for this arbitrary action, it may be assumed that the Administration has as yet been unable to find a plausible excuse.

THE MUNITIONS INQUIRY has plunged into a jungle of questionable practice in the letting of contracts for the navy ships, and obviously the ground will have to be ruthlessly cleared. The testimony develops a remarkable picture and involves men of whose existence and power the public has never dreamed. There is Arthur P. Homer, who has been said to be a "fixer" who could obtain a \$10,000,000 cruiser contract for a \$250,000 fee, a power which he himself staunchly repudiates. Mr. Homer also is credited with last year's happy idea of building naval vessels with Public Works money. The idea was carried to Marvin McIntyre, the President's secretary, and by him to the President, who approved it, and finally it was "sold" to Assistant Secretary Roosevelt at the Navy Department. This same Mr. Homer, in a matter of a contract for destroyers, arranged to have ten telegrams sent to the White House on behalf of Bath Shipyards, and then called Mr. McIntyre and asked to have the telegrams sorted out from the rest of the President's messages and laid before him at breakfast. Mr. McIntyre promised to do so. The President was asked about this at his own press conference and laughed it off, saying that "Mac" was always having to make such promises, and that the promises were the end of the matter, a curious sidelight on the sub-ethical duties of the White House secretariat.

EVIDENCE OF COLLUSION between the "Unholy Three"—the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, and the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company—in bidding for cruiser contracts was offered by John P. Frey, president of the Metal Trades Division of the A. F. of L. Ten days before the bids were opened last summer he was given an envelope containing the names of the companies which would be lowest bidders for each type of ship. He told General Hugh Johnson about it and offered to open the envelope, but the General said it was "too hot" for him, and refused the information. When the bids were published, the information in the envelope proved to be correct in every detail. A letter



from Secretary Swanson was read into the record which stated that the Navy Department investigated charges of collusion last summer but could find no evidence. Laurence P. Wilder, whose testimony first revealed the existence of the alleged "fixer," was in charge of the lobby for the Jones-White merchant-marine bill in 1928, and his expense account at that time was \$235,000, not a trifle even for a boom year. Mr. Wilder told the Senate committee that the navy was "in a vise controlled by the three big shipyards." Since the ships built last year cost nearly a fifth more than the year before, the charge of collusion should be investigated by the Department of Justice.

**T**HE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT on German rearmament comes years too late to remedy the situation, which now can only be ameliorated. The evils of Hitlerism, secret rearmament, and German isolation may be attributed largely to resentment against the stigma of inferiority imposed by the Versailles treaty, particularly its war-guilt, reparations, and armament provisions. If the offer to abrogate the military clauses of Part V of the Versailles pact had been made three years ago, Hitler would in all probability not be in power today; if it had been made eighteen months ago, Germany would not have withdrawn from the League. Yet while the effect of the delay has been disastrous to Germany, its repercussions on the European political scene have in some respect been beneficial. Without the threat of an irreconcilable German foreign policy, the Soviet Union might not have entered the League, the Franco-Italian rapprochement would never have been consummated, and the proposed Eastern Locarno would not have even been broached. If as a result of the belated action of France and Britain Germany can be induced to rejoin the League, there will at least be a net gain for international organization, though the bitterness which has been aroused in the interval may reduce this organization to scraps of paper.

**T**HE LEGALIZATION of German rearmament is also being used as a bait to persuade the Reich to join in the proposed convention for joint assistance against attack from the air. While the suggested accord is identical in principle with the Locarno agreement which it is designed to supplement, it is obviously conceived as a protection against a real threat—the new German air fleet. A defensive understanding among the former Allied powers is undoubtedly on the cards if Germany fails to accept the Anglo-French proposal. But a defensive agreement directed against a given country is open to serious objections, in that it may easily lead to the development of a system of alliances such as existed prior to the World War. The step taken at London may be interpreted as a final and vigorous effort to bring Germany back into the orbit of the existing world organization. If it is successful the problems of disarmament and international economic cooperation can be taken up where they were dropped two years ago. If it fails, the world will be back precisely where it was in 1914.

**R**EVISION of the Soviet constitution in the direction of greater democracy will be hailed by enemies of the Soviet system as further evidence that Russia is moving to the right. Scores of editorial writers will interrupt their

denunciation of Soviet terrorism and the Communist menace in this country long enough to point out with great solemnity that the whole trend of Soviet policy is toward an early return of capitalism. That the present constitutional changes have been made possible by the dramatic successes of the Soviet agricultural program, which they vehemently denounce, will of course be ignored. But the abolition of the inequalities between rural and urban representation, the substitution of direct for indirect election for the high soviets, and the inauguration of the secret ballot can mean only one thing—that opposition to Communist rule has dwindled into insignificance. More specifically this means that the progress of collectivization has transformed the peasants, who constitute 75 per cent of the Soviet population, from petty-bourgeois individualists into cooperating members of the Socialist system. Thus what appears to be a trend to the right is the inverted reflection of a basic and apparently irresistible movement to the left.

**F**OR ANYONE who is still capable of doubting that big business (1) knows what it wants and (2) prefers profit to principles we present two pieces of evidence, for which we are indebted to the Labor and Socialist Press Service. Exhibit number one consists of two quotations from a resolution prepared for Congress by the National Association of Manufacturers. The first has to do with trade practices.

The approved competitive practices and prohibitions submitted by the properly defined majority of a group, trade, or industry should be binding upon the minority.

The second refers to labor.

Recognize the equal right of minorities or individuals to bargain for themselves directly or through representatives of their own choosing.

Exhibit number two consists of two quotations also—this time from a series of propositions made by the United States Chamber of Commerce. Proposition VII reads:

Rules of fair competition formulated by a clearly preponderant part of an industry as suitable for the whole industry with due consideration for small units and approval by the governmental agency should be enforceable against all concerns in the industry.

Proposition VIII reads:

In any new legislation it should be made unmistakable that collective bargaining is bargaining with representatives of all groups of employees that desire to act through spokesmen, without the right of the minority group to deal collectively, or the direct right of individual bargaining, being precluded.

**B**ECAUSE its four huge industrial plants have closed down and 90 per cent of its citizens are on relief, the borough of Everson in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, did not have enough money to pay a bill of \$1,000 owed to the Citizens' Water Company, a subsidiary of the powerful Delaware Valley Utilities Company. The utility thereupon not only shut off the borough's water supply but sent crews of men through the streets to smash all fire hydrants. Two days later a fire broke out in a block of wooden buildings and threatened the whole town. The citizens of Everson protested to the state Public Service Commission, which in



turn warned the utility not to shut off the water, although this had already been done. A hearing has been arranged, but meanwhile Everson is without water and another fire could easily wipe out the community. The action of the Delaware Valley Utilities Company hardly strengthens the utilities' case against federal control.

**T**HE YOUNG MEN hired by the FERA to educate the people while they have nothing else to do are having difficulties from Maine to Arkansas. We discuss elsewhere the case of Ward H. Rodgers, a former FERA instructor. The tale of Vernon Booker in Bangor is less serious but more fantastic. In the course of a series of lectures designed for men and women between twenty-five and forty, Mr. Booker devoted one discussion to communism and life in Soviet Russia. He quoted extensively from Dr. Frankwood Williams's book on Russia; he went so far as to agree with Dr. Williams at various points, particularly on the intelligence with which the communist state handles marriage and divorce and the rearing of children. Within two days the entire town of Bangor, led by the Bangor *Daily News*, was in a ferment over the "educator from New York." We quote the letter of an eloquent correspondent:

Every official in town, various agitated ladies interested in branches of Christian endeavor, and the local head of the American Legion indulged in a barrage of telegrams and telephone calls. They appealed en masse to the Governor himself. Bangor seethed. . . . [Mr. Booker] ventured to call on the Grand Panjandrum of the Bangor *Daily News*. The Grand Panjandrum, in a palsy bordering on hysteria, dismissed Mr. Booker without giving him a chance to utter a word. This newspaper made use of every detail to emphasize how it had come to the rescue of a helpless community. It adroitly refrained from mentioning that Mr. Booker was a native-born son, hailing from Lincoln some fifty miles away, that he came of pure New England parentage, and was educated in Maine schools. The Young Men's Christian Association [where the lecture was given] closed its chaste portals.

Needless to say, Mr. Booker lost his job. But that did not save the FERA from attack for hiring so subversive a young man. The Bangor *News* reported proudly that Chief Justice William R. Pattangall had said: "If the FERA director cannot find any better way to spend government funds he better send the money back to Washington." This is a new version of the "back where you came from" school. Shall we henceforth read "FERA" for "Russian" gold?

**W**ONDER what it feels like to be Premier of Prussia? General Hermann Wilhelm Göring recently went to Poland to do a little hunting with President Moscicki. We quote a dispatch from Bialowitsch, Poland:

This little town had a hard time during General Göring's stay, for its inhabitants lived as if they were in a beleaguered place. . . . No one was permitted to leave passing trains. . . . The police carefully scrutinized the documents of passengers and many were sent back. The tourist hotel was closed by the police for a whole week and the only private hotel was filled with the police agents who accompanied General Göring. . . . The police protection was perfect in every detail. Two policemen guarded every member of the hunting party. . . .

It is not surprising that with so many policemen around,

General Göring succeeded in bagging only one wild boar and several hares. The whole episode has left us feeling patriotic. In America a man runs little danger of being murdered except by someone who is hired to kill him. General Göring, on the other hand, apparently is in danger of being murdered by everyone except those who are hired not to.

**T**HE EDITOR of our Hunting for Hawaii Department reports the sighting of big game. The *Atlantic Monthly* for February devotes its leading article to the delights of Hawaii; and the article contains the following sentiments which will be familiar to all those who read *The Nation* of January 30:

For Hawaii voluntarily attached itself to, and was accepted into, the American Union before I was born, just as Texas was, and so is no foreign place but merely another part of our own familiar U. S. A.

Like Arizona, not many years ago with a similar status. . . . Hawaii's history, just as Arizona's, is now a part of United States history as a whole.

I wonder if they [the people of Hawaii] do not sometimes grow a little weary of being "a state in the making"—especially when they observe some sixteen of the full-fledged mainland states paying no such taxes into Uncle Sam's pocket as they do, and many light-heartedly borrowing or begging greater sums from that shortsighted old Yankee year after year.

Of the author of this article the *Atlantic* says, in its contributors' column, that "many readers. . . will be happy, not envious, to hear of his luck in being sent to the Pacific as an emissary of the *Atlantic*." We imagine Sidney S. Bowman of the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau was the most happy and the least envious reader of them all. A little farther along we learn that the author is by trade a designer of tombstones. Perhaps he will be able to design an appropriate one for Mr. Bowman's little campaign of propaganda, which our spies report is dying prematurely—from exposure.

**W**E ARE DELIGHTED to announce that Heywood Broun has returned to *The Nation* as a regular weekly contributor. He assumes at this time a rather unaccustomed role as a labor commentator. We are convinced that the combination will be a fruitful one. Labor in this country certainly has need of partisans as persuasive, fearless, and yet humorous as Heywood Broun. And Heywood Broun would be the first to admit that the principles he has upheld so stoutly against so many managing editors can be maintained only by a united labor movement strong enough to combat the offensives now being launched by Hearst, the American Liberty League, and other knights of reaction. Mr. Broun will of course give special attention to the Newspaper Guild in his weekly comment; but he will do so not because he wishes to promote the interests of any single organization but because he feels that the Guild can take the lead in bringing into the American labor movement a group as yet largely unorganized, namely, professional workers. We can think of no surer guard against fascism than an industrial union of all those workers, particularly teachers and writers, who are in a position to influence public opinion. This is a large project. We consider the enlistment of Heywood Broun an excellent beginning.



# Our Surrendering President

LESS than three months ago President Roosevelt won a record-breaking victory in the Congressional elections. He might have construed it as a mandate to lead the country with the same enthusiasm and conviction that marked the first months of his Administration. The New Deal at that time was a promise of a new social order, distributing its privileges on a broad democratic basis. Though after two years the New Deal had not yet emerged, the NRA had been a disappointment, and the benefits of the underprivileged were confined to the receipt of federal relief, a great majority was sent to Congress implicitly instructed to support the President, who was thus given a renewed opportunity to realize his promises. But since the election the President has failed to justify the faith placed in him. His vaunted security program as finally hatched proved to be halting and inadequate. Even its advocates could only say for it that it was a beginning. Then followed his work-relief program. Before the election this was held out as a determined pledge that if industry cannot employ the unemployed the government can and will. It turns out to be a morbid substitute for relief, making certain that able-bodied persons who cannot find work in a crippled capitalist system shall not draw help from the government without toiling for it at depressed wages in a federal work gang. The President next surrendered to the newspaper publishers and clipped the wings of his own creation, the National Labor Relations Board, thereby jeopardizing the entire program of enforcement of the law on collective bargaining. And last week he declared war on organized labor in extending the automobile code, revised to include the worthless Wolman labor board. The amended code in effect sanctions the forty-eight-hour week in the automobile industry, and the NIRA both opposed it and recommended changes. The President, abetted by Mr. Richberg, thereupon promulgated the amendments by his autocratic powers, a drama of caesarism which his admirers have always said would be impossible. While this chapter was being written he suffered an almost calamitous defeat in the Senate over the World Court, and received yet another setback in the collapse of the debt negotiations which he had begun with the Soviet government. We do not know how much the President might have achieved in the three months after the elections, but it would have needed a rare talent for failure to have done worse.

The defeat of the World Court was calamitous not because our adherence or non-adherence matters greatly, but because with one ugly revulsion this country turned away from cooperation with other nations in seeking effective alternatives to war. Many factors can be marshaled to explain the defeat. One, certainly, was the loss of the sense of smell in the President's famous nose for politics. He has become so accustomed to success, or is so preternaturally optimistic, that he leaves to his aides responsibilities which he should shoulder himself. We have no doubt that if he had foreseen the possibility of defeat he could have saved the court in the Senate. He could have gone "on the air." He could have appealed to the millions of Americans who

wish to be good neighbors in international affairs. The defeat is primarily his own fault. But it also is beyond question that we should be in the World Court today if the Irish-Canadian priest of Detroit had never embarked on his remarkable career as broadcaster. The sudden show of strength by Father Coughlin surprised many people. They had not thought it possible that 200,000 telegrams signed by a million names should stream into Washington in a week, as the result of an hour's torture of the truth by a radio speaker. But they may well be warned. The President is no longer leading the country. He is leaving the field to the demagogues.

These have been black days in Washington. They are incomparably blacker than the week of the bank crisis, for in that experience America was drawn closer together and was inspired with the knowledge that by cooperation it could surmount its difficulties. In the present days sinister forces show themselves, still incipient, but rising with the slow sweep of a tide. It may have been too much to expect that the President would continue to hold these forces at bay. For after all he may have set out on an impossible task—to repair by broadening its democracy a social order which lives by inequality. The forces are not alone exemplified by Father Coughlin; they appear in another guise in the President's own compromises. The letter to the Biddle board two weeks ago and the autocratic imposition of the automobile code last week are the kinds of surrender to be expected if business is to be indulged when it insists on dominating its workers. The code was not imposed for purposes which lay within the President's own philosophy of two years ago. We believe that then the President was sincere in advocating the right of collective bargaining. But now that the automobile board has betrayed and estranged labor and has become the good servant of the automobile manufacturers, the President tries to thrust it down the throat of labor. This change in the President in two years reveals, we believe, the working of an insidious transformation in our national life which if unchecked must end in fascism. The President may not have consciously changed. He may not see that his program of relief work at depressed wages and his betrayal of organized labor are the two greatest gifts to employer-supremacy ever made in this country. His defeat in the Senate and his failure to keep abreast of the American public may startle him for a moment from his invincible optimism. He is turning against the people who elected him and choosing allies among the employers who have been his inveterate opponents. Mr. Farley may know that with five billions to spend he can buy the President's way back into office in 1936. But not any sum can buy the fulness of faith which the country once had in him. He can win it again only by leading. Even if his task should be impossible, at least he can appeal to the great public which believes in economic democracy, and, if need be, take his defeat fighting for it. Three times in a fortnight the President has surrendered without a struggle, twice to the employers, and once to the frenzy of Father Coughlin. It is an inglorious and foreboding record.



## Slamming the Door on Russia

IT is a far cry from the cordial conversations between President Roosevelt and M. Litvinov of fifteen months ago to the undiplomatic abruptness with which the State Department ended negotiations with the Soviet government last week. Nor is it possible to explain why the State Department should have spoiled with bad grace what the President began so propitiously. No major change has taken place in this country, in Russia, or in the world to justify the failure of the negotiations. The same reasons for normal, friendly relations exist now as when the President wrote to Moscow soon after his inauguration. The same possibility remains for Soviet purchases in America, and the need for employing American workers on Soviet orders is even more acute. Yet the chance to do political and economic service at one stroke is thrown away as if it were not the business of a foreign office to benefit from a double windfall. All we know about the failure is that the Soviet negotiations have been beset by minor difficulties some of which ought to have been avoided, and that as they progressed they departed from the principles agreed to by the President and M. Litvinov.

The first difficulty was the Johnson Act, which forbade loans to foreign governments in default, though it exempted the Export Bank as a government agency. The bank thereupon gratuitously accepted the conditions of this law. The second came when the State Department asked Attorney General Cummings for a ruling on whether the Soviet government was in default. In asking the opinion it did not inform him that the negotiations were on the basis, accepted by the President in his talks with M. Litvinov, of measuring claims against counter-claims. The Attorney General could hardly have ruled the Soviet government in default until the amount of counter-claims had been determined. But since the State Department did not mention counter-claims, the ruling came that the Soviet government was in default. Thereafter the State Department began haggling about credits. Now the Soviet government was not interested primarily in credits; what it wanted was friendship with America, and it was prepared to pay the awkward price of a left-handed recognition of the American loan to Kerensky, even though the loan bought supplies for Kolchak. We offered only short-term credits; the Soviet Ambassador was willing to take only a long-term loan. And there the negotiations almost collapsed, when M. Troyanovsky finally offered to compromise by taking half the credits for five years and the other half for twenty years. The State Department seemed to be annoyed at this, and the Soviet Ambassador returned to Moscow. At the time we could understand the mood of the State Department only by supposing that it was trying to put over the issue until after the November election. We were wrong. M. Troyanovsky returned to Washington and last week renewed his offer. He did not improve on it, and this, if the State Department thought it was out-bargaining the wily Easterners, may have been a shock to Secretary Hull's entourage. But the outcome was that after a five-minute interview the ne-

gotiations were not only broken off but ended with an emphasis that is anything but true diplomacy.

Thus is written a new chapter in the mismanagement of debt collections. What we have lost from Russia is not as great as the sums we might have collected from our former associates in the war, but it is considerable. We had a concrete offer of \$100,000,000 to be paid us over a period of years in settlement of claims. The sum we asked was more, but we might have expected a compromise payment of around \$150,000,000. We had in addition the promise of \$200,000,000 in business for American firms. While the negotiations progressed, Russia's relations with France improved, so that what we offered in short-term credits was no better than what might have been obtained in Paris, perhaps even in Germany and Great Britain, without paying the price of appearing to recognize debts contracted by earlier Russian governments. At the same time the Soviets' need for foreign machinery decreased through the improvement of internal economic conditions. Yet the State Department took no account of these changes, consulted no interests of our own so far as we can see, and in the end slammed shut the door on further discussion. We must ask some questions. Who was it who insisted that the negotiations must end? Was it the President? Was it by any far-fetched chance Secretary Hull? Was it Mr. Kelley, chief of the Eastern European Division, who all along has appeared to have an animus against the Soviet government? If it was Mr. Kelley, how does it happen that he is allowed so much influence in American affairs? If, as we suspect, the negotiations failed simply through the ineptitude of the State Department, no answers to these questions need be expected.

## Has Chiang Kai-shek Sold Out?

ON the basis of press reports, one would conclude that after a long period of quiet preparation Japan had suddenly resumed the use of forcible tactics to further its ambitions in China. The attack on Chahar and the skirmish with Outer Mongolian troops at Kalkha Miao are interpreted as efforts to intimidate Nanking so as to exact concessions which would otherwise be hard to win. This interpretation glosses over the basic fact of recent Sino-Japanese relations—that Chiang Kai-shek has worked hand in glove with the Japanese at every opportunity. No show of force is necessary to persuade Chiang that Japan can be of inestimable assistance in dealing with the Communists. Nor is it necessary for the purpose of strengthening Japan's military position with a view to a further attack on North China. The demilitarized zone created by the Tangku truce of May 31, 1933, has always been under the full control of the Japanese troops stationed along the Peiping-Shankaikuan railway. The Peiping Political Council—the dominant political body in North China—and the Hopei provincial government are completely under the thumb of Japan. In Nanking Japanese influence has been somewhat less direct but none the less effective. The new tariff schedules promulgated by the Nanking authorities in July, 1934, reduced the duties on all Japanese products, even to the extent of



injuring domestic manufacturers, while increasing the levy on imports from other nations. These measures, together with the suppression of the anti-Japanese boycott, have brought Japanese trade virtually back to the 1931 level.

But Japanese ambitions have by no means been satisfied. There still remains a long list of specific demands, some of them running back to 1915, which Tokyo is pressing for acceptance. Primary among these is Japan's desire to finance the construction of a series of railways which would place North China in much the same position of economic dependence as Manchuria was in prior to 1931. Parallel to this is the demand that only Japanese capital be used for the development of agriculture and industry in the five northernmost provinces of China. Nanking is also being pressed to replace its present European and American technical advisers with Japanese, and to accept large loans for the reorganization and modernization of its army. There is even talk of inducing China to withdraw from the League in order to bring it more fully under the control of Japan. In exchange for these concessions, Japan stands ready to raise the rank of its envoy to that of ambassador and to render much-needed financial aid to the Nanking regime.

Obviously many of the above aspirations are in the nature of long-range objectives rather than immediate political issues. The proposed agreement for cooperation against the Communists and certain of the specific economic demands appear, however, to require immediate attention. In fact, it is highly probable that at least tentative arrangements on these points have already been concluded. Chiang's withdrawal of troops from North China, his consent to the appointment of Japanese advisers to towns in the demilitarized area, the recent reopening of postal service between China and Manchoukuo, and the drastic measures taken to curb anti-Japanese activity are explicable only on the basis of a definite understanding with Japan. Beyond this, however, Chiang cannot go without incurring widespread popular disapproval. Anti-Japanese sentiment is dormant, but it has by no means been crushed. To enter voluntarily into an open alliance with the Japanese against the Communists would be suicidal. But if it could be made to appear that these concessions were imposed upon Chiang by the superior force of Japanese arms, public opinion would be much less outraged. Such is the subtlety of Oriental diplomacy.

What we appear to be witnessing, then, is an attempt by Chiang Kai-shek to save his own neck by selling out to Japan. Suppressed by ruthless terrorism, the Chinese people are unable to prevent this betrayal. Never was the protection of such agreements as the Nine Power Pact more obviously required. Though the Open Door policy has frequently been used as a shield for dealings of an unsavory nature, it has at least been instrumental in preventing an unholy scramble for territorial booty in China. Yet for the United States to go out of its way to invoke the Open Door at the present moment would merely heighten Japanese resentment against this country. If any lesson is to be drawn from the experience of the last three years, it is that Japan is not to be swerved by spasmodic protests. Nothing short of joint action by all the powers can stave off an ultimate conflict for the mastery of the Far East. Because the United States is the one great power now outside the League, its responsibility is doubly great.

## Terror in Arkansas

IN more fields than one the Roosevelt Administration's well-intentioned attempts to reconcile basic differences between those who have and those who have not have resulted only in defining the issues and precipitating actual conflict. Thus we have the strange spectacle of an out-and-out break between a liberal President and the American Federation of Labor, which has been able to get along with some of the most reactionary Presidents in our history—and the Administration faces a period of unprecedented labor strife. In the South one of the more tangible results of the policies of the AAA is the virtual reign of terror which cotton planters in eastern Arkansas are now conducting against share-croppers. The acreage-reduction plan was designed to raise the price of cotton and bring back prosperity to the whole South. It is being administered by Secretary Wallace, perhaps the most socially-minded member of the Roosevelt regime. Yet as a direct result of it thousands of share-croppers, whose poverty defies exaggeration and who obviously need help more than any other section of the farm population, face eviction; and their organization of a tenant-farmers' union, encouraged, no doubt, by the government's friendly attitude toward unionization, has provoked the present terror against them.

In last week's issue we commented on the arrest and conviction of Ward H. Rodgers in Marked Tree for "anarchy." Since then other partisans of the share-croppers, namely, Lucien Koch and Bob Reed of Commonwealth College, have been beaten up; and Mr. Rodgers has been arrested again, along with Mr. Koch and a third unnamed person, in the town of Lepanto, Arkansas. The motivation of these arrests was made clear by the mayor of the town himself. The three men were taken into custody while addressing a meeting of whites and Negroes. "They were talking about that 'share-cropper business,'" said the Mayor, "and were creating a lot of tension that was unnecessary." In another section of this issue William R. Amberson presents a thorough and authoritative survey of the "share-cropper business." We leave it to the reader to judge whether the tension was created by three men in Lepanto.

The Department of Agriculture has taken account of the terror in Arkansas in two important ways. It has sent an investigator, Mrs. Mary Connor Myers, to the region, and we can report that she is making a real investigation. She has actually talked to members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, which is more than her predecessors have done. What is even more to the point, the department, mainly because of pressure from the share-croppers' union, has held up rental and benefit payments to one of the most obdurate planters while his attempted eviction of many tenant families is under review. But the basic problem remains. It is impossible to reduce acreage 40 per cent without reducing the number of tenant farmers. What shall they do? Swell the army of the unemployed in the cities or remain in wretched hovels on the land with no income except from occasional labor at fifty cents or a dollar a day? The plight of the share-croppers presents one of the most dangerous and acute problems in the country. Only a fundamental change in the plantation system can solve it.



# Issues and Men

## Hitler After the Saar

**T**HAT the overwhelming vote in the Saar and the return to Germany strengthened Hitler and the Nazis admits of no doubt. There will be a recrudescence of Nazi enthusiasm—and not only in Germany. We shall undoubtedly see a flaring up of the Nazi movement in Austria, which must be Hitler's next objective in his plan of building in Central Europe the greatest German power ever witnessed. Just who owns Hitler today it is difficult to say. The great industrialists as a whole, of course, are in control; and Schacht is becoming more and more powerful, not only because of his great ability and his economic shrewdness, but because he is successfully eliminating those who oppose his policies and those who, like Gottfried Feder, stood for the original National Socialist program. As for the position of the Reichswehr, that remains in doubt. Since the extraordinary conclave of Nazi party leaders and army and navy officers at the State Opera House in Berlin at the beginning of the year, it has been accepted that the Reichswehr has won complete supremacy in the defense field, with the special Hitler troops—the S. S.—and what remains of the Storm Troopers—the S. A.—subordinated to it.

Sensational newspapers here and elsewhere prophesied before the Saar vote that there would be another bloody purge of the Nazi Party when the Saar was out of the way. There is no evidence to prove that this is on the boards at present, but one of the most competent American observers is of the opinion that there will be another convulsion within the Nazi Party in February or March. The conflict between those poor dupes of Hitler who really thought that he meant what he said when he promised them a Socialist program and those who stand with their leaders cannot be ended by terror. The only planks of his platform that Hitler has really lived up to are those relating to the Jews; everything else is in abeyance, and if anyone questions him about it, he is in a position to recall the number of times he has said that the party must have at least five years to put through its program—it will be easy enough to find other excuses when the five years are up. Meanwhile he continues to stress that there are 3,410,000 fewer unemployed than there were when he took office, though the number of the jobless increased by 252,000 during December, with the total standing at 2,604,000. Even Hitler only claims that 2,500,000 have been regularly employed at regular wages. The rest of the reduction is accounted for by the number working at nominal wages in the labor camps and as farm and domestic helpers. The gain in employment has been chiefly due to the rearming of Germany, the making of munitions, guns, airplanes, and so on. Also, large numbers of persons—Communists, Socialists, Jews—were thrown off the roster and have to find a means of living as best they can. Even the Institute for Business Research admits that the domestic boom created by the government through credit inflation is slowing down, chiefly because of the growing shortage of raw material, which is beginning to be more and more serious despite the leger-

demain of Schacht. The latest letters from Germany seem to indicate a growing unrest because of the continuation of the economic distress.

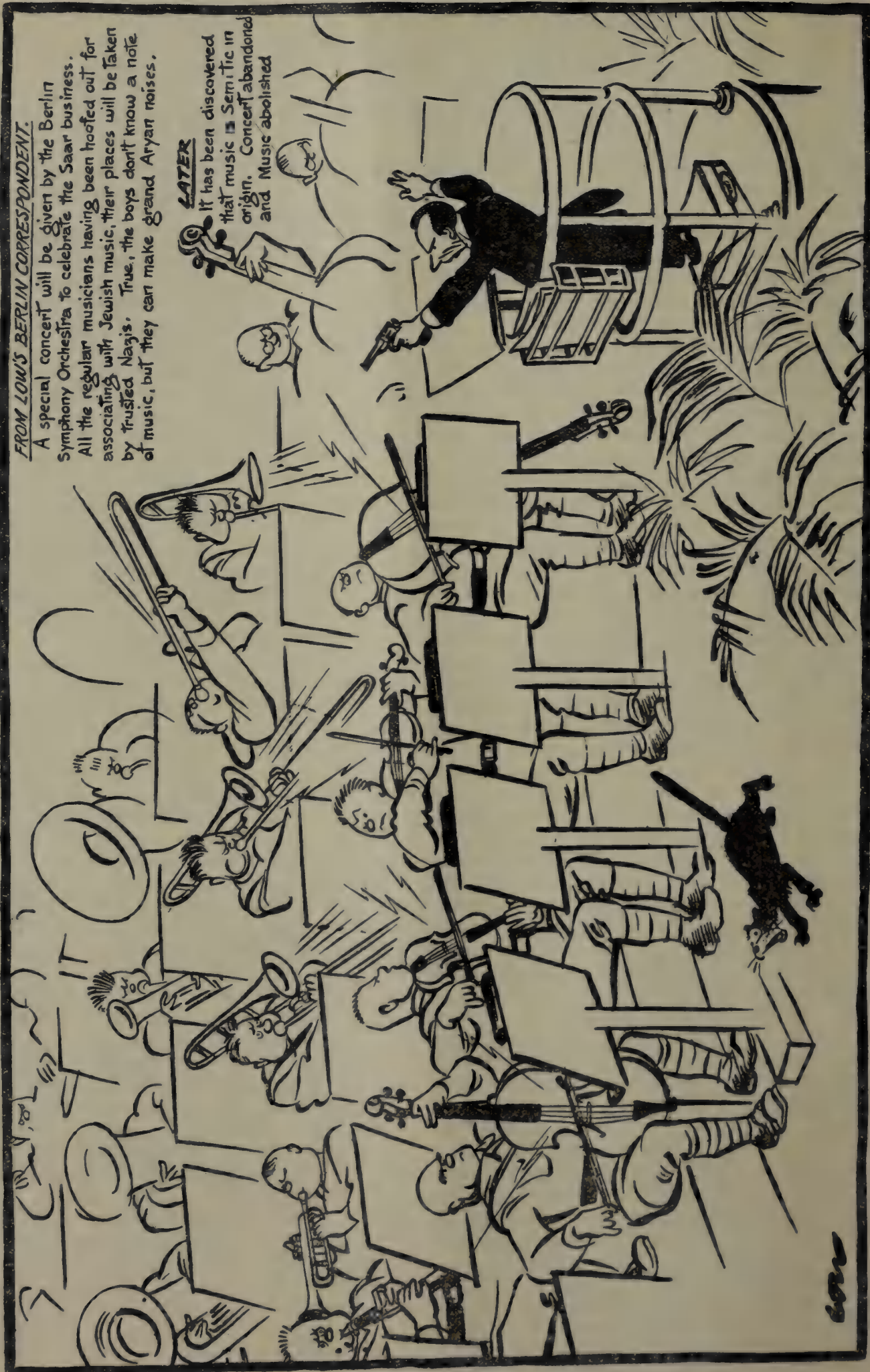
It would be wrong, however, to assume that Hitler's own position has as yet been shaken in any degree. The callousness of the German people as a whole to the blood purge of June 30 remains inexplicable. True, there is evidence of an increase in outspoken criticism. One hears of men criticizing the regime freely in public restaurants without lowering their voices. It is known that there is growing unrest among the editors of what is left of the press of the country. Occasionally through the dispatches we hear of prominent men being sent to prison, as was the distinguished scholar and philosopher Professor Johannes Leisegang of the University of Jena, who was jailed at the beginning of December for having said that Hitler's speech at the bier of Hindenburg was only electioneering, and that it was "a dishonor for a common soldier to deliver the funeral oration for a Field Marshal." Professor Karl Barth got off without a prison sentence but he lost his professorship at Bonn chiefly because of his failure to give the Hitler salute at the beginning and close of every lecture!

As for the Jews, their plight is worse than ever, and Americans must not be misled as to this by the inability of our newspapers to print details. As one correspondent has pointed out, the Nazis have improved their diabolical technique and no longer allow as much news of their repressions to come out. But we have recently received some facts in the report of the first year's activities of the Jewish Central Committee in Germany, which was created in the summer of 1933. The committee estimates that 60,000 German Jews and 25,000 of foreign citizenship have left the country. About 2,000 Jewish civil employees of university training have been discharged, and about 4,000 Jewish lawyers have been ousted from the profession. Some 4,000 Jewish physicians also have been forbidden to act as panel doctors, or have been discharged from positions in hospitals and public and private institutions. No fewer than 2,000 of these are now in need of charity. Eight hundred Jewish professors have been expelled from the universities, practically all of the 1,200 journalists and writers have been discharged or forbidden to publish any work, and 2,000 Jewish actors, singers, and vaudeville artists are debarred from earning a living. Some 35,000 Jewish employees of banks, business houses, and industries have applied to the committee for aid, together with 90,000 shopkeepers and other business men. Yet Dr. Wilhelm Frick, the Nazi Minister of Interior, solemnly declares that "no Jew has a right to complain of unjust treatment in Germany." The obvious and malign falsity of this statement is characteristic of the whole Nazi leadership.

*Bruce Garrison Villard*



## A Cartoon by LOW





# The Hill-Billies Come to Detroit

By LOUIS ADAMIC

*Detroit, January 25*

THE automobile industry, as you may have read in the daily press, is having the best beginning of a new year since 1929. The New York Automobile Show was a vast success. As I write, it is reported that similar shows, with their attractive new models, are very successful also in other large cities throughout the country. Orders are pouring into Detroit. Some of the departments of the Ford plants are working in three shifts six days a week. Several General Motors plants operate in two shifts seven days a week. Tens of thousands of men and women have been put to work in recent months in various branches of the great motor industry, and more are being employed weekly—not only in Detroit, but to a lesser extent in some of the smaller towns nearby as well. A number of Detroit boosters to whom I talked gave me glowing accounts of the sudden upswing in the industry. Things are starting to hum again: no maybe about it. They all used the word “hum.” And to my question about the labor situation they replied—most of them, it is true, with a suggestion of uneasiness—that there was nothing to worry about. Yes, all was quiet. . . . No, no; absolutely no danger of a general auto strike this year, nor anything resembling real trouble.

I met several intelligent workers, one or two would-be labor leaders, some red agitators, a number of white-collar employees of automobile plants, and miscellaneous citizens of my acquaintance who are vaguely radical, progressive, or liberal and more or less informed about what is going on in Detroit's leading business. Talking with these people I became convinced that despite prophecies last year of impending trouble in 1935 there is no possibility of any great upheaval in the motor industry during the current high-production season, nor, as a matter of something a little more substantial than a guess, later in this year. But by this I do not mean that the labor situation in Detroit is anything to be happy about. It is not.

Detroit still has 52,000 families, or approximately a quarter of a million people, on various forms of relief, while there are somewhere between 50,000 and 75,000 unemployed persons in the city who, chiseling along in other ways, are not on relief. In some of the automobile plants employment lately went up as much as 100 per cent, whereas the relief burden was decreased only about 20 per cent. The explanations for this discrepancy are interesting.

For one thing, the companies have hired great numbers of girls and young women with no previous experience in the automobile industry; in many departments of the intricate but superbly organized production process no experience is necessary. These girls were given and continue to be given jobs in preference to experienced and physically better-equipped male workers. The companies' theory—no doubt very sound—is that women and girls are not as apt to join unions or become otherwise troublesome as men. And many of these new automotive workers come not from families on relief but from a slightly higher economic level—again because such persons, not having been exposed to the extreme

hardships and humiliations of the jobless, are less likely to respond to labor-union agitation than the ex-unemployed.

The automobile manufacturers' labor policy is this: The industry must not be unionized, and to keep the unions from gaining a foothold, we must take every precaution and spare no expense. Among the experienced automotive workers living in Detroit and the vicinity, only those have been and are being rehired whom the plant employment managers personally know to be “safe,” or who can secure personal O.K.'s from prominent citizens in Detroit, such as well-known judges and commanders of American Legion posts. Workers known to be inclined, however slightly, toward unionism or radicalism are almost generally taboo in the production department, whether on relief or not. Those hired are watched by stool pigeons, who in some plants go so far as to search the men's overcoat pockets for possible radical literature.

Apparently there is a great dearth of “safe” workers in Detroit. In recent months, with production increasing, it has been necessary for the companies to bring in tens of thousands of people from outside, principally from the South, and put them to work in the busy plants. For months now the companies have been sending their labor agents to recruit hill-billies from Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Alabama. These hill-billies are for the most part impoverished whites, “white trash” or a little better, from the rural regions. The majority of them are young fellows. They have had no close contact with modern industry or with labor unionism—this, of course, is their best qualification. Their number in Detroit is variously estimated as between fifteen and thirty thousand, with more of them coming weekly, not only in company-chartered buses but singly and in small groups on their own hook, for no one has a better chance of employment in Detroit these days than a Southerner of unsophisticated mien. They are employed at simple, standardized tasks in production departments, for which very little or no training is necessary, at 45 or 50 cents an hour, except in Ford's, where the wages are slightly higher. These workers are happy to receive this pay and are much “safer”—for the next few months, anyhow, while big production is on—than local labor, poisoned by ideas of unionism and perhaps even more dangerous notions.

The hill-billies, with their extremely low standard of living and lack of acquaintance with modern plumbing, are looked down upon by all but the most intelligent local workers, both native and foreign-born; they are despised also—indeed, mainly—because they take employment away from the old-time automotive workers. This, naturally, is agreeable to the geniuses running the Automobile Chamber of Commerce. In fact, it is exactly what they want. It splits the workers still more. Any kind of solidarity between these newcomers and old-time Detroiters is out of the question in the immediate future. It takes ■■ American worker ■■ long while to assimilate the union idea; and these unfortunate Southerners—though just now most of them consider themselves extremely fortunate—are nothing if not Americans.

It is all very, very clever, and it will take the labor



movement, such as it is, some time to devise the strategy and tactics to cope effectively with this latest of dirty tricks played upon the workers by the automobile tycoons and their brain-guys. Individual proletarians, however, already are inventing counter-tricks. To crash a job at a plant one man I know practiced up on the Southern dialect and drawl, then presented himself at the factory gates, and was hired as soon as he opened his mouth. Another good way for a man to get a job in Detroit, I am told, is to look and act stupid.

Do the people of Detroit as a whole know about this importation of workers from the South? The newspapers, I have been informed, never mention it. Naturally not. They are strongly in favor of the automobile industry remaining open shop. The same is true of important people in the city in general. Anything is justified to keep out the unions, which to them signify only trouble. They are willing to contribute to relief; they are willing to do almost anything to keep the industry from being "strangled to death by the unions." Of course, most of the big people deny that the companies are importing outsiders wholesale. An important engineer of a great body plant, however, said to me: "The industry's been in the red for years. Now for the first time since the depression began it looks as though a nice profit is probable. Can't you see the manufacturers' point of view? Can you blame them, things being as they are, if they take precautions—if they insure themselves against possible interference with production? True, some of the people brought into the city will be 'dumped,' as you say, into the lap of Detroit when high production ends in April or May, but what is more important to Detroit—the fact that the industry goes on humming uninterrupted or the danger that the city will have ten or fifteen thousand more relief cases in May? Anyhow, I believe that both the city and the industry figure that they'll deal with that in May. No use crossing bridges till you come to them. That's the American way." He smiled. I said that it seemed to me a bit cruel to bring in these people from the South, then dump them. "That may be true in some cases," was the answer, "but in a big thing like this and in serious times like the present you can't worry about that. The automobile industry is the most important industry in the country. The prosperity of other important industries depends on it."

The middle-class and lower-middle-class people are more or less aware of the importations of workers but are too full of troubles of their own to try to do anything about them. Petty landlords and realtors who have rented their vacant houses to the hill-billies complain that their tenants, unappreciative of modern appliances, are damaging their properties. The automobile workers, particularly the unemployed, feel the angriest about the importations, but are largely helpless against them. They have no organization through which to act, no power. Their anger is directed chiefly against the hill-billies.

There is but one union in the automobile industry of any consequence, and this one of no great consequence—the Mechanics' Educational Society of America, an independent organization essentially interested only in the "aristocracy" of automotive labor, the tool-and-die men. The A. F. of L. momentarily is embarking on an "organization campaign," but anyone who knows anything in Detroit knows that the campaign is only a lot of empty motions, that in all probability the organizers are closer to the brain-guys of the

Automobile Chamber of Commerce than they are to the organized workers. A number of federal unions have been formed in the past year, but none have any numerical or other strength, while scores of plants have large unions under "safe leadership."

Speed-up is the rule in nearly all plants, and big sections of automobile labor have other grievances which make them anything but anti-union, but the A. F. of L. organizers, living in good hotels and taxiing about the town, are careful to do nothing to inspire them with courage to join the union in the face of the employers' fierce and consistent opposition. In mid-February the kingpin of American labor, William Green, is expected to visit the automobile centers; the occasion doubtless will be marked by the customary geysers of blah and bluff which have marked the A. F. of L. campaign so far. The rank-and-filers will be told again to put their trust in the tried-and-true leadership of the great Federation. But it is obvious that the Federation has no desire to organize the industry. Its immediate motive is merely to prevent the appearance of some new organization which eventually might succeed in unionizing the industry and then possibly become a rival of the A. F. of L. in other fields.

The Communist Party in Detroit has a large apparatus, but owing to the Communists' serious tactical blunders in the past it is totally isolated from the masses of workers and therefore of no immediate importance. The American Workers' Party, now the Workers' Party of the United States, whose tactics were so successful in Toledo last year, is just beginning to get a foothold in Detroit, but is practically incapable of developing any real power during 1935. The tactics of the Workers' Party, I understand, will be to attend A. F. of L. mass-meetings and develop rank-and-file pressure upon the A. F. of L. "organizers."

In brief, no big movement or upheaval is possible. Possible, however, are small local blow-ups. The only important plant in the automobile industry which is effectively organized is the Auto-Lite in Toledo, the scene of the serious strike last spring led by the aggressive A. W. P. strike tacticians. The federal union there, I am told, is in better condition now than it was when the strike was called last year. Its leadership is more militant and vastly more intelligent than it was early in 1934. It is under the influence of the A. W. P. A new explosion in Toledo is possible. The managers of Auto-Lite, at any rate, seem to think so. This time last year they employed about two thousand workers. Today their working force is over five thousand. The explanation is not only that production has gone up generally but that Auto-Lite fears a possible shut-down in March or April. If a new strike occurs in Toledo, it probably will be fiercer and bloodier than the last. Behind Auto-Lite will be, as in the last strike, the power of the entire automobile industry, while on the workers' side will be much of the militancy developed in the 1934 struggle and vastly more experienced leadership. The most important factor working against the strike is the general socio-economic situation in Toledo, which has improved somewhat in the last five months, superficially at any rate. Fundamentally the situation is practically the same. One out of every three and a half persons in the city is still on relief, and it must be remembered that it was the unemployed who so largely contributed to the fury of the 1934 incident.



# Social Security in Great Britain

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

**S**OCIAL insurance in Great Britain had a stormy birth and has led an embattled life. Now that the system is established, unemployment insurance in particular having been fundamentally overhauled last year, the completed whole is much more like a full-grown complex city, let us say, than a lucid scale-drawing of plans. Certain elements in it are easy to pick out and describe, but a detailed and accurate study requires involved explanations of how some of its features came to take their present form. These explanations are important if one is to understand the scheme, and yet they are irrelevant if the scheme is to be used in comparing standards with those of another country. The British system even has a vocabulary of its own, part of it incomprehensible here. And the history of British social legislation, since much of it was devised to modify purely local adaptations of the insurance idea, makes tediously dry reading to all but specialists.

The British security program was enacted in three separate steps. First came small non-contributory old-age pensions for those over seventy and without more than a very low minimum income. This was enacted in 1908. It was essentially a relief measure, taking the place of private charity, then widely organized for this purpose. This was a prelude to the great insurance venture of 1911, when Great Britain embarked on health and unemployment insurance. It was only a partial beginning of unemployment insurance, but the health-insurance scheme was full-fledged and embraced the entire working population on a basis which stands today without major alteration. Contributory old-age pensions and pensions for widows and orphans were added in 1925.

The conception prevalent in this country until recently that British social insurance was the creation of British Socialists is altogether wrong. When Britain went off the gold standard, after a minority Labor government had been in office, many fell into the error of charging socialism with the responsibility of wrecking the British budget through unemployment insurance, and thus destroying British credit. But even at this time Britain had no Socialist government. It had a Labor government which did not command a majority in Parliament and could remain in office only by refraining from any truly Socialist efforts. The British scheme of social security must be written to the credit of Liberals and Conservatives. Labor governments managed for a time to liberalize payments and regulations, but they did not initiate anything essential in the scheme itself. Liberals are responsible for nearly all of it. Asquith was Prime Minister in 1908, when the first pension act was passed. Lloyd George was the Chancellor of the Exchequer who forced through health and unemployment insurance in 1911. And Winston Churchill, then a recent convert to conservatism, was the Tory Chancellor who in 1925 made old-age pensions contributory and added pensions for widows and orphans.

It may be that social security can be enacted in the United States without the long and strong conflict it has had to endure in Great Britain. Lloyd George's espousal

of the principle in 1911 shook London to its foundations, and the hostility between him and the financial interests led to murmurs of revolt, even revolution. The growth of the system was immeasurably facilitated by the outbreak of the World War. Insurance as an issue was forgotten. By the end of the war it was working, and was at hand to help solve some of the terrifying problems of demobilization. But the struggle was often resumed after the depression of 1921, and since then has become at times a bitter one between the niggardly policy of the Conservatives and the demand of Labor for a decent living standard as a right of citizenship.

The British scheme was changed last year in one fundamental which in a way compares with present-day thought in this country. A distinction was accepted between employables and unemployables, and separate treatment was provided for each class. Employables in the British act are called "able-bodied unemployed persons in need of relief." But whereas the President's program intends to employ such persons in public-works projects at depressed wages, the British attitude is wholly different. In Great Britain relief is paid in cash in almost all cases. The government accepts responsibility for employables even if they are not protected by unemployment insurance—agricultural workers and domestic servants are still excluded from insurance, though plans are being drawn for the inclusion of agricultural workers. The scheme takes in even the non-manual (white-collar) workers with less than \$1,250 income a year who are not in business for themselves. This is the first assumption of responsibility for employables as a whole by the central government. It formerly rested with local authorities, the county and borough officials, and relief might be administered generously in a radical county and ungenerously in a tory one, or be dangerously inadequate because of shortage of funds. Now the purpose is to establish unemployment insurance and relief on a sound basis, administer it by permanent officials not directly responsible to Parliament, and remove the whole system from the domain of politics. The funds for the relief of employables are theoretically contributed by the local authorities in conjunction with the government. But the greater part of the burden, about 95 per cent, is borne by the national treasury.

A "means test" is applied to those in receipt of such relief, but the conditions laid down are more generous than they were before the act was passed. Thus if a man owns a house, he is not required to borrow on it or sell it. If a person has money from health insurance, the first \$1.75 is not counted, nor is any maternity benefit, nor the first \$5 of a war pension, nor one-half of workmen's compensation, nor the first \$125 invested or in cash. The amount of the allowance will vary according to need, and in certain cases will be even greater than the unemployment-insurance benefit.

To come now to the essentials of the British insurance system. Unemployment insurance is to be distinguished from relief and is contributory. The employer pays one-third of the cost on the theory that he benefits from maintaining his labor reserves; the worker contributes one-third and the



theory that he is making an enforced saving to protect him against the slumps of the trade cycle; the state pays one-third to justify its use of compulsion in setting up the scheme. Contributions vary for age and sex groups. Men pay 20 cents a week, women 18 cents, boys from 10 to 18 cents, girls from 9 to 16 cents. Benefits begin after a waiting period of six days and continue for twenty-six weeks, though the time is extended if the applicant has a long insurance record, and can be as long as a year. Single men receive in benefits \$4.25 a week, women \$3.75, boys from \$1.50 to \$3.50, and girls from \$1.25 to \$3. Allowance for an adult dependent is \$2.25 and for each dependent child 50 cents. Thus a married man with four children draws \$8.50 a week, or twice the amount for a single man.

Theoretically, the British scheme operates through a national chain of labor exchanges, which it was hoped would become the chief agency in placing people in jobs. The exchanges are of great service, since they are the local administrative offices of the system. But only about one-fourth of the jobs have been filled through the exchanges, and while resort to them by employers has increased, this feature has been a disappointment and remains a weakness in the plan.

Health insurance in Great Britain is less discussed than unemployment insurance, but it has been a notable success. The unemployment-insurance fund is notoriously in debt, but the health-insurance system is financially sound and today derives more than 18 per cent of its income from interest on investments. But the success is due in part to conditions in Great Britain prior to 1911 which cannot be duplicated elsewhere. Nearly half the workers at that time were members of private societies which provided health insurance in one form or other. And when the state scheme was adopted, it was built on the foundation of these approved or "friendly" societies. Some of them had large reserves, and today some societies are able to pay out a wider range of benefits than others. Every insured person either belongs to a society—which the greater part choose to do—or his contributions go into a postal-savings account, which can give him only sparing returns. The friendly societies are non-profit-making and are under strict supervision of the government. The state collects the contributions and apportion them to the societies for the distribution of benefits.

As with unemployment insurance, the contribution is made for the worker by his employer—it is by a system of stamps on a card—and the employer, worker, and state pay a share. A man pays 9 cents a week to his employer's 9 cents; a woman pays 8 cents to her employer's 9 cents, and the state pays one-seventh of the benefit given the man and one-fifth of the benefit to the woman. Benefits are of two kinds, cash and services. A man receives \$3.75 a week while sick, a spinster \$3, a married woman \$2.50. There is a smaller disablement benefit, \$1.87 for a man, \$1.50 for a spinster, and \$1.25 for a married woman. An insured wife gets a \$10 maternity benefit. There is sanitarium treatment for tuberculosis patients, and societies with surpluses are able to add dental care, treatment by specialists, home nursing, hospital care, and even distress grants. In addition, every insured person has all "proper and necessary" treatment from a physician free of charge, as well as needed drugs.

This last aspect of medical care was fought by the British physicians at the beginning, and is still resisted by some. Doctors are not compelled, however, to serve insurance

patients. They are rewarded if they do by a payment of so much per person under their care, and the average income of "panel" doctors from this part of their practice in 1929 was \$2,100. Many complaints are made by patients that panel doctors keep them waiting intolerable hours, but the wider observation is that doctors have an opportunity to treat minor complaints and watch for early symptoms which ultimately reduces their work and greatly benefits their patients.

The health-insurance scheme as it now stands cares for over 17,000,000 persons, all of them entitled to the minimum benefits described. Of this number 12,500,000 have in addition dental care, 11,500,000 have free or cheapened optical treatment, 11,000,000 receive surgical appliances free, 10,000,000 are entitled to part cost of convalescence homes, 7,500,000 receive part cost of hospital treatment, and 5,000,000 can have home nursing for serious illness.

To Americans the British old-age, widows', and orphans' pension scheme will sound grossly inadequate. With the figures of Dr. Townsend and Huey Long ringing in our ears, the weekly \$2.50 paid to a man or woman at sixty-five becomes almost absurd. And to receive an old-age pension a man must have contributed 9 cents a week to his employer's 9 cents, a woman 4 cents to her employer's 5 cents, and the government makes up the difference in cost. The widow receives the full \$2.50, and the pensioner's orphan \$1.87. A widow also has \$1.25 for her eldest child and 75 cents for each other child.

Had the system started out with a fund to make it self-liquidating the government would have had to find \$3,000,000,000 at the outset. It chose instead to pay out of current revenue what was needed each year. Even after the whole population is in the scheme, making contributions from childhood, the government in eighty years will be contributing an annual subsidy of \$438,000,000 or about one-seventh of the present British budget. This scheme was added to social security by Winston Churchill, and at the outset it was looked upon with much enthusiasm. Tories preened themselves on being disciples of Disraeli and having a progressive social outlook. But when their financial experts began studying its future, many of them changed their minds, and I believe if the Conservative Party had it to do over again, it would leave old-age pensions strictly alone.

What is hard to explain in a country without a working security system is the difference it makes in the state of mind of a country. The mental background of the British is more peaceful than ours, not because of pride in the rising level of humanity, but because of the greatly enhanced safety. The social system, they feel there, has been fundamentally rebuilt though they still have a capitalist society. What is more, the security system is regarded not as a transition to a new Socialist order but as essential to the preservation of capitalism. The establishment of the system is recognized as the biggest thing the country has done in a generation. And many believe that Lloyd George, who is more responsible for it than any other individual, will be placed higher for it in history than for his leadership in helping win the war. And from conversation with him on this point I can say that he thinks so himself.

*[This is the second of a series of four articles analyzing the approach to social security in various countries. The third, on social insurance in the Scandinavian countries, will appear in an early issue.]*



# The White House Breaks with Labor

*Washington, February 4*

**D**ONALD RICHBERG came out of the President's office at the White House last Wednesday with Clay Williams, president of the NIRB, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile manufacturers. The manufacturers hurried away to escape the waiting newspapermen. Richberg, his arms up over his head, playfully made as though to charge through them, then laughingly pulled up. It was the buffoonery of a prominent man who shows that he can be one of the boys. He was asked if he had any statement to make. The automobile code was to expire the next night, and everyone knew it had been under discussion. "We have had a series of conferences with all parties concerned," began Mr. Richberg, but he was interrupted. "Including labor?" spoke up an incredulous voice. "Yes." "Who for labor?" the voice pressed. "I won't make any statement about that," said Mr. Richberg, obviously annoyed, and went on to say that the news about the code would be given out by Mr. Williams at nine o'clock that night.

The scene, with its false good cheer and Mr. Richberg's prevarication about the consultation with labor, was characteristic of the deception and superficiality with which the amended code was imposed on the industry. Labor was not consulted. Later the President explained that he knew the attitude of labor because he had had letters a month before. Mr. Richberg, however, again and again asserted categorically that labor had been consulted, and Mr. Williams concurred, though neither would name the labor representative. A newspaperman told Mr. Richberg that Mr. Green and Mr. Dillon (of the automobile workers' union) both denied that labor had been consulted. "I don't believe it," he said. "You believe that they were consulted, or you don't believe they denied it?" the correspondent asked. "I don't believe that they denied it." It was strange for newspapermen to be called mendacious, and most of them had heard the denial of Green and Dillon. Mr. Richberg apparently was satisfied that a month-old letter was a consultation, in the kind of intellectual hide-and-seek which certain men and women in high places play with truth. Subsequently even the President took a hand in the befuddlement by saying at his press conference that the Wolman board had not been incorporated in the code as an amendment, though there it was, amendment number four, for all to read. Only one explanation of the President's denial is possible, and pitiful as it may be it is the most charitable explanation to be made of the whole episode of the code. The President did not realize what he was doing or remember accurately what he had done. He had been told that the automobile workers themselves were in favor not of the A. F. of L. or company unions but of works councils, and so he believed he could dismiss the A. F. of L. without injustice. Since he saw no labor officials he could not learn that Dr. Leo Wolman had chosen for elections those plants where the unions were weak, and could not inquire to what extent the order of the union to boycott the election was being obeyed. He is in that dangerous position, also occupied by Frances Perkins,

of considering himself a benefactor of labor, hence above co-operation with it and certainly above criticism.

The President's disregard of organized labor is not the only astonishing feature of the imposed code. To carry through his agreement with the manufacturers he had to override the NIRB, which is in charge of all codes since the departure of General Johnson. This board consists of five men, S. Clay Williams and Arthur D. Whiteside representing the employers, Sidney Hillman and Leon C. Marshall representing labor, and Walton H. Hamilton representing the consumers. Leon Henderson, director of research and planning, and Blackwell Smith, general counsel, are members without votes. The amendments were sent from the White House to this board, which stood five to two against them, the employer members opposed to the rest. The Wolman board was not the only basis of the NIRB's objections. It saw in the amendments of the hours provisions the sabotage of the whole campaign to shorten hours in industry. The arrangement is not what it looks to be. It seems to give to 80 per cent of the workers an average of forty-hour weeks through a year, allowing forty-eight hours a week to be worked at certain periods, with over-time rates not effective until more than forty-eight hours are worked. But as the average working time in a year is not much more than five months, this means that these men are made to work forty-eight hours when they do work, and the forty-hour week is a myth. The tool-and-die makers, one-fifth of all workers, who prepare machinery for making new models, have an average forty-two-hour week under the code, and they alone draw over-time pay. What the board proposed was to bring this class into the forty-hour average, and have over time for them and all other workers begin after forty-two hours. The President and Mr. Richberg would not hear of it. They went ahead, amended the code on the forty-eight-hour basis, and left the shorter-hour campaign of the NRA on a siding. The NIRB saw the folly of forcing the Wolman board upon labor and proposed to change it by giving it the structure and legal standing of the steel and textile boards existing under Public Resolution No. 44. This was not an ideal solution but it at least gave labor something different from the Wolman board, which it openly refuses to use. But this serviceable suggestion also was unheeded at the White House.

The first result has been to put labor into a needed mood of self-service. It has given up the sneaking hope that the Santa in the White House might go on bringing gifts after Christmas. There will be a strike in the automobile industry, and it will be bitter, since it will be the first openly anti-Administration strike under the New Deal. In Washington labor moves its battleground from the White House to the Hill. It is going after legislation and believes that Congress is to the left of the President on labor policy. The A. F. of L. ought to have organized the automobile industry a hundred per cent as its first privilege, but it went about the task with a defeatist psychology. Now the great face-slap by the President has sent the blood of labor leaders tingling.

R. G. S.



## In the Driftway

THE Drifter had somehow overlooked the Dobuans until Margaret Mead, reviewing Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" in *The Nation*, referred to them casually but succinctly as "the morose paranoid Dobuans of New Guinea." Having read Mrs. Benedict's book, the Drifter can report that his most sadistic expectations were realized. The Dobuans, whom Miss Mead described in her cool scientific phrase, are, in a layman's word, the meanest people on earth; and as such their activities have all the horrible fascination of one of those Laurel and Hardy comedies which progress from disaster to disaster and end in utter destruction—as spectators howl with delight.

COMPETITION is the moving force of life in Dobu. And it has been developed to such a point that social forms, to quote Mrs. Benedict, "put a premium upon ill-will and treachery and make of them the recognized virtues of their society." Hostility is the common social attitude and a smiling countenance is frowned upon with a frown of which only a Dobuan is capable.

Dobuan social organization is arranged in concentric circles, within each of which specified traditional forms of hostility are allowed. No man takes the law into his own hands except to carry out these culturally allowed hostilities within the appropriate specified group. The largest functioning Dobuan grouping is a named locality of some four to twenty villages. It is the war unit and is on terms of permanent international hostility with every other similar locality.

There is one group, called the susu, the group of the mother's line, which is allowed to practice a limited internal harmony. But its larger social function is to increase hostility, particularly between husbands and wives and between fathers and children, who may meet after the mother's death only by invitation of the susu. Needless to say, the Dobuans find in marriage the greatest scope for their unusual talents, and Mrs. Benedict's account could not be improved.

Marriage, of course, must be with someone outside [the susu]. It remains within the locality and therefore it allies two villages between which enmity runs high. . . . Marriage is set in motion by a hostile act of the mother-in-law. She blocks with her own person the door of her house, within which the youth is sleeping with her daughter, and he is trapped for the public ceremony of betrothal.

The marriage ceremony itself is a very unfriendly and dour affair at which each bridal group pretends not to see the other or "if they must notice the other party, they glare with hostility." Husband and wife are allowed to live together, but only at a terrible price. From marriage until death the couple live in alternate years in the village of the husband and the village of the wife, and by tradition the unlucky spouse who is on alien territory must accept humiliation as his due. He is a perpetual outsider until the next year, when he may retaliate—and does.

The village in which the couple are living at the moment is seldom satisfied with the behavior of the spouse who has married in. . . . Faithfulness is not expected between husband and wife. . . . adultery is a favorite

pastime. . . . It is a matter of profoundest concern to the outraged spouse. He (it is as likely to be she) bribes the children for information. . . . He quarrels with [his wife] violently and no quarrel can go unheard in Dobu. . . .

Thus even the virtuous-sounding requirement that a husband and wife maintain a common domicile becomes in Dobu merely another incentive to hostility; for circumstances make the common domicile so difficult that it often destroys the marriage.

THE Drifter has quoted enough to give some idea of the charming life of the Dobuans (and to indicate the fascination of Mrs. Benedict's book.) Needless to say, their business relationships among themselves—they are mostly concerned with yams—as well as with other peoples are characterized by lying, double-dealing, in fact, every simple or subtle form of treachery. The Drifter feels it would be superfluous also to point obvious morals. It remains to be said that the Dobuans, like the citizens of more civilized countries, are victims of an economy of scarcity. Their islands are bare volcanic upcroppings; and their population is much too large for their resources. Competition, by insuring the greatest harm to the greatest number, tends to keep the population down. Finally, it must be pointed out that the economy of scarcity to which Dobuan meanness can be traced differs in one important respect from the scarcity to be met with, say, in America: it is natural and not man-made.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Elect Maurice Sugar!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An unusual opportunity is facing Detroit workers and all progressive people in the non-partisan elections for judge of the Recorder's Court to be held on March 4. The entire labor movement from right to left has joined in supporting the candidacy of Maurice Sugar, who for more than twenty years has been Michigan's foremost labor attorney. Mr. Sugar has been indorsed by the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor, the Mechanics' Educational Society of America, the Society of Designing Engineers, the Trade Union Unity League, the Communist Party, the International Labor Defense, and numerous other groups. These organizations, so widely divergent in aims and tactics, are all agreed that the election of Maurice Sugar would greatly further the cause of labor. We believe that this accord is unique not only in the history of the Detroit labor movement, but of the American labor movement as a whole.

Mr. Sugar has a record of which any man might be proud. He is not of that dubious group that style themselves—especially before elections—"friends of labor." He is of the labor movement, has been completely identified with it throughout his distinguished legal career, has fought and made sacrifices in defense of the rights of labor. In more than twenty years of practice Mr. Sugar has represented labor organizations of every economic and political complexion, but never once an employer as such. During the war he was of that valiant band who risked their all in opposing the war hysteria; as a result, he spent a year in prison. Today he is continuing the fight against reaction as a leading member of the American League Against War and Fascism.



Here are some of the outstanding labor cases in which he has appeared:

He exposed the reactionary interests behind the bill to register and finger-print foreign-born persons, which was rushed through the 1931 Michigan legislature. As a result of this fight the Federal Court declared the bill unconstitutional.

As attorney for Jesse Crawford, Negro worker, he won the fight to prevent his extradition to the Georgia chain gang (January, 1933).

He secured an injunction (January, 1933) to prevent the Board of Education and the city government from diverting \$2,000,000 from teachers' salaries and schools to pay interest to Wall Street bankers.

He is attorney in the Michigan Red Flag case now pending in the state Supreme Court, in which two workers are facing long imprisonment because a red flag was raised in a Finnish workers' children's camp where they were instructors.

He successfully defended James Victory, Negro worker, who faced life imprisonment last summer on a framed charge of having attacked and robbed a white woman.

In all these cases, as in hundreds of others, Mr. Sugar served without fee. On various occasions he has acted as attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense. *Nation* readers will recall Mr. Sugar as the author of Michigan Passes the "Spolansky Act" in the issue of July 8, 1931, and of Bullets—Not Food—for Ford Workers in that of March 23, 1932.

While all progressive forces in Detroit are united to elect Maurice Sugar, the forces of reaction, dominated by the open-shop automobile companies, are equally united to prevent it, and they have powerful backing, political and financial, as well as a press that is always at their service. Because we feel that the fight to elect the first militant labor judge in the country has more than local significance, we are appealing to labor organizations and to all progressive and liberal people everywhere to help. Funds are urgently needed to carry on an effective campaign. Those who desire to make contributions can send them to the campaign headquarters, 1010 Barlum Tower, Detroit, Michigan.

Detroit, February 1 N. J. BICKNELL, M.D., Chairman  
Maurice Sugar Campaign Committee

## The Carl Mackley Apartments

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The paragraph in *The Nation* of January 16 describing the Carl Mackley Apartments built by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers in Philadelphia, while correct in the main, is apt to give a misleading impression.

A personal visit to the apartments revealed that a five-room apartment rents for \$52.50 a month and the lowest rent available is \$25.50 per month for two rooms and bath. While the rooms are, as you say, well lighted and ventilated, they are very small. Electric current for all purposes is included in the rent but the electric refrigerator must be provided by the tenant. People from the slums cannot afford such rents, and since no slums were cleared away for these buildings, the project can hardly be called slum clearance. Actually, more desirable accommodations can be obtained for less money right in the center of the city, while the new project entails thirty-five minutes' riding by elevated. Up to a week ago only twelve of the 284 units had been rented. The enterprise, after all is a purely speculative one. Whether it can be made "self-liquidating" is questionable. The Hosiery Workers are exactly on the plane of a private contractor who builds with the hope of making a profit.

Hosiery workers are among the aristocrats of labor, both in their hours of labor and their rates of pay. They, perhaps, can afford to pay such rents. Certainly labor in Philadelphia as a whole cannot. As "a challenge to labor the country over to seek improved living conditions," the Mackley houses simply will not function.

Philadelphia, January 14

THOMAS C. SHAFFER

## Grateful for the Truth

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

At a general meeting of the San Francisco Bay Newspaper Guild on January 20 the membership unanimously voted a resolution of thanks and appreciation to *The Nation* for its courage in printing the article Not Fit to Print.

The newspapermen and women of the San Francisco Bay region, who have been waging a desperate struggle for guild existence in the face of heart-breaking pressure, are grateful for an article in which the facts are unvarnished, the truth clearly apparent. We feel particularly encouraged because *The Nation* has not been muzzled by two-faced publishers who scream "freedom of the press" in the morning and spend the afternoon hiring \$15 a week reporters, cutting wages to starvation levels, and throwing veteran men into the street because they didn't wear the right-color necktie.

Once more, therefore, the San Francisco Bay Newspaper Guild expresses deep appreciation to the editors of *The Nation*.

San Francisco, January 23

DEAN S. JENNINGS,

Executive Secretary American Newspaper Guild

## Correction from Toledo

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In an item which appeared in the Labor Section of *The Nation* of January 16 relative to the federal Automobile Workers' Union in Toledo, it was incorrectly stated that the workers in the Auto-Lite plant are all organized in this union, and that it is controlled by the progressive block, which is controlled in turn by the local Workers' Party members.

The facts are that the union has just completed a bitter internal fight in which Thomas Ramsey and Floyd Bossler, former reactionary leaders, have been deposed and progressives elected in their places. The union is now faced with a fierce battle in the Auto-Lite plant against company unionism. Out of 5,000 employees about 2,000 are members of the federal union, 2,000 are members of the Auto-Lite Council, the company union, and 1,000 are unaffiliated. While Workers' Party members and Unemployed League members are active and prominent in the union and have a good influence, these groups by no means control the organization, and it is entirely incorrect to assert that they do. We are the first to acknowledge this.

Toledo, Ohio, January 28

ART PREIS,

Secretary Toledo Branch of Workers' Party

## Simon Nelson Patten

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am making a study of the life and sociological ideas of the late Simon Nelson Patten. I would appreciate hearing from persons having any biographical information or Patten letters.

PHILIP E. KELLER

Stanford University, Cal., January 30



# Labor and Industry

## An Army with Banners

By HEYWOOD BROWN

SECTION 7-a, which theoretically protects the worker in his right to join an organization of his own choosing, has produced a great deal of strife and litigation and not a little drama. Admittedly it has not worked well, and some ascribe the difficulty to a certain vagueness in the phrasing. I doubt if this is the seat of the trouble. The baldest and plainest statement would still be fought by most employers, since unionization has always been a matter of victory won and never of a boon merely granted. It is quite true that certain business men are willing to testify that they get along very well with the unions in their industry and on the whole prefer the set-up. But that is only after they were compelled to accept the condition. The silliest question an organizer can ask is to inquire of a boss, "Have you any objections if I attempt to organize your shop?"

If the government were in a position to say that in all 7-a disputes it had maintained a rigid neutrality, that would be a pretty fair boast. Unfortunately, it would not be true. In many instances the actual machinery of the NRA has been used to break down an employee victory. I need only cite the Jennings case. Some will argue that a broken promise is better than no promise at all, and it must be admitted that in the early days of the New Deal 7-a was an excellent talking point for some union leaders. It did help in the formation of the American Newspaper Guild. As soon as the brief honeymoon was over, many organized groups were faced with a problem in popular psychology. It is as simple as this: Do men and women fight harder when they learn that they have been fooled or do they grow discouraged and quit?

In my opinion the former reaction has been true of the great majority of newspaper men and women. A catchword used effectively by the publishers as far back as I can remember is now turning to their disadvantage. On August 7, 1909, I asked for a raise for the first time. My salary on the *Morning Telegraph* was \$20 a week. I wanted to get \$22.50. W. E. Lewis, the editor of the paper, received me in kindly fashion but he admitted that he was a little bit shocked. Mr. Lewis pointed out that I was only twenty years old and that twenty dollars a week should be ample. I felt glad that I had not started work at the age of eight.

He told me that the job of reporter was the most glamorous occupation a young man could have. At my age Richard Harding Davis, whom he had known intimately, was receiving only \$15 a week. Editors, he assured me, were always anxious to reward good service but they did not like to have their reporters thinking of their opportunities in terms of money.

I went away feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself. Somehow I had disgraced the craft. What would Richard Harding Davis have said? Not until a year later did I ask for the raise again and then I was fired. Possibly I was more naive than most cubs but there really was a general feeling that we were curiously gifted bohemians and that it

was almost a lark to be broke between pay days. Maybe the married men didn't think so.

Richard Harding Davis has been dead a long time now and many things have happened to the world including the liquidation of Van Bibber. And yet something of the old delusion of the romance and the glamor of the craft persists. It has been a factor in the organization of Guild chapters on some of the rockiest and most dangerous ledges. Nobody who attended the meeting of the staff of the Staten Island *Advance* when Alexander Crosby joined up is likely to forget the speech he made there. The city editor was present as a devil's advocate. He kept pressing on Crosby and saying, "Mr. Newhouse is treating you all right, what do you want to join this Guild for?"

And Crosby said, "I'm thinking of my soul. Don't laugh. I really am. A year ago I meant to join the Guild and got scared off. I've been thinking that if you have a right and don't use it, whether you need it that precise minute or not, you lose it for all time."

He joined and he got fired. When his case was brought before the Newspaper Industrial Board, the lawyer for the publisher cross-examined him severely.

"Why did you insist on joining the Guild at this particular time? You've already testified that the year before you decided not to join. Why was it important for you to join right at that meeting?"

"Because," said Crosby calmly, "I'd decided to quit being yellow." And there was no further cross-examination along that line.

The favorite phrase among all labor groups today is, "But we must be realistic about this." It has not gone unmentioned in Guild meetings, and I would report the psychology of the organization's members most inaccurately were I to suggest that there is a crusader complex all up and down the line. Yet since unionization is new to us it is necessarily exciting. Many have joined the Guild under circumstances which carried no threat of discharge or discrimination, but a very great number have been well aware of grave risks and still defied them. Not all the opposition has been of the terroristic kind. We have, in a few instances, the "good gray boss" to contend with. I refer to the publisher or managing editor who says, "Boys, you know I'm your friend. You can always come to me. Why do you want to mess around with new-fangled notions?"

One of the big New York papers—which I will not name for fear of embarrassing our existing chapter—is just such an Uncle Tom establishment. The staff gathered to listen to a Guild officer but before coming they had voted fifty-one against one not to affiliate with the Guild. The speaker soon sensed that his audience was hostile and asked for comments and questions from the contented workers of the plantation. They assured him that in the matter of hours and wages and everything else they could not think of a single thing which they desired.

"And so," inquired the speaker, "your attitude is that



your own working conditions are perfect and that you do not want so much as to lift a little finger to help improve the working conditions of other newspaper men and women in America? Is that so?"

The spokesman of the happy islanders gulped a little and said, "Yes." "In that case," the Guild speaker answered, "we might as well call this meeting off."

The hand of a lone, skinny reporter shot up. "How many people do you require to start a Guild chapter?"

# The New Deal for Share-Croppers

By WILLIAM R. AMBERSON

THE social outlook of the Secretary of Agriculture is well known, and there can be no doubt that the higher administration of the department is genuinely interested in building a better life for all classes in our farm population. Thus the authors of the 1934-35 Cotton Acreage Reduction Contract, foreseeing the possibility of economic and social disorder in connection with the operation of their program, wrote into the document a section which was presumed to be a sufficient charter for the defense and protection of the rights of agricultural laborers. Section 7 of the contract reads as follows:

[The producer shall] endeavor in good faith to bring about the reduction of acreage contemplated in this contract in such a manner as to cause the least possible amount of labor, economic, and social disturbance, and to this end, in so far as possible, he shall effect the acreage reduction as nearly ratably as practicable among tenants on this farm; shall, in so far as possible, maintain on this farm the normal number of tenants and other employees; shall permit all tenants to continue in the occupancy of their houses on this farm, rent free, for the years 1934 and 1935 (unless any such tenant shall so conduct himself as to become a nuisance or a menace to the welfare of the producer); during such years shall afford such tenants or employees, without cost, access for fuel to such woods land belonging to this farm as he may designate; shall permit such tenants the use of an adequate portion of the rented acres to grow food and feed crops for home consumption and for pasturage of domestically used live stock; and for such use of the rented acres shall permit the reasonable use of work animals and equipment in exchange for labor.

The general intent of this section to protect cotton farm tenants and croppers from displacement is surely clear. A critical examination, however, reveals the essential weakness of its phraseology. The producer is not pledged "to bring about reduction" but only to "endeavor . . . to bring about reduction." "In so far as possible," twice repeated, and "as nearly ratably as practicable" further weaken the section, which now becomes scarcely more than a gesture of benevolence. As the section proceeds, however, it becomes stronger, permitting "all tenants to continue in . . . occupancy," and then guaranteeing access to rented acres and woods land without qualification other than the "nuisance or a menace" phrase.

The right of tenants and croppers to share in the benefit payments is guaranteed by Section 10. Here it is found that the ordinary cropper, working on a fifty-fifty basis, without

"One," said the speaker. "You've got a chapter," said the lone reporter.—It's grown.

If romance and glamor can be used to make newspapermen accept insecurity and low pay, I insist that those same qualities may well be a factor in helping them fight their battle for just rights. And you have only to see a Newark picket line to realize that Guildsmen and Guildswomen regard themselves as members of an army with banners.

tools or teams of his own, is allowed  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent a pound for cotton not grown in 1934 as his share of the "parity payment"; whereas the owner receives all of the "rent,"  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent of the parity payment. Concerning this curious eight-to-one division of the government benefits there has been much discussion. The croppers have aptly called their share the "poverty payment." Dr. Paul W. Bruton, formerly of the AAA legal staff, has written:

The contract should have been drawn so that the benefit payments would have been made directly to landlords and tenants in proportion to their respective interests in the crop. . . . Under the 1934 and 1935 contract the landlord has everything to gain and the cropper everything to lose.

Recognizing the validity of such criticism, the Secretary has recently announced that in 1935 rental payments will be diminished and parity payments increased. Unless carefully administered, the actual effect of this change is likely to be very different from that intended, since a new incentive is given to unscrupulous landlords to discontinue share-cropping entirely and go over to day labor.

In the spring of 1934 a group of Memphis members and friends of the League for Industrial Democracy became interested in the operation of the reduction program as it was affecting the lives of the tenants and share-croppers. In collaboration with Norman Thomas, a survey of about 500 farm families was carried through, and the results of this study were submitted to Mr. Wallace early in May. The following conclusion was reached:

The acreage-reduction program has operated to reduce the number of families in employment on cotton farms . . . due . . . to failure . . . to reduce acreage ratably, forcing some tenants into "no-crop" class . . . at least 15 per cent . . . of all . . . families. . . . Many plantation owners eliminate the share-cropping system . . . forcing . . . croppers to accept day labor instead. . . . Widespread replacement of white by colored labor . . .

Shortly before the submission of this report the department's own investigator, Dr. Calvin Hoover, professor of economics at Duke University, reported to the Secretary as follows:

The operation of the acreage-reduction program creates a motive for reducing the number of tenants on farms. . . . Contracts . . . have provisions designed to prevent . . . but the system of enforcement . . . has been inadequate.

Secretary Wallace has similarly written:

I am fully aware that acreage adjustment produces its unemployment problem just as the shutting down of factories in the cities.



In spite of the conclusions of their own investigator, many of the officials of the Department of Agriculture refuse to recognize that the reduction program has created a new unemployment problem. Concerning this matter there can hardly be room for question, although the magnitude of the displacement of labor must indeed remain in doubt. Gordon W. Blackwell, after a study of 700 displaced farm families in North Carolina, concludes that "the fact that the landlord could no longer finance the tenant, the desire of the landlord to use the tenant as day labor rather than give him a crop, and the acreage-reduction program of AAA are the real reasons why there is a displaced-tenant problem." These findings closely parallel our own conclusions of last spring, except that in the richer Delta country there was relatively little unemployment until the winter of 1933-34, when the reduction program began to exert its influence. We believe it is fair to say that over the whole cotton belt about one-third of the present rural unemployment can be directly referred to the reduction program.

As a result of such criticism of the program the department set up an Adjustment Committee headed by J. Phil Campbell. Several thousand complaints have been referred to it and some adjustments have been made. Our committee has observed the handling of cases submitted to Mr. Wallace in May. The committee found in one case that a large plantation had replaced many white sharecroppers with colored day laborers. The investigator reported that "there have been some evictions of white families, and . . . some substitution of share-croppers with day labor, but the extent . . . has been very small in proportion to the size of the operations"; as a result the plantation was cleared. In another case "it was found that a change had been made from share-croppers to day laborers, but as the croppers had been notified early in 1933 that this arrangement would be carried out in 1934, it was not considered that this change was made as a result of the cotton program." The committee holds affidavits from some of these people, all white, in which they swear that they received no notice until after January 1, 1934. Similar affidavits were submitted by them to the government investigator but were ignored. In a third case the investigator found that "the landlord had changed from share-croppers to day labor. . . . Contract suspended and cancelation recommended. . . ."

In some cases the investigations were so utterly superficial as to be valueless. A large cotton farm in eastern Arkansas, comprising some 14,000 acres, has long been notorious for its bad treatment of its tenants. Interest on "furnish" has been charged at 25 cents on the dollar—an illegal and usurious rate—when settlements were made, and few settlements have been carried out. The condition of the croppers, mostly colored, has been tragic. In one day last winter the FERA worker in the county, aghast at the condition of these people, spent \$1,400 of government money to clothe and feed them. The only clothes which most of them now possess were given them by this worker. In the spring of 1934 the owners decided to change a part of this farm over to a day-labor basis. Croppers were notified that each adult worker could retain only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres on a share-crop basis. In some cases this represented a cut of 75 per cent in acreage. They were required to cultivate a large part of the plantation on a day-labor basis at 75 cents for a thirteen-hour day. Actually 35 cents only was paid

over; the rest was placed in a "petty account," which the croppers claim has not been paid.

The government investigator went to this plantation with a member of the County Committee, who has informed our committee that no thorough investigation was made. A few croppers were interviewed and a few questions which were not pertinent to the charges were asked. Thus the investigator chiefly inquired whether the families had enough corn land. These people were rightly suspicious of all inquirers, and they failed to disclose the real situation. The investigator conferred with the owners but made no inspection of the books. He told his guide that he thought he had not been told the truth. *But no word of this opinion appeared in his report to Washington, which cleared the plantation.* The AAA check for thousands of dollars was shortly thereafter released, and the records state that "this plantation was thoroughly investigated." The whole "investigation" of this huge farm covering twenty-two square miles was completed in not more than six hours. The county committeeman, now relief administrator, recognizes the gravity of the situation and offers to aid the Department of Agriculture in a real investigation of this and other plantations in his county, if the department really desires to have it. Forty Negro families now face eviction from this farm because they have joined a union.

The minor officialdom of the department has remained quite unimpressed by these substantiations of the findings of our committee. Thus it was possible for C. A. Cobb, the head of the Cotton Section of the AAA, to write on September 18 that the charges "were examined at first hand, and found in many cases to be absolutely false, and in others greatly exaggerated." T. Roy Reid, assistant director of the extension service in Arkansas, went the limit in denial of the facts when on November 27 he assured a correspondent that after a thorough study "there was no evidence found by these impartial investigators to sustain the charges."

In spite of the plain intent of Section 7 to guarantee tenure the Cotton Section of the AAA has adopted a contrary official interpretation which is responsible for much of the present confusion on the cotton farms. This interpretation may be stated in the words of W. J. Green, field representative of the Adjustment Committee, as follows:

The cotton contract states that the landlord shall keep the same number of tenants, but does not compel him to keep the same tenant. . . . There is nothing in the contract in regard to race . . . the landlord would have the right to replace a white tenant with a Negro . . .

Under the convenient protection of this interpretation of the labor clause thousands of families have been dispossessed throughout the cotton belt. In our own territory white share-croppers have usually been sacrificed, and, if replaced at all, have seen their homes occupied by colored families, often forced to work on a day-labor basis. A new wave of such dispossessions is scheduled for 1935. We have before us a list of nearly 300 families, the majority white, who have received eviction notices, some for membership in a union, some because they have tried to get their rights under the contract, some because the landowners are changing to Negro or convict labor.

We believe that it can now be seen that the great exodus of colored families from the rural South during the 1920-30 period has been reversed, and that many of



these families are now returning to the country, where they are competing with white families for the available places. Being preferred by many plantation owners, they are responsible for the dispossession of many of the whites, who in their turn are thrown upon the relief rolls.

A group of twenty-three threatened families has entered the courts to ask for an injunction against eviction and for fulfilment of the contract. Most of the plaintiffs are white, and all have excellent records as farmers. The defendant is Hiram Norcross, planter, of Tyronza, Arkansas. This test case of the meaning of Section 7 will shortly be heard by the Supreme Court of Arkansas. The suit is supported by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and the American Civil Liberties Union, with C. T. Carpenter of Marked Tree in charge of the case. Funds for legal expenses have been collected from hundreds of croppers of both races, much of the money "pennied out" by the payment of a few cents a week. An authoritative court interpretation of Section 7 will go far to resolve the present dispute as to the rights of these people to hold their lands.

From these experiences the conclusion must be drawn that, despite the creation of an Adjustment Committee and some effort on the part of federal officials to rectify injustices, relatively little has been accomplished. In justice to the Department of Agriculture it must be admitted that the enforcement of the labor provisions of the cotton contract, even if there were no dispute regarding interpretation, would be a herculean labor, since more than a million contracts have been signed. The department can get adequate investigations neither through its county agents, who, though technically competent, are yet unskilled in social relationships and closely bound to the landlords, nor through the hurried trips of harassed minor officials inspecting scattered cases on the run and unfamiliar with local situations. Once the basic error of production restriction has been made, it is no longer within the power of administrators, however humane, to prevent a train of vicious sequelae. In times of economic stress we see the feeble hold of legal forms.

There is reason to believe, however, that much may yet be accomplished if a more adequate machinery of inspection and enforcement be set up. Let the Secretary of Agriculture create a National Agricultural Labor Board, responsible directly to him, with regional offices and a representative in at least each Congressional district. This board should have power to enforce the labor provisions of all AAA contracts and should concern itself not merely with hearing complaints but with making appropriate surveys to prevent abuses from arising. In the cotton country croppers have been driven from pillar to post for so long and have sunk so low in the human scale that they cannot imagine any other type of life, and do not know how to resist exploitation. They react by developing an irresponsible and antagonistic attitude. For half a century now the 40 per cent annual labor turnover has, at each year's end, filled Southern roads with miserable families seeking a new home. With a federal reduction program in operation, new opportunities have almost vanished. The plight of these people thus becomes in a peculiar sense a national responsibility.

For enforcing its contracts the Department of Agriculture holds a much stronger position than the governmental agencies which preside over Section 7-a of the industrial codes, since it controls important financial benefits the with-

holding of which can throw many a plantation into bankruptcy. It must, however, clarify its mind as to its attitude toward the various classes of our farm population. In the cotton country its present program is greatly aiding the 30 per cent of owners and higher types of tenants, but it has been of no aid to most of the 70 per cent of croppers and day laborers, many of whom are worse off than ever before. Under its program the older habits of exploitation persist, merely moving in new channels and assuming new forms. The department has not yet come to grips with the basic problems. The creation of a more effective agency for the adjustment of labor disputes under present contracts is only a step in the larger program which is needed. The following concrete suggestions are offered:

1. When new contracts are drawn, the labor clauses must have the binding force of law, without quibble or equivocation, and the full protection of the department must be extended to every man, regardless of race, color, or union affiliation, who has honestly performed his labor.

2. The right of agricultural laborers to organize and bargain collectively should be proclaimed and recognition of this right written into all contracts.

3. Tenants and share-croppers should be given representation upon all boards and local committees set up to administer the AAA program.

4. The labor of children under fourteen years of age in the fields should be forbidden by national statute. Many children now begin to pick cotton at the age of five and to "chop" at ten, at wages as low as 3 cents an hour.

Ultimately the plantation system must be liquidated. Dr. J. H. Dillard is quite justified when he writes: "Damn the whole tenant system. There can be no decent civilization until it is abolished." We must do away with the whole antiquated scheme of landlord-tenant arrangements, to which there must always cling many of the worst features of chattel slavery without its benefits.

Forces are already working to accomplish this liquidation. Universal bankruptcy has threatened and will threaten again, as cotton prices fluctuate and interest and taxes pyramid. Official Washington is by no means entirely oblivious to the present situation; the basic difficulty is the lack of a unified program. The rural rehabilitation program of the FERA is establishing thousands of destitute families on a new and more independent basis, which may represent the entering wedge of a force that will ultimately transform the present system. The urgent need for a change has now been recognized by the PWA Mississippi Valley Committee, which in its report to Secretary Ickes advocates a federal program which will enable all tenants to acquire ownership of land. The alternative method of large-scale cooperative farms must also be tested. If tenure is absolutely guaranteed, without power to sell or mortgage, possibly on long-term leases from the government under a Federal Loan Authority, it will free a whole people from their present shackles and make possible the education of a more responsible and effective generation than the South has ever known.

The solution of the human and economic problems of the Cotton Belt is not to be found within the South alone. No purely regional program will suffice. Its special products must be properly utilized in a national and, ultimately, an international scheme, planned for the use of all.



# Midwinter Book Section

## Are Novels Worth Reading?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

PERSISTENT readers of novels will usually confess that what began as a passion tends to end as a habit. The transition may have been made by easy stages. The victim may not know just when he ceased to find in the pages of fiction the excitement which once was there, and when he began, willy-nilly, to expect no more than the tranquillity which comes from repeating once again a familiar experience. But if the reader has reached forty and if—as we politely assume—he has the normal capacity to retain impressions, then he can hardly deny that the transition has occurred, that he has ceased to find in very many best-sellers, or even in novels which have had a *succès d'estime*, anything capable of stirring in him that sense of a fresh and rewarding adventure which was once so common.

The history and the treatise are necessarily long, but men who actually require 250 pages in which to set down the original things they have to say about character and "life" are rare—far rarer at least than the authors of respectable novels; and most of what the competent novelist has to say cannot fail to be as familiar to the persistent reader as his own most familiar impressions. He may feel it his duty to "keep up with current literature," or he may frankly confess that he reads novels for the same reason that more desperate men play solitaire, but the very explicitness of the novel, the pains it takes to explain acts or motives which no one who has read much or observed much needs to have explained again, make it dilute at best; and as the reader settles into his daily or his weekly volume—hot from the press and urged upon his attention by the indefatigable enthusiasm of the professional recommender, who is bound to pretend that he has just learned for the first time that adolescence is yeasty or that women are fickle—he cannot but admit that the day has passed when these things come to him as important discoveries. There was, of course, a time when that was exactly how they did come and exactly what they were—a time when "meadow, grove, and stream" or, if you prefer, even the "he said" and the "she said" of a now only reminiscent dialogue were appareled in celestial light, and every recurrent situation, every common sight had still "the glory and the freshness of a dream." But the reader, alas, is no longer what he was, and there has passed a glory, not only from the earth, but also from those merely competent descriptions of it which the competent novelist gives.

Every few years, perhaps, the persistent reader meets some wholly original work—some "Ulysses" or "Magic Mountain" or "Remembrance of Things Past"—which stirs him again to the excitement he once felt in every substantial novel and which seems to open some new field of understanding or emotion. But if he actually demands of every novel anything remotely resembling that, he will spend, year in and year out, less time in reading fiction than he spends in brushing his teeth. He may meet the situation as he will. He may leave novel reading to younger folk or he

may, as he has probably learned to do in connection with other activities, content himself with enjoyment upon a lower level; but whatever he does he will have come upon a sort of law of diminishing returns from fiction.

Of all the forms of imaginative literature the novel is the one which contains the largest amount of sheer information. To a far greater extent poetry and even the drama present the products of a distillation, while the novel devotes more effort to mere description. That is why it is so long and that is why it is, preeminently, addressed to youth. It does not, as the great poem does, deal with experiences too direct and too simple to need a context of experience, or assume whatever knowledge of the ways of men may be necessary to comprehension. It describes men and manners, even the habits and traditions and conventions of particular societies. Both in the cant and in the more general sense of the phrase it imparts the "facts of life." For that reason its function is largely, and importantly, educational. Only experience itself is a better teacher of what we call "knowledge of the world," and the man who has not read his quota of good novels is a man of unusual experience or unusual intuition if he does not remain somehow callow by comparison with those who have participated vicariously but specifically and in detail in more kinds of lives than any man can have for himself. But for that reason also it is the form from which, as time goes on, one can learn less and less, since one has come to know more and more about the subject with which the novel deals.

Once every page taught something. Every incident was instructive, not because no other novel communicated the same fact or the same truth, but simply because they were all as new to the reader as they were old to human experience. Only those incapable of learning can, however, continue indefinitely to find in any except the supreme novels any large proportion of fresh instruction. One discovers that more and more is familiar, that from any given novel one receives fewer and fewer fresh impressions, until finally the time has arrived when it no longer pays to search the whole haystack for the needle, which as likely as not is not even there. And when that time comes, the reader does one of two things: either he stops reading novels except on those rare occasions when one not mainly repetitious appears, or he settles into the harmless and, to some, agreeable habit of lulling his spirit with the repetition of familiar experiences.

Some writers—and some critics—seem to feel that the difficulty has been eluded when the novel has been packed with facts of a sort which gain nothing from fictionalization. Having no new things to say about human nature, the author puts in what he knows about the Napoleonic wars, the history of medical research, or the economic development of New England. The result may be informative in its way, but what you have in such a book is not primarily a novel at all. What you have instead is popularization on the lowest level, something hardly less debasing to reader and writer alike than those instructive fables for children



in which Spinach appears as a good fairy and Toothpaste is a beneficent genius whose favor it is well to cultivate. No writer worthy of his craft wants to compromise with the most effective possible presentation of his material, and no reader who really wants information wants it in any except its most accurate and comprehensive form. But the novel which imparts information of a sort with which the treatise or the history can adequately deal is either bastard fiction, vulgarized exposition, or—more probably—both.

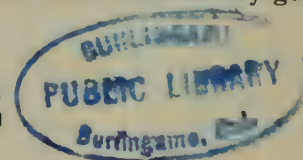
"Fictionalization" is a dreadful word which signifies a dreadful thing. The kind of information which a true novel gives, the kind of instruction which it succeeds in imparting, is a kind with which only it can deal. Its field is a field of observations and intuitions too complicated, too illusive, and too tenuous to be reduced to downright statement, and capable of being communicated only in connection with con-

crete persons and concrete situations which suggest them. The true novelist does not translate his abstract conclusions into stories, for if he did he would have not a novel but a fable. The true novelist writes novels just because what he wants to say cannot, by him at least, be dissociated from the story he has to tell, and nothing can be "fictionalized" because nothing can be made into fiction which is not that, and only that, to begin with.

It is a pity, no doubt, that the novel which the mature reader can find not merely "worth reading" but actually too valuable to miss should be as rare as it is. But the situation is not to be remedied by offering him sugar-coated pills of history or economics instead. There is, indeed, only one way in which critics, librarians, editors, and the others interested in the welfare of fiction can possibly remedy it. Let them see to it that all novels are written by geniuses.

## Poets and the Wars

By PHILIP BLAIR RICE



*What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?*

SINCE our poets began their rather vertiginous scramble down from the ivory tower into the depths of the mine pit, only a few years have elapsed. It is not surprising, consequently, that much of their output should be inferior and that the critical standards by which it is judged should be highly confused. In discussing such poetry critics have ranged between two extremes. At one extreme is the assumption that poetry is a form of propaganda and that its political orthodoxy or heresy is the main thing that matters. At the other, poetry is treated as merely a craft, and interest in its subject matter is deplored as irrelevant curiosity; if the poet's beliefs are mentioned at all, it is only to dismiss them as neutral "data" from which the poet spins his word-music or word-magic. The point of view which I should like to suggest is both traditional and unpopular: that poetry is, in the last analysis, neither propaganda nor a craft but an art.

These much-abused terms need to be clarified. Art differs from propaganda in that it does not have the primary purpose of inciting masses of people to action, a purpose to which it is ill suited. This does not imply that propaganda may not be upon occasion, for society in general, even more important than art. When, as at present, the social organism (if the metaphor be allowed) is in severe pain, its more spontaneous utterances are likely to be artless cries of agony or recrimination. It is quite intelligible under the circumstances that some poets should wish to write, in the words of Ben Maddow, "lines in bad taste, iron-skinny, twisted as cramps of hunger." An example of this sort of writing is Robert Gessner's "Upsurge," which in certain moods I for one find very stirring, but not as poetry.

Art goes beyond the limitations of a craft, on the other hand, because it can be more than the skilful organization of convenient material into a pleasing design to meet some prescribed or casual need; the poetic artist, at his best, uses the craft of language to present movingly his vision of the world and of man's place in it. The poet's beliefs and insights, when he has any of consequence, are not inert data upon which he operates. Not only do they influence the

form and texture of the poem, but they confer upon its highest moments an intensity which cannot be derived from the resources of language alone. A critic who treats either a poem's technique or its substance in isolation fails to do it complete justice.

These rousing platitudes are, I believe, pertinent to the present state of affairs in literature, which involves both a crisis in belief and a refashioning of the instruments of literature to deal with this crisis. At this point I should like to affirm that the poet is under no obligation to deal primarily or exclusively with social and economic themes. Today, however, it is highly probable that he will be aware of such matters, and that his awareness will be reflected in his writing. Furthermore, until the event proves otherwise, it is a safe assumption that the conflict of cultural forces and ideas can supply at least as fit subject matter for poetry as that supplied by the procession of the changing seasons.

Part of the difficulty with verse inspired by the social muse springs from its novelty. Such verse is not altogether unprecedented, but generally its motivation has been well concealed: Wordsworth's desire to call attention to the early injustices of the Industrial Revolution was veiled in praises of the Idiot Boy; with Kipling, imperialism spoke the language of morals and piety. In the last century, moreover, the poet has not been able to draw his imagery from the economic life of the time as readily as could the Elizabethans, for example, from the commerce and handicrafts of their age. Until very recently, at least, the products and social by-products of modern industrialism have been almost uniformly shoddy and lacking in pageantry. It was not until T. S. Eliot and others of his generation went for their technique to earlier poetic traditions, which made greater use of the intellect, that the sights and sounds of an urban, mechanical civilization could be reduced to poetic order.

As a result of their labors, when a younger poet such as Stephen Spender began to write he was able to face a world which did not merely jar upon his senses. He could see that the "air-liner with shut-off engines" possessed the same traditionally poetic qualities as the moth; he saw it



"with burring furred antennae feeling its huge path through dusk." Now it was possible to go a step farther:

After the first powerful plain manifesto  
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss  
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.

The link with the traditionally poetic has been omitted in the first two lines; the two terms of the metaphor are both distinctively modern, and one of them, "manifesto," is taken from the sphere of economic conflict. Spender is doing much the same sort of thing as George Herbert did in his poem *Redemption*, where the subject of the Atonement is treated in the following figure:

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,  
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,  
And make a suit unto him, to afford  
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old . . .

Of the two passages Spender's is the less labored; it is in no wise a conceit.

Metaphor is only one of the poet's tools, but until a writer has mastered its possibilities he is rarely able to deal adroitly with economic material. Even such an accomplished writer as Archibald MacLeish falls down because he is not able to handle contemporary subject matter in this way. He is at his best when he writes about the Mexico of the Conquistadores or the masts of Cette or on themes taken from "The Golden Bough." When he approaches his own time he becomes abusive and incoherent. He rarely achieves a metaphor which extracts wonder or terror—much less pity—from the contemporary world: it enters his verse mainly as the "anti-poetic" which weights his invective.

The failure to attain a more complicated type of order is also illustrated in MacLeish's topical poems, *Frescoes for Rockefeller City*, and *1933*. The legend persists with some left-wing critics that the *Frescoes* are an American version of the hymn to Horst Wessel. To interpret them thus is to miss their significance entirely. They contain, indeed, a certain amount of amiable Americanophilia, at the same time hard-boiled and sentimental, such as has been a recurrent note in our literature from Whitman to Sandburg. But this does not resemble in the slightest the militant nationalism of Hitler and Mussolini; it is no more fascist than is a run-of-the-mine Fourth of July oration by an Iowa Congressman with a slight leaning toward the Ku Klux Klan. A large part of the poem is devoted to satire on the robber barons, and might have been written by almost anyone with Mr. MacLeish's gifts, even by an orthodox Marxist. The last of the six sections is devoted to a burlesque on the Communists, whom Mr. MacLeish finds vulgar. But the conclusion of the poem gives a decisive clue. After asserting that it is pretty hard to change America ("She's a tough land under the oak trees, mister"), the poet reveals his true attitude in the last line: "There is too much sun on the lids of my eyes to be listening." Mr. MacLeish is not a fascist: he is simply bored, bored by both communism and predatory capitalism, bored by the social muse herself.

The poem entitled *1933* presents the same attitude, although the author tries to force it to a more positive conclusion. Elpenor speaks to Odysseus out of the hell of the contemporary world, directing him to steer past the sirens who sing of "dialectical hope and the kind of childish Utopia found in a small boys' school," and who prescribe

"work as the answer for everything." Odysseus is advised to trust neither to "charts nor to prophets" but to "seamanship." (Is this Mr. Roosevelt's "quarterback" philosophy?) At last he will come to "a clean beach, an unplowed country" where he can "begin it again" with the hard rain on his head and raw fern for his bedding. This might be taken to symbolize subsistence homesteads or emigration to Bali, but the chances are that the poet means nothing so specific:

You have only to push on  
To whatever it is that's beyond us.

In other words, Mr. MacLeish counsels us to keep a stiff upper lip and muddle through.

These poems are ineffectual, in the first instance, because the poet has neither an articulated point of view of his own nor a comprehension of that of his adversaries. He is merely irritated with what he sees about him. The hell of 1933, like that of Mr. Pound's "Cantos," on which it is patterned, is "without dignity, without tragedy." The poet may not be able to find order in the contemporary world; he must, however, be able to read into it the possibility of order, else he cannot extract from it either tragedy or comedy. The tragedy or the comedy will then arise from the contrast between the possible and the actual.

The connection between a poet's thought and his craft is here especially intimate. The poet who has dominated his material will usually express the more complex type of order by means of symbols. Mr. MacLeish's symbols fail because they have no precise reference, intellectual or emotional. The problem of symbolic structure is particularly difficult for the poet who feels impelled to write on social themes. His symbols must simplify a highly complex object of reference; they must also be just. When Ben Maddow, in his poem *Red Decision*, chooses as his principal symbol of the capitalist system the Reverend Bigutz, who

doth from his brain like udders softly squirt  
apt phrases for the quasi-liberal  
Church of St. John the Rockefeller . . .

the reader may well feel that the torpedo is aimed not at the engine room of the capitalist ship but at one of its barnacles. On the other hand, the same poem presents a symbol of the future commonwealth which is poetically very effective, used as it is in contrast with pictures of the slums:

A home, a rigid bubble of the sun,  
of Le Corbusier, at Poissy-sur-Seine, light,  
light sustains the glassy flank, a sun-light world. . . .

Poetry on these themes would seem to have very definite limitations. Some of the issues with which it deals are, we hope, transitory. If and when they are solved they will very largely be dead issues. But the poet cannot keep his gaze fixed unflinchingly on eternity; and, indeed, historical understanding, with its gift of "imaginative assent," enables those who are properly qualified to resuscitate much that to others is utterly defunct.

To adopt the attitude of "imaginative assent" rather than that of belief may well require from contemporaries a more heroic feat of detachment than from posterity. It would certainly be difficult to imagine a Communist today enjoying to the full a fascist poem, or vice versa, whatever its technical excellences. A related difficulty is illustrated by the fact that no one, presumably, would be willing to admit that he had been converted to communism, Southern agrarianism, or rugged individualism merely by reading the





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poetic exponents of one of these schools of thought. I do not mean to imply that the poet does not have his contribution—one cannot, in these matters, simply “leave it to the economist.” In fact, one of the perhaps incidental uses of the poetic imagination is to show us what the abstract principles of the theorist mean in the concrete. But it is especially difficult for such a poem to be a unit in itself. The reader, even the sympathetic reader, is constantly diverted from the poem by the feeling that he would like to have some statistics on a given issue, or by the need to engage in dialectical analysis.

The poet, moreover, in order to achieve dramatic concentration, is almost invariably tempted to overstate his case. Messrs. Auden, Day Lewis, and Spender come nearer than most of their contemporaries to writing major poetry on social themes, partly because they are concerned not only with the raw suffering produced by the economic system but also with the quality of life which it engenders. They see the problem not merely as a “social” one, but as one of harmonizing the individual with himself—a moral problem, if you like. Yet even they sometimes give the impression that the profit economy is wholly responsible for all sorts of things, such as selfishness, sexual impotence, and bad taste in the arts, which are traceable in large part to factors that would be operative under any economic system.

Difficulties arising from the problem of poetry and belief are not peculiar to verse on social themes, for to a considerable extent they apply also to philosophical and religious verse; and I am not asserting that they are lethal. A consideration of them may, however, forestall the disappointment of expecting too much, or the wrong kind of thing, from the deliverances of the social muse at the present time. It may also suggest that the poet's beliefs should unobtrusively control the opera from the orchestra pit and not wave a baton in the center of the stage.

## The Centaur

By LIONEL ABEL

A horse's lungs and four legs  
we should need  
    yes, and horseblood  
up to the loins at least  
    to run so utterly

As the twofooted runner who went  
over the mile's length, running  
with white ankles blurring to pale bronze  
with footbeat  
    following so fast on footbeat  
the gray cinder lengths so long between

And yet wore a jersey, a white one,  
    any of us could have worn it,  
and sucked on a lemon rind  
such as we find in our teacups  
and had need of an acid equal  
    to our need  
on legendless evenings

Were we not right to cry to the runner  
to flog his limbs like another man's horse  
to sweat, flog forward, sweat as a horse sweats  
    breast the tape, fall, fall headlong  
up to the loins in a fable

Since to be sane, to be sober  
we must drive all the fablefooted beasts  
back to the half-darks  
    when they breast up out of the half-lights  
and cry to come among us—  
    shall we not cry to the twofooted runner

## Descent from Death

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

I who have seen the hours turning  
With no returning,  
Seeing like water or the wind's flow  
All things go careless of desire,  
I who have felt the slow fire  
Of the lone body's burning,  
Leave now false rest—  
This crumbling turret of the breast—  
Leave now the sealed and mummied room;  
Down the long stair  
By which I climbed into my high despair  
Descend to common air;  
In the high tomb deserted leave that self  
Which starved on plenty and grew proud,  
Leave every starveling hope it had  
Once to be glad  
In its own private shroud.

## Books

### Priapus in Georgia

*Journeyman.* By Erskine Caldwell. The Viking Press. \$4.50.

WHATEVER else may be said of this new work by Erskine Caldwell, it should dispel the notion that he is to be considered a realistic interpreter of conditions in the South—or anywhere else for that matter. For those persons who felt that the references to the tenant-farmer system in “Tobacco Road” and the description of the factory strike in “God's Little Acre” were really irrelevant distractions from the principal interest in those two books, “Journeyman” will prove a complete justification. It is now quite evident that Mr. Caldwell is interested in only one thing and that whatever does not bear on that one thing is altogether beside the point. What both Mr. Caldwell and his admirers are most genuinely interested in, of course, is what T. S. Eliot, in one of the more somber poems of his later period, describes as “the ecstasy of the animal.” To insure proper concentration on such a theme Mr. Caldwell has necessarily to select a background and characters as little encumbered by traditional moral and intellectual impedimenta as possible. In this sense alone does his choice of the backwash region of rural Georgia have any particular significance. The essential need is for a background in which so few strictly human characteristics persist that the



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process of abstraction may be carried on with the minimum of difficulty. For the personages in Mr. Caldwell's idyls are not subhuman, as some critics maintain; they are so divested of everything that we understand by the human that there is scarcely any point in trying to establish a kinship at all. What each of them is reduced to finally is a kind of abstraction—from the human to the animal, and even farther, as in the present book, from the complete animal organism to the single instinct. The world of Mr. Caldwell's three novels does not exist in heaven or on the earth, nor do the monomaniac creatures with which it is populated. It can be accepted only as a world of pure fantasy, a world of potentialities rather than actualities, in which man, that paragon of animals, is reduced to the lowest common denominator of his animal nature.

In outline this new book possesses the bald simplicity of the very earliest stories of the race. In particular, it recalls the old tales of gods mingling with men, the legends of Dionysus, Priapus, and Pan—in which the effect of the divine visitation was a considerable upsetting of the regular human order. So mischievous were these deities on their rare terrestrial holidays that mankind was thrown for the duration of their stay into what the Greeks were forced to call a "panic." The disturbing god was usually associated, it will also be recalled, with the cult of fertility or generation; and Semon Dye, the hero of "Journeyman," is quite distinctly a divinity of this order. As in most of the myths, it is never certain whether the name that this wandering preacher gives himself is really his own; his origins are left obscure; he arrives and departs like a will-o'-the-wisp. But in the course of his brief stay he swindles the dull-witted Georgia landowner out of his farm, his automobile, and his wife. He shoots down a Negro who protests against his seduction of one of the girls on the place, and he ensnares the whole neighborhood into the village schoolhouse to hear him preach against sin. Toward this great event everything in the story is made to move; and it must be admitted that Semon Dye's efforts to instil "religion" into the sluggish congregation provide some of the most astonishing chapters in recent fiction. While neither the use of the Southern revivalist meeting nor the identification of sex with religion is exactly new in the contemporary American novel, these closing sections exceed in graphic concreteness anything that even Mr. Caldwell has so far offered to the public. And it is during this orgy that the resemblance between Semon Dye and the early gods of the phallic cults is most likely to strike the reader. He will seem to be less a man, even a caricature of an itinerant Southern preacher, than some incarnation out of time and space.

When he is gone the man called Clay remarks, "God help the people at the next place Semon picks out to stop and preach. . . . But I reckon they'll be just as tickled to have him around as I was." In itself such a statement need not be given too much importance, but coming as it does at the close of this strange fable and paralleling so exactly the Dionysian resolutions of Mr. Caldwell's other novels, we are probably justified in believing that we finally come to rest in another rather homely reassertion of the religion of the flesh. In other words, Mr. Caldwell belongs to the tradition of modern writers who seek to discover an escape from the uncomfortable situation of being a man in the more limited satisfactions of the animal. Without reviving any of the familiar intellectual arguments against such a point of view, one may inquire whether Mr. Caldwell in so limiting his own interest in his characters does not also limit the possibility of very much future interest in his writing. In the last analysis, his reduction of man to animal, of experience to sensation, involves eliminations which the novelist, who addresses himself to men and not to animals, can hardly afford to make through very many successive works.

WILLIAM TROY

## Truth Through the Transom

*The American Diplomatic Game.* By Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

THIS is a book which offers the reviewer two utterly different lines of approach. In itself it affronts every tradition of journalism, the trade to which I have belonged all my life. Drew Pearson's technique is that of the transom. It consists of viewing public events and public men, not as Walter Lippmann does, from Olympus and with a telescope, but from a ladder and looking over the transom with an opera glass. Now personally I prefer Lippmann to Pearson just as I like Plutarch better than Pepys. As a result, I should like nothing better than to be able to say that the results of Pearson's methods are as unattractive as are his methods themselves. But I am bound to say that if anyone asked me to direct him to an illuminating explanation of the post-war performances of American statesmanship, I should have to send him to Pearson and not to Lippmann.

In itself this book is purely destructive; it discloses how and when American statesmanship broke down in all its more considerable undertakings of the post-war years. It leaves it to the reader to answer the question of why the failures were invariable, as beyond any doubt they have been. Nevertheless, all the evidence is there. If you read the description of the circumstances of the formulation of the Kellogg Pact, the conduct of the London naval conference, the launching of the Hoover moratorium, and, finally, the birth of the Stimson doctrine, you see the reason why all led to humiliating collapse.

Take the Kellogg Pact. Its origin is to be traced to two men, Salmon O. Levinson and James T. Shotwell. In their separate fashions they had hit upon the idea of outlawing war. The former approached it from the legalistic point of view, the latter from the academic. Mr. Kellogg was too busy with practical problems to deal with cranks. In the end he did accept it just as a tired business man buys a ticket to the Irish Derby Sweep in order to get rid of the importunate ticket seller. As it happened, he not only won the capital prize, but in addition that prize turned out to be the Nobel award. One day he awoke to find himself famous.

Take, again, the story of the American delegation at the London naval conference. From the very start it was clear that the only hope of a five-power pact was American consent to a consultative agreement. Otherwise France was bound to wreck the show. But Mr. Hoover did not realize it, Mr. Stimson did not perceive it, even Dwight Morrow was only led to it by the reliance he placed upon the judgment of George Rublee, who did see it. Eventually Morrow persuaded Stimson, but Stimson's message to Hoover came too late and the London conference collapsed. Afterwards Mr. Stimson is described as speculating to himself when he first hit upon this idea. The story of how Hoover fumbled the moratorium because he hated the French is fully told. So also is the story of how the State Department once claimed for Hoover the credit for a "solution" of the financial crisis in Europe in 1931, which was threatening world catastrophe; and how Stimson, with the honesty which is as characteristic of the man as is his inherent unselfishness, exploded the cheap self-seeking of Washington by confessing that he knew of no American plan, and such useful suggestions as had been advanced were to be credited to the British Prime Minister and not to the American President.

Now these tales are not the inventions of an inveterate reporter; they are not the creations of a cheap cynic. All



things considered they do constitute a fair picture. They disclose the reason that American foreign policy has been consistently futile. Stimson was not a mean man or a petty person. Morrow was very far from being a fool, even if the position into which he was thrust at London was new to him and, before he had mastered it, the good moment had passed forever. Nor was that much-criticized and, on the whole, properly criticized State Department of ours wholly without vision. On the contrary crabbed, conceited, academic Stanley Hornbeck had a grasp of realities in the Far East which would have earned him a knighthood in Great Britain. But who would listen to him until it was too late? The Stimson doctrine was evolved in time to get us in up to our neck in the Manchurian affair but only long after it could have helped get the Japanese out of Manchuria.

Hughes with his Washington conference, Kellogg with his pact, Stimson with his doctrine, and last of all poor Hull with his tariff-reform notions, which belong to a day as dead as Queen Anne—in Pearson's narrative you see them all similarly fumbling on the margins of a new phase in American history. Like General Trochu during the defense of Paris in 1871, they are credited with a plan and they accept the credit. But in reality they have no plan. Knowledge, experience, conviction—of these they have little. All of them would honestly like to do something, first for peace and second for the Administration to which they belong. Above all they are not wicked men, wicked in the sense of being militarists, imperialists, super-nationalists. On the contrary, they are morally and intellectually average men. They are asked to formulate a policy for a country which has so far failed to make up its own mind. They are invariably caught between the prerogatives of the Senate and the pretensions of Presidents. They honestly seek to make the world safe for peace but they actually are expected to make it secure for the party in power at the next election. And so far as one can see, nothing has changed between 1920 and 1935 save the Administration.

FRANK H. SIMONDS

## A Philosophic Pathfinder

*Mind, Self and Society.* By George H. Mead. Edited by Charles W. Morris. University of Chicago Press. \$5.

THESE posthumous papers represent the ripe fruit of one of America's most original, but comparatively neglected, philosophers. They bring together in systematic and detailed argument a series of views until now only available in truncated form in a scattered variety of technical publications. If philosophical eminence be measured by the extent to which a man's writings anticipate the focal problems of a later day and contain a point of view which suggests persuasive solutions to many of them, then George Herbert Mead has justly earned the high praise bestowed upon him by Dewey and Whitehead as "a seminal mind of the very first order."

At the time Mead began his studies on the social presuppositions of the mind and self, professional philosophers were concerned almost exclusively with the relations between the subject and object, spirit and matter, individual and society—and with the insoluble problems of how to put together again elements which the traditional method of stating philosophic questions had forever separated. Mead's painstaking empirical account of mind as social action expressed in the interplay of gesture and symbol, and of the contents of mind as a historic product of social interaction, seemed to many of his contemporaries irrelevant or, at best, tangential to the main lines of philosophic inquiry. And yet by making the nature of communication between selves his central topic, and under-

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scoring its necessary and multiple reference to an objective continuum of social experience and activity, he was delivering a flank attack upon the conflicting schools of idealism and realism whose noisy verbal whirr composes the theme song of most of the history of modern philosophy. The question which Mead implicitly raised—namely, to what extent the traditional metaphysical, logical, and epistemological problems are the result of an inadequate analysis of the nature of communication, language, and thought—is now being explicitly forced on the attention of the philosophers, from fields as wide apart as foundational mathematics to genetic psychology. Meaning and the meaning of meaning are the prolegomena to any future philosophy.

A brief indication of the concrete philosophic bearing of some of Mead's conclusions will reveal the fruitfulness of his approach. If personal consciousness is neither logically nor temporally prior to social experience but, as Mead holds, built up in us out of organized social attitudes and processes through the mechanism of language, then the ghosts of philosophic subjectivism are finally laid. The familiar question, posed in one form or another from Bishop Berkeley to Bertrand Russell, as to how we can legitimately go from the experienced elements of our private world to the neutral structures of a public world no longer is intelligible once its presuppositions about meaning and communication are challenged. Every meaningful description of our personal experience already calls attention to facts and forms of behavior—to things and persons—which are outside that experience. Conversely, if an objective social experience is the matrix out of which all meanings are discriminated, then science, as the organization of meanings for the purposes of the prediction and control of things, reports not about physical things as they exist in their bare externality but about the world of *commonly* experienced things. Scientific objectivity must be interpretable as one form of social objectivity, that is, in terms of what is invariant in social experience. The contrasts between the "illusory" solid substance of things and their "real," non-experimental, scientific character, dramatically exploited for different ends from Democritus to Eddington, vanishes in the light of careful inquiry into the role of signs and symbols in thinking.

This first volume does not concern itself directly with large philosophic issues but with the linguistic and social groundwork of consciousness. Consciousness, for Mead, is not located in the brain nor in the muscular contractions of the larynx. These are mere conditions of its appearance, but neither the only nor the most significant conditions. In its distinctive sense, consciousness emerges out of the interpenetrations of individual behavior by social processes. Since the scientific study of behavior must give an account of the social conditions in and through which it unfolds, psychology may more properly be regarded as a branch of social psychology than of physiology.

Mead's main problem is to reveal the specific mechanisms through which the stream of social experience waters and nourishes the individual self. Following the lead of Wundt, he maintains that gestures are the fundamental vehicles of communication, uniting at least two individuals in a common social pattern. When gestures become significant symbols, meaningful readjustment of individuals to each other and their common situation takes place. Vocal gestures are the most exemplary instances of significant symbols. When uttered, they arouse in the individual making them the same incipient response which they arouse in another. The individual understands himself first as others understand him; he observes within himself a tendency to act toward himself as others do. This establishes a community of meaning which is enlarged by the capacity of the individual to play the same roles toward himself in successive experiences which others play. The series of roles taken

at any time by society—"the generalized other"—in relation to the individual constitute his "me." When the individual becomes critically aware of the attitudes taken toward and exhibited by himself, and acts to preserve or change them, he develops personality. The "I" of self-consciousness is born.

In Mead's view social harmony and control are genuinely possible only when individuals "are able to assume the attitude of others who are involved with them in a common endeavor." The implications are obvious and are drawn by the author. Any caste or class society, by limiting the opportunities of shared social experience, restricts the number and impoverishes the quality of the personalities developing within it. Distinctions between personalities, although socially derivative, are the most precious flowers of culture. They can be preserved and multiplied, however, only in a society whose institutions make it possible for all individuals to participate significantly in cooperative activities.

Criticism and evaluation of Mead's pioneer researches must wait upon the appearance of the rest of his work. Here I wish to raise two general questions which his analysis suggests. Granted that the adjustive responses of the individual to his world acquire social dimensionality through the mechanism of language, how is language itself affected by other activities and institutions of social life? Is there any method by which the language process can be treated not only as the instrument of social communication but as the resultant effect of other social activities without raising futile and insoluble problems about the origin of language? Second, to what extent can basic differences in linguistic structure be significantly correlated with differences in social experience?

Professor Charles Morris is to be congratulated upon a very competent piece of editing. His prefatory essay provides an illuminating introduction to Mead's world of ideas.

SIDNEY HOOK

## Saving Cuba

*Problems of the New Cuba.* Report of the Commission on Cuban Affairs. Foreign Policy Association. \$3.

IF all the elaborate programs for saving Cuba which have been published by Americans during the last thirty-five years were laid end to end, they would not cover the hundred miles of sea between Key West and Havana, but their pages would amply paper the walls of more than one poor Cuban's thatched *bohío* and console him with the thought that, though he may still starve, good-will toward him will never cease. After thirty-five years of American persuasion, coercion, and buzzing experts, there is still no democracy in Cuba, the school system has rotted away, health control has not advanced, militarism grips the island, and trade during the depression has dropped to a pre-independence level. The people have a Sunday-school, made-in-the-U.-S.-A. constitution, but less economic independence and more starvation than under Spanish rule. For three decades Cubans have come to own less and less of their own country. Cuba today is a sick country growing sicker.

Presto! Another American program. Invited by President Carlos Mendieta, the Foreign Policy Association, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, sent eleven experts for two months last year to investigate "the new Cuba" (*sic*) "in complete scientific independence." Their 500 pages of findings, at least apparently, are far more disinterested than the writings of past apologists such as Professor Chapman of California or Chester Lloyd Jones of Wisconsin.

Another foundation report! It is academic, theoretical, cautious, contradictory of its own findings. It sidesteps ticklish



questions, is afraid to step on toes. Its practical whitewashing of the public utilities is inexplicable; its currency and banking suggestions are a joke. On the bright side: the report moves forward in a coherent manner rarely encountered in such multiple collaboration, through a mass of permanently valuable facts and tables, to a series of conservative, occasionally well-defined recommendations.

Even to make these temperate suggestions, the commission had to tread valiantly over the reiterated and plaintive diehard footnote objections of one of its own members, Professor Carle Clark Zimmerman of Harvard. His insect-measuring investigations of the Cuban family reveal, despite his superficiality, a frightful situation. But his only suggestion is that the living level can be raised appreciably "if a well-considered reconstruction policy be adopted." In general he burns incense hopefully before the Moloch of laissez faire.

Least satisfactory by all odds is Dr. Ernest Gruening's public-utilities chapter. Under a thin veneer of apparent academic impartiality he largely absolves the companies of past wrongdoing, presents company propaganda without due analysis, bases most of his findings on short-range data of the present plight of the utilities without presenting a complete picture of their condition, including earnings and activities, during the previous Machado period. He is more sympathetic to the companies than to the post-revolutionary governments, labor, or the public. His insistence that Machado showed no special favoritism to the Cuban Electric Company, subsidiary of the Havana Electric Utilities, the American and Foreign Power, and the Electric Bond and Share draws a rueful smile. Machado, he declares, "neither before assuming the presidency nor after was ever an official or a stockholder of the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad [Inc.] . . . Machado's company was called the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, S. A. . . . As he sold this company to the larger company of the same name, it is not surprising that confusion should occur in the public mind." Gruening successfully adds to the confusion by this misstatement.

The so-called Machado Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, S. A., was owned by the American and Foreign Power Company (incorporated in Maine) as early as 1923. Machado was vice-president. To its Cuban subsidiary the parent company leased all its other Cuban holdings. In 1925, not 1926 as Gruening states, the Havana Electric and Utilities, Inc., took out a charter, also in Maine, to reorganize the Steinhart properties. In that year Machado, whose campaign had been heavily financed by Mr. Catlin (Electric Bond and Share representative), became President of Cuba. He never sold his company to the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, Inc. The latter was not incorporated until December 13, 1927, in Florida, as a subsidiary of the Havana Electric and Utilities to reorganize the existing owned properties.

Mr. Catlin, president of the Cuban Electric Company before and after reorganization, was Machado's most intimate friend. Gruening makes no mention of Machado's efforts, on coming into office, to remove for perpetuity practically all the company's taxes or of the great reduction he did effect and no mention of Machado's assistance to the company in acquiring new properties; he places no importance upon Machado's brutal treatment of leaders of the various consumers' strikes or upon his refusal to permit any rate reduction by the municipalities; he forgets Machado's martial-law decree to shoot saboteurs on sight and his decree forbidding anyone to order his light service cut off. He does not examine Machado's private deals with Catlin in connection with properties resold to the Cuban Electric Company. But this marked favoritism explains the public wrath that beset the company as soon as Machado was overthrown.

Gruening ignores public-relations activities, worse in

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Cuba than in our own country, though he once wrote a book exposing them in the United States. He condones the overhead mulcting of the holding companies. Besides its income from subsidiary stocks and the interest on huge loans to subsidiaries, the Electric Bond and Share Company also charged the Cuban Electric Company, though it was 60 per cent overstaffed with highly paid executives, a sliding-scale percentage of gross profits. In return for purchasing and other administrative services the parent company was given an average of more than \$350,000 annually (1928-33 average). Gruening emphasizes the fact that in making the \$1,500,000 annual purchase for the Cuban company, the holding concern bought fuel and oil through long-range contract at 90 cents a barrel when the best spot price was \$1.25. This is merely a routine trade practice scarcely warranting such exaggerated commissions. The parent company also takes heavy slices through a subsidiary supply and engineering company. Profits drift up through five companies; loans and services sift down through five companies with attendant servicing and commission charges on each floor. Moreover, the Cuban company must pay profits on capitalization watered to nearly double the physical valuation.

Gruening makes no clear statement that the Cuban rates have been the highest in the world. He admits they should be reduced, but uses most of his space, not in scientifically analyzing production and distribution costs, but in trying to prove by partial, incomplete, and unsound data what everyone knows, namely, that costs are greater in Cuba with imported coal than in most places in the United States. He fails to mention, however, that labor costs are much lower. He greatly exaggerates the "load" factor in costs and compares the wide fluctuation in the amount of current used at different hours in the day for the single week ending April 28, 1934, with the fluctuations experienced by the Montana Power and the Texas Power and Light Company. He picks a week soon after a military coup d'état and subsequent to a long period of disorder, also a week just after the grinding season, when fluctuations in Cuba are unusually great. On the other hand, this week is particularly favorable in Montana and Texas. In the form in which he presents his evidence it is merely valueless company propaganda. He has ignored recent technical studies in this country regarding distribution costs. The Grau rate cut was unscientific, as he indicates, though the new rate established by his technical commission was still higher than almost anywhere in this country.

In labor conflicts Gruening takes the side of the company unions, while denying they are company unions. I was in Havana during the strikes he describes. Among other things the strikers demanded a minimum wage of \$1.60, but Gruening is far more disturbed because the average monthly wage of thirty-five leading executives was only \$638—this average did not include the extravagant salary paid Mr. Steinhart, though later Gruening himself shows that out of sixty-seven members of the better-paid personnel dismissed during the temporary government management of the company, only twenty-eight were really needed.

Professor Graham of Princeton, a hoary dollar- and gold-standard bearer, wishes to tie the Cuban peso at par to the American dollar, thus making a monetary unit entirely too high in value. As a salve to its national pride, Cuba, he claims, should have its own currency, but backed by American dollars, deposited by a trustee in American banks, and invested in short-term American government and banking securities. Obviously the future of the American dollar is by no means assured. Graham's proposals would merely make Cuba's currency and banking a tail to the American bankers' kite. He offers no practical advice for the prompt establishment of rural credit, but wishes on Cuba building and loan societies, trust companies, and investment banking. His only suggestion for

combating the monopoly of foreign banking corporations is "legislation establishing at least a minimum of good banking." A bold bad man indeed!

Cuba should turn to Mexico, which has a sound managed currency with silver banking, has completely broken the power of the foreign banks, and has made banking increasingly serve social ends. A similar currency policy would at once stimulate sugar, tobacco, and fruit growing, curtail all unnecessary imports, force diversification, stimulate small-scale manufacturing, and reduce the internal debt. A capital export tax would strengthen the trend.

Mr. Thomson's chapters on labor are a vast improvement, though they lack background—investigation of unemployment, seasonal labor, wages, and living costs. From them we can conclude for ourselves that all the Cuban workers got from the so-called revolution—and this from the independent, non-recognized Grau government—was an eight-hour day, a strengthening of the 1916 workmen's compensation act, the right to hold 50 per cent of all jobs, and compulsory arbitration. Under Mendieta the arbitration law was converted into an instrument of tyranny. Strikers then received the right of being tried as ordinary criminals by the special tribunal of national defense—tantamount to a martial-law decree. Mr. Thomson fails to show us that though Mendieta uses more legal lather, his treatment of Cuban labor differs little from that of the odious Machado. No account is given of the government's anti-workers' terror. Instead, Thomson fusses over the 50 per cent law and the deportation of black Haitians without prior court hearings. We wish Cuba would heed his suggestions and then demand that the United States correct its own vicious treatment of aliens.

Mr. Fetter presents the customary exhaustive public-debt material. He suggests as one possibility regarding the Chase bank loans, repudiated by a government commission, that they be adjudicated by The Hague—a favorite trap for colonial countries. As recompense for actual benefits received, Cuba should make a study of the Warren Brothers' road contracts (not made by the commission) and the manner in which the money was loaned and spent. The Cuban people should estimate and deduct the damages done to the country by the bank's assistance to an illegal despotism, especially as the bank and the State Department, which indorsed the loans, were repeatedly warned that the loans were improperly made to an illegal government in violation of the Platt Amendment. Certainly the Foreign Policy Commission is fully justified in its mild proposal to place reconstruction ahead of debt-payment resumption. (Zimmerman pops his protest.)

The best high light of the commission's report is Professor Jenks's thoroughly capable investigation of the sugar situation. His analysis of the contractual relations between the *colonos* and large company *centrales* is especially illuminating. As in his previous book, "Our Cuban Colony," he remains too cordial to the previous working of the Chadbourne sugar plan, basically a bankers' arrangement, not a bona fide sugar plan at all. It has tended to ruin the independent *colono* whom Jenks favors.

The most constructive suggestions are concerned with land colonization and diversification. To diversify crops and put the people on the land would reduce costly importation of foodstuffs, guarantee all-year-round sustenance, and make labor sufficiently independent to demand decent wages. The commission naively suggests that the sugar companies cooperate by setting aside parts of their land for the cultivation of foodstuffs. Cut-throat competition obviously prevents such benevolence.

The commission taxes the Roosevelt Administration for having failed to recognize the Grau Administration, the only government in all Cuba's history of truly Cuban origin. It valiantly urges the relinquishment of the Guantánamo naval



base. Otherwise with regard to political affairs the report is weak and evasive. It hopes that "some means may be successfully found for establishing a constitutional regime in succession to the provisional government." Then it can be questioned whether the existing forms are adequate. This pious State Department hope puts the cart before the horse. Precisely because Sumner Welles cooked up a pseudo-constitutionality for his puppet De Céspedes government has the Cuban situation become so politically confused. Cuba's American-made constitution has never worked.

No clear, extended account is given by the commission of the continuous American intervention in Cuban affairs from the time that Welles and Roosevelt put the skids under Machado until Mendieta was finally inducted into office through Batista's betrayal of Grau and the government was handed over to a decrepit political clique, with all those elements which really made the revolution, except the upstart Batista, eliminated.

The commission mournfully suggests that an autonomous body of able and honorable citizens "aloof from the vicissitudes of partisan politics and dominated by non-political members" take up the task of its reconstruction program. Some of Cuba's most able and honorable citizens secretly protested to the commission against its findings and were promptly jailed or molested by the present government.

The race is on between a social revolution and an undisguised military coup by Batista or some other military leader who has played the American game. American interests are already whispering in Batista's ear that he should save Cuba. Thus the commission is blithely unaware of the revolutionary and social forces hammering Cuba on the anvil. Its conclusions all depend on the impossible return of old forms of apparent constitutionality, business revival, and American paternalism. Though it mentions cooperatives and land colonies, it carefully closes the door on nearly all collectivist tendencies and is careful to point out that its suggestions need not injure any existing enterprises. It wants to help everybody, to give every Cuban worker's family an avocado tree (this might be taken as the commission's slogan), to develop a new rural middle class, to preserve big business, to avoid disturbing existing property rights. Thus it largely evades the whole problem of American corporate ownership.

Cuba cannot live until the drain of foreign profits is vastly reduced. The burden of rent, interest, and repayment of the principal on foreign loans, on a billion and a half dollars of American investments, not to mention the enormous British and Spanish holdings, is simply too great for the island to bear. Any well-meaning reforms will run foul of this fact. The commission wishes to have its cake and eat it too. It repeatedly suggests the pressing need for Cuba to hire more American experts. God help the Cubans if some of the members of this commission are a sample!

CARLETON BEALS

## Fiction in Our Time

*Modern Fiction.* By Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

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taken in the sum, they give a most informing picture of the evolution of the novel during these past fifty years. The authors are concerned to be sound rather than striking, and one notes that their formulas are for the most part the ones that have best withstood the test of criticism at large. In Conrad the basic research, we are told, is the problem of the individual's spiritual isolation; in Proust, the remembrance of things past; in Virginia Woolf, character and curiosity about the whole influx of life; in Maugham, Bennett, and Mann, the passage of time. The quest for such formulas supplies an almost ideal method from the pedagogical standpoint; and for the general reader, too, such analyses are of the greatest utility as simplifying a very embroiled and forbiddingly vast mass of contemporary literature. Most of these essays have a permanent look. They give one the impression of being, as the professors say, "definitive."

The book, one might caution, has to be taken in carefully measured doses—say, two essays a week, after meals, with the proper dilutives. Judged as a book among books this is solid diet. Its heaviness does not lie in the style. The authors write always with elegance and not seldom with wit and force. It does not lie altogether in the thought. The authors are agile, original, ingenious thinkers, and there is little surplusage. There are three difficulties, as I take it. In the first place, the analyses of the various novels are too detailed and too direct. The logical summary of a work of art, unless it is practiced by a writer who makes a special craft of the digest—as William Griffith does, for instance—is one of the deadliest of all forms of literature, and I believe that history would show that one of the surest ways to kill interest in a book is to epitomize it. To the reader of this volume such summaries give an unescapable impression of being in the classroom.

In the second place, the authors of "Modern Fiction" are badly bitten by "psychology," and especially by a psychology of the Freudian variety with its mess of mother and father complexes, its "releases" and "redemptions," and much other intellectual trumpery that emanates from that school. Verily, it is as though our age had wearied of seeking the key to the riddle of the universe among the stars and had concluded, as an inspiration of despair, that there might be a chance of finding it hidden in the garbage can. The "psychological" method is simply our present-day version of the trick of "explaining" the perfectly well-known by the altogether unknown, a method which is forever being revived because it always allows us to find exactly the sort of explanation that we are looking for. "We all hate our fathers and would like to murder them." Such, for example, is one of the great discoveries of D. H. Lawrence, that Newton of the universe which the Great God Sigmund Freud created in his own image. So we go looking for the father complex in any novel that happens to be before us. Let a character make a pass at his old man in a quarrel and all the bells in Freudiana start ringing, for another writer has found his "release," another writer has been "redeemed." All such twaddle reduces literary criticism to the level of the testimonial and experience meetings in any of the medico-psychopathic religious sects, and yields results of a dulness and banality from which there is no escape.

The other trouble probably is with the novel itself. One has to be grateful to the authors of "Modern Fiction" for sparing one the nuisance of reading many of these so-called masterpieces of the novel in our time, for, on the assurance of such well-disposed authorities, one may feel that one has skipped them without losing any of the revelations that modern culture has to offer. The "stream of consciousness" bears on its grimy surface little save dead cats and rotting melon rinds. We used to have the medieval "vision," and that seemed childish. Now we have the modern "reverie," and that is supposed to be a great improvement. All the same, one can still

take comfort in the fact that somewhere in between the visions and the reveries comes the nineteenth century with a few great men with a few great ideas. One looks in vain throughout these many digests for even the suggestion of an idea that is, let alone big, interesting. According to the authors of "Modern Fiction," most of the writers they review had an impassioned curiosity as to the "meaning of life." They never seem to find it, because they all sooner or later get distracted by the quest as to what happens when as a babe, or earlier, you have conceived improper designs on your mother. At fifty, the answer is, you will surely be leading a double life, and there will be no remedy except art, bolshevism, or suicide. It all reads like propaganda for Grade A milk, and it is almost enough to drive one to humanism.

One might summarize these speculations on dulness in the precept that to be interesting in our time the literary critic needs not only a theory of a literary genre but also a theory of life; for in appraising some of these writers as "great artists" the authors of "Modern Fiction" are probably doing their duty as literary critics, but they are somewhat remiss in their full scientific duty in failing on more than one occasion to designate certain celebrated idiots as the idiots they are.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

## A Pleasant View of Decay

*Music Ho! A Study of Music in Decline.* By Constant Lambert. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

IN so far as a book review is a news item, the only way I know to report on this bright and intelligent volume by Constant Lambert is to quote from it as copiously as possible. To begin with: since it is a survey of music, I might state my belief that a reader could find its pages extremely stimulating though the sounds of music concerned him not at all. Those who are acquainted with the works which the author discusses will of course be better equipped to derive the maximum satisfaction from his lively comments, but the main requirement for the non-musical would be a general interest in the symptomatology of recent cultural movements, in the mental topography of our decades. Pungent, picturesque, aphoristic—the author gives us a succession of succinct characterizations. Himself a composer of great merit, he has a gift for verbalizing his tonal experiences; and though not one single passage of musical notation is quoted in this book, one gets an excellent picture of modern composition.

In fact, Mr. Lambert makes us realize that the "outline" is beginning to take on the dignity of a new literary form. Too often undertaken as a mere business venture, it has affronted serious readers by its superficiality. At its worst, it provides mere identification marks of the "Book of Etiquette" variety. But Mr. Lambert bears witness that it can become quite a civilized medium, with much the same interpretative value as one might derive from a good realistic novel of the panoramic sort. Indeed, such works have certain notable advantages over the realistic novel *per se*. Since they usually deal with some highly barometric aspect of the times—some art or practical activity at its most expressive stage—the writer automatically has at his disposal representative figures. And whereas the realist of the novel must often find that his cult of "reality" pledges him to report the most dismal drivel as the "truth" about people's minds and speech, the realist of the critical survey can be at once accurate and eloquent. He has, as it were, the equivalent of Shakespeare's noblemen. He can give us selective statements, statements made by people who are actually living yet who show a certain captaincy in their choice of behavior. And in direct contrast with the rules of novelistic realism, the



sharper and more brilliant the statement of the critical survey, the greater its "photographic truth."

In any event, Mr. Lambert's book is illuminating. Of Stravinsky's rhythms he says: "They are rhythms suspended in space, arbitrary patterns in time, forming a parallel to Debussy's impressionist use of harmonies detached from melodic reasoning." Of Schönberg's harmonic system: "There are two ways of destroying the significance of the House of Lords—you can either abolish it or you can make everyone a member. We have no sense of modulation in Debussy's music for the simple reason that he doesn't modulate, and we have no sense of modulation in Schönberg's music because the work itself has become one vast modulation." Or to quote another of his ingenious contrasts: he says that Wagner gives us the "appeal of a ship with the hero's sweetheart on board leaving the quay, or the departure of a troop train in time of war," whereas Debussy's appeal "is of the less personal and more subtle order that we get from the mere sight of an unknown ship in sail." Stravinsky he both praises and condemns as a master of the pastiche, skilled at assembling musical incongruities, and borrowing from earlier styles without any sense of their inner significance but with concern for externals only: "Like a savage standing in delighted awe before those two symbols of an alien civilization, the top hat and the *pot de chambre*, he is apt to confuse their functions."

He disagrees violently with those composers who attempt to build their works upon the traditional folk melodies, which are unsuited to modern harmonic treatment, resist constructive manipulation when used as ingredients of larger symphonic forms, and are too alien to the quality of contemporary life. He likewise shows little sympathy for the "wrong note" school, whose members acquire a doubtful distinction for their compositions by the arbitrary shifting of harmonic intervals.

When discussing the shortcomings of "Exoticism and Low Life," he writes: "There is a definite limit to the length of time a composer can go on writing in one dance rhythm (this limit is obviously reached by Ravel toward the end of 'La Valse' and toward the beginning of 'Bolero')." He makes the quite paradoxical but just observation that realistic music should be used only in connection with the events it describes, concluding: "The place for music of the Honegger type is not the concert hall but the cinema. Those who are bored by 'Pacific 231' in the concert hall would have been surprised at the brilliant effect it made when used in conjunction with the Soviet film 'The Blue Express'." On the subject of "highbrow jazz," he suggests that the composer must extend the harmonic vocabulary of the popular syncopationists, but "this development must be on the lines of a broader view of what is desirable as consonance rather than on a narrower view of what constitutes dissonance."

Sibelius is this author's giant—and he writes some convincing pages upon Sibelius's virtues. After many sharp chapters devoted to the processes of musical "decline," we appreciate his firm attachment to the lonely Finn. The one great drawback of Lambert's study, from my point of view, is that it shows too little sympathy for the aesthetic behind the new collectivist trends in art. "The artist who is one of a group," he says, "writes for that group alone, whereas the artist who expresses personal experience may in the end reach universal experience." This is not the issue. Art is not merely a problem in production—as in the recent Art for Art's Sake movement. Nor is it merely a problem in consumption—as in the earlier doctrines of "appreciation." It is a problem in the coordination of production and consumption. An occasional great inventor may permit himself a long step in advance; but the trouble with Mr. Lambert's attitude is that it asks all to write as though they were the occasional great.

KENNETH BURKE

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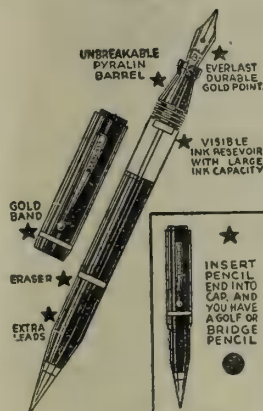
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The Pilgrimage of Heine

Poet in Exile. By Antonina Vallentin. Viking Press. \$3.

A NUMBER of difficulties lie in wait for the contem-
porary biographer of Heine. Not the least of these is the
complex character of the poet who has now become
the symbol of the Jew exiled from Germany. Another dif-
ficulty arises when we remember that Heine has told his own
story remarkably well. The biographer is then placed in the
embarrassing position of competing with self-conscious, fully
documented source material: an autobiography, letters, a jour-
nal, a travel diary, and a number of poems. A further difficulty
lies in the fact that the story of Heine's career is familiar to
everyone who has the slightest interest in him, and so far
whatever fresh material has been brought to light seems to fall
well within the pattern of a life history that Heine himself
recognized as his own.

Yet, in English, the "definitive" biography of the poet re-
mains to be written, and for the moment we must allow the
present "life" to answer that demand. Handicapped by an
inept, cumbersome translation from the German text, the Eng-
lish reader is slowly forced to admit that Antonina Vallentin
has written an excellent rephrasing of a well-known story.
Perhaps her style is not as bad as it is made to appear, and
by presenting us with a "social interpretation" of her subject
she has solved many of the more obvious difficulties that con-
front the Heine biographer.

She has chosen, I think, the very method that actually
reveals the poet, journalist, public figure, man. It is a method
not unlike that of Taine's. Time, place, and historical event
behind the man are soberly presented and then carefully inter-
woven with the episodes of his daily existence. We have then
gained the primary motives for those startling contradictions
in Heine's character. We are made to see clearly the rea-
sons for Napoleon worship in that fragment of society where
Heine was born, that segment of semi-professional, semi-
tradesman class of German-Jewish society that saw no con-
flict between a complete assimilation with German culture
and an international ideal of intellectual liberalism. To this
is added the direct influence of the home environment upon a
supersensitive boy. Heine's father and mother lived in an
atmosphere of "great expectations," of hoping to fall heir to a
fortune possessed by well-to-do relatives. With them Heine
entered a strange world of economic insecurity, in which
perhaps great unearned wealth or deepest poverty lay just
around the corner. It was a breeding place for fantasy, for
hope beyond hope, and a final stage for disillusionment beyond
despair. One must be granted imagination to see the possi-
bilities of such a world; but imagination was Heine's property,
which he cherished in good fortune or ill, and then turned
critic upon, revealing as he did the contradictions of
nationalist and revolutionary, petty bourgeois and artist.

The central problem in Heine's life was one of self-
betrayal: he could be a "good nephew" to a rich uncle and
that uncle's dearest enemy; he could be the eloquent German
nationalist and the champion of an international revolutionary
cause; he could not live without the luxuries of bourgeois
comfort, yet the actual enjoyment of them was destroyed by
exile, by irregular living habits, and by the acquisition of an
incurable disease. However unconscious, however "inevitable"
such behavior might have been, this was self-betrayal to a
purpose, for the result whether in self-defense or self-assertion
was literature and literature of a revolutionary order. The
particular kind of self-revelation that Heine has given us will
never find its solution within the society that he inhabited;
nothing short of revolution would exorcise the devils in his

own blood as well as in the world outside him. Under Hitler in Germany today those very devils have grown into more than life-size monsters, and Heine, a self-exiled Jew, occupies the position of prophet speaking to his people across the span of the nineteenth century.

In the present biography I found two episodes in Heine's life gaining peculiar significance—one at the beginning of his career, the other at its close. Antonina Vallentin has recreated for us the famous interview with Goethe. The youthful, ambitious Heine made his appearance before the sage at Weimar, the old man whose features had already taken on the pallor of a commemorative statue. Young Heine's poise was shattered; he stood in conference with the dead. Goethe made a polite inquiry: what was the young man writing now? Heine replied: "A Faust." The statue froze, for the last passages of the second "Faust" were still unwritten and Goethe saw himself as the one man on earth fit to supply that final answer to a lifelong problem. In leaving Weimar Heine left the past behind him, and for him it meant the beginning of a long pilgrimage.

The second episode took place in Paris in 1843; this time the prematurely aged Heine played the sage and Karl Marx the young man. The relationship struck fire and prospered, for Marx supplied that energy wherein Heine saw himself reflected as in a mirror. There was a rapid exchange of influence between the two men and they collaborated in the founding of a weekly paper, the *Vorwärts*. There Heine contributed his "Silesian Weavers":

Ein Fluch dem falschen Vaterlande
Wo nur gedeihen Schmach und Schande
Wo jede Blume früh geknickt,
Wo Faulnis und Moder den Wurm erquickt
Wir weben, wir weben!

I think the power of these lines contains the same relevance today as in the hour in which they were written, and in them Marx's subsequent defense of Heine as a revolutionary poet is amply justified. In Heine's case the process of self-betrayal had gone so far as to reveal the very heart of man's betrayal of himself within a universe of evil. The self-sacrifice was complete: "Und in mir lebt nur noch der Tod."

And in this final sacrifice lay his salvation.

HORACE GREGORY

Drama

A Not Very Magic Mountain

IT is reliably reported that England thought very well indeed of a piece called "Prisoners of War" when it was first produced some ten years ago. Now that it has reached the Ritz Theater after so long an interval the American public has a chance to judge for itself, but if the first-night audience furnishes any criterion it is not likely to be very much impressed. That audience, indeed, showed a tendency to giggle when it was not supposed to and it was plainly restless long before the curtain finally descended upon a series of events hardly pointed enough to hold the attention of those not especially thrilled by certain subdued references to homosexual love.

Ten years ago there was doubtless a topical interest in the story of a group of British officers marooned on a Swiss mountain and wishing they were sick enough to be paroled. The author begins by sketching their monotonous life, and there is, indeed, a certain mild effectiveness in his picture of a group of grown men whom boredom has reduced to schoolboyish bickerings. Almost inevitably something like the adolescent



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ACCENT ON YOUTH. Plymouth Theater. Hopeful message for the middle-aged in a lively comedy about playwright in love with his secretary. Witty and amusing.

ANYTHING GOES. Alvin Theater. Victor Moore as Public Enemy No. 13 in a No. 1 musical revue, with Ethel Merman at her best.

ESCAPE ME NEVER. Shubert Theater. Here is a heap of theatrical rubbish, romantically entitled. Few if any indeed, could play it one-half so charmingly as Elisabeth Bergner.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. Disputes with "Anything Goes" for first place among the revues.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box Theater. One of the outstanding hits and very good indeed if you don't mind having your serious plays use a little staycomb in their hair. By George Kaufman and Moss Hart, who excoriate cheap success without forgetting to put in a few wisecracks where they will do most good.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Henry Miller's Theater. Much like the above but about a movie star this time and perhaps a trifle less mechanical.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN. Golden Theater. Perhaps the best—and certainly the most substantial—of S. N. Behrman's excellent comedies. With Jane Cowl as a charming embodiment of urbanity and tolerance in a world seemingly about to lose both.

REVENGE WITH MUSIC. New Amsterdam Theater. Charles Winninger, Rex O'Malley, and Libby Holman in a lavish and generally entertaining operetta with lots of comedy and some good dancing in a more or less Spanish manner.

ROMEO AND JULIET. Martin Beck Theater. Swift and beautiful production with Katharine Cornell as Juliet, Basil Rathbone as Romeo, and Brian Aherne as Mercutio.

SAILORS OF CATTARO. Civic Repertory Theater. The third and much the best offering by the Theater Union, which goes in for plays with a revolutionary purpose. This one is all about a mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war, and it is first rate a play, quite aside from the red-flag waving.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Maxine Elliott's Theater. Tense but grim drama about a fiendishly perverse child, who is played with extraordinary force by Florence McGee. One of the most discussed plays of the year.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST. Broadhurst Theater. Superb performance by Leslie Howard in Robert Sherwood's engrossing play about a lost intellectual. Exciting a melodrama but a great deal more besides.

THUMBS UP. St. James Theater. Bobby Clark, Hal Le Roy, and others in a slightly old-fashioned but entertaining review.

crush develops when each man in his loneliness picks out a pal, and the story centers around one particular youth obviously predisposed by nature to such an experience. No physical relationship develops and it is not entirely clear just how far the author intended to emphasize the possibility of any such thing, but the American director, at least, has chosen to stress the pathological aspect as strongly as the text will permit, with the result that the whole seems both timid and offensive. In a sense Barton Hepburn, who plays the leading role, is almost too good. Nearly every gesture and nearly every intonation carries a certain painful suggestion of fundamental effeminacy. He is repulsively gentle and maddeningly fussy. He quarrels shrilly, repents in abasement, and sulks like a prima donna. Given the ungrateful role, it is perhaps not easy to imagine just what else he could have done, but it is difficult to enlist the sympathy of an audience for a creature so thoroughly unattractive, and the audience does what mankind has always done when faced with a suffering outside its comprehension—it snickers uncomfortably and averts its eyes. Possibly "Prisoners of War" will enjoy a certain success of scandal but it is probably too tame for even that, and the ordinary observer will be inclined to set it down as another instance of that strange English ambition to make their contemporary drama as undramatic as possible.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Fly Away Home" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is an amusing minor farce in which the youngest generation confounds its elders by putting into practice the best modern theories of education. Old-fashioned virtue and romance triumph in the end but not before both have been subjected to a lively fire of predictable but deft witticisms. The cast is well trained and the audience is constantly amused.

M. M.

[Several reviews scheduled for this number have been omitted for lack of space. They will appear in early issues.]

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America" and "The Native's Return."

HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist of the *World-Telegram*, is the president of the American Newspaper Guild.

WILLIAM R. AMBERSON is professor of physiology in the College of Medicine at the University of Tennessee.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and criticism to various literary periodicals.

LIONEL ABEL is a young poet and critic whose work appears frequently in *The Nation*.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the English Department of Washington Square College, New York University.

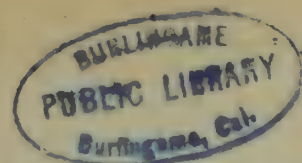
WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English Department of Washington Square College and *The Nation's* moving-picture critic.

FRANK H. SIMONDS is well known as a journalist and author.

SIDNEY HOOK is assistant professor of philosophy at New York University and lecturer at the New School for Social Research.

CARLETON BEALS is the author of "The Crime of Cuba." ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University.

KENNETH BURKE has just published a new book, "Permanence and Change."



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THE ANOMALY of the NRA being administered by a board headed by S. Clay Williams, whose own tobacco industry remained without a code, has finally been corrected. The delay was not due to neglect but to the skilful use of the greatest of all industrial weapons at Washington, obstruction. Even after a code had been drafted at the NRA it was mislaid at the White House, as the President admitted at one of his press conferences. When found it was altered and now provides a minimum wage of 25 cents an hour for a forty-hour week for unskilled labor. Armin W. Riley, NRA division administrator, proposed a 35-cent minimum and a thirty-six-hour week. A study of the industry is to be undertaken by the Division of Research and Planning, whose report on the automobile industry is a memorable chapter in our depression history. This is a concession to the A. F. of L., which demanded the Riley code and will now have an opportunity to support its case. The annual income of wage-earners in the cigarette industry has steadily declined in the face of increased production and profits. In 1919 it was \$853, in 1931 it had fallen to \$727, and in 1933 it was \$613. In 1919 some 25,000 workers made some 53 billion cigarettes; in 1931 some 21,000 workers made 117 billion cigarettes. The industry had taken \$270,000,000 out of profits and invested it in labor-saving machinery. It was earning 10 per cent in

the years 1920-24; in 1931 its profits rose to 16.3 per cent, or 25.5 per cent on original investment. It is stated at the NRA that wages increased 15 per cent after August, 1933, and that the present code will increase the pay of unskilled labor 20 to 40 per cent. Mr. Riley, who knows the industry thoroughly, obviously believes it can pay much more.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE by the half-billion-dollar naval budget, the chief of staff of the army has hastened to present a \$400,000,000 plan for modernizing our national "defense." The proposals include an appropriation of \$190,000,000 for the construction of air bases around the nation's boundaries, \$11,000,000 for a similar base in Hawaii, \$90,000,000 for the purchase of 800 armored aircraft, \$10,000,000 for coast-defense and army posts, \$16,000,000 for the acquisition of tanks, armored cars, and other mechanical equipment, and \$8,000,000 for general munitions. Plans are also under way to increase the army by 50,000 men, and to build up a reserve force of 100,000 from the CCC camps. This vast appropriation—four times as large as the estimated cost of the President's security plan—would be in addition to the regular army budget of over \$300,000,000. Why this huge sum is required at the present moment is not revealed. It is significant, however, that no one has even suggested that the United States is in danger of invasion by a foreign foe. Obviously there is no country or group of countries which is in a position to dispatch and maintain an expeditionary force on American soil, nor is there any foe which could send an air armada to overwhelm our army's 1,500 modern fighting planes. The fact is that the army is merely interested in obtaining a share of the vast sums being spent in Washington. With the peace forces of the country disheartened and demoralized by the defeat of the World Court, the jingoists may be expected to marshal their forces for a supreme attack. The munitions inquiry has revealed a few of the powerful influences behind a program of this kind, but it will have represented just so much wasted energy if the American people are not sufficiently aroused to check this wave of war preparations.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S rejection of the proposal to barter 500,000 bales of cotton for German goods may be construed as a clear-cut victory for the internationalist wing of the Administration. Under most circumstances the barter plan, sponsored by George N. Peek, special trade adviser to the President, would have little effect on the total volume of trade and merely serve to divert it into restricted channels. In the case of Germany, however, there was at least a suspicion that the scheme was deliberately concocted to counteract the effects of the anti-Nazi boycott. The President also seems to have realized that the disposal of the German goods obtained in the barter agreement might lead to a violation of the spirit if not the letter of existing anti-dumping legislation. By throwing his support to Secretary Hull rather than Mr. Peek in this instance, Mr. Roosevelt has again aroused hope that he will support the

State Department in its desire for a genuine reduction of tariffs in the pending reciprocity negotiations. If he does so he will have to act quickly, for it is no secret that vested interests are constantly bringing increased pressure to bear to prevent any important reductions. Another transfer for Mr. Peek would perhaps do more than anything else to expedite the Administration's avowed trade policy.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION of the First Commonwealth of the Philippines is notable chiefly for the unusual powers conferred upon the National Assembly in a day when the prestige of legislative bodies is almost universally declining. Unrestricted except by partial veto power in the hands of the President, the assembly will have extensive administrative duties as well as control over the judiciary. In addition, it will possess the unique right of amending or repealing any franchise given to public-utility, mining, or agricultural interests. Another feature of the constitution is a provision that practically excludes foreign capital by restricting franchises to Philippine citizens or to corporations in which 60 per cent of the capital is owned by them. Large landowners, whether corporations or individuals, are subject to special limitation by the assembly. While the latter provisions are bitterly opposed by American business groups in Manila, who speak of the great need of foreign capital for the development of the islands, experience in other undeveloped countries indicates the necessity of some such protection. In recognizing that economic independence may prove to be much more important than political independence, the Filipinos have displayed a wisdom beyond that of many older and more settled peoples. And even though they find that the pressure of foreign capital will ultimately break down these barriers, they will be none the weaker for having tried to stem the influx. Taken as a whole the constitution is a progressive social document, and it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will give it speedy approval.

AMBASSADOR SAITO has evolved a brand-new theory to explain Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931. Speaking before the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, the Ambassador declared that Japan had been forced to act because Communist propaganda had generated an anti-foreign and anti-capitalist sentiment that threatened the existence of sources of raw material essential to the empire's economic life. Like former explanations which were effectively exploded by the Lytton Commission, this one simply is not true. While there was a powerful Communist movement in China proper in 1931, it had relatively little influence in North China and practically none at all in Manchuria. What Communist influence existed in the Three Eastern Provinces was confined to the north, which at that time was completely outside the Japanese orbit. It is true that Japan's "special position" in the Three Eastern Provinces was threatened, but the threat was economic, not political, and arose because the Chinese were more efficient than the Japanese in organizing their railways, banks, and factories. Doubtless this same threat would arise again today if it were not for the continued presence of Japanese troops, which the Ambassador declared to be necessary if Kang Teh is to be kept on his throne. We used to wonder what some people would do without Communists to blame for their misconduct. We now know—they would invent Communists.

AS A COUNTER-ATTRACTION to the hearings of the Ways and Means Committee on the Administration's security program, the Labor Committee has been staging hearings on the Lundeen bill. Thanks to the proponents of the Townsend plan, the Ways and Means Committee has had a slight advantage as far as entertainment is concerned. But for a comprehensive view of the plight of America's millions of underprivileged the testimony on the Lundeen bill cannot be paralleled. Among those appearing before the committee were a blacklisted textile worker from North Carolina, a member of the United Farmers' League of North Dakota, representatives of a rank-and-file committee of the A. F. of L. and of independent metal-trades unions, transients, Negroes, seamen, architects, dramatists, and the unemployed. In addition, economists, lawyers, and social workers testified on the technical aspects of the bill. An entire session was devoted to listening to the problems of insecurity as they relate to women. Thus far the testimony has been so overwhelmingly favorable to the Lundeen bill that observers are beginning to speculate on what will happen if each of the two bills is reported out on the floor of the House. Such action would prove extremely embarrassing to the Administration in its efforts to portray the Wagner-Lewis bill as a "security" measure.

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH of February 4 announced that Clarence Norris, "a Negro under sentence of death for assault on a white woman near Scottsboro, Alabama, today changed his counsel." This brief notice for the present completes the record which *The Nation* published in its issue of November 28 and subsequently. Clarence Norris, of course, is one of the Scottsboro defendants, whose case has become world famous. Norris's counsel are now announced as Samuel S. Leibowitz and George W. Chamlee; at the same time it is announced that Walter H. Pollak and Osmond K. Fraenkel, who prepared the petition on which the Supreme Court consented to hear the argument, have withdrawn from the case. Mr. Pollak and Mr. Fraenkel will still act as counsel for Haywood Patterson. This evidently indicates a friendly compromise in the argument over counsel for the Scottsboro case which *The Nation* tried unsuccessfully to mediate. Everyone interested in seeing justice done will be relieved to know that such a settlement has been effected.

THE INVESTIGATION of the milk trust by the Federal Trade Commission has substantiated a charge made by *The Nation* more than a year ago—that the vast spread between the price paid to the dairy farmer for his milk and the price paid by the consumer is not legitimately to be charged to overhead but is exorbitant profit for the big distributors, made possible through their control of marketing cooperatives. In other words, the milk trust is a reality and not a myth. The commission is engaged in a national survey of dairy conditions and is at present holding hearings in Philadelphia. In the seven states making up the Philadelphia milkshed the marketing of milk is controlled by the Interstate Milk Producers' Association, which is nominally a farmers' cooperative but actually a tool of the distributors through its board of directors. Its president, H. D. Allebach, testifying before the commission, acknowledged correspondence which showed that the much-discussed "basic-

surplus" marketing system was used to starve out insurgent farmers and reward "faithful" ones. Under this system the farmer receives his highest price for "basic" milk, which is bottled, and lower prices for the rest of his supply, known as "surplus" milk and used for by-products. By raising and lowering the "basic" quotas the Interstate controlled the farmer's income and was able not only to fill the pockets of the milk trust but to forestall any possibility of a fair election to give the farmers actual representation in their own cooperative. Allebach also admitted he had been "fighting the battles of the distributors" in the Pennsylvania Legislature. This is only the start of the investigation. Some interesting data on profits, financial juggling, holding companies, and legislative graft are expected shortly.

THE OPTIMISTIC ILLUSION persists that the United States is enjoying an unparalleled era of freedom of speech, and the vicious propaganda of such public enemies as William Randolph Hearst is apt to be lightly dismissed as of no consequence. As far as the national government is concerned it is probably true that the freedom to express any and all opinions has never been greater. But if one watches the labor press and the news reports of groups devoted to defending political prisoners, the conclusion is inescapable that locally in every section of the Union the Bill of Rights is becoming a scrap of paper and violence the order of the day. California and Louisiana in this respect are no longer news. The following notes on repression are enough to show which way the wind is blowing in many other states. In Oklahoma City federal officers have jailed twelve persons for communistic activities under a sedition law passed during the Civil War. The offense consisted of mailing to federal officials "threatening" postcards demanding the release of several unemployed persons arrested after a demonstration at relief headquarters last May. In Chicago, late in January, police raided and wrecked the West Side Workers' Forum during a dance and arrested thirty-three persons on charges of operating a disorderly house. In last week's issue we commented on the terror in Arkansas and also cited the case of Vernon Booker in Maine. In Oregon several trials for criminal syndicalism are in progress. The first was described in our issue of December 26. It was patently a travesty of justice but it ended in conviction and a seven-year sentence. In Burlington, North Carolina, as an aftermath of the textile strike, seven textile workers have been given sentences of two to ten years on what bears strong evidence of being a trumped-up charge of dynamiting a mill.

MEANWHILE LEGISLATION compelling loyalty is finding its way into various state legislatures. In Albany the Ives law is on the books and another has been introduced requiring an oath of loyalty from every college freshman. In Nebraska, the Elks, as part of a nation-wide campaign, are circulating petitions to make communism and communists illegal. The conflict of economic interests which breeds fascism is growing sharper as recovery is delayed. If, in a desperate bid for recovery, the national administration decides that certain fundamental liberties, such as the right to strike, must be curtailed, it will be met half-way in every state by those elements already trained in suppression and with a growing appetite for brutality. More than ever eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And let

no one imagine that fascism always arrives as a strange young man in a colored shirt. It is much more likely to be ushered in by an old familiar Hearst wrapped in a yellow sheet.

WE PRESENT a study in words. The Daughters of the American Revolution—a violent one if we have been correctly informed—recently tried to stop a meeting in Los Angeles at which Kirby Page, a liberal, was scheduled to speak on the question: Is Violence in Revolution Necessary? The meeting was sponsored by an organization whose name is made up of the following magic sounds: American, Civil Liberties, and Union.

THE GHOSTWRITER has never struck us as particularly sympathetic figure. We had thought of him as one skilled in words who sold his skill for a fair price to those who needed it. But we have received a letter which demonstrates that a ghost may be, after all, merely another exploited worker; and we are moved to set about organizing a ghostwriters' union. We print below excerpts of the letter, which comes from George Tichenor:

In your comment on Hunting for Hawaii you alluded to an article appearing in *House Beautiful* for January and signed by my name. I wish to make it very clear that my name was signed to that article without my consent, and in spite of written protest to Sidney S. Bowman, whose manipulation of Hawaiian publicity has already been described. . . . It was part of my job during my employment with Bowman, Deute, Cummings to ghostwrite newspaper articles for Betty Compson, Myrna Loy, Frank Condon, or some other celebrity who would allow sugar propaganda to be written under his name. Then Bowman began sending out propaganda under my own name, soliciting newspaper space on the strength of books I had written and a reputation I enjoyed for integrity (up to then). . . . Repeated protest, even the threat of a suit for damages if he persisted in his abuse of my name has resulted in just what you see. Bowman and his methods would be merely funny if they did not offer a serious challenge to other advertising agencies and publishers bent on preserving editorial integrity.

We commend the activities of Sidney Bowman and his agency to the American Association of Advertising Agencies, which almost certainly has a code of ethics hiding somewhere in its files.

Correction

By an unusual coincidence the name Leslie Ford was used as the pseudonym of the author of *A Flier in Sugar*, published in the January 30, 1935, issue of *The Nation*—it having been entirely overlooked that this pseudonym is also the pseudonym of a writer who is the author of "The Clue of the Judas Tree," "The Strangled Witness," and other well-known detective stories. *The Nation* is glad to publish this correction in order to make clear the fact that the author of "The Strangled Witness" is not the author of *The Nation* article, *A Flier in Sugar*. The pseudonym will not be used in *The Nation* in the future.

Our Premier Industry

THE automobile industry, the whole world has been told, is America's contribution to industrial civilization. Our first industry in importance, inventiveness, organization, and rewards, it is America's finest utilization of the machine to produce the most useful of machines. From it, through Henry Ford, came the doctrine that capitalism could build a vast structure of wealth based on high wages. Thus materially and philosophically the industry is symbolic of America. Since the depression, beyond an undetailed knowledge that the boom in the Detroit area has collapsed, little attention has been paid to its symbolic function. So the publication of the study of the conditions in the industry made for the government by Leon Henderson and Isador Lubin brings a surprise. Their story is not simply one of the distress of an industry overtaken by hard times. It is the story of the triumph of the three leading manufacturers over the depression, a victory won by the merciless exploitation of human beings, under conditions of espionage, caesarism, and fear that should arouse everyone to consider where industrial evolution is carrying us. The three major companies, General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler, now dominate the market with their cheap cars. They have reduced costs, improved the technique of manufacture, sharpened the weapons of competition, and conquered the field, surely as fine a demonstration of the power of the profit motive as any capitalist can ask. General Motors last year earned a profit of \$94,000,000, made chiefly from the Chevrolet, of which some 700,000 were manufactured. Other branches of the company may have lost or merely broken even. But the Chevrolet earned for the parent company roughly \$134 per car. The Henderson-Lubin report does not tell this. Neither does it tell what were the wage costs per car. They were perhaps even less than profits, and certainly not much more. But the picture of the labor conditions is not complete without the omitted counterpart of the financial consequences. The real message of the report is that American ingenuity and talent in organization have conquered a depression and done it at a price. The price is ghastly. No one can read the facts disclosed without recoiling. But the recoil must not be only from the automobile industry. We repeat, it is the symbol of American industrial civilization. Chrysler, Ford, and Sloan show how American initiative (usually called private initiative) can succeed.

The full story of the degradation of human beings in the automobile plants cannot be recounted here. The outline was given in the lengthy newspaper summary of the report published February 8. The industry needs young men; it needs a surplus of them. So it drums up its recruits from all over the country. They came by the tens of thousands before the depression, not knowing they would be discarded at forty. They bought homes and automobile stock on the installment plan. They were fooled by the glittering high figures of hourly wages, and they stormed the employment gates. One by one they were sucked into the factories, and taught to speed up. Before the depression the speed was a new high record in industrial production, but since the de-

pression it has had to be accelerated. It now is screwed to a pitch relatively few human beings can endure. That does not matter to the employers, other workers are waiting at the gates. The industry draws them in, drives them for long hours, then shuts down and lays them off according to its needs. The report does not give a clear picture of how much the average employee earns in the average plant. It is enough to say that in a test examination of 500 men 380 earned less than \$800 last year and only 35 earned more than \$1,200. When the plants reopen, young men are taken back. The older ones, not told they are on the scrap-pile, apply and apply for reinstatement, and not till they see most of their former colleagues reemployed do they realize that they are done for. Wages are paid on a gang and bonus system which promises a premium for inhuman speed, but the men do not know how much they are to receive until they collect their pay envelopes. Often the gang and bonus payments are changed, the inhuman speed being accepted as a normal speed. The men stand for hours on end at their belts, unable to pause for a drink of water or to visit a convenience. Their foreman has over them the authority of a Roman galley commander. He can collect petty graft. He can dismiss them. He can write on the dismissal card, "Do not rehire," without giving reason, and if he does it will be hard for that man to find work in any other plant.

This was the report drafted for the perusal of the President and the NLRB before the renewal of the automobile code. The President did not read it. He renewed the code, with amendments making one important change, permitting though not strictly enforcing the introduction of new models in the autumn, which will ameliorate the worst faults of seasonalism. But he authorized the continuation of the forty-eight-hour week through a subterfuge, and while he appeared to give over-time pay to the tool-and-die workers, they will not get it, since the amended code expires in June before their over-time season begins. The President's excuse for his action is that the whole subject will be studied between now and June when the code comes up again for consideration. It has now been renewed three times, and not once has there been a public hearing on the subject of renewal. The NLRB preferred no code at all to the changes he imposed; the board knows the conditions in the industry. The President, who might have known, acted without reading the report drawn up at his request to guide him in continuing the code.

The labor conditions in the industry cry out for fundamental treatment. "Labor unrest," says the dispassionate report, "exists in a degree higher than warranted by the depression. The unrest flows from insecurity, low annual earnings, inequitable hiring and rehiring methods, espionage, speed-up, and displacement of workers at an extremely early age." No wonder the report quietly declares: "The automobile industry . . . is socially inadequate to meet its responsibilities." To cope with these labor conditions the President has made the Wolman board part of the code. And so we round out the picture of our number-one industry, of our government gingerly touching it, then draw-

ing back unwilling to grasp the nettle, and of the crying problems of labor committed to a board with which organized labor cannot cooperate. We have said the industry is a symbol; so, too, is the government's treatment of it. History, when it comes to record the events of this year, will be nonplussed to explain why the President did not read the Henderson-Lubin report before he amended the automobile code. But it may write that in these days the New Deal came to an end.

Our Growing Nationalism

MANY writers have expressed alarm at what they feel to be a new trend toward nationalism in the United States as indicated by the unexpected defeat of the World Court. While it is undoubtedly disquieting that a large portion of the American public should fall victim to the cheap demagoguery of a Father Coughlin or a William Randolph Hearst, we cannot regard this as a particularly novel phenomenon. Throughout the whole of American history isolationist phrases have been the stock in trade of the demagogue, and have almost invariably met with a wide popular response. The reaction following the World War culminating in the rejection of the League of Nations was certainly far more extreme than anything with which we are confronted at present. But there has been no time since that period in which the prevailing sentiment of the country has not been strongly isolationist. Despite large investments abroad which could be paid only in goods, the American tariff was raised in 1921, again in 1922, and again—as a crowning exhibition of provincialism—in 1930. Neither Hearst nor Coughlin can be held entirely responsible for the fact that the United States has thrown away the billions of dollars owed to it in war debts rather than shoulder its world responsibility. The American attitude toward Soviet recognition has been ostrich-like from the beginning, and the passage of the Johnson Act is a choice example of the philosophy embodied in cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

For some reason that is none too clear even today, the World Court has always been a particular anathema of the extreme isolationists. Three years were required from the time President Harding first recommended adherence to the court before the United States Senate could be induced to act upon it, and then only after the adoption of a series of crippling amendments. Similarly in the five years which elapsed between the submission of the Root protocol by President Hoover and the opening of the present Congress, the fate of the measure was in constant doubt. In fact, opposition to the court has probably never been less than at the beginning of this year. That it was reborn by virtue of the radio wizardry of an Irish-Canadian priest suggests the resurrection of the dead more than the creation of a new being.

It is a striking coincidence, moreover, that on the very day on which the Senate was rejecting the World Court, American representatives took their places for the first time on the governing body of the International Labor Office. From a realistic point of view, the entry of the United

States into the latter organization is of vastly greater significance than adherence to the World Court could have possibly been. Not only is the I. L. O. intimately associated with the League, but since it deals with such concrete problems as wages, hours of labor, supervision of trade practices, and social insurance, it might easily be construed as a real threat to national sovereignty; yet the resolution for American entry encountered practically no opposition in Congress. The tendency toward greater cooperation with the League of Nations which has been evident in recent years would also seem to contradict the assumption that the United States is turning its back on the outside world.

Nevertheless, there appears to have been a definite lessening of interest in world affairs in this country since the untimely collapse of the World Economic Conference in 1933. This may be attributed in part to natural disillusionment following the extravagant hopes aroused by that conference. If it were this and nothing more, there would be no particular grounds for anxiety at the present moment. We could rest assured that the imperative necessity of world economic cooperation would sooner or later triumph over an isolationist sentiment that was essentially anachronistic. It is not impossible, however, that the isolationist lag in American economic policy has already destroyed the foundation stones of world interdependence. No one will deny that the New Deal is nationalist in character. The Roosevelt monetary policy, the AAA crop-restriction program, the Johnson Act, and the failure of the Administration to make needed tariff adjustments have all tended to nourish the dominant world trend toward economic self-sufficiency. Unless this tendency is reversed by an early agreement on monetary stabilization, and unless the Administration's tariff program exhibits far more vitality than has been evident thus far, there are real grounds to fear a rebirth of isolationist sentiment that will not be merely transitory. If this comes to pass, one can only hope that the chaos which ensues will ultimately give birth to a new and more effective international order.

Wages and Work Relief

IT was no great feat for the Administration to drive the work-relief bill through the House without a word of significant change. Quick and vigorous application of the gag rule sufficed to turn the trick. But the Senate, jealous as ever of its prerogatives and sensitive to currents of public opinion, will prove to be a tough, recalcitrant customer. The anti-Administration revolt in the Appropriations Committee was ominous of legislative storms to come.

By a vote of 12 to 8 the committee came out for the McCarran amendment, which requires that workers on all public projects shall be paid at least the "going rates" that prevail in each locality for private employment. This action was outright mutiny. It was contrary to the President's express desire that the government should not enter the labor market as a competitive bidder against private employers. Previously the committee came as close as a tie vote to transforming the measure into a pure relief bill, cut down to little more than half its present financial dimensions. This was worse than mutiny. For if there is any one point on which the President has made his desire

clear, it is that the government "must and shall quit this business of relief."

The behavior of the Senate Appropriations Committee reveals a new responsiveness to the pressure of groups operating both on the right and on the left in resistance to Administration rule. Organized labor, the building trades in particular, naturally opposes the government's policy of driving wage rates down to the miserable level of \$50 a month. Under the disguise of work relief, the trade unions perceive an intention to create a boom in the capital-goods industries by undermining the present structure of wage rates. In the other instance the committee was affected by the organized pressure of the business community. Compared with straightforward relief measures, a public-works program is extravagant. It necessitates not only the payment of wages but also the purchase of materials, supplies, and equipment. And the business community as a whole fears increased tax bills more than it welcomes the possibility of additional activity in certain limited fields.

Whatever its motives, the Appropriations Committee's revolt against the President was a sign of a return to legislative sanity. For so important a measure as the work-relief bill to race through the House without even the pretense of intelligent debate was sheer madness—a shameful caricature of the theory of representative government. The bill needs all the debate, be it enlightened or passionate, that Congress is capable of giving it. After two years of the New Deal, with no perceptible advance toward liquidating the frozen mass of unemployment, poverty, and destitution, the President has forfeited the right to demand that his program for the relief of working-class misery shall go through without challenge or discussion.

If pure logic were all that mattered, there would be reason to prefer almost any public-works program to the alternative of simple relief expenditures. The former scheme adds to the nation's capital resources; the latter merely redistributes the available national dividends. The former acts as a moral tonic upon workers who are drawn off from the reserve army of the jobless. The latter acts as a moral soporific. Unfortunately, however, the work-relief bill, regarded either as a public-works or a reemployment program, is inadequate for a variety of reasons. Its financial dimensions are utterly insufficient to provide jobs—at living-wages—for more than a small fraction of the ten to twelve million now without work. The bill puts forward an impractical ideal of projects which shall not be "competitive" with business enterprise. By undertaking to establish wage rates lower than those currently in force, the bill reverts to the deflationary errors of the Hoover regime. From the beginning this Administration has committed itself to the policy of spending, not starving, its way out of the depression. Wages were to be raised, if necessary by government regulation; purchasing power was to be created by employment through government agencies when private ones were insufficient. To scuttle this principle in the work-relief bill was to abandon the fundamental promise of the New Deal. To restore it is the duty of Congress—a duty ignored by the House in its haste to obey its master's voice. We hope that the Senate committee in control of the measure will find enough will power to resist further pressure—whether from business or the White House—and will stick firmly to its present role of defender of the original faith of the New Deal.

Nudismo

AL SMITH'S scheme for saving America reached its legislative phase on February 5 when the McCall-Dooley anti-nudism bill, brought forward at the instigation of Mr. Smith and his Legion of Decency, was given a hearing at Albany. Mr. Smith was not present. In fact, no one appeared to defend the bill. On the other hand, there were six defenders of nudism and a roomful of extremely interested spectators.

The bill provides that "any person who in any place wilfully exposes his person, or the private parts thereof, in the presence of two or more persons of the opposite sex whose persons, or the private parts thereof, are similarly exposed, or who aids or abets, or owns property used for the purpose, is guilty of a misdemeanor." Charles Francis Potter, founder of the Humanist Society, led off in defense of nudism. He pointed out in a spirited speech that under this law it would be illegal for a woman to give birth to twin boys. He might have pointed out that since the risk of illegality would be two and one-half times as great, the birth of quintuplets would practically cease (and this, we are sure, would constitute a threat to the freedom of the press, though, as in the Jennings case, we don't know exactly why).

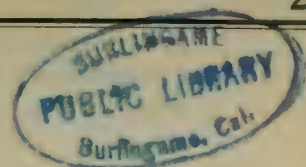
Mr. Potter was followed by Talman W. Van Arsdale, speaking for the Bysun Club of Buffalo, who maintained that the terms of the bill are so ill defined that under its provisions "you could go out on the beach and pinch anyone"—which is, indeed, an uncomfortable prospect. Dr. Ilsley Boone, Baptist clergyman and secretary of the International Nudist Conference, mentioned the salutary effects of sunlight in preventing rickets and tuberculosis. He went on to say that modesty and shame are acquired traits and ended by informing the committee that in two schools in New York City the boys and girls are permitted to go nude together, with healthy results in sex education and the avoidance of morbid curiosity.

Undoubtedly the star witness in favor of nudism was Alfred J. Flynn, representing the Sunbathers' League. He stated that he had taken up sun-bathing for his health. At first he had gone to a lonely spot in New Jersey but had finally gone to Germany, where he made his "first contact with organized nudism." Mr. Flynn emphasized the decorum of nudist groups, which quickly changes the attitude of insincere persons who "come for fun," and he related that "one lady said she got more respect from the men in our nudist group than even in church circles."

We admit that we have been a bit torn in our loyalties. From the long-range point of view we have always favored nudism, though we have reserved the right to disapprove of some of its manifestations at close range. "Organized nudism" leaves us cold; we are not sure that the race would profit from the complete elimination of modesty and shame; and the experience of the lady who found a nudist group no more exciting than a church circle would not lead us to make reservations in a nudist colony. But the hearings at Albany have crystallized our position on this important question. We think Nudismo should be preserved if only in the interests of Humorismo.

Issues and Men

The London *Times*—and Others



A PROPOS of its one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, the London *Times*, the most famous and most distinguished journal in the world, has published a volume called "The Thunderer in the Making, 1785-1841," which has recently been brilliantly reviewed in the London *New Statesman and Nation*. As everyone knows, the "Thunderer" has been a class organ of the Conservatives, but few realize what the reviewer brings out, that there have been times when it has worked hard for democratic reforms—for its own purposes of course. It has been humanitarian and wise enough to see that extreme conservative measures of repression hurt rather than helped the cause for which it stood. For years the *Times* fought with radicals and workingmen for parliamentary reform, not because it was desirous of lodging the balance of power in the hands of the working classes, but because the men who controlled it knew "what interests they represented and who the real masters of England were to be," namely, the elements whose welfare was bound up with the commercial system. Its achievement was to make the House of Commons largely middle class. It attacked the harshness of the 1834 Poor Law because it would "sow seed of perpetual enmity between the poor and the rich" rather than because it was cruelly inhumane. When the maddened agricultural laborers rioted in 1830 and were punished with barbaric severity, the *Times* nobly protested, again not because it saw anything wrong with the fundamental system, but because it did not wish the defenders of that system to err by going to extremes. As the writer of the review says, it has always been the policy of the *Times* "to safeguard property by wise concession, to agree to reform only when it would be dangerous to refuse it, and to attack every new idea until it has become embodied in a practical proposal which renders it innocuous, to retain always the substance of power while conceding the shadow, to be generous as long as it could give without risk, to be humanitarian as long as it was not asked to alter the evils that made mercy necessary."

With this type of newspaper we in the United States are familiar, but the London *Times* has always shown far more leadership than our own New York *Times*, for example. Originally the London *Times* used to employ one or more men to circulate in the coffee-houses, the theaters, and other places of public resort and to talk with as many people as possible and ascertain what they were thinking. Then it would come out with a thundering leader, and of course win wide acclaim. It has always had the ear of the official world and has made and broken governments. In addition, it has fortified itself by holding to very high standards of journalism. It still has more political influence than all the rest of the London press, and what is more remarkable, it has attained this with a circulation which is tiny in comparison with that of the great sensational newspapers. A pleader for the commercial group, the *Times* is curiously enough guaranteed against sale to any commercial interest which might seek indirectly to control or influence it. Its

reporting remains brilliant, its correspondents highly informed; but like others of its type it can do and does an immense amount of harm by false emphasis and careful suppression. It is indeed true that "it exactly reproduces the merits and defects of the British governing class."

There must be many attached to our own conservative press who would pray today for the leadership of the London *Times*. Our great capitalist newspapers are in a dazed state. At the outset of the Roosevelt regime, stampeded by the fear that chaos or economic disintegration seemed close at hand, they besought everybody to support the government at all cost. For the Blue Eagle they had no adequate words of praise. But when they were themselves to have a code imposed upon them they rebelled indeed. Yet they have not dared to be as outspoken in their opposition to the President as they are at heart. They loathe him, but their valor is almost wholly discretion. More than that, the New Deal gave the generating impulse which has produced a real revolt in newspaperdom; they find themselves confronted by unions of their own brain workers, who propose to have some say about their wages and conditions of labor. The bitterness with which the reactionary publishers have fought this development needs no description here. Only a small fraction of it has been allowed to appear.

Curiously enough, their last refuge is no longer patriotism but liberty. They are determined to see in every move toward their control, or better toward the regulation of the working conditions of their employees, a menace to liberty of speech, a move toward suppression of the written word—they who have always refused to say one word when the constitutional rights of minorities and unpopular groups were jeopardized. They cannot today find room to report one hundredth part of the violations of civil liberties which are going on all over the United States. Lacking the foresight of the London *Times*, they do not see that this misconduct of our local officials "sows seed of perpetual enmity between the poor and the rich."

They have now been warmly championed by Walter Lippmann, who insists that when the NIRA expires in June the publishers should ask "for no code and accept none, and announce that they are removing the Blue Eagle from their publications because the right to publish in America is guaranteed by the Constitution, and no license, no decoration, no official stamp of any kind is necessary, is desirable, is consistent with the American tradition of the freedom of the press." All of that may be true, but it does not alter the fact that the danger to the press today is not the American government, or any code, but the capitalist proprietors who have forgotten that journalism is a profession "affected by a public interest," with a duty to society which it has almost universally failed to perform or to honor.

Walter Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



A VOICE FROM THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

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La Follette Progressives Face the Future

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Madison, Wisconsin, February 8

FOR three decades now Wisconsin has been politically and socially the most progressive—the most consistently progressive—state in the Union. Political thinking and political developments in Wisconsin, accompanied by a long series of successful experiments in enlightened labor, business control, and general social legislation, have greatly influenced not only the lives of millions in that state but the course of things in other states and in the country as a whole. Wisconsin has become, indeed, world famous as a progressive commonwealth. All of which, of course, is an old story; there is no need of recounting it in detail in *The Nation*.

After the death, in 1925, of Senator Robert M. La Follette, Sr., there was much speculation in the country as to what would become of the Wisconsin Idea, which he had made so powerful and renowned. His two sons were young men: Bob in his early thirties, Phil in his late twenties, both as yet untried in public life. Much depended upon them, for the progressive cause and movement were so intimately tied up with the La Follette name that “the boys”—as many in Wisconsin refer to them—were bound to affect it. In recent years both Phil and Bob have been tested and have shown themselves to be La Follettes in the tradition created by their illustrious father, equipped in their characters, personalities, and minds to serve and continue the Idea. The old Senator—to say nothing of his wife, whose role in the affairs of Wisconsin and in building up the prestige of the La Follette name was second in importance only to his own—doubtless had seen to that in the boys’ formative years.

Last year Phil and Bob took the leadership in a step of the La Follette Progressives in their state which is of great immediate as well as long-range importance to Wisconsin, and may, toward the end of the current decade or soon after the beginning of the next, conceivably turn out to be equally significant for the United States. They broke once and for all with the Republican Party, within which Old Bob had so shrewdly developed his policies and program, and formed a third party, calling it the Progressive Party. This was in line with the Wisconsin Idea—in fact, an inevitable development of it.

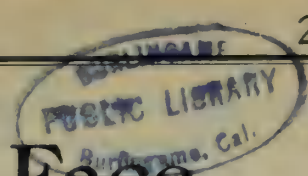
From the beginning of their movement the La Follette Republicans were at sharp odds with the regular Republicans both in Wisconsin and throughout the nation. The first open break occurred in 1924, when Old Bob decided to run for President on an independent ticket. After their father’s death young Bob and Phil continued as nominal Republicans. Bob went to the United States Senate. Phil was elected governor in 1930. Two years later Phil was defeated in the Republican primaries by the millionaire Kohler machine, whereupon the La Follette Republicans supported Franklin Roosevelt and the local Democratic candidates. The Demo-

cratic national and state platforms contained several principles which were part of the Wisconsin Idea, and the La Follette people believed, as they still do, in Lincoln’s political rule: “Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.” Thus came the second open break of the proponents of the Wisconsin Idea with the “party of talent and wealth.”

With the help of the La Follette Progressives and the Roosevelt landslide, the Democrats were swept into power in Madison—and “went wrong” almost immediately after. They allied themselves with the Hoover Republicans, and Wisconsin, under the governorship of the weak and amiable septuagenarian, Albert Schmedeman, had two years of political reaction. The power trust was in the saddle again, as it had been during the Kohler regime from 1929 to 1931. One of the most important of Phil’s appointees, David E. Lilienthal of the public utilities commission, who had fought for lower power and light rates, was removed from office. The Democrats and Republicans in the general assembly and the senate passed reactionary taxation and other laws. They crippled the educational system with inadequate appropriations. The administration and enforcement of old progressive laws became less rigorous.

So the La Follettes and their followers broke also with the local Democrats. Nationally, of course, they continued to support President Roosevelt, who, with his New Deal, the NIRA, and what not, appeared to have the intention of applying some of the principles of the Wisconsin Idea to the country at large. Bob voted for most of the important New Deal legislation in the United States Senate. Roosevelt, in turn, played with the La Follettes. He put Lilienthal on the Tennessee Valley Authority. He offered Phil important jobs in the Administration in Washington. But Phil declined them. He did not want to leave Wisconsin. One of the La Follettes had to be there and keep in touch with things in Madison and the rest of the state. And I have cause to believe that he did not want to become too intimate with the New Deal. He was rather more than skeptical about it. Also, he did not want to get caught in the Democratic machine. He—more than Bob, I am informed—was looking ahead to 1934. He felt the time for a clean break with both of the old parties in Wisconsin was here. He knew that a multitude of people in the La Follette movement in Wisconsin felt the same way and were counting on him to take the leadership.

In the spring of 1934 various farmer, labor, farmer-labor, and simply progressive groups, all of them results of Old Bob’s thirty-year labors in the state, began to hold conferences and conventions at which resolutions were passed in favor of a third party; and Phil—he is merely “Phil” to everybody in the La Follette movement—was invited to lead it. In May the regional leaders of the movement decided



that the new party would be formed only if 50,000 voters were prepared to sign petitions to be put on the ballot, though the law required far fewer. They gave themselves only three weeks to gather the signatures. The stalwarts in both the old parties said it was impossible to obtain that number in three weeks. Some reactionaries even suggested that the leading Progressives had set this high figure as a method of avoiding the creation of a new party, because they didn't know what they would do with it if it were formed. But in less than three weeks, without ballyhoo and with almost no funds, over 130,000 signatures were collected; more than fifteen times as many as required by law. It was a popular movement of the La Follette farmers, workers, teachers, and small business and professional folk.

Early in July, after the Secretary of State had thus been compelled by the voters officially to certify the creation of the Progressive Party, the Progressives met in convention at Fond du Lac. Phil made an excellent speech, during which he quoted his father: "Permanent political parties have been born in this country after, and not before, national campaigns, and they have to come from the people, not from the proclamations of individual leaders." The Progressives adopted a preliminary platform, national in scope, containing planks in favor of government sale of arms and munitions, public ownership of utilities, complete national ownership of the country's banking system, a job for everyone able to work, financial and old-age security through state and national legislation creating unemployment insurance, sickness and accident insurance, and old-age pensions, legislation guaranteeing workers the right to organize as they choose, a tax on corporate dividends, immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus, adequate legislation to secure the tenure of land for those who own it through moratorium laws, abolition of speculation and profiteering in food, and establishment of cooperative marketing to reduce the spread between prices received by the farmers and those paid by the consumers, and a reaffirmation of faith in the democratic form of government and the right of free speech. There were planks against the sales tax, the exemption of securities and governmental salaries from taxation, and the destruction of goods and wealth while the people were in need.

In his Fond du Lac speech Phil declared that the new party owed "its existence to no leader and no group of leaders." That was true in a very limited sense. It was a mass movement. But it is highly doubtful that it would have crystallized into a successful new political party had it not been for Phil and Bob, with their magic surname and the qualities they had demonstrated in the preceding few years to large sections of the Wisconsin electorate. Phil, I am informed, had more to do with the initial work of whipping the new party into shape than Bob. For one thing, Phil was in Wisconsin while Bob lived in Washington. Then, too, Phil, with his avid dynamic mind, vivid personality, adventurous character, and general brilliance, is far better fitted for such work than Bob, who—according to their mutual friends with whom I talked—is somewhat less dynamic and brilliant, a bit slower, more cautious than his younger brother, but in his own way, I am told, equally effective in the long run.

In the Progressive primary Bob was nominated for reelection to the United States Senate, while Phil became

candidate for governor. Bob's reelection was practically a foregone conclusion. He had his father's first name. He had no real opposition either in the Democratic or the Republican candidates. Roosevelt was expected to indorse him at the expense of the reactionary Democratic nominee. Also, having been away from the state most of the time, he had made no enemies at home and was generally liked and respected. Phil's election, on the other hand, was in great doubt during the campaign. As governor during 1931-32 he had naturally collided with numerous influential people in the state. Thousands of voters who hung on the periphery of progressivism inclined to think he was a little "too full of ideas." They were expected to vote for Bob but not for Phil. The newspapers were much more against Phil than Bob. Phil's chief opponent, the incumbent Schmedeman, was a pre-Chicago Roosevelt booster, and as such certain to have the President's support. Besides, it was rumored that Roosevelt did not like Phil. One reason advanced for this dislike was that Phil had declined two or three offers of high federal positions. Phil's chances of election, in fine, were considered extremely slight. How could the young man buck Roosevelt's prestige, so high in Wisconsin?

President Roosevelt came and spoke in Wisconsin, indorsed Bob, but took a sharp crack at Phil and came out in favor of Schmedeman. But Phil happens to be Old Bob's son even more emphatically than is his older brother. He is a fighter and carries amazing energy in his slight frame. He can make ten, a dozen, speeches a day, and good speeches. In fact, he is considered one of the best campaigners in America today. Essentially an intellectual, he can talk simply, even ungrammatically, if that helps the folks to understand him. He is dramatic, dynamic, convincing; obviously an idealist, but nobody's fool; seemingly impetuous, actually very deliberate. He has a high quality of charm, the core of which, it seems to me, is a direct, eager, typically American simplicity. Anyhow, in the face of Presidential disapproval he went up and down the state much in the manner of his father twenty or thirty years ago. Finally Bob made a long tour and spoke in behalf of his brother; and while there can be no doubt that Bob helped hugely to elect Phil, it also is a fact that Phil added to Bob's majority.

The formation of the new party started political speculation in many quarters. What were the La Follettes thinking of? A new national party? The Presidency in 1940? Had a third party any future in this country? And so on. After the Progressive victory in Wisconsin speculation became even keener. Speculation continues. In the Middle West I find a good deal of interest in "what they are doing or trying to do in Wisconsin." In Madison I found most of the Progressives ready, even eager, to talk about the future of their party, and the following is a composite and, for brevity's sake, much simplified report of the various ideas, guesses, hopes, fears, and misgivings that were expressed to me:

"Progressivism, we believe, has a big future in this country. The idea of progress is a powerful factor in the American mind. Progress is a good American word. It's our national middle name. It has more vital meaning in the United States than anywhere else in the world. Progress, change; the two go together. They used to fire American

imagination. They are part of our tradition. They will fire American imagination again. If we are wrong in this, it's just too bad—not only for us, but for the country.

"Our program, our ideology? We refer you to our platform. Our political method? Democracy. Opportunism along the lines of the Wisconsin Idea. We'll try to take the masses just as far as we feel fairly sure they'll be willing to go from time to time. If our social-economic order continues for any length of time in its present state, the people will soon be willing to go a long way toward a new social order, to be built on the American pattern, which is a matter of our past and our present. We are realists. We believe in practical politics. In action. The Wisconsin Idea always led to action. We consider the people, their mentality, the fact that they are Americans, which means that they are great optimists and inclined to consider and deal with their problems only from moment to moment, as they develop, not before. That's the American way; whether it is good or bad is immaterial. It's our way; we are Americans. It was the way of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Old Bob.

"The American mind is being stirred today as it has never been stirred before. The people's social and economic conditions are critical and growing worse in many sections. Their personal problems are becoming more acute daily. They are being forced to think, to seek an explanation of their plight. They are hearing all sorts of explanations. They listen to Franklin Roosevelt and Father Coughlin. Then there is Huey Long. There was EPIC. There was Technocracy. There is Townsend with his plan. There is Utopia, Inc. There are the Socialists and Communists and the radical writers and lecturers. There will be other persons and movements, many of them pretty crazy, unlinked to the American past, not geared to our current material and psychological realities, and most of them have no future by themselves. They pop up and go. Some leave no trace. Others do. They become—they will become—factors in the radicalization of the American mind, in the intensification of the American wrath, if this depression continues or becomes worse, which is likely. When the time comes for progressive political action, the people will have become disillusioned with Coughlin, Long, and the others and will be ready for us. And we hope to be ready for them. We have the real thing. Of course everybody thinks the same but we can prove it. The Wisconsin Idea has been tried. It is the logical continuation of the best basic American traditions. No doubt about it.

"No, we have no immediate national plans. Ideologically and programmatically we are closest to the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. There are groups in other states which can become the core of a new political state organization. They will be useful. For the time being, we probably shall not participate in any immediate effort to start a third party upon a country-wide basis. It's too early for that. If a new national party arises, the chances are nine to one it will be ours. The vitality of the word "Progressive" and the magic of the La Follette name are important.

"Significant things are happening all over the country. For the first time in the history of America the federal government is supporting millions of citizens. The government is engaging in vast public-works projects. It can't possibly stop. The old order has cracked. The South is being loosened up and awakened by the advent of cheap power

and other forces. The solidness of the South may not last much beyond 1936, and the political changes there are extremely likely to be in our favor.

"We figure that within the next few years organized labor will succeed in freeing itself from the strangle-hold of its present corrupt and intellectually bankrupt bureaucracy. That, too, will be in our favor, as it already is here in Wisconsin, where we have the higher type of labor leader.

"Nationally, we continue to support what good we think there still is in the New Deal. We believe that Roosevelt will be reelected. He wants to be and it seems that nothing short of death can stop him. In 1936 we plan to get on the ballot in various states, but that is all—just to get on the ballot, not to win. We know we can't win. We'll probably support Roosevelt for the Presidency. His victory very likely will be a landslide, which will bury a good part of what is left of the Republican Party. It is quite possible that in 1937 there will be eighty-five Democrats in the United States Senate. In short, the Republican Party will practically cease to exist. The Democratic majority will be so great that it will be unwieldy and embarrassing. Roosevelt will go farther and farther to the right. Inevitably so. Since he is not really against it, the system will drive him that way.

In consequence, his prestige will have diminished by 1940. He may or may not have the power then to dictate who will be the Democratic nominee for President. If he has the power, he probably will pick someone like himself, a conservative with a liberal front. If he does not have the power, the big-money boys, having meanwhile lost all interest in the Grand Old Party, will dictate whom the Democrats will nominate. They will pick a conservative. But we expect that long before that the Democrats will have started to split into conservatives and progressives. By 1939, perhaps, the situation will be quite clear, and the progressive or radical Democrats, many of them farther left by then than we are now, will come to us. They will have to come to us. There will be no other place for them to go. We'll have the new party all ready for them. And in 1940 the Progressive Party, the outgrowth of the Wisconsin Idea, will have a good chance of sweeping the country and gaining national power."

At this point, talking with a prominent La Follette Progressive, I mentioned Charles A. Beard's powerful article, National Politics and War, in the February *Scribner's*, in which he hints that such developments as outlined above up to about 1939 are very probable, but argues that by 1940 Roosevelt, faced by terrific domestic problems and a split in his own party, torn by conflicting emotions and unable to develop a "strong" domestic policy, will adopt a "strong" foreign policy and thus cause the country to "stumble" into war, beyond which "lies the Shadowy Shape of Things to Come."

"Of course," said this La Follette Progressive with an uneasy smile, "much is liable to happen between now and 1940 that will play the very devil with our expectations. A new war is possible, even probable. Then, too, some form of outright fascism is not impossible. . . ."

Phil, with whom I had a long conversation, talked rather differently.

[Mr. Adamic's report of his interview with Governor Philip F. La Follette will appear in next week's issue.]

The Purge at the AAA

Washington, February 11

EVERY political action has at least two explanations. It means what the actors tell themselves as they act. And it means something far deeper, which moves them to act. So it is with the purge at the AAA. Chester Davis, Administrator, has rid himself of Jerome Frank and four members of the legal department—Lee Pressman, Victor Rotnem, Alger Hiss, and Francis J. Shea. He has demoted Frederick C. Howe as consumers' counsel and dismissed Gardner Jackson, one of Mr. Howe's most active staff members. He can give himself a reasonable account of it. Secretary Wallace, who had to sanction the dismissal of the men who had striven against odds to carry out his own policies, also can supply a surface justification. But their rationalizations of the deed are far from being the complete story. The deeper reason is the more important. The purge spells the end of an era. It is the defeat of the social outlook in agricultural policy.

The surface explanation, however, is worth relating at some length, and not without sympathy. Imagine yourself in the place of Chester Davis, ultimately responsible for the policy and the success of one of the great enterprises of the New Deal. You strike out on a line, feeling your way between the interests of the agricultural producers and distributors. You make concessions here and there, simply to get something done. You may have to whittle away from what you really would like to achieve, but you think you know where you are going, and you are willing to risk half-measures because you feel you are proceeding in the right direction. Along come the consumers' counsel and the legal department, and tell you you are giving away a fundamental principle. You are annoyed, and you argue with them. They are stubborn. And in the end you send up your plan to the Secretary of Agriculture as final arbiter, and the consumers' counsel and the legal department send up their objections. And possibly the Secretary rules against you, and a scheme you have worked out has to be changed or abandoned altogether, because those obstreperous fellows in the legal department and the consumers' office stand in the way. You cry out against the "split docket," the conflicting opinion laid before the Secretary. You endure this for a time, but one day you go to the Secretary and you tell him you can't stand it any longer. He has to choose between letting you run your own show or finding somebody else to do the job. He has to clear away those obstructing fellows downstairs. That puts the Secretary on the spot. He likes the fellows downstairs; they are the ones who are trying to put into reality the very principles the Secretary has been talking and writing about. But if he puts up a fight for them his administrator will quit, and will be able to say he wasn't given a free hand to do his job. That will be a national scandal. The administrator's friends, big powerful men among distributors, processors, and certain groups of producers, will be offended. And anyhow the practice, when there are strains in departments, is that the top man is vindicated and the lesser men are sacrificed. Top men don't get pushed out till dozens and dozens of lesser men have bled and died. So the Secre-

tary ruefully contemplates the perplexities of public office, and gives you his O. K. And you oust the lesser fellows.

That is precisely what happened before the purge at the AAA. The "split docket" was over a canned-asparagus agreement. The legal department and the consumers' counsel insisted that the new agreement should provide for a full inspection of books and records. The agreement of the year before, according to much evidence, had been unfair to the producers and to the public. If there was to be a new agreement giving a virtual monopoly to the canners, there also should be full knowledge. The terms of the proposed agreement contained only a narrow "books and records" clause, not a wide one. The consumers' counsel wrote a memorandum asking for the standard clause. Mr. Davis was in a hurry, as the asparagus season was near. He believed he could not get the industry to accept the standard clause. So he sent the memorandum back to Mr. Howe, and asked him to change it. What he was trying to avoid was having to lay a "split docket" before Secretary Wallace. But Mr. Howe would not withdraw or modify his memorandum, and the divided opinion had to go to the Secretary. And Mr. Wallace, looking over the material, decided Mr. Howe was right and that no agreement would be better than a weak one. Thereupon came the drama as I have already outlined it. Mr. Davis rebelled, he demanded a show-down; Mr. Wallace had to justify the dismissal of the very men who had been fighting for his own ideas.

It happened that Under Secretary Rexford Tugwell was in the South recuperating from flu, a godsend if there had to be a purge, since Tugwell could be trusted to rush over to the White House. In fact, he did rush back and to the White House. First consequence was that another job was sought for Jerome Frank, if he would take it. Second consequence was that Tugwell was named to the board of the AAA, giving him a voice in policy hitherto denied him. And Mr. Davis hastily announced the appointment of Professor Calvin Hoover to head the consumers' division (hereafter to be a research section), replacing Dr. Howe, who agreed to remain and serve under Professor Hoover. And since Professor Hoover has all the views about social needs in agricultural policy of Dr. Howe and his assistants, and of Mr. Frank and his staff, some of the damage of the purge appears to have been repaired.

But now to look again below the surface. If Chester Davis burned with zeal for the public interest, as distinct from the special interest, would there ever have been "split dockets"? Obviously not. Obviously Mr. Davis is not administering the AAA as Dr. Howe and Mr. Frank believe it should and can be administered. And this raises another simple question. Is Mr. Davis pursuing a better policy than they? It may not be a fair question. Mr. Davis is dealing with realities, with things as they are, with processors and distributors who are strong, with certain banded producers who are mighty in their field and can exert formidable political pressure. He has to get them to "come along." And their interests are oftener than not diametrically opposed to the public interest, or the interest of the

small producer, as served by the Howe-Frank faction. In fairness to Mr. Davis let it be said that politics continually presents this dilemma, and that most men who stay in office solve it as he has solved it.

With Tugwell on the policy-making board of the AAA, with Professor Hoover as consumers' representative, it may look to the innocent as though Chester Davis has had his purge, has solved his administrative problem, without the public interest having been sacrificed after all. Moreover, Jerome Frank has fought all along for a standard "books and records" clause, and this, it is predicted, will be in the new legislation sponsored by the Administration. The two sets of facts do not jibe. Now that Mr. Davis is rid of the public-interest pressure should he do himself what was a frustration to him when Frank and Howe did it? The "victory" of the public interest is window dressing, or else Chester Davis has suffered the defeat, a remarkable way to look upon the executions of last week. If there is any doubt about Mr. Davis's victory, Secretary Wallace has set it at rest. He has reversed his decision on the canned-asparagus agreement.

The story preliminary to the purge is much longer than I have suggested. It began two years ago and there has been a struggle the whole time. Anyone knowing the nature of the agricultural problem would expect a fight the whole time. Here were Frank and Howe trying to inject some of Wallace's public-good doctrine into practical affairs. They were denounced as the bottle-neck. They held up innumerable proposals. They insisted on studying agriculture from the standpoint of the public and the small producer; they tried to reduce the spread between the prices received by the producer and those paid by the ultimate consumer.

They strove to maintain elements of competition, so as to keep retail prices as low as could be justified. They warned of the tragic situation of share-croppers. They bucked when two excellent men, Einar Jensen and R. K. Froker, were dismissed for affronting big distributors and producers of milk. They were consistent crusaders for a new cause, one never yet espoused by an American government, of planning agriculture to save the small man in production and the consumer from the triumphant greed of the processors, distributors, and big producers. ("Greed" is Secretary Wallace's word for it.) But it was unreasonable to suppose that the New Deal, in giving them their first insecure seat in the saddle, was going to survive the realities of politics. The representation of the consumer all along has been artificial. It could only have been real if there had been a fighting spirit inspired by the White House. It meant the shift of economic power from those who had it, the big men, to the public through the government. It could not be shifted without a fight. Conceivably this might have been waged had the President understood the nature of the conflict and had he been a fighter. There is no sign that he understood; and his technique of battle, as the country is rapidly learning, is what the British know as the "wangle." He is a marvelous wangler, but not even the smartest wangler in history could wangle economic power from the interests in agriculture who hold it and are increasing it. That can only be taken in frontal attack. It is not enough to make promises, appoint good men, and announce good intentions. They are as ineffectual as the inscription on the building of the Department of Agriculture: "Dedicated to the service of agriculture for the public welfare."

R. G. S.

North China Bows to Japan

By CHARLES MARTIN

Peiping, January 5

A SWIFT military plane, the Japanese sun glowing on its wings, soars over Peiping. The curious look aloft. But nobody pays special attention to it. There have been many such recently, swooping out of the skies after a swift flight from Manchoukuo or rising and disappearing eastward toward Chengteh, Chinchow, or Mukden. If the local newspapers were permitted to note these passages they might have reported in a mild paragraph that an officer of the Kwantung army, Colonel Giga, or the Manchoukuo Minister of Communications, Mr. Fugiwara, had arrived for "a brief visit." If they were particularly perspicacious or daring they might have added that the visitors were meeting with representatives of the Nanking government to discuss the resumption of normal postal relations between China and Manchoukuo. And if they were especially interested in being forced to suspend publication, they might have reported that a Sino-Japanese-Manchoukuo postal agreement had been signed in a suite at the Grand Hotel de Pekin.

But no such reports appeared until long after all arrangements had been completed. One or two Chinese papers timidly tried to inform their readers that "certain talks are

proceeding between certain parties on a certain subject." But no more than that. For the cementing of new and amicable relations between Japan and the Nanking government is strictly "not news." Nor has the Western press adequately reported the extension of Japanese influence in North China. The spectacular Japanese invasion of Manchuria, Shanghai, and North China was played up throughout the world, but no one has money to spend on cable tolls to describe the systematic and thorough but prosaic manner in which the Japanese have consolidated their victories, or the extent to which the Nanking government has become a vassal holding fief by pleasure of its Japanese suzerain. Nevertheless, the tightening Japanese strangle-hold on China is today the most important single development in Far Eastern politics. Let no one ignore the fact that Japan's adamant stand at the London naval conversations was in no small measure the result of its enormously strengthened position on the continent of Asia.

This is particularly evident in North China. The regional government is headed by the notoriously pro-Japanese Huang Fu, a member of the Anfu clique which almost sold China to Japan lock, stock, and barrel during the Great War. In the demilitarized zone south of the Great Wall

Chinese authority is so tenuous that even a large part of the currency in circulation bears the stamp of Manchoukuo. The Hopei provincial government was recently reorganized in order to eliminate all those who had the temerity to object to Japanese dictation. Not content with this, the Japanese are pushing a plan to enlarge the municipalities of Peiping and Tientsin in such a way as to bring under their complete sway half a dozen *hsien*, or counties, contiguous to the demilitarized zone. Reports are even current that the political council here will be abolished, and that Huang Fu will go to Nanking as Minister of the Interior. This would leave the Japanese to deal with two groups of hand-picked municipal authorities. But Japanese control over North China will be no less complete even if this plan falls through. Should the Japanese decide tomorrow to pack Henry Pu Yi into an airplane, fly him down to Peiping, and deposit him on the Dragon Throne of his Manchu ancestors, they could do so without the slightest difficulty. For the time being, however, the Japanese can play through to a grand slam without uncovering their Manchu ace until the last round. Nanking has become a pliable and obliging dummy.

That Chiang Kai-shek has fully acquiesced in these developments is beyond dispute. It is significant, for example, that after his recent tour of the north he ordered approximately 150,000 northern troops to be sent to central China, presumably for use against the Communists. Of these, 50,000 were taken from General Sung Chih-yuan, governor of Chahar, despite the fact that the Japanese have long been threatening to invade that province. Chiang also appears to be responsible for the order permitting towns and villages in the demilitarized zone to employ Japanese "advisers."

Immediately after his visit the North China authorities launched a wave of terrorism against all groups suspected of anti-Japanese activity. The best-known victim thus far has been General Chi Hung-chang, who led the expedition which captured the important city of Dolonor in Inner Mongolia from the Japanese in the summer of 1933. A national figure, Chi had recently incurred official displeasure by joining the League for Armed Resistance against Japanese Aggression, founded by Madam Sun Yat-sen. On November 11 two members of the Blue Jackets, Chiang's secret terrorist society, broke into Chi's room in a Tientsin hotel and shot him and two of his friends—one an anti-Japanese general named Jen Ying-chi and the other a Mr. Liu Shao-nan. The latter was killed, while the two generals, severely wounded, were removed to a hospital in the French concession. A few days later they were extradited at the request of the Chinese authorities and brought to Peiping, where they were given a summary hearing and shot.

During the first half of December the purge was carried into the universities and middle schools. Within ten days more than two hundred teachers and students were arrested in Peiping and vicinity, charged with "communism." The accusation is a blanket one which may be directed against anyone from a drug peddler to a political enemy, but in this case it appears to have been applied chiefly to those who were suspected of harboring resentment against Japan. Some of those arrested, notably Professor Feng Yu-lan, dean of Tsing Hua University, were later released; but the majority, including Mr. Shen Kuo-kwang, principal of the Peiping First Middle School, are reported to have been sent south for trial. Their actual fate is unknown. In addition many

students have disappeared, but because of the secrecy employed by the Kuomintang it is difficult to learn whether they have been arrested or have merely taken flight in order to avoid detention. None are safe unless they take an openly reactionary stand. The victims are rarely brought before a regular court, but are detained at the Kuomintang headquarters until they "confess." No torture is too brutal to be used in obtaining these confessions.

As a means of buttressing their political and economic control of North China, the Japanese are continuously strengthening their military position. The "demilitarized" zone is controlled by Japanese troops stationed along the Peiping-Mukden railway. A large airdrome capable of accommodating twenty planes was recently opened at Tientsin, while a smaller one for seven planes is reported to have been erected at Dolonor. The Japanese also maintain a military mission at Kalgan, the southern terminus of the international caravan route leading to Soviet Siberia via Urga.

Elsewhere in the country Japanese influence is likely to be confined more closely to the economic sphere. One hears, for instance, much talk about Sino-Japanese "cooperation." But every Chinese knows that this is merely a euphemism for the extension of special privileges to Japan. Tokyo has already won a major victory in the field of trade, where the Nanking government "cooperated" by establishing a tariff distinctly favorable to Japanese interests. The schedule which went into effect last July reduced the duty on cotton goods 5 per cent and raised the duty on raw cotton 40 per cent. This meant at the same time trading advantages for the Japanese and a mortal blow at the native Chinese cotton-goods industry. The same tariff schedules recorded increases of from 2 to 7 per cent on machinery and other items usually imported from the United States and Great Britain.

But aside from tariffs and trade the Japanese are driving forward a number of grandiose railway projects, notably the Tangku-Shihchiachwang line, a 400-mile link between the Peiping-Hankow and Tientsin-Pukow lines. A more ambitious project is the extension of the Peiping-Suiyuan Railway from its present terminus at Paotao westward into Sinkiang along a route which has just been surveyed by the Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin. This road, in conjunction with the Peipiao-Chengteh line, now finished, and the eventual lines to Dolonor and Kalgan, will make possible the extension of Japanese trade and military control over the vast areas of the Northwest, Inner Mongolia, and North China, much as the South Manchuria Railway developed such control over the Northeast.

The chief danger in the present situation does not lie in the possibility that the Japanese will forcibly annex North China. Nothing could stop them if they chose to do so, but they have very little to gain from such a step. A more likely development is a Japanese advance into Inner Mongolia as a strategic move in preparation for an eventual war with the Soviet Union. Already there are signs of renewed military activity in Chahar, and all through Inner and even Outer Mongolia the Japanese are at work seeking to bolster up the declining power of the princes and lamas against the vigorous and democratic Young Mongol movement. The whole trend of recent events makes it clear that neither Nanking nor the Western powers are likely to make any real effort to check Japan as long as it moves in this direction.

Lloyd George's New Deal

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, January 26

WE have at last had in general outline the principles of the program with which Mr. Lloyd George has superbly staged his reentry into politics after almost four years of silence. Let it be said at once that he has accomplished that reentry with all the verve and power which make him still the incomparable virtuoso in our politics. He arranged to admiration that proper period of breathless expectancy which should precede the emergence of the star performer. The air was thick with rumors; no one quite knew what he was going to say. And viewed merely as a piece of stagecraft, the speech was, on any showing, masterly. There are not more than two other men in British politics who could compel all parties in the state to discuss the issues of the day in the terms they choose.

But we must distinguish between the actor's quality and the importance of the play in which he performs. No Socialist, certainly, could look upon Mr. Lloyd George's "new deal" with even a faint flush of enthusiasm. He might be grateful for the insistence upon the need for a new energy in affairs, foreign not less than domestic. He would be glad that Mr. Lloyd George is prepared to attack the Bank of England. He would be grateful for the insistence that we need a drastic reform of cabinet and parliamentary procedure. But I think he could not do other than conclude that, as a substitute for socialism, the program outlined is thin and meager in an amazing degree.

What does Mr. Lloyd George propose? (1) There is to be a return to his war-time experiment of a small Cabinet free from preoccupation with administrative detail. (2) There is to be an Economic General Staff composed of the best expert minds available. Working in conjunction with the appropriate departments, but without administrative responsibility, it is (a) to survey the national needs and (b) to propose a big development and reconstruction program in the light of this survey. (3) A million workers are to be resettled on the land. (4) There is to be a big step forward in telephone development, road-building, and slum clearance. Partly by these means many who are now living idly on unemployment insurance are to be found the opportunity of useful work. (5) The constitution of the Bank of England is to be changed so as to bring it into closer touch with industry. It is, however, to remain free from political influence, and the control of the joint-stock banks is to remain in private hands. (6) There must be a more spirited and determined foreign policy, especially in relation to the grave menace of the Far East. (7) Mr. Lloyd George is willing to cooperate with "a" National Government for these ends. But he thinks Mr. MacDonald an impossible Prime Minister, and some of his colleagues also must go.

This, then, in principle is the new deal. The first things that will strike a Socialist are (1) that it accepts all the postulates of the capitalist system. It would not change by a hair's breadth existing class relations. If it went fully into operation, the few would still remain rich and the many poor. (2) It does not touch that issue of capitalism as im-

perialism which all Socialists now accept as the essential factor making toward war. (3) It assumes that a million people can go back to the land without grave repercussions on British exports which would affect exactly those industries—coal, cotton, iron and steel, shipping—which have been hardest hit by the present depression. (4) It suggests that a mere change in the personnel of banking direction will alter the foundations of credit policy without relating these to the postulates of class relations in Great Britain. (5) It assumes that an Economic General Staff of experts of varied views will give a unified direction to policy. But anyone who visualizes such a General Staff, with, say, Mr. Keynes and Professor Robbins among its members, will see at once that its reflections upon the making of policy will only result, in all fundamental matters, in the issue of majority and minority reports. (6) His proposal for a "War Cabinet" is built upon a mistaken analogy between the war objective and the peace objective. In the first there could be a separation between policy and administration because there was a single end at which to aim. In the second, except in verbal terms, there is no such single end; and while cabinet reform is wholly desirable, all that Mr. Lloyd George's proposals would do would be to infuse a little extra energy into the present objectives of the National Government. These may be described as simply the consolidation of a weather-beaten capitalist system at the least possible sacrifice. Whether that is done efficiently or, as now, inefficiently, it is clearly not an adventure in which the Labor Party could participate. Mr. Lloyd George, indeed, does not seem to expect this participation; for he has uttered the interesting warning—which has been emphasized again and again by Socialists of my particular school—that the adoption of the Labor Party program on finance and banking would mean "catastrophe."

The reception of the new deal has been significant. Ministers from Mr. Chamberlain downward have tumbled over each other to explain that it will be examined sympathetically and impartially. Mr. Churchill has blessed it, with special emphasis on its attack against the "maundering" Mr. MacDonald. The younger Tories, especially Lord Eustace Percy, have supported it in the recognition that it represents their own outlook. It has the cautious and restrained approval of the *Times*, now the chief government organ. The Liberal Party and, even more, the Liberal press have greeted it with unrestrained enthusiasm. That ardent Gladstonian Liberal, Lord Snowden, has wired his congratulations, and has announced that he proposes to appear on the platform in behalf of its principles. Among Labor leaders even of the right wing it has aroused interest without even an approach to support. Even Mr. Herbert Morrison is well to the left of a program of this kind.

What will be its effect? That will, I suspect, depend very largely on personal factors. For the next six months it cannot influence government policy seriously, for the House of Commons will be fully occupied with the India bill and that on slum clearance. It therefore, effectively, assumes the

appearance of an election manifesto. Mr. Lloyd George is going to set the pace for the older parties. If they accept his plans, he will emerge as the effective author of their policy. If they reject them, then those who resent the inactivity of the MacDonald government will vote against it, and Mr. Lloyd George will emerge as a pivotal factor in its destruction. In either event, his personal position is bound to be incomparably stronger than at any time since he laid down the premiership.

It is important in this contest that powerful influences, including the *Times*, are urging the reconstruction of the Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George's program may well form the touchstone on which that reconstruction might turn, especially if it came after a general election. It would enable the Tories to get rid of Mr. MacDonald, who is rapidly becoming their Old Man of the Sea, and Sir John Simon, who has friends nowhere. It would facilitate a much more real fusion of the older parties than Mr. MacDonald was able to effect by combining acceptance of protection with a forward economic policy. It would enable Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Lloyd George himself to serve under Mr. Baldwin. The Tories would have an assurance against the splitting of votes by three-party contests. The Liberals would have a chance—at present dim—of survival. Mr. Lloyd George himself would be in office; and he would sacrifice formal leadership for that reality of power which his energy and skill would give him in any Cabinet to which he belonged. If, in short, this maneuver were successful, he would have built that Center Party toward which men so various as himself, Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir Austen Chamberlain looked forward in the first years after the close of the war. It would restore at once the simplicity of the two-party system and, in my judgment, keep the Labor Party out of office for the next ten years.

Its weaknesses as a tactic are of course obvious. No party in the country has any confidence in Mr. Lloyd George; the memory of the Coalition government is still an unpleasant one. It is doubtful, too, whether those Conservatives with whom he has influence mean much in the councils of the party. Most of them, like Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Loder, represent industrial constituencies which are pretty certain to go Labor at the next election. Alliance with him might bring over an uncertain number of Liberal votes, but the Liberals are in any case a wasting asset, and those who are keen on the defeat of Labor are pretty certain to vote Conservative next time. Then, as is well known, Mr. Baldwin is not the kind of man to like association with Mr. Lloyd George; their character and their methods are too dissimilar. A striking series of Labor victories in by-elections might force him into a partnership; but it would be the kind of partnership built on necessity and not desire. For Mr. Baldwin knows only too well that Mr. Lloyd George is not the kind of man to be the junior partner in any enterprise to which he belongs.

There are observers who think that the rejection of his overtures by the National Government will lead Mr. Lloyd George to the left, and they suggest possible overtures to the Labor Party. I think that it is true to say not only that Mr. Lloyd George has toyed with this possibility, but also that there are some elements in the Labor Party to whom his advent would not be unwelcome. They would not object to anything which made the party one of social

reform and postponed once more the prospect of a victory for socialist principles. But I think this event unlikely. In the first place, it would split the party from top to bottom. Many of its best workers would leave rather than act with Mr. Lloyd George. In the second place, his program is inadequate even for the main part of its right wing; and he cannot afford, in the year or so between now and the general election, to alter its basic principles. In the third place, criticism of the plan in the next few months is bound to make the distance between them wider than it has been these last few years, for Mr. Lloyd George is now definitely the protagonist of a renovated capitalism. That is not a doctrine one can take with any confidence either to the left wing of the party, or even to the rank and file of the trade unions. Such an alliance would be only less fatal to Labor than the readmission of Ramsay MacDonald into the party.

I think, therefore, that the real problem is whether Mr. Lloyd George has still a following big enough to force him on the Conservative Party. Only time can answer that question. I think it is probable that he has sounded Mr. MacDonald's death knell. The spectacle of the daily press giving four columns to the speech of an ex-Prime Minister free from party ties, and hardly half a column to a speech on the same day by Mr. MacDonald is evidence of the position the latter now holds. No one quite so important has held high office since Lord Goderich a hundred years ago; even the pretense of respect for his views has disappeared from among his followers. He will be defeated at the next election without any doubt, and his future has become wholly devoid of significance for British politics.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is in receipt of a letter from a friend which he believes his readers will relish as much as he does. He has changed the names a bit, but otherwise it is as it was written. High Mountain is the name of the family estate of the Westons.

We spent Christmas at High Mountain. You will not have forgotten the Mountain. Well, we had a real old-fashioned Christmas there. Fortunately all the in-laws were absent, and all us Westons sat around the fire and said how nice it is there is nobody here to suffer from inconveniences. It was a little strenuous—we started the day in what my aunt insisted was the proper old-fashioned way—with eggnog before breakfast. It knocked me out, all us younger ones in fact, but the older generation stood up under it, all except Nick Dudley (colored) who got quite drunk and made a fine oration on the subject of the government and my grandmother. He isn't quite sure about how the government should be run, though he says he knows how to raise forty-cent tobacco and ought to get forty cents for it, but he maintains that no man living, white or black, knows how to manage my grandmother except him.

IT is not the Drifter's intention to labor the moral that this is but another example of our present-day weaklings defeated by a little bit of eggnog in the early part of the day; nor does he propose to point out that Nick Dudley's economics might be recommended to the guardians of the New Deal. What impressed as much as it delighted him,

in reading this letter, was its evidence of the continuity of society, the pull of tradition that holds families together, even large, widely dispersed families such as the Westons are, with no money and no worldly goods to speak of except the burden of some 20,000 acres of none too fertile land. He likes to think of that large family group about the fire, with no in-laws to whom the ritual of the day would be strange, and with Nick Dudley (colored) to make an oration. Although we sometimes tend to forget it, there are many such families in the United States. Gradually, after two or three centuries, we are developing a past, a social tradition which we like to remember. We were a raw, brash country at first, and we hastened to throw off the European memories that had formerly governed our conduct. Everything was new, and we looked only forward. Our lives were concerned with the future, and to our children the millennium would seem as customary as an old coin.

* * * * *

IT is hardly necessary to point out that our Utopian dreams were not all realized. But as the future became less promising the past became more solid and more rich. The Drifter is aware that his uncomplaining acceptance of this state of affairs will mark him once more as an ostrich with his head in the sand who cannot see the torrents that are sweeping us all into a still newer day. But he will go farther and declare that on that new frontier, in that other country where the millennium seems just a few steps ahead, the same process is almost certain to happen. After a few generations of Soviet commissars have gone the way of all flesh, a young Comsomol will be engaged in conversation

with his grandfather about the young days of the revolution. Together they will remember—the one from books, perhaps, the other out of the dim recollections of his childhood—how once there wasn't any means of communication in Moscow except street cars with passengers crammed in to the very roofs; they will talk about the ancient years of famine, when millions of men were said to have died in a year; about the old wars long since ended. And they will look out quietly through the windows to the new world around them with a juster appreciation of it because it too has a past, a racial memory. They will break their bread in a certain way because their people have always done it so, or at least since the old days of that first Red October. And it is altogether likely that when they have finished their talk an elderly female, who used to work in the house and since old age came upon her has merely lived there, will scold the old grandfather as familiarly as Nick Dudley scolded Grandmother Weston. It is fitting that man should develop new frontiers; but in the process he is also creating a new past.

THE DRIFTER

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Refreshing

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is so refreshing to read such a good, honest, forthright review as the one published in your issue of January 30 under the caption of *Pass the Salt*, by Mary McCarthy, that I cannot refrain from commenting on it. It is a brave thing to "knock" a best-seller like "*Lost Horizon*" when everyone is raving about it and men like Alexander Woollcott go out of their way to herald its merit in glowing language over the radio.

Had your review appeared sooner it might have saved others, like myself, from squandering \$2.50 on a book that hardly merited the time required to read it, when time is so limited for reading really good books. I wish I had my money back.

New York, January 30

C. DAVIDSON

Benighted Sophistication

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Book reviewing is so largely a matter of opinion and of taste, concerning which "*non disputandum est*," that I would hesitate to dispute a review at all had I not detected in one of yours a form of benighted sophistication which I should think *The Nation* would abhor.

Mary McCarthy, in your issue of January 30, disposed in

one fell swoop of five best-sellers, among them "*Lightship*" and "*Lost Horizon*." I have not read the other three, but if Miss McCarthy has been as just to them as she has been to these two, then her review is truly a masterpiece of misinformation.

If Miss McCarthy had heard "*Street Scene*" dismissed contemptuously as a badly done murder story, or "*Tobacco Road*" sneered at because its frank scenes were not pretty enough to be pleasantly libidinous, I am sure she would have been as irritated as I was to read that "*Lost Horizon*" was a "competently written," "conventional" "adventure story," and "*Lightship*" a "sea story" written by one who knows that "a disaster at sea can give a reader—or a movie-goer—a sound emotional wallop." Perhaps they are not masterpieces, but to compare "*Lost Horizon*" to a Sax Rohmer *Fu Manchu* mystery is sheer inanity. It is not an adventure story. Nor is "*Lightship*" a sea story. Such criticism shows a total absence of appreciation of what the two books were all about. Suffice it to say that "*Lost Horizon*" concerns itself with a most intriguing philosophical speculation, and that "*Lightship*" is an interesting analysis of a phase of human behavior.

The reviewer is right in saying that they are escape novels but woefully wrong in her statement that "the action . . . is never at any time concerned with problems which are to contemporary human beings real and pressing." This indicates that benighted sophistication which provoked this letter. The reviewer would have resented the silly criticisms of the two plays mentioned above, criticisms actually overheard, because the plays were commentaries on society and its economic inequalities, but must literature necessarily concern itself with this problem to be worthy as literature?

New York, January 29

WILLIAM M. LAAS

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Unfair

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"Shipmates," by Isabel Carter, is very unfairly treated by your reviewer in *The Nation* of January 30. As a member of a seafaring family I say it is a fine book, a story told with truth and restraint. You should have had Lincoln Colcord review it.

Orono, Maine, February 1

ALBERT A. WHITMORE

A New Cooperative Theater

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May we call the attention of *Nation* readers to the formation of a cooperative theater, the Social Repertory Theater, whose objective is the production of plays of definite social content. The Social Repertory Theater is seeking plays on social themes, preferably dealing with the contemporary American scene. It asks that playwrights send it such plays at 5 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

New York, February 1

LEE PRENTIS

Correction

[In our Washington Letter entitled *Richberg Misinforms the President*, appearing in the issue of February 6, it was incorrectly stated that Generoso Pope, publisher of *Il Progresso-Italo-Americano*, was not a member of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. We are informed that Mr. Pope's newspaper has been a member of both the A. N. P. A. and the Publishers' Association of New York City for many years.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

"The Industry"

By HEYWOOD BROWN

ORGANIZED labor is still following a strategy which is insufficiently candid. A. F. of L. leaders choose to say in their attacks on the policies of the national Administration that President Roosevelt is "being deceived" by Donald Richberg. It is entirely proper that many of the blows should fall upon Richberg's head. He is vulnerable and convenient and without any great personal following. It is quite possible that if sufficient pressure is maintained he may be forced out. But it is well to inquire just what would be gained by that. Not long ago labor took the position that General Johnson was deceiving the President and eventually the General gave way to Richberg. But this merely intensifies the run around. In place of Richberg the A. F. of L. might find itself facing a Leo Wolman. It would be better to face the facts. The fact is that labor's quarrel is now and always has been with Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. Complaint against the NRA lies less against its administration than against the fundamental philosophy under which it was conceived. I ask from *The Nation* leave to print an argument made along these lines in Washington last week. I ask for this permission because I think it's a good speech and because nobody else has been willing to print it.

My name is Heywood Brown. I am speaking on behalf of the American Newspaper Guild. I understand that these public hearings are granted for discussion of employment conditions under the NRA. And I am informed that in certain industries certain boons have been granted. For instance, I read that in the automobile code, which didn't happen to get lost, it is now arranged that the employee who works more than forty-eight hours a week is to get something extra if he keeps on till seventy hours a week. But in spite of such sweeping gestures to bring about reemployment it is utterly impossible to discuss employment conditions in the newspaper code or any other without facing the fundamental fallacy on which these codes are created and the monstrous manner in which they are interpreted.

When an employer speaks of the industry—usually with bated breath—he refers only to the property rights of himself and his fellow-employers. He isn't even thinking of the rights of labor and the rights of the public if any. Into the NRA conception there has crept from time to time the word "partnership." The publishers take that to mean a partnership of the employers. Indeed, to them a code is a sort of land grant giving them complete and exclusive right to hunt, fish, and exterminate the Indians.

And that explains the most curious phrase of all—the freedom of the press. The publishers construe the freedom of the press to mean that no governmental agency has any right to compel them to do anything whatsoever. If you ask a newspaper owner to put in a rope on the fifth floor so that somebody may slide down in case of fire he may very well draw himself up and say, "How dare you interfere with the freedom of the press?" Until there is a good newspaper code there will be no good codes, because if you boil all the publishers of America down—

a consummation greatly to be desired—you will find that you have in essence automobiles, textiles, steel, munitions, utilities, and all the leading industries of the country.

In this country the publishers have beaten Huey Long by many years in one idea—every man a king. Each publisher has always been a king—self-anointed. But now official ordination has followed and their cup runneth over. In fact, this holy oil of publisher authority floods the land and seeps into high places. We, the members of the American Newspaper Guild, a union of newspaper workers, begin to feel that no board, nor court, nor legislative decision, nor executive decision is fit taking home to frame until the newspaper publishers of America have had the chance to say yea or nay. Even the mighty ones in Washington turn their faces toward the West at night and murmur in great fear, "I hope Mr. Hearst is not going to object to this." Mr. Hearst did not like the decision in the Jennings case and so the Jennings case has been entombed. It will be known again and faith will live again only on that Labor Easter when all workers have combined to roll away the stone.

But it would not be just to say that the American Newspaper Publishers constitute an invisible government under which we writhe. They are very visible. On the numerous occasions upon which Howard Davis has called his cohorts into convention to threaten the government with a publisher walkout on the code, that action has been taken openly and brazenly. And it has worked. Secession is secession, but Howard Davis succeeded where Jeff Davis did not prevail.

How can it be said that newspaper men and women have the right of collective bargaining with a group which will not even consider the timid suggestions of the rulers of the NRA? The publishers have construed collective bargaining as meaning their right to say, "No! No! No! and don't bother us again." Indeed, I might say that the one gain secured by the editorial worker under the code is the privilege of hearing the boss say "No" in person instead of being compelled to read his refusal on the bulletin board. But even that slim right is in dispute. On the Newark *Ledger* L. T. Russell met the request for collective bargaining with a bulletin that sixteen of the staff would be fired for their temerity in daring to request discussion, and that after a brief vacation in Hot Springs he would fire sixteen more. We did not appeal from one publishing Philip drunk with power to any other publishing Philip. The Guild called a strike. The Guild's experience with the NRA is that mostly you lose, and if you do by any chance grab the brass ring, somebody cuts your hand off.

That has happened in other industries. Donald Richberg has a long reach. And so in speaking for the Newspaper Guild we think that we are speaking for and with all labor. We deny the neutrality of the NRA. We contend that even the President of the United States has been argued into accepting the interpretations of employers. And we will come no more to stand and wait for Donald Richberg to pass around the pottage. We say the service is something terrible and the pottage is a little worse.

That California Dictatorship

By NORMAN MINI

Sacramento, February 4

WHY is California the most fascist state in the Union? Why did such a wave of terror break out against the workers at the end of the San Francisco general strike? Why were workers' halls destroyed, their homes broken into, hundreds of workers arrested, beaten up, injured? Why were all civil rights of the militant labor movement suppressed by well-organized vigilantes assisted by the police? Why are the agricultural workers of California today living under a virtual dictatorship?

Could all this have happened just because there was a strike in San Francisco? Other sections of the country have had even worse strikes, and no such wholesale mopping up has taken place. Were liberals and radicals surprised at what happened? From the howls of indignant protest they sent up it appears that they were; they seem to have regarded the vigilante frenzy as a spontaneous outbreak conceived during the general strike and consummated in its decline. But the repression was, as a matter of fact, the climax of a class struggle that had been maturing for over a year; and the center of the struggle was not in San Francisco at all, but in the great agricultural valleys of California.

Fantastic? Not at all. Consider the economic structure of California. These great valleys are monstrous agricultural units; and the principal income of large groups of growers and bankers—the ruling class—comes from great estates where perishable fruits and vegetables are raised for Eastern and foreign markets. Profits depend largely on the vicious exploitation of cheap transient labor for cultivation and harvest. Thousands of laborers, mostly Mexicans, swarm into the fields during the season; they work like hell for miserable wages ranging from 15 to 25 cents an hour; then they are herded out of the valleys for the winter, left to semi-starvation until the next season.

It is plain that this system does not tend to create harmony between the growers and the workers. The struggle of the agricultural "stiff" to gain some measure of recognition from his temporary bosses is one of the bloodiest incidents in American labor history. The first battle between the classes was fought out during the period of the growth of the I. W. W. For more than ten years the wobblies made the California valleys one of their principal battlegrounds. The bosses finally won that battle by using the criminal-syndicalism law, the famous Busick injunction, and a wave of terror similar to that now going on.

The second round in the series was started by a small strike of tree pruners in Vacaville in the fall of 1932, led by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union. This first strike was broken, but that did not stop the union movement. As each crop came along—peas, lettuce, cherries, apricots—in the spring and early summer of 1933, small strikes took place. Some of these strikes were partially successful; small wage increases were won, in some places union recognition was granted. But for the most part the strikes were broken, and the leaders, the "red agitators" as the press called them, were sent to jail for vagrancy, inciting to riot,

and so on. But the movement could not be checked, the union usually gained some measure of organization whether the strike was won or lost, and in every field and orchard and vineyard that summer the workers were filled with the will to organization.

The peach harvest really started things moving fast. In August, just as the peach picking was reaching its height, the pickers on the Tagus ranch, a large corporation farm near Tulare, walked out. It was a well-prepared strike. Pat Chambers, whose name was soon to become the symbol of militant union organization in the state, had worked slowly and patiently to build up a union nucleus on the great ranch. Against such a formidable walkout, the growers, the sheriffs, and the state police were slow to use the full force of their terror; they wavered just long enough to allow the strike to get well under way. Then the movement began to spread; soon the whole region was out, with the entire peach harvest south of Fresno tied up. The canning corporations, the banks, and the growers were helpless, there was nothing to do but give in, and the union won its demands completely. The news of the workers' first big victory spread north with amazing speed. Wherever peaches were being picked, workers walked out—in Merced, Modesto, Stockton, clear on up to the "peachbowl of the world," the Marysville-Chico district, almost three hundred miles from Tulare. Without organization, without any preparation, the workers struck. And in every case they won.

That was the start of the fireworks. The union became a state-wide organization; its membership grew from a few doubtful hundreds in January to around 3,000 in July, and to more than 8,000 in August. At first the growers and bankers seemed to be confused; their only defense came from the sheriff's offices and loud shouts of "red agitators" in the press. But in September, during the grape harvest, the counter-organization of employers began. In Fresno a grape strike of more than 3,000 workers was brutally crushed. At Lodi, 150 miles north, the vigilantes made their first appearance, growers resorted to mass arrests and wholesale deportations, and more than 1,100 workers were driven out of the county. But all the time the work of organizing the workers was going on. Nothing could stop it. A few victories had shown the pickers what they could do, and in each strike the workers had the tactical experience of all the previous strikes back of them.

The showdown came in cotton. In the last weeks of September, with more than 20,000 workers concentrated in the cotton fields, the union issued a call for a general strike when the demands for higher wages and union recognition were refused. Almost before the growers knew what was happening more than 18,000 pickers were out solidly on a front a hundred miles long, from Bakersfield to Merced. For over a month there was veiled civil war in the San Joaquin Valley. Armed bands of vigilantes fired on the workers' meetings and assaulted picket lines; sheriffs' deputies and state police put hundreds of militant workers in jail; two workers were killed by vigilante guns and scores

more wounded; Pat Chambers was arrested on criminal-syndicalism charges; every paper in the state demanded that the strike be broken immediately. The pickers on their side organized mass-picketing caravans. In the regions of greatest terror they grouped together in camps guarded by well-organized defense squads. Communist organizations all over California raised funds.

The strike ended with victory for the workers. Only in a few insignificant sections did the growers succeed in crushing the pickers' resistance. Throughout the whole valley there were wage increases, and many growers signed contracts with the union. And most important of all, workers went back to the fields satisfied they had won a great victory, behind the union 100 per cent.

That victory put the union solidly on its feet. As the 1933 season ended, the membership was well over 20,000. The union's prestige was enormous. Agricultural stiffies were facing the next season more hopefully than in any year since the heyday of the I. W. W. As they went into "winter quarters" in the cities—families trying to beg a miserable existence from the charities or relief, single men on the bum, in transient concentration shelters, in the flophouses, pan-handling—every worker was confident that the union would be the victor in the bigger struggles for recognition and better conditions that were inevitable in 1934. These workers had met everything the bosses could send against them—hunger, terror, mass deportations. What more had they to fear?

But it was plain to everyone that 1934 would see the class battle fought out to a decisive finish: either the union would gain full control of the workers or it would be wiped out. There was no middle course. The union leaders, mostly Communists, had taken an extremely hostile stand toward the growers from the very first: no compromise was possible to them. On the other hand, the growers, the propertied gentlemen, began to have uneasy visions of more than 300,000 cannery and agricultural workers united under revolutionary leadership, demanding decent living conditions. A great class battle was impending, and both sides knew it would be well to start preparing feverishly.

The growers lost no time. No sooner had the wave of strikes ended in the valleys than the growers, the banks, the land companies, and the great canneries started their work. Permanent organizations were formed to carry on vigilante work more efficiently in the future. An organization called Associated Farmers was started with the express purpose of carrying on patient and systematic propaganda against the union among workers and farmers and valley business men. Nearly every agricultural county passed an "anti-picketing" ordinance to help prevent future strikes. Associated Farmers began a campaign of slander, trying to paint Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, the union secretary, as the worst kind of farm-destroying red terrorists. Nothing was left undone in the drive to safeguard future profits.

During that winter the union, while not exactly resting on its laurels, was not doing itself any good. When the picking season was ended, the workers left the valleys, leaving the union leadership with a fine paper membership of more than 20,000 and a real following of around 1,000 of the most active, class-conscious, militant workers, who had been drawn close to the Communist movement by the strike wave. In spite of the efforts of Pat Chambers, who really

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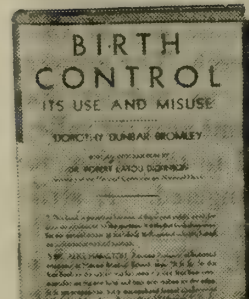
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Introduction by Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson
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understood the agricultural workers' problems, this active vanguard failed to organize into an efficient, disciplined body of traveling organizers who could live with the workers and become their actual leaders winter and summer. Instead, the union—controlled by the Communist Party, remember—moved in the opposite direction, setting up small local organizations in the valley towns and issuing to each local a charter with a nice gold seal. Next, it signed up its militant vanguard with the Communist Party and “siphoned over” most of them from the union into the thousand and one mass organizations—I. L. D., W. I. R., F. S. U., or Friends of the New Masses. The result was an organization that looked fine on the records of the Trade Union Unity League in New York, but whose practical value was absolutely zero.

The year 1934 was started off with a bang. In late January 3,000 lettuce pickers struck in the Imperial Valley. The growers and shippers let loose a reign of terror on them which made all previous terrors look like the merest practice. All suspected organizers were arrested. Lawyers coming into the valley to defend strikers in court were kidnapped by vigilantes and beaten up; other lawyers were sent to jail for vagrancy. The Imperial Valley “peace” officers defied federal court injunctions and broke up all workers’ meetings. The strikes were crushed, but such terrible conditions prevailed that state and federal investigations were started. The reports of these investigations all concluded that it was practically impossible for workers to exercise any of their rights of organization, assembly, or free speech. The growers boldly admitted all this and promised to murder Pat Chambers and any other “agitators” that came near the valley.

The attention of all was then turned to the union, for it was clear that its reputation was endangered. A strike in the Imperial Valley was impossible at the time, as the leaders of the union understood very well. But instead of accepting the inevitable and basing their Imperial Valley campaign on the workers’ rights, the union and the Communist press issued boasting statements that “not one carload of melons would leave Imperial Valley unless the demands of the workers were granted.” Of course, when the melons were ripe at the end of April, the campaign of intimidation against pickers was at its height; and an unorganized strike was impossible. The union was defeated by its own words.

That was the beginning of the retreat. Sporadic strikes similar to the strikes of the preceding year started in the pea fields. But all were quickly beaten down by the organized vigilantes and highway police. The growers had learned valuable lessons from the Imperial Valley; the most extreme violence had been used against strikers there and nothing had happened. The same methods could be used wherever a strike started among the workers. Why not? In June the union made one last heroic stand: it called a strike in the apricot orchards at Brentwood, near Stockton. But strikes were no longer a problem to the growers; the forces of reaction were willing to do anything to help them. When 400 workers turned out to picket in Brentwood, deputies calmly herded the entire group into a railroad cattle pen, picked out all the leaders, and escorted most of the rest to the county line. As a result of the strike wages were reduced from 20 cents to 15 cents an hour. After that the union folded up. With it the main support of the Communist Party in California faded away. The leaders kept up a pretense of organization at the state headquarters in

Sacramento, but they knew that the vast reservoir of hatred that the governor, bankers, growers, canners, and police had built up would be released at the first opportunity.

Viewed against the background of this agricultural struggle, the San Francisco affair takes on an entirely different look. The growers’ offensive against the union and all radicals advanced more rapidly as union resistance weakened. When the union collapsed altogether, a savage wave of repression against Communists in the towns where they were still active became inevitable. The longshoremen’s strike offered the pretext. In fact, the San Francisco Industrial Association’s move to open the port, which precipitated the general strike, and Governor Merriam’s red-baiting speeches, which were directed against the agricultural union more than against the stevedores, took place at the precise moment when it was most important that the union should be completely broken up—just when growers wanted to be doubly sure that Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker were not roaming around the state, just when the peach crop was ready. Probably this also explains the comparatively easy acceptance of “leadership” in the general strike by the notoriously reactionary San Francisco A. F. of L. leaders.

Today things go on in San Francisco and Los Angeles just about as they did before the general strike. Communist halls are open. Communists even make talks on the radio! In fact, the bosses are quite willing to let the reds propagandize one another—as long as they stay away from the workers!

But the valleys are quiet: the Cannery and Agricultural Workers’ Union is dead. During the general strike it could not call one single worker out of the fields to help the longshoremen. Its leaders, including Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, have been in jail in Sacramento since July 20, and they are only now being tried, facing from six to eighty-four years in San Quentin. No agricultural unions are allowed anywhere in California; no meetings are held; no speeches are made; papers are sold secretly. It is criminal syndicalism even to attempt these things, and vigilantes are organized to see that no attempts are made. And that, my friends, is fascism, any way you look at it. The agricultural workers, the key to the California situation, have been defeated again. But their very slavery will force another attempt, with, we hope, better success.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of “Dynamite” and “The Native’s Return.”

CHARLES MARTIN is the pseudonym of an American journalist in North China.

HAROLD J. LASKI, of the faculty of the University of London, is the author of “Democracy in Crisis.”

NORMAN MINI is one of the eighteen defendants in the criminal-syndicalism trials in California.

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, writes a daily column, “Behind the Cables,” for the New York *Post*.

DOUGLAS HASKELL was formerly assistant editor of the *Architectural Record*.

FLORENCE CODMAN is the head of the publishing house of Arrow Editions.

LEO GERSHOY is the author of “The French Revolution and Napoleon.”

Books, Music, Films

Hitlerism and How It Grew

A History of National Socialism. By Konrad Heiden. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.50.

TO me it has always been incomprehensible that serious Germany, usually so thorough in political affairs, arrived so late and then only in a partisan, propagandist sense, at anything like an intelligent evaluation of the National Socialist movement, which was destined in a few short years to play so important and tragic a role in the life of the German people. Leaflets and propaganda material were plentiful, but as late as 1931 the student of political affairs, seeking for something which would explain this extraordinary phenomenon, found nothing by either friend or foe more fundamental than Feder's party program of twenty-five points. To some extent this may explain the failure of the German labor movement to credit its opponent with serious potentialities.

Not until the appearance in 1932 of Konrad Heiden's "Geschichte des Nationalsozialismus—Die Karriere einer Idee" was this deficiency in contemporary German literature at least partially overcome. Heiden saw the movement grow and its leader with it. Living in Munich first as a young student and later as a journalist, he attended National Socialist meetings at a time when they were not yet the reflection of a mighty movement. Out of the experiences of this period of growth, this classic history of the National Socialist idea was born. Heiden's second work, "Geburt des Dritten Reiches—Geschichte des Nationalsozialismus bis Herbst, 1933," which appeared early in 1934, showed the unfolding of the movement in the first year of its regime. Both works have now been published in translation under a single cover and are presented under the unassuming title "A History of National Socialism." A final chapter dealing with the most recent history of the Reich brings the book up to date.

The non-German reader is here given an opportunity for the first time to study the development of this peculiar movement as seen by an unprejudiced German's eye. For the conscientious student of this epochal development it is indispensable. The fundamental theoretical work on National Socialism, if such a thing is conceivable at all, has yet to be written. But as a photographic representation of the consecutive phases of the birth and growth of the movement, Heiden's work has great objective value. One appreciates the author's attitude all the more since he won his political spurs as leader of the republican students of Munich in the early post-war period and in the active fight against Nazi ideology in its early phases.

The first part of the book describes the growth of the party, the adoption of its program, the efforts of rival leaders—among them Julius Streicher, the Nazi specialist in anti-Semitism—to combat Hitler's pretensions to leadership, and the formation of the Storm Troop divisions—all with the justly celebrated thoroughness of the German historian. It traces the first stirrings of the National Socialist idea to its origins, going even farther back than the tool-maker Anton Drexler, father of the German Workers' Party and originator of the Nazi philosophy (his humble part in the creation of a new social theory performed, he dropped out of sight after a quarrel with the domineering Hitler), to those who inspired his confused and ill-digested philosophy. Peculiarly, those aspects of National Socialism which have weathered the storm of the last two years—its Aryan program, its superman philosophy, and its idea of world domination by propaganda—were derived from non-German sources. From the British Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who later married into the family of Richard

Wagner, it derived its racial opinions. The Frenchman Gobineau first developed the theories on which Nietzsche built and tried to organize them into a political system. The Austrian Hitler gave it its leadership; the Balto-Russian Dr. Alfred Rosenberg its conspirative character, its tremendous propaganda apparatus, and its dreams of a world revolution. The book traces the trends of economic, social, legal, foreign, and church policy with a wealth of valuable information, always based on official and party documentary material. It makes illuminating comparisons between the original ideals and ideas of the movement and the compromises forced upon it by political facts and economic developments.

Hitler, naturally, is the hero and central figure of Heiden's ambitious work. He is described as a molder rather than an originator of ideas and opinions, as an able organizer and forceful orator whose positive qualities cannot conceal those deficiencies of character and intellect which make his rise to power so inexplicable to the average observer. Hitler's congenital opportunism, to which the author attributes the fantastic fluctuations in the domestic and foreign policies of the Third Reich, are an important theme in Heiden's delineation. Hitler rids himself of Drexler because the latter refuses to depart from the once accepted point of view. He dickers with the German Nationalists, whom he hates for their haughty disdain of a man they regard as a political upstart. He removes Otto Strasser and his followers from the party when they insist on a realization of its "socialist" demands. He murders Ernst Röhm, the creator of his private army, when the Brown Shirt chief's insistence on the privileged position of the S. A. stands in the way of an understanding with the great powers. He orders the execution of Gregor Strasser, the real organizer of the party, who resents the dominant position of industrialists in the Third Reich. He throws Gottfried Feder, the author of the Nazi program, overboard and makes Dr. Schacht, prototype of predatory capital, the dictator of Germany's economy. Is it intuition or uncanny understanding of political undercurrents that enables Hitler to navigate each dangerous shoal? Heiden does not attempt to answer.

The author is weakest in his evaluation of the events which immediately preceded Hitler's victory. He belongs among those shortsighted politicians who believed that Hitler might still have been checked just before January, 1933, if either Schleicher or Brüning had met his challenge by cooperating with the labor movement. He overlooks the fact that Schleicher's efforts in this direction were one of the important reasons for his overthrow and that every one of the great political parties preferred coalition with Hitler—at that time an unknown quantity in politics—to cooperation with the Socialist masses. In 1927-29, before the Communist Party entered on the period of rapid growth which threw the bourgeoisie into a panic of fear, a united front of democratic liberals and labor against fascism might have been conceivable—but under different leadership, for Brüning and Schleicher were so little anti-fascist that each was anxious to take Hitler into his Cabinet. By 1930 it was no longer possible to eliminate Hitler from the German scene by parliamentary machinations. There was only one alternative to fascism—a united fighting front of trade unionists, Socialists, Communists, and determined democrats ready for socialism as the only way out of the crisis.

Unfortunately for the American reader, this excellent sourcebook has suffered in the process of abridgment. To include both works in its 430 pages the translator was forced to omit much that is essential to a real understanding of the Hitler movement. He who is sufficiently familiar with the language will do well to choose the German volumes.

LUDWIG LORE

Housing and America

Modern Housing. By Catherine Bauer. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THIS is a book for Americans, since it is concerned with the great step in civilization that left America out. During the twenties something phenomenal was occurring in Europe. Four and a half million families were put into a new kind of home. Miss Bauer calls it the beginning of a "new physical environment." For the first time that we know of, the efforts of the finest statesmen, the best planners, the ablest architects, the biggest builders, and the most skilful financial jugglers were directed toward the houses of all the people. They succeeded with a handsome part.

All this went under the name of "housing," and Miss Bauer tells how it was done. The story is such that even the technicalities make fascinating reading. Here you find recapitulated, for example, Raymond Unwin's famous proof that even in hard cash there is "nothing gained by overcrowding." Or you may follow the astonishing results in Germany from the rediscovery of the fact that a good house like a plant is always heliotropic. Entirely new community patterns were evolved just by turning all the houses to benefit by the sun. Then there is an exposure of the trap laid by shrewd operators for sentimentalists in the fraud of "slum clearance," which results whenever and wherever applied in a brand-new future slum. Miss Bauer goes at her subject thoroughly, from many sides: the social policies, the architecture, the economics are all treated, and a critical historical introduction is supplied very similar in manner to Lewis Mumford's "Sticks and Stones." This breadth distinguishes the book from others on the subject, as does also the fact that the author is not social-workerish, which in a book on housing is an unexpected blessing.

The book does remarkably well, in fact, until it returns to the United States, toward which the entire demonstration is directed. Here it meets a stunner. Why should there be only a thimbleful of "modern housing" over here? Miss Bauer canvasses the reasons, and the gist of her findings is that we lack the European training and preparation. Meanwhile we continue some unfortunate inheritances from the frontier. This leaves the housing leaders without a following; and consequently not much can be done until the American people are brought around to present an "effective demand."

It is here that another alternative appears that has not occurred to the author. The housing leaders might do better if they would stop working for us quite so much in order to work more with us. Instead of turning us into Europeans let them try to take us as we are. Not all the American peculiarities are helpful, of course, but many have a deeper, healthier foundation than has been suspected by Miss Bauer or Mr. Lewis Mumford. No one yet has succeeded in searching the useful ones out and turning them to account; and that is a still better reason than any that Miss Bauer cites why we have so little modern American housing.

At another point the book needs to be brought into its own line. Miss Bauer makes sharp comments here and there on "capitalism," but she continues the habit of thinking in terms of "income groups," "interest," "amortization," "rent," and other similar capitalistic book-keeping terms. Now it is true that through what is loosely called "capitalism" the twentieth century is entering upon a new Dark Age. The book-keeping that guides us no longer gives any sort of account of the true resources, capacities, or aspirations of the people. It binds us hand and foot; we are as helpless in its grasp as a Negro under voodoo. Soil, climate, tools, and people may all remain perfectly good, but the whole Western world goes into

a five-year period of trance during which our mumbo-jumbo proves to us that despite all our resources nothing can be done. None of us may be able yet wholly to penetrate the nature of this illusion; but let us take the first steps. In proposals for "modern" shelter let us no longer rely on those "practical" dollar calculations that can only lead into the quagmire. They are at best a poor stop-gap.

These criticisms may seem remote, exercised on a very able book by a fresh writer giving the first rounded account of a great decade of modern or nearly modern shelter. But we need more than ability. We need new pioneers such as Unwin or Geddes tried in their time to be; and we need them bigger and more daring.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

One More Jerusalem

Road of Ages. By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

FOR those who began and stopped with Mr. Nathan's "One More Spring," this book should lead back to "Jonah." And this would be enough were it not that Mr. Nathan deserves more than summary. Moreover, the fanfare that precedes and accompanies publication nowadays, including the accolade of the choice-of-the-next-twenty-four-hours ("Road of Ages" is one-half the February Book of the Month), imposes a responsibility on the reviewer to make distinctions clear.

Mr. Nathan is a minor novelist, that is to say, his talents are restricted but of decent quality, which is a first distinction to novelists of greater and cheaper variety. Since the question of major and minor includes degrees of depth and breadth of talent and of robustness of talent, it is incongruous to anticipate from Mr. Nathan a "Don Quixote," but it is not incorrect to speak of him in the same breath with the author either of "Lolly Willows" or of "Le Grand Meaulnes." His gift is for fantasy, as his blurb writer says, for satiric fantasy. His world is an enchanted place, both here and not here, filled with people doing improbable things in a perfectly probable way and so by paradox pointing a satire. Because by their nature the enchantment is mild, the humor delicate, and the language lithe, the effect is limited. Yet within its circumference are wholeness and firmness, complete in their way.

Of his eleven novels three are notable. Two of these have been mentioned above. "Road of Ages" is the third. In such pieces as "The Fiddler in Barley" and "The Woodcutter's House," Mr. Nathan's greatest temptation, sentimentality, got the better of him, his measure of humor ran out, and his plots remained very ordinary plots. In his latest book his talent for mixing pathos and farce, ideals and fact, and for gently manipulating the symbolism of an old, old theme until it becomes gradually fresh again and happily contemporary is manifest. Manifest, it is true, in miniature, in the slight, pleasing, miniature whole that is his best accomplishment.

Madame Perez from the Avenue Friedland, who can read Gautier but does not know the language of Mrs. Blumenthal; the Gentile wife of Dr. Kohn; the ragged dancing chassidim from Galicia; Mr. and Mrs. Cohen from Columbus Avenue, who have only a pushcart; the shepherds with their flocks; and the messianic David are all going into exile again with the same dreams, the same humility, the same fears, the same resentment as on a hundred similar occasions. The New Jerusalem this time lies across Europe and half across Asia, somewhere in the Gobi Desert, in an unknown, unbuilt, magic future. The road is long, as the title suggests, and it follows the entire round of death and life; it is described with all the manifold subtle symbolism of class, of orthodoxy, and of liberalism that Mr. Nathan can put into it (the scene in which one rabbi rides pickaback upon the other shows his art in its neatest fusion).

Despite the quotation at the beginning, the book is no jeremiad. To a Christian, at least, it has the simpler, sweeter exhortation of an Amos.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Ideology of War

The Ghost of Napoleon. By Liddell Hart. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

The Hundred Days. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

IN his little book, most of which was presented in the Lee Knowles Lectures for 1932-33 at Trinity College, Cambridge, Captain Hart develops two main themes. The one is that during the last two centuries the historical importance of military thought and its creators—in contradistinction to military action—have been signally underrated; the other, that during these two centuries, and at many other important moments during the past two thousand years as well, military ideas have changed the course of history.

Captain Hart is a professional student of warfare, a thoughtful and illuminating critic, manifestly as keen with the pen as with the sword. What he has to say concerning "the inspiration of new ideas and the introduction of new methods in military organization, strategy, and tactics" makes fascinating reading for the layman and, in all likelihood, convincing reading for the specialist. His account of the theories and methods of the great innovators—Marshal Saxe, Bourcet, Guibert, and du Teil—and of Napoleon's translation into practice, under conditions that fulfilled the requirements, of their teaching concerning mobility, organized dispersion, skirmishers, field artillery, and surprise concentration against an unbalanced enemy is a brilliant piece of expository writing. Not less convincing and more eloquent still is his grimmer story of how the nineteenth-century commentators, Jomini and Clausewitz, particularly the latter, and after them Foch and Grandmaison, distorted the great ideas of the eighteenth-century military reformers and built up a "system that wrecked Europe," that led to the mass suicide and the mutual massacre of 1914-18.

On the other hand, Captain Hart's ultimate evaluation, first, of Clausewitz's posthumous influence, especially during the frantic July days of 1914, and, secondly, of the influence of military ideas in general upon the course of history, is less persuasive. It may very well be that the philosophy of Clausewitz helped bring on the World War and that it acted as a check upon impulses to maintain peace. But as one studies the broader background of the World War, examines the memoirs of responsible civilian leaders, follows the testimony, let us say, of a Nye committee, one must remain convinced that it was not the misleading appeal of Clausewitz's philosophy that was a fundamental factor in the diplomatists' surrender to the militarists. Military thought, like patriotism, is not enough; and Captain Hart for all his forceful arguments is a special pleader, like many another, engaged in "earning his bread."

The reviewer does not for a single moment doubt that Mr. Guedalla has as much special competence in the field of military history, to which his talents are largely devoted in his charming essay, as Captain Hart has in the immensely broader field of his lectures. But the disrespectful thought occurs that if Mr. Guedalla had written part of Captain Hart's book and Captain Hart most of Mr. Guedalla's, neither work would have lost too much and both might have gained a great deal. It is one of the aims of the latter, in dealing with the period that elapsed from Napoleon's escape from Elba to the crushing defeat at Waterloo, to show that Wellington did not win the campaign solely because of the blunders of Napoleon's marshals, but that he won it on his own merits as the greatest fighting

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ON

Some Problems of

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man of his time. To support this contention the author makes clear—that is, as clear as a very urbane and precious prose allows him to practice the lowly method of argumentation—that in yielding to his political obsession to reconquer the Belgian provinces and in fashioning the campaign that he did, Napoleon overrode "the most exacting considerations of military prudence," considerations which Wellington was very far from ignoring.

Mr. Guedalla's points are well taken, particularly his skillful and artistically disguised proof of Napoleon's *idée fixe* about the recapture of Brussels. But maintaining that Napoleon was guilty of egregious blunders at Waterloo does not alter the fact, as Mr. Guedalla feels it does, that Grouchy, Ney, and d'Erlon generously supplemented their chief's blunders and by their shortcomings helped make the rout possible. It seems a chauvinistic endeavor, unworthy of Mr. Guedalla's talents and attainments, to single out the Waterloo campaign for the heroization of Wellington and the denigration of Napoleon. It might be more to the point to link up Napoleon's course at Waterloo with his general and consistent defiance of "the most exacting considerations of military prudence" and to show, in Captain Hart's admirable phrase, that "the General Bonaparte applied a theory which created an empire for him. The Emperor Napoleon developed a practice which wrecked his empire."

LEO GERSHOY

Music

What Shostakovich Adds

NOT even if you belonged to "the enemy" could you, while witnessing the lively performance of Shostakovich's opera, "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," bring yourself to deny that you were witnessing sights and sounds of a highly intelligent order. A libretto that showed its origins in the realistic novel to good advantage provided many opportunities for acting of a less remote sort than usually goes with the "music temple" of the Wagnerian tradition; and the actors responded with suppleness. The sets by Rychtarik, whose draftsmanship I remember from the old days of the *Dial*, had a gratifying architectural sturdiness. The singers were fluent, with a spontaneous coordination of voice and movement that could arise only from a firm belief in their roles. Mr. Rodzinski had trained an orchestra which, on occasion, became even sweeping in its authoritativeness. And the music itself, if not exceptional in its texture, was written with a confidence which kept a large audience constantly engrossed, for all that the richest of musical illuminations (as in the rounded song) were lacking.

The work was as topical as "Madame Bovary," and in much the same manner. And since we heard here and there the customary complaints about the intrusion of propaganda into art, and the unfeasibility of same, it might be relevant to remember that the French master of "pure art" wrote books practically all of which were redoubted at the time of their appearance for their sharp political implications. I even recall a passage in Flaubert's correspondence where we learn that a large percentage of his presentation copies went unacknowledged because, though he had become a national celebrity, bureaucratic obligations—correlating political and aesthetic alignment—made it dangerous for public figures to indorse his art lest they incidentally involve themselves in an indorsement of his social criticism. In any event, as one who is still disgruntled at the memory of how unfairly the radical critics in America treated the "aesthetic" movement when the first zest

of political criticism was on, I was pleased to see a contemporary Soviet composer following the patterns of anti-bourgeois thought quite as Flaubert had laid them down.

To restate the plot briefly: The curtain rises upon Katerina's boredom. She is Emma Bovary, victimized by her useless position, surrounded by bores and fops, and seeking to get some better quality of living out of the flimsy materials at hand. By the course of events, her pretentious husband goes away for a time and she becomes involved in a love affair with Sergei, a self-satisfied young clerk. The orchestral version of their union, imitating with progressive rapidity a movement which, if I remember my Catullus accurately, was called *argutatio lecti*, and ending in crude trombone sighs, was received by the audience with an uproar of civilized delight. But her lewd father-in-law discovers their amour, threatens to expose her; and when he flogs Sergei, Katerina poisons him. The husband returning finds Sergei's belt in the bedroom. Sergei remains in hiding until the husband starts to beat her; he then strangles the husband; and to some very doleful music they bury him in the cellar. The body is discovered just as Sergei and Katerina are to be married (and for comic interlude here, we have a somewhat obvious ridicule of the police, who move like automata, and effective belittling of the priest during the revels of the marriage scene). The last act shows a troop of convicts on the way to imprisonment in Siberia, with Katerina and Sergei among them. Sergei has lost interest in Katerina. Pleading that his feet are sore, he so touches her sympathy that she gives him her stockings, which he promptly uses to buy the favors of the prostitute Sonetka. Katerina, in anguish, seizes Sonetka and plunges with her into cold and desolate waters (Rychtarik's stark setting has helped us to know how cold and desolate they are); and the curtain falls with the convicts softly moaning in chorus as they are ferried off into the darkness across the stream, a scene which transcends its subject and suggests hardly less than the last mournful journey of the shades beyond the Styx. Snow falling—forms fading—and subsidence.

When considering Greek tragedy I have often felt that modern drama suffers an important artistic loss because there is no justification in our society for perpetuating the conventions of the tragic chorus. The chorus could pass judgment upon the course of the drama. When the Elizabethans dispensed with it as a convention surviving solely from an alien system of religion, they still had something of its prophetic equivalent in their use of witches, soothsayers, and grave meteorological portents. And as these have gone in turn, the only formal substitute I can think of is the operatic orchestra, whereby the composer can *tonally* foresee. Wagner contrives such a process somewhat bluntly in his use of the *leit-motif*, which he can introduce reminiscently or forebodingly to accompany some apparently unrelated bit of action. But Shostakovich seems to have moved a step farther. In fact, at times he almost brings us to that Chinese way of thinking whereby the orchestra grows gay to counterbalance the plot's sorrow, and vice versa. Is Katerina in dead earnest? Then let the orchestra inject a different spirit precisely at this moment. Critics have complained of the too obvious satire in Shostakovich's use of this dualistic device; and I admit that on many occasions his resources have been too rudimentary. Yet I think there is something instinctively sounder than mere musical wisecracking behind his method, that he is not merely aiming to give his orchestra the realistic or impressionistic function of restating tonally the temporary mood of the action, but is also endowing it with a very important intellectualistic task of interpretation.

One may quarrel with his specific use of this method. One may rightly discern little that is "new" in the kinds of sound that he has assembled for our entertainment. Furthermore, I found the device confusing, particularly as I must admit that

a few passages which struck me as very beautiful, in the way that the love duet of "Tristan und Isolde" might be, seem to have been written by the composer with his tongue in his cheek. (I do not consider this a very damning admission, however, since the burlesque of a manner is often but a slightly more sophisticated way of restoring the lure which that manner possesses in its own right.) But while granting the absence of "newness," and admitting that the work seems merely to consolidate technical advances made by "decadent," "bourgeois" precursors, I do hold that the opera points to a firmer kind of newness in its attempt to put forward the orchestra as independent critic of the play's action, as intellectual judge rather than mere reinforcement of mood; and I should think that this is a kind of "rational" trend which need not, like a trick, be confined to one man but could be developed by operatic composers of many different hues.

KENNETH BURKE



A VIKING PRESS PUBLICATION

THE STORY WERFEL HEARD

In the summer of 1915, 5000 Armenian men and women made history. Facing exile which meant certain death, this band of simple, peaceful country people rallied to the summit of imposing Musa Dagh (The Mountain of Moses) and there, for forty days, struggled heroically against the might of the Turkish Empire.

In 1929, Franz Werfel, standing in the shadow of Musa Dagh, heard at first hand an account of this incident of the Great War. His author's mind recognized at once an epic theme.

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For his hero he took Gabriel Bagradian, Armenian by birth, Parisian by education and inclination, who, as the story opens, returns to his native land and, with annihilation threatening his race, leads these 5000 peaceful villagers up the slopes of Musa Dagh, to resist until death the Turks led by their war lord, Enver Pasha.

Simply, clearly, Werfel tells how the courageous little band dug themselves in, organized for battle, arranged a strange communal life, and, from a rock jutting out over the sea, flung a banner: "Christians in Need".

In prose which keeps pace with the excitement of his story, Werfel describes the mounting suspense of those forty days of constant struggle against the Turks, starvation and internal strife.

As for the overpowering climax, only Werfel can recount the happenings of that fortieth day when the Turkish forces gather for a final not-to-be-denied onslaught, and Gabriel, standing among the remnants of his decimated forces, hears the sound that rose from off the sea. . . .

Early last year, *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* was published in Europe. Quickly the word spread that here was a work of literature worthy to rank with the truly great novels of our time. Since reaching America just before Christmas, it has won the endorsement of four book clubs and a critical reception of unique proportions. In ten weeks it has sold more copies than any other novel published within the last year. Today, it is talked of throughout America. Every day, hundreds of new readers discover its excitement. 832 pages. \$3.00.

THE FORTY

DAYS OF

MUSA DAGH

by FRANZ WERFEL

Films

"Pictorial Journalism"

IT has long been the opinion of patient film-goers, exposed year after year to the same monotonous round of baby parades in Atlantic City, Kentucky Derbies, battleships undergoing baptism, and smiling contests by the Roosevelts, that something drastic should be done about the newsreel. Not only are the events selected for recording usually lacking in any kind of significance, but the photography is without distinction and the editing innocent of either wit or intention. It was with considerable hopefulness, therefore, that I attended the first issue of "The March of Time," which has just appeared after more than a year of experimental work on the part of its producers. According to the editors of *Time* and *Fortune*, who are responsible for the enterprise, this new feature is to bear the same relation to the ordinary newsreel that the weekly news magazine bears to the daily newspaper. It is to be designated by the somewhat high-sounding label of "pictorial journalism." Another and perhaps more important variation from the old-fashioned newsreel is its supplementing of actual shots with studio-enacted scenes wherever these are necessary for the proper interpretation of recent events.

For its initial table of contents "March of Time" has chosen a heterogeneous collection of items: a New York speak-easy before and after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; a back-stage glimpse of Gatti-Casazza on his last opening night as director of the Metropolitan; a small employer's test case against the NRA; the refusal of an American motorist in France to pay a fine in protest against the failure of that country to settle its war debts; and the domestic life of Prince Saionji, the last of the elder statesmen of Japan. Any criticism of this offering must of course be tempered by the consideration that it is after all an experiment, a venture in a form of journalism that has never before been attempted. Improvement of a technical sort—in photography, in montage, and in the enacting of the staged scenes—is bound to take place when the enterprise loses some of its novelty. At present the new feature is in all these departments somewhat below the level of both the ordinary newsreel and the regular Hollywood enacted film. A more fundamental query concerns itself with the question of how feasible it is, in view of the present state of the public mind, to attempt to bring a truly "interpretative" or critical attitude to the screen. Sooner or later the producers will be forced to recognize the distinction between a news magazine, like *Time* or the *Literary Digest*, and a journal of opinion, like *The Nation* or the *New Republic*. And the moment that they realize the hazards which the latter choice would involve they will undoubtedly be forced to turn out a product which is not essentially very different from the old-fashioned newsreel. The choice is clearly between bare presentation and critical interpretation of the news; and only the most sanguine optimism can persuade anyone that the great motion-picture audience is ready for the latter.

For admirers of Leslie Howard, especially for those who have recently seen him in Mr. Sherwood's "Petrified Forest" on the New York stage, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Radio City Music Hall) will justify itself as providing the richest role that he has yet been assigned on the screen. Based on the Baroness Orczy's none too credible account of a band of young Englishmen who devoted themselves to rescuing French noblemen from the guillotine during the Terror, this newest importation from the British studios is certain to displease the historically informed spectator who does not feel that Robespierre was a

butcher or that the common people were a pack of depraved animals. Nor will the shameless appropriation of certain theatrical effects from earlier dramas—the knitting women by the guillotine out of "Tale of Two Cities," the episode of the Prince Regent and the tailor out of "Beau Brummel," and the recitation of the celebrated "this England" speech from "Henry V"—add much to one's enjoyment. But on the other hand the film is well directed; it has been elegantly mounted by Alexander Korda; and the eighteenth-century backgrounds are rendered with a miraculous rightness of details and effect. Mr. Howard, as the English nobleman who disguises himself as a loquacious fop in order to distract attention from his expeditions in behalf of the condemned French aristocracy, has the kind of role which is a test for any actor, the kind of fourth-dimensional role, if the term may be used, in which the actor is required to play a part within a part. And his success confirms the belief that he is one of the few players on stage or screen who possess the sort of detachment toward their materials which is the mark of the authentic artist.

WILLIAM TROY

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Joseph Wood Krutch will resume his
 drama column in the next issue

NEXT WEEK

Lincoln Kirstein will contribute a review of
American Dancers including Doris Humphries,
 Charles Weidman, Martha Graham and
 Agnes de Mille.



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FOUNDED 1865

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THE SUPREME COURT'S decision on the gold cases is the more heartening to the Administration because it was not fully expected. Although it had generally been taken for granted that the court would uphold the right of Congress to abrogate the gold clause in private contracts, there was much uncertainty regarding the ruling on the government's own obligations. By declaring that Congress lacked the power to invalidate the clause in its own bonds and at the same time ruling that owners of the bonds were powerless to force the government to make payment in gold, the court has found legal grounds for dismissing all claims for alleged losses resulting from the revaluation of the dollar. While to many persons this will seem to be a subterfuge unworthy of the highest court in the land, it serves the purpose of giving final legal sanction to the government's action quite as well as any other decision could have done. In this sense it may be taken as one more indication of the court's growing sense of social responsibility. The only regret is that the court could not have followed the precedent established by ex-Justice Holmes and based its decision frankly on social rather than merely legal considerations. But even as it stands the ruling indicates that the Administration has little to fear regarding the remainder of the New Deal legislation. Although the abrogation of the gold clause was by no means the most funda-

mental step in the Administration's program, it was one of the most difficult to defend on constitutional grounds. With this obstacle surmounted, there is no longer an excuse for timidity and procrastination in formulating policies to meet the needs of the day.

WHEN JUSTICE McREYNOLDS, in expressing his dissent, declared the Constitution to be "gone," he vividly characterized the difference between this ruling and the narrow legalistic position which the court has frequently taken in the past. The bitterness with which the four dissenting justices assailed the decision serves as a disquieting reminder of how easily the die might have fallen the other way. With all due regard for the sincerity and integrity of the court, the fact remains that the intellectual bias of individual justices may become the determining factor in the decision. This has been so patent in recent years that the opinion of certain justices has been confidently foretold, the final decision being in the hands of two or three men whose social philosophy is not so clearly formulated. We may applaud the court's action in this particular instance, yet be more than ever convinced of the undesirability of having legislation subject to the review of the judiciary. It is largely accidental that the court is dominated at present by justices who are described as liberal. Otherwise the New Deal legislation as a whole might have been outlawed. There is but one protection against such a disastrous possibility—a constitutional amendment depriving the Supreme Court of its self-arrogated right to invalidate legislation duly enacted by Congress.

THE GERMAN REPLY to the Anglo-French note of February 3 is a masterpiece of skilful diplomacy, but disappointing to those who had hoped that the Reich might be maneuvered back into the League merely by an *ex post facto* recognition of the legality of its rearmament. Although conciliatory in tone, the reply is essentially a notice to the powers that Germany will not accept anything which is not clearly in its interest. It welcomes discussion of the proposed aviation convention, both because this implies tacit recognition of the legality of the German air force and out of fear lest England, France, and Italy conclude a three-power pact against the Reich. But beyond this there is not the slightest evidence that Hitler has modified his position either on rearmament or on collective security. The German government goes out of its way to reiterate its traditional contention that the threatened armament race arises from "the abandonment by the heavily armed states of disarmament as prescribed by the treaties." It ignores the Eastern Locarno and gives no indication of a willingness to reopen the larger questions of European disarmament. Most disturbing of all is the deliberate snubbing of France in the suggestion of an early interchange of views between Britain and Germany. While this rather clumsy effort to drive a wedge between the allied powers is not likely to succeed, it has aroused such resentment in France as virtually to eliminate the possibility of an early settlement.

A NEW GENERAL has risen on the Washington horizon, like General Johnson a man with a worthy army record capped by experience in big business. He is Brigadier General Robert E. Wood (retired), and the President has chosen him chairman of the committee to advise on the spending of the four-billion-dollar public-works fund. He is president of Sears, Roebuck, and director of two banks and a railroad. He is not a newcomer to Washington, having been an associate on the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA with Gerard Swope, Walter Teagle, and Pierre du Pont, and is a member of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA. His choice as spender-in-chief indicates the rise of the right wing of the President's Cabinet, since he bears the hallmark of Secretary Roper and is one of the big shots in the new business lobby which is to advise the Administration. If he makes a name for himself in the new task he might look forward to filling the shoes of dictatorship at the NRA left empty by General Johnson. It has been denied that he is in line for the revived office of administrator, or that the five-man board is to go. But the denial really means that the suggestion is premature. General Wood's army career includes fighting in the Philippine insurrection, useful service in the construction of the Panama Canal, and important duties in the World War. He was acting quartermaster general in 1918-19. His business affiliations have been chiefly with mail-order houses and that has made him an expert on the mentality of farmers. On labor questions the opinion in Washington is that he stands much to the right of General Johnson.

THE FASCIST PLOT revealed by General Smedley Butler to the so-called Dickstein committee, and received with derision by most of the leading newspapers of this democracy, was given official authentication in the committee's report to Congress. "There is no question," it says, "that these [fascist] attempts were discussed, were planned, and might have been placed in execution when and if the financial backers deemed it expedient." Suppressed portions of the Butler testimony should now be published. The *New Masses* supplies its version of the suppressions and includes many important names—the du Ponts, Al Smith, Hugh Johnson, Douglas MacArthur, Hanford MacNider, and in particular the American Liberty League. It is plain that the committee bungled into the inner privacy of some of our most respectable financial and political gentlemen and was at pains not to pursue its investigation to a logical conclusion. Instead, its recommendations deal with the need for registering foreign propagandists, deporting them if need be, and outlawing disobedience by members of our armed forces. It ends with a demand for legislation making it unlawful to advocate overthrow of government by force. Advocacy of violence thus would become criminal, but high financial strategists could plot it with impunity. For our part we believed the Butler story at the time chiefly because it bore out our conception of the inanity of the financial mind in the realms of revolutionary conspiracy. Fascism, if it comes, will not be cooked up in Wall Street. It will be a pseudo-radical movement with a popular following, which Wall Street will eventually see the wisdom of supporting. We are much more frightened by Father Coughlin and Huey Long than by the brokers who were set to bait the trap for General Butler.

THE HAUPTMANN TRIAL is over—and the American public may recover as best it can from a glut of vicarious emotional excitement ranging from a mother's grief over her lost child to a convict's terror of the electric chair. The story of the kidnapping and its aftermath is an extremely dramatic one and we should be the last to deny its fascination or condescend to those who find it interesting. But it is also true that one by one every simple human response has been distended and distorted into monstrous shapes of unreality; day by day legitimate human curiosity has been whipped into a craving for ever larger doses of the yellow drug dispensed by press and radio, culminating on the last day of the trial in a blood lust that brought a screaming mob to the white courthouse in Flemington and even found its way into the summation of the state's attorney, Mr. Wilentz, who proclaimed himself the leader of the mob outside when he stood before his victim and uttered these words: "He will be thawed out, he is cold, yes, he will be thawed out when he hears that switch . . ." But Mr. Wilentz, whose political ambitions are everybody's secret, was only one of hundreds who hitched their personal sideshows to the weird circus at Flemington, until the legal proceeding itself became merely another sideshow, and the central issue of a man's guilt or innocence, his life or death, became the pin point on which thousands of newspapermen, special writers, radio announcers, public officials, and mere citizens danced for a populace which had been rendered insatiable. The tale of their excesses would surely read, to the proverbial man from Mars, like the record of a society gone berserk on an unheard-of scale.

IF ANY NEW EVIDENCE was needed to support *The Nation's* charges that the Casa Italiana at Columbia University is under fascist control, it was furnished on Monday, February 11, when a reception was held there in honor of Dr. George M. Ryan, president of the New York City Board of Education. Dr. Ryan on his recent return from Italy had candidly informed the New York press that he was "full of enthusiasm" for Italian education and wished that its methods could be applied in the United States. Only the week before the reception Giuseppe Prezzolini, director of the Casa, had been accused publicly of being a fascist spy, a member of the Opera Volontaria Repressione Anti-fascista. This charge was made by Girolamo Valenti, editor of *La Stampa Libera*, an independent New York Italian newspaper, and has so far not been denied by Prezzolini, who merely declares that he knows "nothing at all about the case." The Graduate Club of Italian Studies had previously withdrawn from the Casa because Prezzolini refused to cooperate in an invitation to Professor Salvemini of Harvard, distinguished historian and anti-fascist. This refusal, as *The Nation* pointed out, was a clear proof of the Casa's continued discrimination against anti-fascists. Yet Dr. Ryan, in return for his support of Mussolini's educational methods, was the recipient of an official reception at the Casa. How did the Casa dare expose itself to further attack by such a gesture? The answer is that the reception to Dr. Ryan was ordered by Italian government authorities in New York, who themselves were under direct orders from Rome. Prezzolini, in spite of the serious charges standing against him, could not refuse.

OSCAR G. JOHNSTON, general manager of the cotton producers' pool of the AAA, is shortly to depart for Europe to explore the possibilities of a world-wide stabilization of cotton production. This is a belated recognition of the impracticability of a strictly national solution of another of our so-called domestic problems. If there is any important commodity in which a purely national policy appears justified, it is cotton. Prior to the depression this country had a virtual strangle-hold on the market, producing approximately three-fifths of the world's supply. During the early years of the crisis the volume of demand remained relatively stable, but the price declined catastrophically along with that of other basic commodities. To meet this crisis the Roosevelt Administration subsidized the farmers to reduce production, and stimulated a marked rise in prices. While the effect has been temporarily beneficial for the majority of producers, it has encouraged foreign cotton growers to increase their output by an amount which is almost identical with the extent of curtailment in the United States. As a result of the relatively high price of American cotton, exports have declined nearly 50 per cent in volume in a year, leaving the United States with a large surplus for which there is no market. To meet the new crisis by further crop reduction would obviously be suicidal; we must either adjust our costs to those of the outside world—which means reduced incomes for cotton growers—or seek an international agreement which would extend the benefits of regulation on a world-wide basis.

RATIFICATION of the child-labor amendment by four states—Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Indiana—since the first of the year brings the total to twenty-four, two-thirds of the number required to place it in the Constitution. From now on, however, the amendment will have much harder going on its trip through the legislatures. This becomes clearly evident if one checks the states which have ratified against the child-labor chart in Children's Bureau Publication No. 197, "Child Labor: Facts and Figures." Of the ten states which have the fewest children per thousand of population fourteen and fifteen years of age engaged in agricultural and non-agricultural occupations, nine—Ohio, California, Indiana, Michigan, Maine, Washington, New Hampshire, Illinois, and Idaho—have approved the amendment. Six of the ten next best from the standpoint of child-labor conditions—Utah, Minnesota, West Virginia, Montana, Oregon, and Wyoming—have ratified. Of the third best group, eight states—Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Iowa, North Dakota, Arizona, New Jersey, Oklahoma, and Colorado—have acted favorably. Thus, while there is a chance that the amendment will receive some further support in the states with the better child-labor records, its fate will depend chiefly on the states at the bottom of the list—from Connecticut and Missouri, which have eighty-eight children at work for every one thousand in the population fourteen and fifteen years of age, on down to Mississippi, which has more than three hundred per thousand. The one shining exception among states with poor child-labor conditions is Arkansas, the thirty-second on the list, which curiously enough, was the first state to ratify the amendment eleven years ago. The fact that the amendment has been ratified by the states with the best records and rejected by those with the worst, for the most part Southern states, is

all the answer needed to the pious profession of the opponents of the amendment that the states can be relied on to enact suitable remedial laws.

WHAT IS WRONG with the A. F. of L. was abundantly demonstrated by Mr. Tighe's recent purge of the rank-and-file leaders from the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers. It was charged (1) that the rank-and-file leaders were arrant reds, downright Communists; and (2) that they had been paid by the steel employers to split the union. How, in fact, have the rank-and-file leaders sinned? They see in the mass of iron-and-steel workers a group of wage-earners ripe for organization. They propose to carry out the organizational task by a vigorous recognition campaign supplemented by a general strike call. They see through the mockery of the Steel Labor Board, which has never used its powers until too late. They draw back in disgust from the lethargic tactics of the incredible Mr. Tighe, who belongs in an old men's home rather than at the head of the iron-and-steel workers' union. They seek to replace the present leadership with a new, vigorous leadership which will not shrink from militant action. Mr. Tighe's reactions are understandable: he likes his job; he likes the slumbers of the pre-code days; he likes to conserve the financial resources and the spiritual energy of the union. Why undertake to "organize the unorganized" in iron and steel, when that may destroy the system whereby the employers have tolerated the Amalgamated in a few skilled crafts in a few sheet mills? That Mr. Tighe is acting altogether on his own initiative, however, is doubtful. His move is probably the first step in a general A. F. of L. program of "mopping up the reds," a program agreed upon by the Executive Council at Atlantic City in 1934.

CLEVELAND, like several other large cities, is in the throes of a red scare, this time without the direct assistance of Mr. Hearst. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and the Associated Industries have issued a report revealing the existence of a "Secret Seven" who represent the city's "better elements" in mortal combat against "subversive activities." This document denounces the activities of "reds," "pinks," and "liberals," and discloses preparations for putting down an expected "rebellion." It also declares that trade chambers in other cities are planning similar action. The report naturally aroused derisive laughter when it appeared, but two days later the Cuyahoga County commander of the American Legion admitted that Legion posts were drilling in uniform for this rebellion-breaking service, and added that arms were easily accessible. The laughter died away. The anti-red program was read again, with its proposal to outlaw Communists and their literature, to suppress "intellectual pinks" by prosecution under the Ohio criminal-syndicalism law, and to carry the fight to schools and churches by a public-education campaign. Cleveland labor has been aroused by the "Secret Seven" and has joined with liberal forces in a counter-offensive. The City Council has ordered an investigation of the Chamber of Commerce's activities, and measures have been introduced in the state legislature to repeal the war-time sedition law. The Nazi-like tendencies in Cleveland have been unearthed in time and are apparently being scotched; it is to be hoped that other cities will profit by the example.

A Vestige of the New Deal

THE reform of the Federal Reserve system proposed in the Banking Bill of 1935 goes far enough to infuriate the conservative banking interests but not nearly far enough to satisfy those who want open-faced government banking. The bill can be described as a belated recognition of the truth that money is not only cash but also checking deposits in commercial banks. The government already regulates the conditions under which cash can be issued, but the amount of checking deposits, if left to banking supervision, can be varied without regard to the public welfare. The bulk of our money supply today is about twenty-four billion dollars, nearly nineteen billions of it in checking accounts. It is a truism that a change in the amount of available money affects business activity. The effect is not one to be simply calculated, and it varies in varying circumstances. But all the monetary theories agree that the amount of money is a concern of the greatest moment to the whole community. Hence, the responsibility for the amount of money should rest with those charged with defending the public good. Under the original Federal Reserve system the government was without any control whatever. The prime consideration of the system was to make sure that all reasonable demands for loans could be met. The original act did not provide a direct means for regulating the amount of money, and such practice as has grown up to change the amount has been uncertain and slow. The main purpose of the new bill is to give the government direct control.

Stated in this way the case for the bill in an inflexible economic system is unanswerable except to those who do not believe that government can govern. There are those who obstinately contend that bankers are better servants of the people than politicians. The record of politicians may be poor enough, but the bankers are in a bad stance to say they would do better. Between 1929 and 1933, when the national income was being cut in half by deflation, the supply of deposit money decreased by about one-third. So far as the bankers were concerned that was all part of the game. In a deflation, that would be one of the consequences. Banks would fail, wiping out deposits; deposits would be withdrawn for hoarding; and loans to the banks would be called. It did not occur to them that without money the nation could not fight the deflation, and was bound to lose and continue to lose its income. Or if it occurred to them, they saw no way for bankers to change the laws of deflation, sacred as the very laws of nature. Bankers had the power to increase the supply of deposit money but they did not have the statesmanship to use it. That is not a criticism of bankers, for it is not their role to be statesmen. But it is the role of the state to control its own destiny. The old-fashioned people, led by Senator Carter Glass, would be plausible in opposing this shift of economic power to the state as trustee of the people if we still lived in an age of old-fashioned capitalism. A completely flexible capitalist system would take care of inflations and deflations quickly. But it could do so only if capitalists accepted their losses promptly, if wages could fall quickly, and if the state did not come indiscriminately to the rescue of credit institutions

with loans. Flexible capitalism has ceased to exist, and with our excess of gold the automatic nature of control has vanished.

The monetary reformers are not satisfied with this bill because it does not go far enough. It does not even define what the aim of the new governmental power shall be. Shall it be stability? Then, they ask, let the bill state it, so that the power will surely be used to maintain a stable price level. But most of them would prefer straightaway government banking. The checking services of the commercial banks could be performed cheaply by the post office, down to the smallest hamlet. The loan services could be performed by state institutions. And since what they really want is the social control of credit, they see no reason for halting far from the goal. The argument that the state cannot control credit for the common good, and that bankers can control it better, is a poor one, since it relies on bankers being disinterested and the public not knowing its own needs. Bankers are biased in favor of high interest rates. To expect disinterestedness from them is an absurdity.

A good deal of talk is heard these days about the "100 per cent principle," advocated by one school of liberal economists. By this banks would keep 100 per cent assets to cover deposits. That would make them into straight deposit institutions, and their loan functions then would pass to investment trusts. The proposal is made by Professor Henry C. Simons in a widely discussed pamphlet, "A Positive Program for Laissez Faire," issued by the University of Chicago Press. Professor Simons is a black pessimist about saving the capitalist system, and believes it and democracy are doomed unless some fairly revolutionary steps are taken. He would nationalize all business which cannot be made competitive, like the railroads and the public utilities. Then he would ruthlessly break up all monopolies and make the forming of monopolies the great social sin. In monopolies he includes trade unions. He would remove tariffs, and he cannot see how capitalism can be saved without the adoption of social taxation. If this program is all that can save democracy, the role of the President in history will after all be that of a Kerensky. Only fascism rather than communism is the likelier next step here. We cannot imagine the President or Congress accepting a fraction of Professor Simons's reforms at this time. But we agree that the new banking bill is not enough, and we too are frightened by the failure of the Administration to make a beginning of social taxation. But so far as it goes, we have no criticism to make of the new legislation. Governor Marriner Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, who devised it, has at least divested himself of the traditional "banker's outlook." The New Deal has been much curtailed in the last months. The shift in economic power from the few to the many is not going to be realized in industry; if anything, employer strength is being increased and monopolistic tendencies are being fortified. Social control over money is good as far as it goes and control over credit should follow. This and the probable gradual socialization of electric power appear to us the remaining vestiges of the brave program the President once sponsored.

Italian Sword-Rattling

THE dispatch of two fully equipped divisions of the Italian army to Africa has again aroused fear lest Mussolini is planning the seizure and partition of Abyssinia. This development is the more disquieting because three weeks ago it appeared that the combined pressure of the powers at the League Council had forced Rome to abandon its insistence on an apology and an indemnity. A new incident near Ualual, only slightly less serious than the earlier one, has been seized upon as occasion for a renewal of all the original demands. As in the previous clashes, each side has charged the other with responsibility for the attack, but since the territory itself is in dispute it is virtually impossible to determine the aggressor. It is significant, however, that in each case Abyssinian losses have been far greater than those of Italy.

A further complication has arisen from Abyssinia's proud intransigence in the face of overwhelming odds. Resting on the memory of his country's sensational victory over Italy in 1896, Emperor Haile Selassie has stood his ground and asked for arbitration, apparently unimpressed by the indubitable superiority of the Fascist army. He has done so even though recent events have made it clear that Abyssinia cannot count on the support of any of the major European powers. While Italy is bound by the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris not to wage war on Abyssinia, nothing more than a formal objection will be raised to a "punitive expedition" such as Japan sent against China three years ago. France, the traditional ally and protector of the African state, is apparently committed by the recent Rome agreement to give Italy a free hand, while Britain's interests appear to lie definitely on the side of Italy. The attitude of these two countries has been so obviously pro-Italian as to revive the rumor that the three powers have entered into a definite agreement along the lines of the 1915 treaty for the partition of Abyssinia, with the largest portion going to Italy as compensation for its failure to receive colonies at the close of the World War. It is possible, of course, that Il Duce is only blustering, but it seems unlikely that he would go to the trouble and expense of extensive mobilization merely for effect.

At first thought the United States would seem to be practically helpless to aid Abyssinia even if it desired to do so. It is not a member of the League, it is not committed by any multilateral pact to protect the integrity of Ethiopia, and it has no important commercial interests in that part of Africa. Yet precisely because it has no such political or economic entanglements it is in a peculiarly favorable position to exert moral influence against the sort of territorial brigandage which all nations have renounced in principle. The Kellogg Pact still stands as the supreme law of the nations. It has been violated and trampled upon by certain countries, but never without censure. This is the first time that a great European power has threatened to destroy the very existence of another sovereign state, signatory to that treaty. Irrespective of our recent isolationist tendencies, it would seem obvious that we have a very special responsibility as sponsor of the pact. If it becomes clear that actual warfare is threatened, there are several steps which could

be taken, none of them involving the use of force. We might dispatch a strong note to both governments calling attention to the threatened breach of their agreement and suggesting mediation; and we might follow this with a summons to all the signatory nations for an immediate conference to discuss means of peaceful settlement. If these measures failed it would be possible under the recent arms legislation to obtain an embargo on the sale of arms to the aggressor nation. These steps may sound weak in view of the failure of the League's attempt at moral suasion in the Manchurian crisis, but in this particular instance the one thing that the powers least desire is open discussion of the matter. If the United States took the leadership in forcing such a discussion, it is quite possible that some way would suddenly be discovered whereby the controversy could be settled.

The Wolman Elections

THE protests of the American Federation of Labor against the Automobile Labor Board and its elections in Detroit have been dismissed in Administration circles as an example of sour grapes. Donald Richberg has told the Federation that it cannot expect to have any part in negotiating the terms for extension of the automobile code since the early returns from Detroit gave it only 5 per cent of the workers, while from 80 to 90 per cent registered themselves as unaffiliated. Just how are these elections conducted? Do they promote collective bargaining? Why have they been boycotted by organized labor?

The workers in each department of a plant are asked to nominate by ballot a man or woman to represent them. The worker may add the name of the organization to which his nominee belongs. In each department the two workers receiving the highest number of nominations are asked to be candidates in the election; they are also asked what organization labels, if any, they wish put after their names. The winners in the elections then constitute the plant committee. If the A. F. of L. is designated on, say, 10 per cent of the nominating ballots in a plant and the committee has nine or ten members, the board notes whether any elected member ran under the label of the A. F. of L.; if not, it adds to the committee the A. F. of L. candidate receiving the largest number of votes, thus securing "proportional representation."

In the first place, the Federation contends, it is an election of individuals, not of organizations, differing in this respect from other government-supervised elections. Conceivably, such an election of individuals could be a real battle between organizations. A union might pick candidates in each district, specifically instruct all its members to nominate these candidates and designate the organization; the union might also try to get the same specific instructions to workers who are merely sympathizers. But only by some such cumbersome procedure could the union get a complete count of its strength. It is not only unable to nominate its representatives directly, but it cannot prevent anyone who wants to from running as its representative. Such a "union" candidate, or even a real union member, may owe his election to non-union votes in his department. In any case the union has no control over him. His depart-

ment, which he is supposed to represent, has no control either, since the board has made no provision for recall and has set up no procedure by which a department may instruct its elected representative. Under this arrangement, which places all the emphasis on the individual, there is no incentive for the workers to register their affiliation with a company union, the Federation, or any other organization. Any bargain the committee might conceivably make with the company would be based on the decision of its individual members. This is not collective bargaining. It is much closer to Mussolini's system of workers' syndicates.

Another important reason for the boycott lies in the fact that the works council, or "government union," which the Wolman board contemplates would have no more economic strength than a company union. It might adjust many grievances, since the company would find it judicious to cooperate, but it would not "represent" the workers, affiliated or unaffiliated, in the sense that they are represented by a union which is geared for strikes.

Why did almost all the men vote? Contrary to general practice, the elections were held *in the plants, during working hours*. In most cases the production lines were shut down so that the men could vote. The foreman—whom the NRA report paints as a powerful figure—could easily take note of any man who failed to vote. Also, the board sent its agent around to urge those who had not voted to do so. Only the reckless few would refuse.

Elections were devised as a sort of substitute for strikes. The present government policy in the automobile industry leaves labor only the strike as a substitute for elections.

Do the Justices Own Gold-Clause Bonds?

PROFESSOR CHARLES A. BEARD in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" has analyzed the interests which motivated the men who framed the Constitution and brought about its adoption. "The members of the Philadelphia Convention," he says, "were, with a few exceptions, immediately, directly, and personally interested in, and derived economic advantages from, the establishment of the new system." A hundred years from now, or sooner, some scholar following in Dr. Beard's footsteps will doubtless write a similar interpretation of the opinions of the United States Supreme Court. He will discuss our curious system of government by judicial decision, will interpret from the point of view of economic determinism the record of legislative acts sustained and outlawed, and will analyze the personal interests of our distinguished line of supreme jurists. He will find plenty of material in the social and business background of the judges to support a theory of economic motivation; but he will also find an impressive record of individual probity. It has been the habit of the judges not only to divest themselves before taking office of all possible economic connections which might impair their judicial impartiality but also to disqualify themselves from passing on specific cases in which, by reason of family or business or professional relationships, past or present, they might be

suspected of any tinge of personal interest. In doing this the justices of the Supreme Court have acted according to the accepted dictates of the common law as well as many judicial decisions governing the disqualification of judges in lower courts. But then our future Professor Beard would stumble on the perplexing fact that in one of its most important cases, a case involving the constitutionality of acts abrogating the gold clauses in private contracts and government securities, the court proceeded to render a decision in spite of the obvious possibility that its members had a direct pecuniary interest in the outcome.

Under our present law it would be impertinent to ask whether any members of the court own Liberty bonds or other bonds containing the gold clause. But it is not impertinent to suppose for the purpose of this discussion that this is the case. The general assumption that before ascending the bench the justices divest themselves of the ownership of common or preferred stocks makes it highly probable that government and other bonds affected by the decision in the present cases form at least a part of their personal holdings. If this is so, can it be doubted that under a strict application of their own past rulings, any justices holding such bonds would have been disqualified from passing on the present cases? Perhaps the question sounds unduly legalistic. If the Supreme Court was not qualified to pass on the gold-clause cases, what body was? Must we appoint a bench composed of men without property in order to get a qualified decision? Or should the court have refused to review the decision of the lower court? *The Nation* would not drive the argument to any such ultimate absurdity. Under our existing legislative-judicial system it was necessary that the case be decided by a supreme tribunal. And we are not prepared at the moment to advocate a law prohibiting judges from accumulating and investing private fortunes. But neither are we so trustful as to believe that any set of men can fail to be affected, unconsciously if not knowingly, by their personal financial interests. It is an ancient legal maxim, founded in good morals, that no man should be judge in his own case.

The dilemma created by the gold-clause cases must have been in the mind of every member of the Supreme Bench. Undoubtedly the court dismissed the question of possible self-disqualification by invoking what is conveniently known as "the doctrine of necessity." Technical rules and the subtler sanctions of judicial ethics had to give way to the obvious need of a final adjudication. With this probable conclusion we have no quarrel. Our immediate concern is not with the question whether individual justices who may hold gold-clause bonds should have been disqualified. On the contrary we believe that the court was called upon to render an opinion. But in doing so the justices would have rendered a service by stating whether and to what extent they hold securities whose values might have been affected by their decision.

Nor is this all. We believe that the probable existence of a pecuniary interest on the part of the justices in a case on which they must none the less pass points to the need of federal and state laws which will make it obligatory upon all judges to disclose at regular intervals their personal security holdings. This practice would protect the judiciary from suspicion and embarrassment as it would the public from the possibility of hidden reasons for judicial bias.

Issues and Men

England's New Ship Subsidies

THE news that England has again followed the bad example of other nations and passed an act subsidizing the owners of tramp steamers to the tune of \$10,000,000 in 1935 is enough to make the leaders of the historic Manchester School turn in their graves. This is not parceling out money to steamships with regular sailings like the White Star-Cunard or the Royal Mail or the Castle Line. It is giving government aid to those venturesome shipowners who from time immemorial have had their ships range the seas picking up a cargo here, a half-load there, sometimes going around the world before returning to their home port. The very man who engineered this subsidy, Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade, bears the name of a family long famous in this sort of ocean trade. For at least one hundred and fifty years Runcimans have sent their ships out over the seven seas and kept pace with all the changes, from lumbering old armed brigs and East Indiamen, to clippers, to steamships, and now to oil-burning cargo vessels. His father and grandfather would have been shocked indeed at the suggestion that all the taxpayers of Great Britain should help them out in their trade. They could stand on their own feet, thank you. They had built up a magnificent organization, decade after decade. They had great technical skill and vast knowledge of world maritime conditions and knew all the tricks of the trade. That was the British government's chief reason for seeing that the technical staffs of these great shipping companies were not destroyed by the World War; it wanted them on hand after the war to pick up all the trade the Germans were to lose. Only in our own clipper-ship era from 1840 to 1861 were these British shipowners seriously challenged. Then the Yankee skippers outsailed them and out-bargained them, and turned their ships around in foreign ports in half the time of anybody else. For generations, of course, there has been real competition from Scandinavian shipowners, among whom, also, the continuing knowledge of the sea and its trade passed, in accumulating measure, from one generation to the other.

But now England has fallen from grace and gone a step farther than most other countries. We have built up line after line of regular passenger and freight ships by what are falsely called mail subsidies, paying ridiculous sums—no less than \$300,000 in one case for the transportation of *four pounds of mail*—to lines for which there was no demand, which cannot possibly stand on their own feet, and which on the existing evidence will never be able to stand on their own feet. Our Postmaster General has finally revolted against this barefaced "honest graft" and a new outright subsidy scheme is scheduled to appear in Congress any day. We now pay out annually some \$25,000,000, France pays about the same amount, Italy \$15,000,000, and Japan \$5,000,000. Just what Hitler is paying out to keep the German lines from collapsing it is hard to discover, particularly as there are constant shifts in the set-up; the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American companies, after

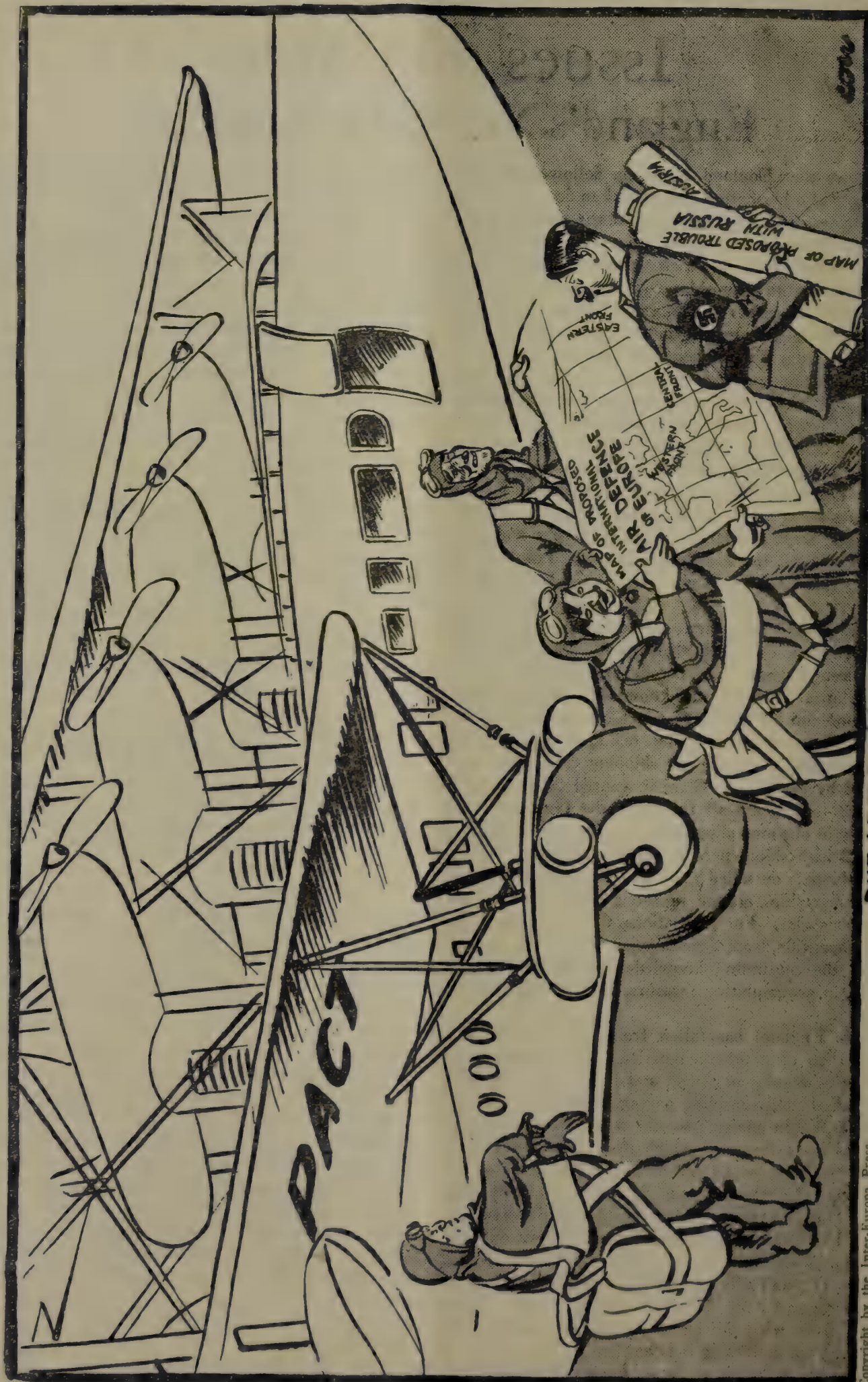
having been firmly married a year or so ago, have just been half-divorced. The British government has heretofore been content to advance money for shipbuilding, as it did years ago for the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania* and is doing now for the *Queen Mary*. Of course Mr. Runciman's aid to tramps carries with it the stipulation that hopelessly antiquated freighters are to be scrapped and new and speedy ones built, and the owners have had to promise to cooperate for the good of all. But there the fact is—the National Government, which denounces everything socialistic, has begun to mix in private business in a way which usually leads to rigid control if not eventually to government ownership.

How insane it all is! Under the pretext that we must have a great merchant fleet to stand behind our navy in the next war we crowd the seas with ships that are economically unnecessary and, as Congressional inquiry has shown, are extravagantly and inefficiently run. The American taxpayers pay the bill. This in turn arouses bitter feelings in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan, and the shipowners in those countries demand that their governments be just as "wise" and "helpful" as the American—and then their subsidies go up. It is all part of the world's crazy nationalism, so tremendously fostered by the World War. The pretense that American goods must be carried in American bottoms, French in French, English in English, is pure bunkum. We had no merchant fleet from 1865 to 1917, and not thrice in that long period were we really pinched by high rates and a dearth of available ships. Such losses as we had in 1914-15 would bear an interesting relationship to the sums we have squandered needlessly since we built our war fleet and began our subsidy policy.

The most serious feature of this kind of government aid is that it creates vested interests which speedily become intrenched and very powerful. Mr. Runciman, of course, assures the British public that this aid to shipping is only for a short time, that it is necessary because of disturbed world trade conditions. But those shipowners who profit will never willingly admit that trade conditions have become right for them again or that they can get on without Treasury aid. Our American shipbuilders and shipping men are already a dangerously powerful crowd—with the army and navy squarely behind them. Our tariff vested interests have dictated our economic life ever since 1880. England, too, will find how difficult it is to stop giving out government pap, if it ever tries to end its present tariffs. As to the ships, the Allies found no difficulty whatever in handling the fleets of the world as one in 1917-18, and supplying to every country, allied or neutral, its needed quota. Would not sane and sound statesmen bring about a similar pooling—plus a wise limitation of fleets—at least until this world economic crisis is over?

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



BUT ADOLF HAS SOME MAPS, TOO.

Pursuing a Prevarication

Washington, February 18

AT the time the automobile code was amended by the President, Mr. Richberg told the newspapermen that labor had been consulted. But beyond this generalization he would not go. Labor leaders, in particular Mr. Green, denied that they had been consulted. In reporting on this I assumed that Mr. Richberg was referring to some letters written by labor representatives to the White House as though they constituted a consultation and I called this a prevarication. I have been taken to task for this by Mr. Richberg, and quite rightly so. If there was a prevarication it was not Mr. Richberg's, and I withdraw the word as applying to him.

Mr. Richberg had been authorized to announce that labor had been consulted, and he believed it had. He believed the person consulted was William Green, president of the A. F. of L. With this fact to elucidate, I approached Mr. Green. He repeated his denial that he had been consulted. I explained that somewhere there was either a misunderstanding or a prevarication. Was it not possible, I asked, that the President had sent someone to him to tell him about the automobile code, and that he had consulted with this person not knowing it was an official consultation? No, said Mr. Green. What had happened was that he had discussed with Miss Perkins what labor wanted in the automobile code if it were extended. But it was not a consultation on the settlement which was adopted. Mr. Green was not told any of the terms of that settlement. He actually waited about, expecting to be called to the White House for consultation, and ultimately he learned the terms after the President had himself made the settlement and let it be announced.

Since Miss Perkins was out of town during the weekend, I could not question her. But from reliable quarters I learn that Mr. Green's account of his conference with her is correct. He met with her on Monday. He told her that labor would accept a forty-hour week, and time and a half for over time above forty hours. It wanted the merit clause expunged. It wanted the abolition of the Wolman board. Miss Perkins took these views to Mr. Richberg, who was running the negotiations with the automobile manufacturers. The day the code expired Miss Perkins had not heard from Mr. Richberg and tried to reach him by telephone. She called his office, she called wherever she thought he might be reached, she left word that she was trying to reach him. But Mr. Richberg did not telephone Miss Perkins. And that evening, after a reception at the White House, Miss Perkins herself learned the terms of the settlement from a newspaperman who questioned her as she was leaving. Not only was Mr. Green not consulted, but Miss Perkins herself was not consulted. And Miss Perkins later bore Mr. Green out in his assertion that his talks with her were not a consultation on the terms of the settlement.

Since this discussion between Mr. Green and Miss Perkins was the only official contact Mr. Green had, and since he had no opportunity to say whether he would accept the terms as finally adopted, it remains a prevarication to say that he was

consulted. Who is author of the prevarication? Certainly not Miss Perkins. I have already absolved Mr. Richberg. But Mr. Richberg says he was authorized to make the announcement, so the prevaricator may be the person who gave that authorization. He did not tell me who it was, and I shall not press the pursuit any farther. It may turn out to be just one of those "misunderstandings." Mr. Green having told Miss Perkins what labor wanted, Miss Perkins having told Mr. Richberg, Mr. Richberg having told the President, the President may have felt sufficiently informed of labor's views. He even may have considered that labor had been consulted. But when it was announced that a settlement had been reached, and that labor had been consulted, the public was given the impression that labor had been consulted about the settlement. It was not. It is worth noting again that the President at his press conference the day after the settlement said nothing about a consultation that week. He referred simply to the month-old letters which had made labor's position plain to him.

* * * * *

In other words, the President had not bothered to consult labor about the settlement, and the fact is that he was in a position to disregard the American Federation of Labor. He had before him the results of the elections of the Wolman board. These make a bad showing for the unions. By February 14, out of 66,122 votes, the A. F. of L. had registered only 2,596, which is not to be explained away by the fact that the plants chosen for the early elections were the ones where the unions were weak or by the order of the A. F. of L. that its men should not participate. There are extenuating circumstances for the unions. For instance, the ballots are so made out that a vote for the union as such is not possible, the choice must be for individuals. And each ballot has on the corner a number which is supposedly torn off by the election officer. But the men believe that the number is used for identification, and that they will be punished if they vote the union ticket.

But the real truth is that the A. F. of L. has let the automobile industry go by default. Whatever organization work it has done has been timorous and dilatory. Only last week did it come to charter a federal international for automobile workers, and it went about this as if no lessons can ever be learned by old-time labor officialdom. Instead of allowing the new international to choose its own officers, it provided that provisional officers should be chosen by the Federation. And worse than that, instead of going out for a straight industrial union, it carefully separated machinists and maintenance men and kept them in craft unions. Here are two incredible blunders, which might discourage anyone, and certainly the President, about the ability of the A. F. of L. to cope with the problem of organizing labor in the America of today.

Nor is this a lone instance. The situation in steel would be humorous if it were not tragic. The tiny Amalgamated Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers' union, headed by Michael F. Tighe, has excommunicated the only lively membership of unions in the industry. It is not a case of the tail

wagging the dog, but of the tail cutting off the dog. Tighe's little union, with perhaps 5,000 members (and at its peak with not more than 9,000), has dismissed lodges whose membership last spring was between 75,000 and 90,000. Tighe's conduct is according to the old principle of self-interest, for the new lodges would oust him the first moment they had a chance. Now he nestles back in the comfort of his sovereignty and defies even the Federation to do anything about it. The rebellious lodges rushed to Washington for last week's meeting of the A. F. of L. council, as though the Federation might somehow be interested not in formal affairs but in getting the steel industry organized. But out of eighteen council members only three voted for a clean-up, with the establishment of a new industrial union which relegated Tighe to a subordinate status.

John Lewis is interested in industrial unionism; so is President Green. The council set up a committee to deal with the problem, but it named A. O. Wharton of the machinists, by the nature of things an enemy of the industrial union, and Dan Tobin of the teamsters, who always is fighting to save his men from being absorbed by the brewery workers, and these two were charged to work with Lewis for a settlement. This move naturally failed, and now Green is to find a solution alone. There is a chance that he may discover someone around whom the rebel lodges will rally, and that Tighe can be induced to take some face-saving job, but it is no foregone conclusion. In any event time will be lost. The time to strike, if there is to be a strike, would be now, both in the steel and automobile industries. The best to be hoped for in steel is action in the autumn. And by then the company unions will have had two years to establish themselves. The same delay is being invited in the automobile industry. Mr. Green will address a big meeting in Detroit on February 23, but officially he still denies that the A. F. of L. will ratify a strike. The peak season in automobiles is nearing an end, and the companies can breathe freely. At the worst the A. F. of L. can

provoke strikes in the auto-parts and assembly plants, but it will be too late to do great harm to earnings. By another year the company unions will be still more in favor, and their growth will be all the easier for the feeling now prevalent in the district that they are being sponsored by the government.

The A. F. of L. council meeting did not rise to the crying tasks before it. At least half its time was spent on the old wrangles over jurisdiction. Lewis and Green were actually chided for having attacked Mr. Richberg and appearing to be hostile to the Administration. The mentality of last year survives that the Federation somehow is part of the Administration, and is telling it where to go. So organized labor still clings to the running board of the New Deal, despite the face-slaps of the last month.

What this means is that unless rank-and-file disturbances break out, as they did last year, and set things in motion which develop a great natural momentum, the role of the A. F. of L. in wielding economic power for industrial workers has already pretty well played out. Industrial unionism was only recognized at San Francisco after a struggle, and then with no enthusiasm. For all practical purposes the field has been abandoned in both automobiles and steel, and even the gains made in forming an industrial union in the rubber industry are being sacrificed by inaction. If these three fields are utterly lost, industrial unionism is lost with it, and only the craft unions remain. And by that token the great mass of industrial workers will be surrendered to company unions and a set-up which is one of the essentials of fascism. A chance remains that Congress will play Santa Claus for labor in the way that the President had been expected to do. It might pass the Wagner bill, even though the White House has declined to sponsor it. But the Federation is in want of a capable legislative agent, and cannot pretend to have organized its legislative efforts any more wisely than its affairs in automobiles and steel.

R. G. S.

A Talk with Phil La Follette

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Madison, Wisconsin

WHEN I visited him in the last days of January, Philip La Follette had been not quite a month in office in his second term as Governor of Wisconsin, and he was confronted by a difficult situation. There were of course the pressing problems of unemployment, taxation, and security for the farmer. There was the old question of public utilities. There was the immediate necessity of doing something about the school system, badly crippled by lowered appropriations during the Democratic regime. There was the plank in the Progressive Party's platform, on which Phil had been elected, for virtually outlawing company unions in Wisconsin; and "no La Follette ever broke a platform pledge."

Phil, I gathered, had very definite ideas on all these matters and several others coming up for consideration, but both houses of the legislature were controlled by conservative anti-La Follette Democrats and Republicans. The senate,

in fact, was preponderantly anti-La Follette. And a fight between the young Governor and the lawmakers was just around the corner. Phil was at his desk in the Capitol fourteen, fifteen hours a day, overworked but in a cheerful mood. "In six weeks or so," he said, smiling, "we'll probably see what turn things will take." I surmised, not so much from what he said as the way he said it, that if the legislature decided to buck him and his Progressive program, he would go to the people, make a swing around the state, and deliver half a dozen speeches a day, as was the wont of his father—whose portrait faces him as he sits at his desk in the executive chamber—in similar situations. The legislature, in all likelihood, will buck him, and there is scant doubt that Wisconsin will be a very interesting state this spring, to say nothing of the rest of Phil's term as governor.

Meanwhile Phil is calm about it all, rather deliberately so, curbing his energy, ambition, impatience, and fighting proclivities, and—unlike other Progressives in Madison, whose

views I reported last week—is not inclined to discuss 1936 or 1940, or anything else as remote and, at the same time, as specific as that. He is, as a matter of fact, not especially eager to talk about anything in particular. "There's been much too much talking in recent years about everything," he said—to quote him perhaps a bit freely.

He continued: "The country's been flooded with words and speeches, ballyhoo and blah, ideas and resolutions, theories and writings of all sorts, which for the most part have not clarified but only confused matters. Most of them have been no more related to the practical, urgent problems we face than is the metaphysical issue of how many spirits can dance on the point of a needle. . . . Understand, I'm not an anti-theorist; I'm not against ideas. I do my share of theorizing. Theory, of course, is necessary, but theories, discussion, resolutions are empty, futile, provocative of wasteful dissension if they do not soon lead to practical, constructive action. The important, the practical thing about the Wisconsin Idea has been—and still is—that it produced the Progressive movement, which has been—and is—dedicated to action, to doing things for the people, making for progress, not on some distant tomorrow but now, as soon as humanly possible; or perhaps I should say that the Wisconsin Idea and the Progressive movement developed almost simultaneously, one because of the other. It is no accident that nearly every forward-looking, concrete achievement in public affairs during the past thirty years has had its origin in action in Wisconsin. . . . Today, more than ever before in this country, we need action, the right kind. And we're going to have it in this state, in one way or another."

The manner in which he said this seemed to imply that he believed action was necessary in Wisconsin for the sake both of Wisconsin and of the United States. A while later, as our conversation continued, I became sure that this was what he meant to suggest. I gathered that his immediate ambition was to *do* things in Wisconsin along the old La Follette lines which would continue to make Wisconsin an example for other states and the country as a whole. Just what he would do or try to do, and how, he appeared unwilling to say. "There's been too much talk already," he repeated, smiling.

But he spoke freely of things in general.

He said that everything depended upon recovery, and the present effort for recovery on the part of the federal government was a race between time and the translation of federal plans into action. Too much delay might even bring collapse of a national effort for recovery, which might throw back upon states or sectional groups of states the burden of maintaining our civilization; he hoped, he hinted, to achieve things in Wisconsin during the next two—or the next four—years which would serve the other commonwealths as a model, a plan of action.

"Action" was a frequent word in his conversation. Somewhere in this connection he said rather suddenly: "Understand, I'm no soft, middle-of-the-road liberal. I'm a Progressive." And the vivid, sincere expression of his youthful face, with its high, straight forehead under the thick, graying pompadour, its shrewd nose, lively blue eyes behind spectacles, and quick, mobile mouth, seemed to add that he believed in progress with everything in him; that there must be progress, progress through aggressive, deliberate action; and there was nothing, or almost nothing,

at which he would stop to achieve progress. We sat in his office at the Capitol. The night before he and Mrs. La Follette had given a simple party in the executive residence, during which some of us had become involved in a discussion of various political struggles and horrors in contemporary Europe. Phil now remarked to me: "I didn't cringe when you described the tortures inflicted upon revolutionaries in Yugoslavia."

Phil and I sat in silence after this and I looked at him for several moments, wondering what he meant. On the train from Chicago I had heard a man who told me he was a Milwaukee manufacturer refer to him by an unprintable name. The cab-driver who took me from the depot in Madison, when I asked him what he thought of the new governor, had said, "Oh, Phil's a great guy!" I had been hearing for years that Phil might become President some day. That he is ambitious one cannot doubt, looking at him; nor that he is a young man to be reckoned with.

Some time ago John Strachey declared in New York that he had interviewed Phil, I don't know just when, and that Phil's remarks to him had led him to the conclusion that Phil was a fascist—a potential American fascist leader. I mentioned this to Phil and said: "Some of us in New York were disturbed by Strachey's idea of you. What do you say about it?"

Phil smiled. "The trouble with these fellows from abroad is that they come here and look at America with eyes accustomed to pictures in the European pattern. They come to Wisconsin because someone in the East has told them about us here in the Middle West, and they visit me. They inquire about the peasantry in Wisconsin, and I tell them we have in this state a lot of farmers, whom we don't call peasants and who, I think, are somewhat different from the peasants in Europe. Well, in what way are they different? And I explain that our farmers here in Wisconsin own the land, some quite a bit of it, others less; and own pretty good homes and implements and farm machinery, trucks and flivvers, and so on. Whereupon my visitors from afar, experiencing a flash of insight, smile, and I'm told that these farmers are kulaks of course.

"I'm stunned by this; so the next question is about the workers, the class-conscious proletariat. I say that we have some workers in Wisconsin—not many, though—who describe themselves as class-conscious proletarians, in the European sense. The overwhelming majority of them, however, are just workers, citizens, not especially class-conscious or anything like that. In fact, I venture to say, they're not class-conscious at all. Most of them are Progressives. We get along fine. They're fine people. I know hundreds of them. They were here the other day for the inauguration, thousands of workers of all kinds. I was inaugurated governor, but it was their affair as much as mine. After the ceremony at the Capitol we had a reception at the executive residence, and they came and we shook hands and talked and had a great time.

"No, I say to my European visitors, most of our workers are not class-conscious in their sense, but like our farmers, who are in danger of losing their land and homes, and our teachers, whose salaries have been reduced, and our small-business and professional people, whose income has dribbled away, they're sharply conscious of the fact that they're being robbed by the system under which we live; and I add that

I see no reason why I or any other radical—for I am a radical—should try to make them class-conscious. The idea of classes has no vital tradition in our American past, and in my opinion any effort to make them class-conscious would only confuse them, delay the whole thing, produce endless dissension among many who now have nothing against each other; for we Americans, I insist, *are* different from the Europeans. America *is* different from Europe. We in the North here skipped feudalism entirely, while Europe still has a terrible psychological hangover from it. For hundreds of years we were the freest people the sun ever shone upon. The frontier has influenced our minds, our manner in personal intercourse, our political methods. We're a democratic people if there ever was one. But there *is*, as I say, this sharp consciousness on the part of multitudes of our people that they are being ruined by the existing economic system, and I for one believe that to organize this consciousness is basically all we need as a start to bring drastic changes in our social-economic structure which will be in line with our American experience and tradition.

"I usually say all this to my brilliant visitors from abroad, and they, with their eyes used to gaze upon things and figures in the Old World pattern, swiftly decide that I'm a fascist. Fascism of some sort is not impossible in this country, but if I have any authority to say so, it will not develop out of the Wisconsin Idea and the Progressive movement. . . ."

A pause.

"Of course," Phil continued, "we are not Socialists. We Progressives don't agree with certain things in the Socialist program at all. But that, I maintain, does not make us fascists. The Socialists want collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution. If this idea were carried into action, our farmers (a farm is a 'means of production') would be deprived of the ownership of their farms and homes. They would become employees of the government. . . . We Progressives believe in the right of men and women to own their homes, their farms, and their places of employment. What we believe to be the curse of our present system is the greed of corporate and absentee owners. Our aim is to restore to those who work on the farm and in the city the ownership that has been wrung from them by the exploitation of private monopoly.

"In those great utilities of common necessity which cannot function efficiently except in centralized organizations we recognize the necessity of public ownership. Progressives believe that municipalities and other units of government should be encouraged to own and operate those utilities.

"We recognize the basic law of the margin of diminishing returns in size. Organizations, whether publicly or privately owned and operated, can be so large that their very size works against their efficient and satisfactory operation.

"There is no alternative to conscious distribution of income. To this end the Socialists and Communists advocate complete nationalization. Reactionaries advocate 'everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost,' relying solely on the lure of private profit to entice investment in capital enterprises to diffuse the unexpendable income now received by the holders of great fortunes.

"The purely private investment of capital worked while frontiers still beckoned for development. But it is a failure

when the great enterprises demanding investment are in the realm of housing, slum-clearance, education, and other phases of life here at home. Purely private capital will invest horizontally, but it will not invest perpendicularly. It will raise the standard of living on frontiers, but not at home.

"Nationalization of all property breaks down with the unmanageable task of administration. It is not theory that fails, but the definite limitation of the capacity of the human brain. We're a vast country, very complicated.

"The purely private investment of capital has failed. That failure has produced untold misery and suffering in this land of abundance. We Progressives hold that the alternative is not nationalization of all property or adherence to private monopoly. It is rather the assumption by government of the distribution of national income; or, in other words, the clear recognition of a new social obligation of property.

"The methods by which that distribution of the national income can be accomplished are not by any means limited to a single measure. There are the income tax, the inheritance tax, public ownership of necessary utilities such as light, heat, power, certain phases of transportation, central banks. But the basic law that Progressives recognize must be obeyed is the limitation of the capacity of human beings to administer units, whether privately or publicly owned, that are too large.

"It is one thing for the government to assume the function of distribution of income to support purchasing power and quite another to assume the administrative responsibility for millions of farms, every corner grocery store, and hundreds of thousands of factories."

How, I asked him, would or could all this change be brought about? He was not ready to particularize. I asked him if he didn't think any action in the direction of socialization would straightway collide with the Constitution, or rather with those who consider the federal and state constitutions static instruments designed to perpetuate the existing social order.

In reply Phil proceeded to give me his views of the Constitution as a factor in the matter, which in the main were a restatement of what he had declared in his brief inaugural address a few weeks before:

"The constitutions of this state and of the United States, which I swore to uphold on taking my office, are to me living documents. They embody the principle of American government. To preserve that principle is the supreme duty of our time. It is essential that we recognize the fact that this American principle of popular government, and the constitutions conceived to secure it, were not designed to sustain any particular economic system. The assumption made at one time that under the Constitution we were committed to the perpetuation of Negro slavery was the tragic error which produced the Civil War.

"Our paramount task is to maintain the kind of government which had its birth on this continent, which it took a Revolutionary War to establish, a Civil War to preserve, and a century and a half of day-to-day work on the part of countless men and women to put into operation as a functioning instrument—an instrument for realizing the great human end for which it was designed, the material and spiritual well-being of our people.

"The founders of this country made their intentions clear, 'to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.' These, to my mind, are the chief concepts of our fundamental law, and it is our privilege today to give vitality—through action—to these concepts. It

is our duty to apply them to the conditions of our time, and so prove loyal, in the truest sense, to our traditions. . . . This is the challenge of our times."

[*This is the second of two articles on the La Follettes by Mr. Adamic. Next week he will report on the possibilities of a strike in the rubber industry.*]

Men Who Make America's Gods

By LEFT WING

THE morning newspaper in a big city runs to about thirty pages, dividing its space in somewhat these proportions: news, ten pages; finance, seven pages; sports, five pages; advertisements, two pages; theater, music, and the movies, two pages; society, one page; shipping, one page; radio, one page; and a page devoted to women. In summer the amount devoted to sports is usually augmented by a page or two borrowed from other departments.

The sports section is one of the most important in the American newspaper of 1935. You can understand how important it is by observing that whereas a music critic with one assistant takes care of the activities of the concert field, a dramatic critic with a dramatic editor covers all openings even in Manhattan, and three or four competent or incompetent men compose the financial section, sport needs a staff all its own. An editor, an assistant editor, make-up men, reporters, specialists, and of course, a columnist are attached to every big newspaper. Whether it is situated in New York or Denver, the men in the sports department are often the best paid on the sheet and not infrequently they are the best writers, or at least, because of the latitude allowed them, the most amusing. The Great Names who run columns syndicated over the country have an enormous influence, their thoughts are household words, and during the height of the football season or at the time of a championship fight their mail rivals Mr. Farley's.

These are the men who make America's gods. Our gods are the heroes of sport—the one and only Babe, the perennial Mr. Tilden, the Deans of the College of Hard Knocks and Three-Base Hits, the track or hockey or golf sensation of the particular season. They are unimportant to you? Possibly, but remember that to millions and millions of your fellow-citizens who turn first to the sports pages when they open their newspaper they are the breath of life. The World Court? Unemployment? Rising taxes? Yeah, but what about the Babe, izzy gonga play nex' year or not? Yes, these are our gods, more important than Father Coughlin, more important than Roosevelt himself. Or even, yes, even than Rudy Vallée. And here are the men who make them.

Since the death of W. O. McGeehan, the head of the profession is Henry Grantland Rice. He graduated from Vanderbilt, where he captained the baseball team in 1901; after ten years on Southern newspapers he came north just before the war with an ability to turn out light verse to order, prose that at times came close to poetry, an unquenchable enthusiasm for things athletic, and a background in sports remarkable in a reporter. Certain phrases coined in his more ecstatic moments are now sporting classics; it was

Rice who called the famous Rockne back field "The Four Horsemen," and nicknamed Grange "the Galloping Ghost."

A first-class newspaperman with a real flair for sports himself—he now shoots a low eighty at golf—he brought something far more valuable to the racket, namely, an inability to take sides on any question. For twenty years he has managed to remain impervious to the more violent hypocrisies of sport as practiced in Anglo-Saxon countries. The evils and abuses of the present system, which came to a peak in 1929 and have not yet by any means vanished, troubled him not at all. As the years rolled along he developed the technique of sitting on the point of a pin until it became a fine art with him. Whenever any controversy arose you could be sure that Grantland Rice would see both sides of the question. And embrace each with equal fervor. "While it is true that...yet, on the other hand..." His sports series in the movies and his syndicated column, filled every day with reams of nothing, have brought him universal respect and an income tax on \$232,000 a year. R.I.P. Henry Grantland Rice.

With less reputation and more ability, Stanley Woodward of the New York *Herald Tribune* is one of the most improved sports writers of recent years. He played tackle at Amherst, had a long training in Boston, the home of good sports writing, and is today the most versatile man on the big time. He can turn out a thoroughly competent story on track, football, hockey, golf, rowing, or any branch of athletics; in recent years his work has gained in vigor and virility; and he has imparted a bite to his stuff that makes it the best of its kind in town. It was Woodward who coined the term "ivy colleges" to describe those institutions long on tradition but short on intellectual honesty like Yale, Harvard, and especially Princeton, which refuse to bid openly in the market for their footballists, but purchase them quietly on the side.

Paul Gallico of the *News* has ideas, he can write, and his column is burnished by a fine sense of humor. Like most daily stunters his work is uneven; when he's good no one is any better. The thing he did on the death of McGeehan was not only the finest of all epitaphs, it was the sort of thing McGeehan himself would have liked to write; and his interview with Helen Wills Moody in San Francisco last winter was one of the best pieces of sports reporting of 1934. An old Columbia oarsman, Gallico takes the trouble to learn something about those sports with which he is unfamiliar, and when he goes out to cover an event has an idea what it's all about.

There is hardly an honest boxing writer in the game. Dan Parker of the *Mirror* is one of the few. This small-

town boy who showed the city slickers exactly how crooked the fight racket was knows boxing better than anyone, has a tremendous following, and deserves it. His verbal fisticuffs with James J. Johnston of the Madison Square hierarchy are classics. As becomes a Scotchman, Kerr Petrie of the *Tribune* knows golf and is one of the two best men on that sport in the United States. Richards Vidmer of the same sheet is an able all-round reporter who will admit under cross-examination that he was the model for the hero in Katherine Brush's best-seller of several years ago, "Young Man of Manhattan." Also in the collegiate vein are Laurence Perry of the Consolidated Press and George Trevor of the *Sun*. The latter is still a sophomore in college, but the former is a sophomore in high school given to lyrical outbursts, such as: "You all know how Notre Dame always goes to mass before every game, reverently, quietly, and as a matter of course. Years ago, it may be recalled, when Princeton had beaten Yale after a period of defeat running over four years, the eleven in the dressing-room after the game, stained with blood and mud, lifted their faces and sang the Doxology." This sacred moment when the sons of Old Nassau had their faces lifted was the only time on record that Mr. Trevor was out-trevored. He writes chiefly of football, on which he is an expert of long standing, and is read eagerly by infantile-minded college graduates of the metropolitan area, his rococo style fitting in well with the absurdities of intercollegiate football today. See below:

"For his swan song belligerent-jawed Bill will have a squad after his own heart, a bunch of untried novices to varsity football. These fiery Hotspurs champing at the bit will find Roper a magnetic, appealing taskmaster whose hard-boiled patina screens a kindly disposition." The fiery Hotspurs won only a single game, against Amherst, that year, but Mr. Trevor was undaunted. "Football is in the very air you breathe at Princeton. Those russet meadows, golden brown under the bright autumn sun, furnish an ideal patina for this greatest of games." Bismarck and Napoleon, Foch and Hindenburg, are allowed to be compared to his gods, while analogies of war are scattered through his columns. "The mud-encrusted Eli regulars troop in out of the wind-lashed rain, their cleats clattering like the hoofbeats of a cavalry squadron on cobblestones." And he suggests that "as the mothers of the world are looking toward Geneva for a solution of the war boggy, so the mothers of America are looking to E. K. Hall, chairman of the football rules committee, for an answer to the question, 'Can football be made reasonably safe for schoolboys?'" And it was Mr. Trevor who pointed out how Freddy Loeser, Yale center, ran behind the goal posts and planted a kiss, "the French accolade of valor," on the blushing cheeks of touchdown-scoring Albie Booth.

This is indeed the stuff to feed the troops. Do the troops like it? They eat it, for Mr. Trevor is by all odds the favorite sports writer of the college graduate in the East, a fairly emphatic indictment of the mentality of the average holder of an A. B. degree from an American university. He also writes on track in winter and golf in summer, but football is his specialty, his forte, his love; and at any given moment in April or May he is liable to burst forth with an analysis of the Notre Dame freshman team of 1940, with first names, weights, and ages of every player.

At the other pole is Joe Williams, sports editor of the

New York *World-Telegram*. In addition to various other duties he syndicates a column that is never dull, for he knows sport and makes his own decisions. Mr. Williams is the hardest-working sports writer in the game; possibly his standard would be higher if he did not work so hard. Also on the *Telegram* is Charles Parker, former Dartmouth football star and rival of Mr. Vidmer ■ the hero of "Young Man of Manhattan."

John Kieran of the *Times* has a column unlike anyone else's, one that can invariably be depended upon for entertainment. He is distinguished from the majority of his colleagues by an education which he proves is no more a handicap in sports writing than in other walks of life. He sandwiches traces of a Gallic humor into his daily work, which he keeps to an amazingly high standard, avoiding the hated—by the *Times*—first-person pronoun in a deft manner.

"But he knew he had a good team?"

"Sure," said Mr. Thomas."

This sort of thing would be terrible by anyone except the light-handed Mr. Kieran. On the *Times* all sports are adequately covered by an enormous staff of specialists with a genius for being boring. The pages of the *Tribune*, less accurate but far more readable, are commanded by lovable old George ("my own college, Union,") Daley. He is so lovable that at times he is almost unbearable. His specialty is horses, but with no one to stop him he exposes himself twice weekly in a column. G. F. T. Ryall of the *Sun* is the leading turf authority; the most amusing is the talented Damon Runyon, whose column is syndicated to the Hearst papers throughout the country, although occasionally one wishes he would not reserve quite so much of his talent for the slick-paper magazines. Other Hearst headlines include Jack Koefed, whose "Thrills in Sport" are often more thrilling to writer than reader, and Bill Corum, another columnist who would probably not deny, if you pressed him with it, that he was the hero of Katherine Brush's best-seller, "Young Man of Manhattan."

John Lardner, son of the mighty Ring, runs a column syndicated in the *Post* which is good but not as good as it will be if he sticks around longer. The *Post* formerly had two so-called experts, Robert Harron, a minor-league Grantland Rice, and John R. Tunis, an unhappy highbrow among the lowbrows. Both have been unemployed since the paper was purchased by its present owner. Alan Gould, sports editor of the Associated Press, knows most games, and thanks to a large staff gives adequate coverage, although the work of his boys is often mediocre. Among the best sports men on the large associations is Henry McLemore of the United Press, who adds life and vitality to everything he touches. Outside New York Bill Cunningham of the Boston *Post* and Ed R. Hughes of the San Francisco *Chronicle* deserve mention among others for vigorous writing and thinking on their feet.

These, then, are a few of the men who make America's gods. Any one of them overnight can turn an obscure half-back on a college eleven or a winning distance runner into a national celebrity. The cumulative effect of the writings of men like Abramson on track and Woodward on hockey has helped sell these sports to the clients; they could do the same thing with rope-skipping if they wished. That rackets like wrestling and prize fighting have not been sent to their grave long ago is due to the fact that most sports writers

who cover them and more than one sports editor prefer to sell themselves to the authorities in charge.

There is probably more downright graft passed out in the sticks where salaries are smaller and the gravy more necessary, but even in the big time the rank and file are not always incorruptible. The honest ones as often as not are lazy, sitting around explaining that Broun was once a sports writer, so what the hell, hey? Salaries range from \$750 or \$1,000 a week for the leading columnists to \$250 or \$300 for names like Trevor's or Woodward's, and on down to \$40 or \$50 for a copy reader to check their mistakes and do the dirty work on the desk.

Although sport is a comparatively simple phase of modern existence and hardly needs years of experience, study, and background, as do other departments in a newspaper, even among the leaders in the field there are few who know their subjects as W. J. Henderson knows his; since the

death of Pegler there is no one as vital as George Jean Nathan or as amusing as Robert Benchley, and hardly anyone who understands sport the way Lawrence Gilman understands music. With the exceptions noted earlier, the majority have conventionally grooved minds quite incapable of original thinking, while only a mere handful of them have any independence and still fewer possess the slightest degree of moral courage, or are willing to write of things as they see them and not as the customers want. Hired as specialists at large salaries, with more freedom than anyone else on the paper, they are a gang doing an intellectual goose-step, and their best efforts amount to a dozen really good pieces a year. No wonder the gods they make for America are nitwits like themselves.

PERSONAL. To Westbrook Pegler. Please come back to Sportland. All will be forgiven. FATHER AND THE BOYS.

Congress Discovers the Class Struggle

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

Washington, February 13

ALTHOUGH the President's security program is still in the early stages of legislative consideration, it has already become apparent that the principal opposition will not come from embittered diehards who fear lest the idle become "demoralized." Many who took this position a few years ago are now pleading for a genuine national plan of unemployment insurance as a means of guaranteeing business stability; the remainder are strangely inarticulate. To judge by developments thus far, the attack will be almost exclusively from the left, from the ranks of the common people who have been angered or bewildered by the chasm which exists between the President's words and his deeds.

The press has played up the rather pathetic but significant efforts of the supporters of the Townsend plan to substitute their pet nostrum for the old-age provisions in the Wagner-Lewis bill. While they appear to have been laughed out of court on this particular occasion, every Congressman fervently prays that their plan may never reach the floor of the House. If it does, only a brand-new set of Congressional spinal columns can prevent its passage.

On the real threat from the left, however, the press has been strangely silent. During the past week Washington has been treated to the unique spectacle of two Congressional committees conducting hearings on what are essentially rival measures. For strategic reasons the Wagner-Lewis bill was not referred to the Labor Committee of the House, as was normally expected, but was intrusted to the powerful and conservative Ways and Means Committee. The hearings of this committee have been well covered. But when the Labor Committee, irritated to the point of filing a unanimous protest against the Administration's steam-roller tactics, instituted counter-hearings on Representative Lundeen's Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill, the press exercised its traditional freedom by ignoring it. And in so doing it has overlooked one of the most remarkable social developments of recent years.

Beyond the general subject of inquiry the two hearings have had little in common. Even the setting has seemed to accentuate the basic differences between the conflicting security proposals. As befitted its rank, the Ways and Means Committee conducted its hearings in the caucus room of the new House office building, where the members of the committee were ensconced on a semi-circular platform, aloof and remote from the crowd. Witnesses were at a physical disadvantage, standing below the committee with their backs to the audience. Though there was little pretense at dignity, the atmosphere was heavy. In the caucus room of the old House office building, where the Subcommittee on Labor is conducting the hearings on the Lundeen bill, far greater informality, even friendliness, was displayed. Members of the committee, secretaries, witnesses, reporters, and interested spectators were seated rather indiscriminately around a table, yet there was an earnestness that contrasted with the cut-and-dried proceedings of the other hearing.

These distinctions were particularly evident in the testimony. The Ways and Means Committee began by hearing various members of the Administration—Dr. Edwin Witte of the President's Committee on Economic Security, Secretary Perkins, and Harry Hopkins. It also heard Samuel W. Reyburn and Albert D. Hutzler, appearing for the National Retail Dry Goods Association, together with representatives of various civic organizations, proponents of the Townsend plan, and several advocates of the Lundeen bill. Herbert Benjamin, one of the spokesmen of the latter group, was forcibly ejected when he sought to speak more than ten minutes. Much of the testimony was excellent, but it was contradictory and confusing. Across the street, at the other hearing, the witnesses were chiefly workers, farmers, transients, and representatives of the unemployed, with a sprinkling of experts to analyze the technical aspects of the Lundeen bill. Probably never in American history have the underprivileged had a better opportunity to present their case before Congress.

Among the witnesses was a young textile worker from

North Carolina who had been blacklisted for union activity. His trip to Washington had been paid for by a collection of pennies, nickels, and dimes from employees in the textile mills. He appeared before the committee without having prepared a written statement, and vanished as suddenly as he had appeared before anyone could discover whether he had funds for the return journey. Though he spoke in the low monotone characteristic of the "poor white" of the South, his voice carried conviction as he described the plight of the textile workers under the New Deal:

In the mill I worked in before the NRA came into effect the weavers ran four looms. Now they run six and eight looms for about the same wages they made on the four looms, and they must get production and quality or they will lose their jobs. . . . And as for the houses the mill company furnishes—just shacks built on a red mud hill, with red mud roads, and in many cases cracks you could throw a cat through. We have to pay an average of 50 cents a week a room for these shacks. . . . In most cases the mills don't have shacks enough to accommodate all their help. There are large families now living in tobacco barns near the mill town because they can't pay the high rent of the private home-owners. . . .

The same twenty-four-pound sack of flour that cost us 50 cents per sack less than two years ago now costs us \$1.15. Pinto beans sold at 5 cents a pound less than two years ago; now they sell for 12 cents a pound. Fatback meat was 6 cents a pound . . . now we pay 22 cents a pound. These prices are still going up . . . but we don't see any reports of our wages going up here in North Carolina. . . .

The unemployed in North Carolina are not assured of emergency relief. If we are, we have to dig ditches and bust rocks with a heavy hammer for eight hours a day. We get 30 cents an hour and either we work or we don't get anything to eat. We almost have to fight the gang foreman to get one day's work a week. . . .

The mill bosses don't tell us now that if we join a union they will fire us. But they are firing all the union members they can find out about, for some reasons that would be hard to see with the eye. But they get away with it.

Another representative of the South was Broadus Mitchell, son of one of its best-known educators and himself associate professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins University, who delivered a scorching indictment of the Wagner-Lewis bill as a grudging "compromise with poverty," dominated by "the idea of dearth and the menace of scarcity."

A picture of life in the transients' camps was presented by Joseph Murray, representing the transients' rank-and-file committee. He asserted that the quarters were unsanitary, overcrowded, improperly heated and ventilated, that the food was consistently of poor quality and the medical service inadequate. He spoke bitterly of cash wages of a dollar a week for thirty hours' work, and declared that thousands of transients were kept perpetually on the move in the vain hope of finding better conditions or paying jobs. Three days after his testimony was given, his charges were tragically confirmed by an outbreak of spinal meningitis which claimed eight victims in the Washington transients' camp. The lot of the unemployed seamen as described by Earle Payne of the Marine Workers' Industrial Union is equally desperate. When they are temporarily or perma-

nently out of a job, their only resort is to soup kitchens and flop-houses of the lowest type, where they are frequently terrorized by hired thugs. Payne pointed out that by the very nature of their occupation few seamen would be benefited by a contributory unemployment-insurance system such as is proposed in the Wagner-Lewis bill.

So it went through the list of occupations and professions. The problems of the farmer were graphically portrayed by Andrew Omholt, a member of the United Farmers' League, who showed that an adequate system of social insurance meant a vast increase in the consumption of farm products. Louis Weinstock, speaking for the more than 2,500 A. F. of L. locals which have indorsed the Lundeen bill, declared that the majority of the rank-and-file members of the federation support it despite the opposition of the officials. Elmer Rice, playwright, told the committee that the Lundeen measure is the only one of the pending bills which offers any real protection for authors and writers, and R. M. Sentman made a similar assertion with regard to architects and engineers. Several Negroes testified concerning the discrimination against their race, pointing out not only that their ratio of unemployment was much higher than that of whites, but that the relief given them was consistently lower.

There was no mistaking the bitterness of these witnesses toward the Wagner-Lewis bill. The principal complaint was that it fails to provide for those now in need. Nor was there any faith that the government works program now under consideration would care adequately for this group. In addition, many of the witnesses opposed the federal-state scheme on the grounds that migratory labor would be severely penalized and that state legislation would almost certainly lack uniformity. Other criticisms centered about the limited scope of the bill and the meagerness of its benefits. The tax on payrolls was opposed, both because it would be passed on to the public in higher prices, and because of its dubious constitutionality.

The question of the constitutionality of the rival measures seemed particularly to interest the committee. It appeared to accept the view contained in the brief submitted by Leo J. Linder, which upheld the soundness of the Lundeen bill on the grounds that (1) it represents a proper exercise of the appropriating power of Congress, (2) it involves no unconstitutional delegation of legislative power, and (3) since it is to be financed by a tax on income, it cannot be said to deprive persons of their property without due process of law. The Wagner-Lewis bill was held to be much more open to attack because its payroll tax might be construed as an invasion of the field of intra-state commerce.

In analyzing possible sources of funds to finance the Workers' bill, Dr. Joseph Gilman of the City College of New York declared that if the tax rate used in England had been in operation here in 1928, the federal government would have collected five times as much in income tax as was actually obtained. This would have given an additional \$4,250,000,000 to devote to social purposes. Even on the basis of the much lower income of 1933 the increase would have been \$1,129,000,000. A flat 25 per cent tax on corporation profits over \$5,000 would have yielded \$2,600,000,000 in 1928. A similar tax on inheritances would have yielded \$888,000,000 instead of the \$42,000,000 which was actually

collected. In 1933 this tax would have amounted to more than a half-billion dollars. While considerably larger sums could be obtained by increasing the rates in the high brackets in each instance, Dr. Gilman felt that a flat tax on corporation surpluses would be socially more desirable. At 25 per cent such a tax would have yielded nearly ten billion dollars in 1933.

The one-sided nature of the hearings on the Workers' bill does not necessarily mean, of course, that the Labor Committee will report it favorably to the House. But if the hearings have no other effect, they should at least reveal to Congress the essential difference in viewpoint between the business executive and technical economist on one side and the rank-and-file worker on the other. Comparatively few of the workers, it is true, are articulate on the question of security. The testimony revealed that American Federation of Labor officials have frequently gone to great extremes to prevent adequate discussion of this basic issue within the organization. But where such discussion has occurred, labor has almost invariably indorsed the Lundeen bill.

It is difficult to see how anyone could read the testimony which has been given without being convinced of the inadequacy of the Administration's security program. The Wagner-Lewis bill may be actuarially sound and it may represent a great advance over the chaotic measures of relief which have been adopted in the present crisis, but it is a far cry from the security for the men, women, and children of the nation which the President declared last June to be the primary objective of his Administration. The Lundeen bill, on the other hand, may have all the defects which its critics allege, but it has come to symbolize for the underprivileged workers of the country that protection against the vicissitudes of modern life which Mr. Roosevelt declared to be essential. Encouraged by the President's words, the fundamental urge for security, long repressed as radical or un-American, has emerged as one of the most powerful forces of present-day political life. Congress, like the press, can ignore it, but only at the risk of political suicide.

In the Driftway

FROM time to time the Drifter, like every other person to whom writing is a profession, receives a manuscript to read. The author, almost always unknown to him—and to the public at large—begs that he will be so kind as to peruse this little work and advise said author, first, as to the best means of marketing same, and, second, what faults, if any, of style or content it may possess. Like the famous letters which Mark Twain wrote to people who bored him and then never sent, a missive has been composed by the Drifter for this occasion. It reads something like this:

DEAR SIR (or Madam): A glance at your manuscript has convinced me of what I suspected before I even glanced—that it is without merit. If I were without other means of support I should charge you for this opinion a sum commensurate with the years of professional training and practice that enable me to form it. But I give it free. There are, of course several dozen publishers in New York City alone—you will find their names in the telephone

book—who will doubtless be only too happy, on receipt of your manuscript accompanied by return postage, to send you a similar opinion.

This letter the Drifter keeps in the left-hand top drawer of his desk and when he has just bought postage for and dispatched one of the unfortunate manuscripts to its author, accompanied by a polite note containing a considerably more Milquetoast version of his opinion of the work and a revelation of how manuscripts reach publishers, he takes it out and reads it through. But it will never be mailed. And in that he suspects that he is no different from ninety-nine out of a hundred literary persons who are often similarly besought.

* * * * *

ONE such letter, however, did actually burn its flaming way through the mails. It was written some sixty years ago by the poet George Boker to his friend, the poet Bayard Taylor. The letter itself, which the Drifter quotes from *American Literature* for November, 1934, did not contain the poison except as it repeated a speech made by a lady to half a dozen poets, one of them her husband and the others guests in her house. Boker wrote:

Lizzie, Dick, and one or two others and myself were sitting together one night in the rooms of the Pythoness when suddenly she broke forth in her usual oracular manner. "George, you Dick, Bayard, Stedman, Aldrich, Read,* the whole of you youngsters, have all been dreary failures as poets. Not one of you has won even a third-class position as a poet. There is not one of you who can justly lay claim to popularity, in any true sense of the term. You have not even attained to such a position as is held by that weakling, Longfellow. . . . It was not time that you lacked to become known, but poetic ability. The world is not unappreciative of real genius, as you flatter yourself is the case, only you are not up to the required standard. You are all failures, and the sooner you stop writing the things no public will read, the better your peace of mind. Is not this truth?" she said, turning to me sadly. "God's truth," my lips and conscience cried with one voice. "God's truth," echoed poor Dick, with his heart's sickness in his face. "I, you know, have given up writing verses with any hope of success. My poems are jobs now." "Damned bad jobs," muttered our comforter.

* * * * *

IT is of course God's blessing that this sort of thing does not happen often. Indeed, the Drifter is obliged to confess that after he had read it he at once destroyed the specimen letter he never meant to send, for fear by some mischance it might get put into the mailbox by a conscientious hand, not his own. There was never a better example of how unbearable the truth is. For Mrs. Stoddard said what time has proved; and probably her listeners heard time's verdict ring out with her words. Nevertheless, the Drifter is glad he was not present. And he has no doubt whatever that truth of this sort in such terms should not be spoken. This raises a nice ethical point that some of his readers may be interested in; but he begs them not to write their thoughts in the form of a longish book and send it to him for a literary opinion.

THE DRIFTER

* Lizzie—the Pythoness—and Dick were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard; Stedman was Edmund Clarence Stedman, editor of the familiar anthology; Aldrich was Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Read was Thomas Buchanan Read, author of at least one famous poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

Correspondence

A Picketing Playwright Replies

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the editorial Picketing Playwrights, in *The Nation* for February 6, after summarizing the charge made by Virgil Geddes and myself that the Theater Guild makes gestures toward new writers but makes no consistent effort to produce their plays, you said:

A check of its [the Theater Guild's] record shows that during the present and the preceding seven seasons it has produced fifty-three plays. Of these, twenty-seven were by American writers, and eight of these twenty-seven were by dramatists whom the Guild was introducing for the first time to a New York audience.

This would seem to be a more or less effective refutation of our charge. It has impressed many who have read it. It has seemed so effective to the Theater Guild that a tear-sheet of *The Nation* has been sent to at least one inquiring subscriber with this rather odd explanatory letter:

My dear ———:

I am sorry there has been so much delay in replying to your letter of January 22 concerning the authors who picketed various Guild theaters. I did not wish to write you until the Guild decided on its policy as to a reply. At present we have made no reply to these so-called charges.

A fair and unbiased statement has been made about the case in *The Nation*. Though this statement does not entirely represent our point of view or state all the facts, I am inclosing a copy of it just in case you haven't read it.

If later the Guild decides to issue a statement I will see that a copy is sent you.

[Signed] WARREN P. MUNSELL, Business Manager.

Your figures gave me a jolt. Reaching hastily for my trusty pamphlet, "The History of the Theatre Guild, 1919-34," also recently mailed to inquiring subscribers and forwarded to the picketing playwrights, I checked the record, then rechecked it. I found that during the present and the preceding seven seasons the Theater Guild has produced forty-four (not fifty-three) plays. Of these, twenty-three (not twenty-seven) were by American writers, and only three (not eight) of the twenty-three were by dramatists whom the Guild was introducing for the first time to a New York audience. (Among these three was "Porgy," a dramatization of the best-selling novel. The Guild, in listing "Red Rust" and "The House of Connelly" among its productions, admits in notes set in six-point type that neither was a Guild production for subscribers. The Paul Green play was produced by the Group Theater after it had been kept in the Guild icebox for five years.) Three introductions in eight seasons prove our charge.

The methods of a certified public accountant may not be best for an evaluation of the Theater Guild's boasted record as "the foremost producing organization in the American theater..." which remains "today primarily an experimental theater." But it may be worth while to break down the statistics a little farther. Of the twenty-three American plays, six were by Eugene O'Neill (who had twenty-eight productions before he went to the Guild); four were by Maxwell Anderson; three were by S. N. Behrman. In the past eight years one Guild production has been given to each of the following authors or teams: Philip Barry (nurtured by Arthur Hopkins, who gave productions to Sidney Howard, Maxwell Anderson, Lynn Riggs, and others before the Guild got round to do so), Robert Sherwood, Owen and Donald Davis, John Wexley, Riggs, Dawn Powell, the Siftons, the Bruce Goulds, the DuBose Heywards, and George O'Neil. Of these Barry, Sherwood, the Davises, and Wexley were established and successful; Riggs, Powell, and the Siftons had been produced; the Goulds, Heywards, and O'Neil had not.

I don't want to prove too much. It would not be difficult to show that while the Guild has been aware of new writers in its subscription advertising, in its production schedules it has been more timid, more conventional, *less experimental* than any one of a half-dozen "commercial" producers making no pretensions to art, issuing no prospectuses soliciting subscriptions for "six plays to be chosen from a list including..." Geddes and I indicted the Guild because we believed the Guild was guilty and vulnerable. It is guilty of timidity and bad judgment. It is vulnerable because its directors have good intentions. (They yearn for the seasons when "box-office" plays will give them economic elbow room to do "the plays we'd really like to do," but, like tomorrow, the arrival of that season becomes more and more improbable.) The Guild is vulnerable through its subscribers, who have been promised the moon and the stars regularly each season and have been handed somewhat less—less even than the best the Guild had in its icebox.

We went to the trouble of making this indictment, at some sacrifice, because we thought it worth while to focus attention and thought upon the pretensions of the Guild as contrasted with its performances and thereby perhaps to impel the Guild either to promise less or deliver more. We have accomplished the first part. Whether in an artistic sense the Guild will be more honest with itself and with playwrights and audiences in the future than it has been in the past only the Guild directors can decide. Perhaps Hollywood will give the three directors until recently in residence there the requisite courage.

New York, February 12

PAUL SIFTON

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"Confessions of an Opium Eater"

By HEYWOOD BROWN

WHEN the Democrats met in convention in the summer of 1932, I was in the press stand as a news commentator. The various tricks and devices used to promote the fortunes of the contestants appalled me. In particular the alliance of Hearst, Huey Long, and McAdoo in behalf of Franklin D. Roosevelt seemed to me unholy. And I am not forgetting Farley. So in the heat of righteous indignation I did a column which began, "If Franklin D. Roosevelt is nominated he will be the corkscrew candidate of a crooked convention." This was somewhat too strong for the editor who was handling the wire for New York. It appeared in milder form at home. Unfortunately, if you please, both the editor and I forgot that I had already sent a carbon to a small Chicago tabloid which was taking the service. Maybe it had no copy readers. Anyhow the sentence got in as written.

The Al Smith forces liked the literary style and spread it through the convention hall in the form of a handbill. This special prominence which I received returned to plague me after the election. In the first place, Mr. Roosevelt did many things which seemed to me forthright, bold, and altogether admirable. I believe I publicly ate my words in a newspaper column. That was a mistake. At any rate it would be pleasant to be able to have your columns and eat them too.

Early in the administration President Roosevelt consented to meet a committee from the American Newspaper Guild. I was a member of the delegation and probably the most trepiditious of the lot. As we were leaving, Franklin D. Roosevelt gave me full face the famous Roosevelt smile and held out his hand saying, "I didn't always think so, Mr. Brown, but I now feel that you are one of my most understanding interpreters."

And so I went away filled not so much with understanding as with admiration. Here was the most charming man I had ever met in my life, and by a coincidence he was also the President of the United States, which did not war against his glamor. Not long afterward another Guild committee was received at the White House. There were only three of us this time, and I remember finding Mr. Roosevelt among the most proficient of all listeners I had ever encountered. It was actually easier to talk to the President of the United States than it has been on many occasions to hold converse with Howard Davis or Roy Howard.

But there was one disturbing incident which marred the meeting. To be precise, it did not come up until we were leaving the White House. I said to another guildsman, "Well, we certainly made great gains for the Guild in that conference."

"Like what?" inquired my companion curtly.

"Don't you remember," I said with enthusiasm, "that he promised us three out of the four points we brought up."

Jim looked at me in amazement. "The trouble with

you, Heywood," he said, "is that you've been away from regular newspaper work too long. You're a rotten reporter. Think back about what happened. You got very steamed up about the case you were presenting. You felt that everything you said was fair and right. You were sitting just across from the President and you began to pound your fist on the table and Roosevelt looked across at you and grinned and nodded his head. And every time he nodded you thought he was making a promise. He was only saying, 'Go on, I'm listening.' He promised us nothing."

In the light of later events Jim was quite correct. No promises had been made. Mr. Roosevelt had merely listened with great interest. It may be said in his favor that he listens to very many people explaining very many theories. They go away satisfied with his cordiality. And this cordiality is a habit-forming drug. Labor leaders are still taking the Roosevelt smile and waking up with something like the automobile code. Unfortunately the worker in city room or shop is not warmed by that smile. He wasn't there. He has to take it second hand, and a second-hand smile is one of the shoddiest shelters ever presented to a shorn lamb to temper the wind.

So great is the charm of Franklin Delano Roosevelt that it inspires all his associates. One may walk for miles through the long corridors of the Commerce Building and receive nothing but cordiality. Even now organized labor is not quite aware of the nothingness. It is inclined to play into the President's hands by being sidetracked into violent assault upon every stooge of the Administration. The befuddled spectator believes he is watching a whole cast of characters. He cannot comprehend that it is all done by ventriloquism.

Under the haze of the opiate a play unfolds before our enraptured eyes. When I was using the stuff this play was slightly reminiscent of "Nelly the Beautiful Cloak Model," only the victim was a man and not a woman. He was forever being deceived. General Johnson deceived him. Leo Wolman deceived him. Donald Richberg deceived him. At this point my conscious mind broke through the fumes and I awoke.

I had come a long distance through a fog, and the only thing which kept me going was a magic sentence which I got from a coal miner. I repeated it over and over again until I was clear of the maze. It runs, "How in hell could Don Richberg deceive anybody?"

Well, I'm off the stuff now. At least I hope so. Charm is a drug with a kick in it. Maybe a couple of drops in a glass full of water wouldn't hurt you. Perhaps it would help to take just a pinch of this charm away from the White House, where there is such abundance, and add a teaspoonful to the codes, which haven't any.

[This is the third of Heywood Brown's lively comments on labor in the reign of Roosevelt which appear every week in The Nation.]

Nick Bins, Kidnapper

By HANS CHRISTIAN

Racine, February 15

FOR many years Racine, the second largest city in Wisconsin, has been a center of political unrest and scandal. Heavily industrialized, the town has always been controlled by the large employers and bankers. They own the only daily newspaper and dictate to public officials. Somehow they have succeeded in keeping the door closed on most of the city's skeletons. It is precisely because there is so much in Racine's history and make-up of which it is less than proud that a single cleverly staged and dramatically executed exposé by a group of Milwaukee intellectuals has thrown the city's masters into a state bordering on hysteria.

The depression years brought even more jittery unrest than usual to Racine. With thousands of workers thrown out of employment at the large mass-production plants, the field was fertile for strong labor-organization growth. In 1934, as the promise of the New Deal was dissolved in the ambiguity of Section 7-a, a militant Wisconsin Emergency Relief Administration workers' union spread to many plants, conducted fifteen strikes, five of them important, and then fizzled out in political disunion as its opportunist leaders ran for public office. Nevertheless, many of the strikes were successful. Wage increases were won. A sort of united front from below was achieved by Socialists, I. W. W.'s, Communists, and the unemployed.

As the strikes continued and the open-shop solidarity of which the employers had been so proud began to break up, a vigilante movement slowly got under way. With the elections over, relief standards were sharply cut and W. E. R. A. workers were virtually all discharged. Under the double impetus of the American Legion's national anti-radical drive and a number of impressive mass demonstrations by the unemployed, the vigilante movement developed strength. As in Germany, the Communists became the scapegoats.

Constantly urged to more vigorous action by poorly disguised editorials in the manufacturer-owned *Journal-Times*, the vigilantes started a wave of terror through the more radical labor and unemployed ranks. Demonstrations at relief stations were broken up by vigilantes openly slugging side by side with the police. The Communist downtown headquarters were raided and wrecked. Other offices were bombarded with bricks. Radical leaders were followed at night by mysterious cars without license plates. Chief of Police Grover C. Lutter, in disgrace with the civic leaders because of his pitiful showing in a Dillinger bank raid, declared open war on Communists, flatly refused to permit them to meet, said he would make Racine "a white town."

The local Legion post pledged its "moral and physical force if necessary to stamp out communism," and blocked an ordinance that would have prohibited the use of tear gas in labor disputes. The Racine Bar Association urged prison sentences for "agitators" and evolved a formula to circumvent the lack of a criminal-syndicalism law. The *Journal-Times* fairly smacked its lips over "the great achievements by right-minded citizens."

Then Samuel Herman, Communist organizer, was kid-

napped in mid-day on a downtown street, severely beaten, and dumped out of the car in the country. Two days later William Armstrong, formerly mayor of Racine during a particularly odious period, owner of a foundry, and state chairman of the Veterans' Civic League, speaking in Milwaukee said: "These Communist black rats are undermining America to create an impotent citizenship. . . . Well, you know what we are doing to them in Racine."

Protests from Socialists, the Federated Trades Council, and labor groups poured in upon Mayor William Swaboda (a former Socialist), the council, and the governor. But the authorities were strangely unable to find even a remote clew to the many acts of terror. The fun continued. John Sekat, a Communist, was given one to two years in prison on a charge of breaking an automobile window during a strike at the Horlick Milk Company, although another man made a signed confession that he was the guilty person. A young woman Communist was given a prison term for "distributing leaflets," a third Communist for "inciting to riot." The *Journal-Times* began cutting notches for fallen Communists.

The day after his kidnapping Herman appeared at the office of Assistant District Attorney Oscar Edwards to swear out a warrant for his assailants. A newspaper reporter showed Edwards a statement made by Herman charging Chief Lutter with being a party to the kidnapping. Secretly the prosecutor got the chief on the phone, detained Herman, quickly typed out a warrant, and in ten minutes the victim of the kidnappers was jailed on a charge of criminal libel.

These things were being watched from Milwaukee by members of the League Against War and Fascism and particularly by George Wilbur, secretary of its professional group and son of a wealthy lumberman. Wilbur went to Racine, talked to bartenders, met various people, and quickly learned that the vigilante set-up was an open secret in Legion and employer circles. On a second trip a series of progressive introductions put him in direct touch with "the man who kidnapped Herman." The meeting took place in the office of one of the city's most prominent law firms, Smith, Beck, and Heft.

Wilbur wanted not merely to meet the kidnapper but to bring about his arrest. Obviously this was impossible in Racine, where the man was the hero of the day. Wilbur worked out a plan, a long-chance scheme that had in it all the elements of failure. He told the kidnapper, Nick Bins, a member of the Legion's drum-and-bugle corps and an unemployed salesman, that his uncle at Waukesha was having trouble with a labor agitator. Would Mr. Bins undertake to treat this scoundrel as he had Herman? He would, and gladly. A meeting was arranged for the following day.

Wilbur then went to Milwaukee, told members of the anti-fascist league he planned to trap Bins in the Wilbur home at Waukesha, and asked the Communist Party to help him. He said later he dared trust no one else in so "hot" a situation. The Communists furnished him with two radio technicians. At the last minute Wilbur called in a reporter for the Milwaukee *Journal* in order to assure the publicity

necessary to the success of his plan. That same afternoon the trap was set. In the luxurious Wilbur home a microphone was set behind the sunroom draperies. A loud speaker was hooked up in the basement for use by the reporter if Bins should want the conference to be private. A woman was stationed at a hotel with instructions to call after the kidnapper's arrival and—in the event the plan worked—notify the local district attorney to make the arrest.

The "detective" then drove to Racine, picked up Bins, and brought him to Waukesha. The reporter was already on hand, masquerading as a brother at home with a cold. Mrs. Wilbur was present with her two small children. In the basement were the two radio men. The atmosphere was as tense as a gangster movie. Wilbur and Bins arrived ahead of schedule and caught Mrs. Wilbur and the reporter in the midst of a rehearsal. If the slugger noticed their confusion he gave no sign of it. He was a big man, well built, over six feet, weighing 200 pounds or more. (Herman weighs about 130 pounds and is slight in build.)

The employer "uncle" was summoned from his plant by telephone and arrived in a few minutes. The part was played, rather nervously, by a Milwaukee union railroad man. Bins was maneuvered into microphone position. He had no objection to the "brother's" presence, and the conference got under way. Seated in the affluent home, with a drink of excellent Scotch before him, Bins talked freely. Yes, he had kidnapped and slugged Herman. Dar Vriesman, secretary of the Racine Chamber of Commerce, had hired and instructed him. He was also the man who had wrecked the Communist headquarters and broken the plate-glass windows of Herman's two bondsmen. Notes tied to the bricks had been typed in the Chamber of Commerce office, as he got his instructions. The Racine employers were determined to put an end to labor agitation. All "illegitimate" agitators got their instructions from Moscow. The whole anti-radical drive was part of the Legion's Americanism program.

The ears of the plotters burned as Bins callously described how he tried to break Herman's legs with an automobile crank, and promised to treat the Waukesha agitator similarly. "Oh, I won't kill him," he said. "Even though you work in full cooperation with the authorities, you can't get away with a killing. But I'll make him wish he'd never been an agitator."

Bins had obtained his cars from a Racine Ford dealer named Frank Applegate. A federal agent from Chicago named Dan had driven the car when Herman was taken for a ride. Racine judges, particularly Judge Belden of the circuit court, a "brother legionnaire," were "100 per cent okay." Juries were taken care of. Bins modestly admitted that his effective vigilante work had made him admired in the best circles. He had been to parties. A charming lady had wanted to kiss him for his valor. An industrialist, one Mr. Johnson, had promised him a Christmas present.

The uncle remained a bit reserved, and Bins urged him to call Racine for references. "Call Chief Lutter," he said; "call any prominent attorney down there; call Dar Vriesman." The latter was reached at the Chamber of Commerce office by long distance; he talked a moment to Bins and then told the "uncle" that "Bins is all right for the job."

Bins didn't want to set a price for the Waukesha job. The arrangements should be made, he said, between the

chambers of commerce of the two towns. He did, however, accept a little retainer of \$10—in marked money.

Meanwhile the "tip-off" woman had called, received her signal, and gone to the Waukesha district attorney. Her near failure to force him to make the arrest justified Wilbur's decision not to let the authorities in on the plan. The Waukesha district attorney called the Racine district attorney, and several telephone exchanges took place. An alleged kidnapper was awaiting arrest in a prominent home, but no one wanted to arrest him. The woman became desperate, stood on her "rights as a citizen," and at length the arrest was made. District Attorney Brown of Racine came up to bring back the prisoner.

At Racine Bins was subjected to none of the usual police grillings. Chief Lutter refused to see his prisoner, said it was "Brown's job." Throughout the night Bins entertained visitors at the jail. Most of them were brother legionnaires. Next day the story took ribbon position in the *Milwaukee Journal*. In a frank manner it reported the affair, giving names and details as furnished by Bins. And that was a sad blow to the sense of security of the powers at Racine.

Since that day, more than a month ago, there have been no more acts of open terror in Racine. Instead, the Chamber of Commerce has run a series of vaguely phrased advertisements concerning the civic and industrial virtues of the city. Fred Heinisch, Legion commander and post-office employee, at first denied Bins was a legionnaire, then published and broadcast an appeal for defense funds for "Bins, a fellow-legionnaire." Vriesman gave three different statements to as many newspapers, denying and admitting the telephone conversation with Waukesha. The *Journal-Times* printed an amazing series of editorials headed "Legal Way Best in End," "Don't Backslide," and "Let Us Not Assume Defeatist Attitude." They sounded as though the editor felt his world had been suddenly yanked from under him, but entertained hopes of rebuilding it.

Right and might had suddenly been made wrong in Racine. The loathed Communists were in the position of having the goods on the city's most respectable elements. The powerful *Milwaukee Journal* had told the story in every home in the state. Those were bitter days. A secret John Doe inquiry was gone through with. All persons implicated by Bins were given, in the words of the *Journal-Times*, "an opportunity to refute the charges." Bins was duly bound over for trial on a charge not of kidnapping but of assault.

Then the disrupted forces of respectability began to recuperate. Herman was quickly tried before Judge Belden for criminal libel. With voluminous evidence in his pocket substantiating the statements made by Herman, the district attorney got a verdict of guilty from a jury in nine minutes. Only two of the defense's twenty witnesses were allowed to testify. The town breathed more freely. The front page of the *Journal-Times* became cheerful with daily pictures of legionnaires, including Dar Vriesman, presenting medals to students and making speeches on Americanism and on the need for character building in the schools.

A weighty file of evidence showing the need for a special prosecutor in the Bins affair was presented to Governor Philip La Follette by a committee of the League Against Fascism. He granted a long and courteous audience—and promised nothing.

Books, the Dance, Drama

Canopy of Death

The Royal Way. By André Malraux. Smith and Haas. \$2.50.

FOR readers of "The Conquerors" and "Man's Fate" this newly translated novel by Malraux is likely to prove something of a disappointment. Yet placed in a proper time relation to the two novels having a revolutionary theme it takes on great interest for the light it throws on the development of one of the most brilliant and mature of living fiction writers. If the assumption can be made that it was composed before "The Conquerors," although first published two years afterward (and everything in the book, form and style as well as subject, gives strength to such an assumption), "The Royal Road" represents an exhaustion through the imagination, a kind of vicarious purging of the mood which was the legacy of the last generation of European writers to the present.

Most of the book consists of a dialogue between its two principal characters: Claude, the young French archaeologist who seeks an escape from the tedium of respectable bourgeois society in a ransacking of the past in the form of forbidden art treasures in the jungle-covered temples of Siam; Perken, the Danish adventurer, who is driven on by the interpenetrated symbols of ambition and lust. The subject of the dialogue is death. In both men the idea of death has become an obsession strong enough to unite them in a common enterprise of plunder and conquest. For both death is not so much a culmination as a process—the gradual decline of a man's life, the death-in-life which triumphs if one submits to one's destiny "like a dog in its kennel." "But, living, to endure the vanity of life gnawing him like a cancer; all his life long to feel the sweat of death lie clammy on his palm." Their only protection against this sense of "death's austere dominion" is found in adventure, which is described not as an evasion but as a quest. For the life of directed action is an attempt to turn the raw materials of one's existence to some account; a protest against what Perken, anticipating the title of a later book by Malraux, calls "the human lot," man's sense of limitations, especially his humiliation at the hands of Time. For Perken, as for the revolutionary adventurer in "The Conquerors," any line of action—provided it is sufficiently dangerous, of course, and opposed to the established order—is its own justification because it is a defiance of death. To stake everything on one's last moment is also, in a sense, to choose one's death, which, as the character Claude remarks, nearly everyone bungles, in one way or another.

But the truth gradually emerges through all these dark speeches that what these two desperate fugitives from middle-class Europe really feel toward death is not enmity but infatuation. It is not to conquer but to surrender that they beat their way through the dense Asiatic forest. The sweetness of death, the wild elation which comes to Perken at the end, is really based on the sudden glimpse of the absurdity of life that it brings, the satisfaction that life is being annihilated.

Nothing would ever give a meaning to his life—not even this sudden ecstasy that merged him in the sunlight. Men walked the earth, men who believed in their passions, their sorrows, their own existence—insects under the leaves, a teeming multitude beneath the far-flung canopy of death.

In the last analysis, the book is another expression of that mood of escape into the consoling embrace of death, whether through the avenue of introspection or of action, which runs through most of the fiction of the last generation. It will remind the reader in turn of Proust, of the early Mann, of the

Conrad of "Victory" and "Heart of Darkness," and of Hemingway. And in its peculiar emphasis on the vanity of life, the nullity of existence, and the rest, it may be easily enough identified with a literary period that now belongs quite definitely to the past. In "Man's Fate" Malraux has distributed Perken's character between the young Chinese terrorist Ch'en, with his longing for annihilation, and the elderly Gisors, with his habit of soliloquizing on the emptiness of life. But in Kyo, May, Katov, and the several young revolutionists in that novel he has created a new and quite different type of character, for whom action is not an aphrodisiac in the long tryst with death but a means to a definitely conceived and highly desired end. And because for this reason their lives mean very much to these characters their deaths take on a significance that is tragic rather than pathetic. The difference between "The Royal Road" and "Man's Fate" is more profound than a difference between an early and a late book by the same author; it measures exactly the change that has taken place in Malraux's whole view of life and character, a change that is certain to have great influence on the future course of fiction in his own country and elsewhere.

It is a duty to mention the superb translation that Stuart Gilbert has made of the lushly rhetorical style which Malraux adopted in this book.

WILLIAM TROY

A New Monument to Lee

R. E. Lee. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Volumes III and IV. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75 per volume.

THESE volumes, completing Dr. Freeman's monumental life of Lee, have the virtues and the faults of the earlier ones. The author has left few sources unexamined and few minutiae of Lee's life untold. He offers many examples of penetrating tactical appraisal, with occasional passages of inspired prose. His general attitude toward Lee results in a tone of defense, although now and then he frankly admits his hero slipped. And yet, despite the generally admirable qualities of this definitive "Lee," readers conversant with the fascinating might-have-beens of the Civil War are likely to finish the final volume regretting that Dr. Freeman did not undertake to answer the larger question: Why did Lee fail?

Careful scrutiny of Lee's connection with the general Confederate effort makes one wonder to how large an extent the final defeat was due to Lee's own failure to insist upon establishing a functioning, competent supreme command of the South's war effort. Likewise, study of his record in what he deemed his proper sphere, the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, leaves one with a sense of amazement at his slowness to enforce his military will on his subordinates. While Dr. Freeman has not ignored these broader questions, he has shown how Lee failed rather than why.

And yet his volumes multiply the evidence that Lee was too good a man to be a supremely successful general. His conscience was so responsive to obligation, his own mood, temper, and will were so subordinated to the demands of duty, that it seemed almost psychologically impossible for him to understand how a lieutenant might hazard a battle because of pique. Then, too, Lee's sense of the propriety, in our American system, of subordinating military to civil authority was so strong that even in emergencies, when the success of the Southern efforts was hazarded by an inept President, he sedulously avoided asserting an authority which the Southern people wanted him to wield, and which someone must wield for the revolution to succeed. Had the spirit of Cromwell or

Napoleon burned in Lee, the South's independence might have been won.

From a military standpoint Dr. Freeman's treatment of the Gettysburg campaign is about the most candid and satisfactory portion of his work. Lee's initial decision to invade Pennsylvania was open to the gravest question. His first major mistake thereafter was in giving Jeb Stuart orders capable of misconstruction, as a result of which Lee was deprived of the eyes and ears of his army during the critical days of the advance. Otherwise he would not have stumbled blindly into Gettysburg.

At Cold Harbor Lee's genius was at its height. There his strategic understanding was at its best. At every point of crisis he anticipated Grant's movements. In this campaign, too, he developed to the fullest the art of field fortification; the lines at Cold Harbor and then at Petersburg foreshadowed the trench systems on the western front in the World War. In explaining Lee's tardiness in moving from Cold Harbor to Petersburg, however, Dr. Freeman indulges in special pleading. Obviously Beauregard had cried "wolf" so often that Lee believed him no longer. Freeman also is unduly tender in assessing the responsibilities for Five Forks. The tragedy of surrender is well retold.

The most satisfying chapters, however, deal with the hero of Lexington. Lee accepted defeat with courage. "I think it wisest," he wrote, "not to keep open the sores of war, but to follow the example of those nations who endeavor to obliterate the marks of civil strife, and to commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered." He did not refight the war but sought to turn the South to the tasks immediately at hand, no matter how humble or how hard. This was one of the main reasons he accepted the presidency of Washington College, a poverty-stricken Shenandoah institution. There Lee did his duty day by day, by the power of example helping the South to bind its wounds and go ahead.

On one occasion Lee termed duty "the noblest word in the English language." His successes were due to his fidelity to that principle. His failures arose, not from any neglect of duty, but from the necessity for choosing between conflicting calls. Dr. Freeman's work admirably reveals Lee as a noble figure in war and a nobler one in peace.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

East Side World

Call It Sleep. By Henry Roth. Robert O. Ballou. \$2.50.

DOES anyone remember Mary Antin's "The Promised Land," that thick book bound in blue cloth with the Statue of Liberty stamped in gold upon its cover? It was followed by "The Rise of David Levinsky," and, a few years ago, by "Jews Without Money." Henry Roth's first novel throws these predecessors into an ironic perspective. The general background of "Call It Sleep" is not unfamiliar; the opening pages are innocent enough: again the "Golden Land" at Ellis Island, May, 1907, where immigrants disembark.

So much for the preparation; we know the story. But one is soon aware that this is not merely a human document. Three levels of language are used to tell that story: one is the language of the narrator, another a direct translation of Yiddish into English, another a dialect that is neither English nor Yiddish but a transition between the two, at first a difficult and awkward tongue, ugly and harsh, yet slowly gaining speed and flexibility. Through the medium of these three levels a set of characters emerge: David the boy, his father, his mother, Aunt Bertha, and Rabbi Yidel Pankower, who is master within the whitewashed walls of a cheder. The technical

device that Henry Roth employs reveals the various levels of experience in which his characters participate, and through the eyes of David we share something of that complex world: its transition between hope and fear, between fantasy and reality, between dreams of the old world left behind and the poverty-stricken terror of the new.

To David the cellar of a house gains special significance. There in the darkness rats breed and the sins of children who "play bad," obscene small girls and boys rolling in filth. But there, too, lies the secret of a profound mystery. On the street level walks his father, silent, wary, uncertain of livelihood, printer one week, milkman the next. Then, with a sudden loss of self-control, the quiet man is a tower of rage, another Job gone half insane. And here upon the street are casual friends, small boys like David; here also walks Aunt Bertha, a mountain of a woman, talk flowing from her lips in a quick, turgid stream of ribaldry. (Her trip with David to the Metropolitan Museum is, I think, one of the best single episodes in contemporary fiction.) Above the street, on the top floor of the tenement, is David's mother and the crowded apartment where the family lives. Yet these different levels seem to be contained within the white walls of the cheder, where Reb Yidel Pankower reads Isaiah. To look at Yidel Pankower one might see no more than the figure of an old man covered with years of unwashed dirt; he has affinity with the very rats in the cellar, and he administers authority on the street level by use of a sharp tongue; but in his understanding of the text before his eyes a revelation is implied. That revelation transcends all levels—and is the experience that will explain alike the mysteries of heaven and the cellar.

It is this end toward which David is moving throughout the book; and to his mind the crack in the street between the car tracks is a source of nameless power; there is the revelation in that bright moment before death when all mystery is revealed. In his progress toward that end one sees the bitter frustration of his father's life and the terror which surrounds the calm innocence of the boy's mother. They are living in a strange land and will die within its borders. David will survive the moment of attempted exploration of the nameless power and exchange the fears of fantasy for those of reality.

I believe I have indicated that Henry Roth has written a first novel of extraordinary character. It will not fall readily into the classification of "proletarian" novel, yet it reveals, I think, more of the actual conditions of living on New York's East Side than any other book I have ever read. In reading it one is forced to accept both technique and content as the purpose of the story; and in this case we are given an experience which few readers of contemporary fiction can afford to ignore.

HORACE GREGORY

Agricultural Utopia

Reshaping Agriculture. By O. W. Willcox. Foreword by Alvin Johnson. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

A GENERATION ago Edward Bellamy created a considerable stir with his book "Looking Backward." Apparently its purpose was to convert humanity to socialism though not at all by the usual methods, such as arguments purporting to prove the defects of the present system, its inevitable downfall at all events, along with an elaborate presentation of evidence in favor of some more or less defensible scheme of distribution under the proposed system. Mr. Bellamy merely pictured the new state. The inquirer who asked about the Old Deal was told in kindly, clear tones that the New Deal was altogether more desirable. The sale of the book for a year or two, the organization of Bellamy clubs, the apparent conver-

sion of many to the Socialist point of view merely by the dramatic presentation of the nature of the desired goal, gave promise of a social revolution, but thus far the promise is unfulfilled.

Not many days ago Howard Scott and his fellow-Technocrats gave us a few old facts dissolved in an 80 per cent solution of fancy, colored with extremely doubtful statistics, which showed that two hours of work a day is ample to keep humanity well supplied with everything needful. And now comes Dr. Willcox, who proposes, but does not urge, a comparable revolution, affecting not all society at once and equally, but agriculture primarily and the rest incidentally. His theory is not couched in the guise of fiction, but appears in the habiliments of science. Dr. Willcox is an agrobiologist; he defines his field as "the science of plant growth and yield in relation to the unit of land surface." In other words, his theory is a particular phase of the old doctrine of diminishing returns. He divides the problem into two parts—one, the diminishing physical productivity in proportion to quantity of labor and capital expended; the other, the diminishing value in relation to cost. However, Dr. Willcox assumes that questions of physical yields belong to the agrobiologist and those of cost and value to the economist. To this end Dr. Willcox supposedly makes a contribution. He gives an exposition of "perultimate" yields. In a sense, the perultimate yield, the known or the theoretical, as the case may be, is closely analogous to "absolute zero" in physics. As compared with it, the yield of our usual performance is absurdly small—less than 10 per cent of the possible. A 100 per cent efficiency in farming would eliminate the necessity of cultivating 91.5 per cent of the land now used in producing our principal crops. But Dr. Willcox proposes that "we keep our feet on the ground . . . and, for the present, regard only the birds actually in hand." That is to say, we shall deal with known yields only. On this basis he finds that we still need 11 per cent of our crop land. The assumption that what man has done man may do is no doubt well founded, but the broad-gauge assumption that what one man has done a hundred may do with the same skill is doubtful. Also the assumption that what occurs one year may be made to happen with certainty and regularity is doubtful. That "any Indiana corn grower may produce from 90 to 165.6 bushels per acre, if he has it *in him*," may be true. Dr. Willcox may save his face by the insertion of the final phrase, *in him*, but neither economists nor farmers will be easily persuaded that "the surest way to reduce costs is to increase unit yields." The statement that there is no reason "why yields of 225 bushels per acre [of corn] should not be obtained in any part of the corn belt," fertility and water being furnished, will be questioned, as will the still more sweeping statement that there is no reason why "a farmer," and presumably a farmer of no rare qualification, "on ordinarily favorable soil . . . should not regularly achieve an efficiency of 50 per cent"—which would mean a production of around 125 bushels of corn per acre one year with another. This is to be done with due regard to agrobiology (diminishing increments in yield), and the economic law of diminishing returns.

The statements that irrigation water for ordinary farm crops may be had inexpensively from shallow wells, that intensive culture means higher economic returns, that the government can successfully fix prices in order to take care of the surplus—all these will be questioned before it will seem necessary to question the more inclusive assertion that an area equivalent to the cultivated acres of Illinois "could keep alive nearly half the population of the globe." Finally the author assures us that under the direction of these new principles of agrobiology, the ideals of socialism will be accomplished without losing the incentive of capitalism. If stupid humanity does not arrive at Utopia with little delay, it will not be because of any apparent lack of positivism on the part of the author in pointing to the promised land.

BENJAMIN HORACE HIBBARD

Newspapers and War

The Cuban Crisis as Reflected in the New York Press, 1895-1898. By Joseph E. Wisan. The Columbia University Press. \$4.50.

THIS is a study of propaganda, of the propaganda of the New York newspapers and the part it played in bringing about the Spanish-American War. The primary interest of the newspapers was circulation, and the great rivals were Hearst's *Journal* and Pulitzer's *World*. Other newspapers there were, of course, but these two were the leaders in a contest for subscribers and news which paid little attention to the truth of the reports printed. Cuba happened to be the best copy during this period; but, as Dr. Wisan points out, "none of the papers seemed primarily concerned with Cuba *per se*, with the possible exception of the *Sun*, on whose staff Martí had once been included, and the less important *Times*." The *Tribune* and the *Mail and Express* were critical of Cleveland's non-intervention policy but in accord with McKinley's similar stand. The *Evening Post* tried to maintain a high standard of journalistic integrity. "The *Journal of Commerce* saw in Cuba only a menace to peace and prosperity. The *Herald* was more concerned with maintaining peace with Spain than securing justice for Cuba. The *Journal* and *World* simply used Cuba to achieve their prime purpose—an increase in circulation." No methods were too unethical, as is shown by the famous Hearst statement to the artist Remington—"You furnish the pictures; I'll furnish the war." The American people were soon worked up to the point of believing the atrocity stories printed, and the reporters knew that their jobs depended on getting such stories. There was a general disposition to believe the worst of Spain, and artists who had never been in Cuba drew scenes of cruelty, usually imaginary but effective. The Americans were easily convinced that the Spanish were cruel, vindictive, arrogant, and when the Maine was blown up, few doubted that Spain was responsible.

We have known of course that the newspapers were an influence in bringing on the war, but few have believed that the newspapers were *the* influence. Some readers will be inclined to scout this and look for more evidence of economic causation. The author shows that the *Journal of Commerce* consistently opposed war. "The leading commercial and financial interests of the nation favored an early restoration of stability," and the industrial and banking interest, just emerging from the depression of 1893, feared the effect of war on the financial structure. Mark Hanna and Edwin F. Atkins, the latter a leading investor in Cuba, opposed aid to the insurgents. Thus the economic interests were not idle, but as it happened they considered that peace was best for them. They sought to keep the lid on in Cuba in order to get out their profits.

In the search for the large interest which some have believed caused the war, the power of the papers has been minimized. Though there has been a tendency to acknowledge that the papers were important, the feeling has persisted that there had to be some more powerful influence back stage, and the big business men have been credited with engineering the outbreak of war. That this was not the case complicates rather than simplifies the problem of how to control war sentiment and propaganda. When comparatively small financial interests—for in fact the newspapers represented no very great financial investment—can throw a nation into war, how much more difficult must be the problem of controlling the really influential financiers when they find a possibility of profit in war!

Dr. Wisan's book is a well-documented, stimulating, and interesting study. We hope that he will follow it up with further studies of the relations of war and propaganda, con-

sidering not the newspapers alone but also the many other agencies that are constantly fomenting bad relations between nations for their own petty, private gains.

BAILEY W. DIFFIE

Shorter Notices

Week End. By Phil Stong. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Phil Stong has left the Middle West and turned to the sophisticated Connecticut countryside for the material for his pretentious new novel. The story concerns a house party which is liberally attended by scientists, Junior Leaguers, actresses, writers, and advertising men. These familiar characters never fail to behave in the literary patterns which were cut out for them more than ten years ago. In "Week End" one can find all the expected things. There is a good deal of drunkenness, a smattering of fornication, a tragic misunderstanding, and a violent death. The book recalls all the bad, high-hat novels that have been generated since Scott Fitzgerald first put pen to paper. It differs from other products of its type only in that the awkwardness of its author has made it less slick, less agreeably narcotic than they. If Mr. Stong has any of that rural "horse sense" with which he has endowed so many characters he will forget the suburban byways and return to his plow.

The Proud Servant. By Margaret Irwin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

"The Proud Servant" is an excellent example of the old-fashioned, romantic historical novel. Miss Irwin tells the story of the Marquis of Montrose, the Scottish hero who rallied the wild Highland clans to fight a magnificent but hopeless battle for the life of Charles I, the Stuart king. Montrose is pictured as a man born out of his time, a medieval chevalier, who turned with distaste from the fanatical ministers and the sharp-dealing business men who had risen to rule Scotland in the name of religion and the middle class. Miss Irwin's account of the gallant, idealistic lord is thoroughly grounded in historical fact, yet she does not hesitate to embroider it with stitches more florid than is today's fashion. The book is deliberately charged with "atmosphere," but even those who prefer a more ascetic tone in their biographies must admit that she has brought her hero to life.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS ADAMIC, the author of "Dynamite" and "The Native's Return," is contributing a series of articles to *The Nation*.

LEFT WING will hereafter be a regular contributor of articles on sports and sport writing.

HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist of the *World-Telegram*, is president of the American Newspaper Guild.

GEORGE FORT MILTON is the author of biographies of Andrew Johnson and Stephen A. Douglas.

HORACE GREGORY will publish shortly a new volume of poems, "Chorus for Survival."

BENJAMIN HORACE HIBBARD is professor of agricultural economics at Iowa State College.

BAILEY W. DIFFIE, instructor in history at the College of the City of New York, is coauthor of "Porto Rico, a Broken Pledge."

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is secretary of the School of American Ballet.

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By

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH Says:

ACCENT ON YOUTH. Plymouth Theater. Hopeful message for the middle-aged in a lively comedy about playwright in love with his secretary. Witty and amusing.

ANYTHING GOES. Alvin Theater. Victor Moore as Public Enemy No. 13 in a No. 1 musical revue, with Ethel Merman at her best.

ESCAPE ME NEVER. Shubert Theater. Here is a heap of theatrical rubbish, romantically entitled. Few if any indeed, could play it one-half so charmingly as Elisabeth Bergner.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. Disputes with "Anything Goes" for first place among the revues.

NOAH. Longacre Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Henry Miller's Theater. Much like the above but about a movie star this time and perhaps a trifle less mechanical.

POST ROAD. Ambassador Theater. Novel and exciting crook melodrama which begins as a quiet domestic comedy but has lots of surprises up its sleeve.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN. Golden Theater. Perhaps the best—and certainly the most substantial—of S. N. Behrman's excellent comedies. With Jane Cowl as a charming embodiment of urbanity and tolerance in a world seemingly about to lose both.

REVENGE WITH MUSIC. New Amsterdam Theater. Charles Winninger, Rex O'Malley, and Libby Holman in a lavish and generally entertaining operetta with lots of comedy and some good dancing in a more or less Spanish manner.

SAILORS OF CATTARO. Civic Repertory Theater. The third and much the best offering by the Theater Union, which goes in for plays with a revolutionary purpose. This one is all about a mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war, and it is first rate as a play, quite aside from the red-flag waving.

TOBACCO ROAD. Forrest Theater. Sub-human but fascinating behavior of the Georgia crackers.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Maxine Elliott's Theater. Tense but grim drama about a fiendishly perverse child, who is played with extraordinary force by Florence McGee. One of the most discussed plays of the year.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST. Broadhurst Theater. Superb performance by Leslie Howard in Robert Sherwood's engrossing play about a lost intellectual. Exciting as melodrama but a great deal more besides.

THUMBS UP. St. James Theater. Bobby Clark, Hal Le Roy, and others in a slightly old-fashioned but entertaining review.

The Dance

Some American Dancers

ONE of the most interesting developments in American dancing is the rise of the Workers' Dance groups into something like a producing entity. Made up largely of girls trained either in the New York Wigman School or by Martha Graham for her group, they have created a great deal of favorable interest among dance partisans. Their programs bear the names of various revolutionary abstractions, which are demonstrated in the danced arrangements. It is perhaps inevitable, at the beginning, that very often the titles seem to be interchangeable, that the weight of the two techniques from which they stem is hard to support, and that the main attraction is the earnestness and belief in themselves of the dancers and their hopeful audiences.

Wigman has an excellent school, but from the earliest days, when she appeared in the Laban recitals, she has manifested a lack of interest in spectacle. Her accent on improvisation as composition may produce an increased psychic awareness in the bodies of her pupils, but they are seldom conscious that there is, after all, an audience watching them. Unfortunately, the audience before which the Workers' Dancers perform is excessively anticipatory. The word "choreography" has been added to their vocabulary, and they consider dancing a pretty fair dialectical argument. Hence it is twice as hard for talented girls like Jane Dudley, Anna Sokolow, and Sophie Maslow to get the kind of harsh accelerative criticism that a more disinterested, if more bourgeois, audience might provide. This, however, is of secondary importance. The workers are building the largest dance public in New York and it will not be slow to ask for the best—if the Theater Union audience is any criterion.

Martha Graham recently gave a sell-out recital of more than usual interest. Though this reviewer is blind to Miss Graham's aesthetic, he admires her personal integrity, her persistence, her success, and her talent for composition. In an otherwise graceless production of lush vulgarity in which Katharine Cornell framed herself as Juliet, Miss Graham arranged some beautiful movements that admirably suggested Florentine social dances of the Renaissance. They were better than the action for which they were contrived as background. In her own recital "Course," with music by George Antheil, was particularly impressive. The costumes, in series of yellow and white, green and white, red and white, the charge of the girls tearing head first across the stage, and the held postures of the well-trained group gave curious but unmistakable proof of a talent which is positive, in spite of Wigman, in spite of Wigman's diluters and Graham's imitators.

If Miss Graham would set herself the perhaps irksome task of forcing herself to fit a subject, a story even, it would do wonders for her. The structure of a plot would hold in a really dramatic net the otherwise interesting but frequently detached movements which she displays. Her music is unmelodic and trivial. She is strong enough to stand a line of melody in motion without collapsing, as do so many of her imitators, out of nervous fatigue, which broken harmonies disguise and forgive. One would like to see her invent Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" free of Massine's second-hand memories of Nijinsky's inimitable arrangements, or "Noces," or "Persephone." Somehow her work is strong but unrelated to a central, consecutive strength; the impulse is present, the energy flows, the result is apparent but diffuse, confusing. What she most lacks is a positive subject matter, even a liter-

any idea, or, refusing that, melody that can take her off the ground.

Tamiris has been dancing at the Group Theater's Sunday-night performances. She is not hard to look at—once. But Bob Lewis's imitation of Wigman which followed one of her numbers was funnier and a more savage criticism than one would take the trouble to write about her. The audience, a splendidly anticipatory one for "Waiting for Lefty," gave her a big hand. Don't hit the comrade, she is trying. All right, but Tamiris is an embarrassment for anything as coherent, unpretentious, and alive as Odet's brilliant play.

Doris Humphries and Charles Weidman have also recently performed, but what it was they performed is still their secret. They seemed to enjoy the clear spaces of their stage but they infrequently permitted any participation on the part of their audience.

After a three-year interval Agnes de Mille returned to give an interesting recital. It became increasingly apparent as she danced that her talent is strongly toward composition. Her invention to the music of a movement of the "Rites of Spring" was absorbing technically and emotionally. Her country and folk dances have a bumptious, bouncing amiability which is not deadened even by three similar numbers in one night. Her dances of style and epoch have authority, but more archaeological and dramatic than choreographic value. She is a finely theatrical artist. It is earnestly to be hoped that she will have the opportunity soon to forsake the ambiguous and thankless responses of the concert stage and enter directly into group work.

The New School for Social Research is organizing a valuable series of evenings whereby dancers without reputations can show to a good public the results of their labor. Not at all in the general run of "modern" dancing, though God knows why not, was Roger Pryor Dodge's "Black and Tan Fantasy." Mr. Dodge knows jazz dancing the way some Russians know ballet. He has codified it from years of research. He explodes into its action with violent and sustained excitement. He is well worth watching.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Drama

Noah Has His Doubts

THE Biblical story of Noah and his Ark is not long on characterization or on what we critics call psychological analysis. The author was no Job, to whom a boil is interesting chiefly as an occasion for philosophical speculation, but a plain blunt man concerned with such simple facts as a forty-day rain and a well-calked boat. His hero appears, therefore, as a simple extrovert who takes things as they come, and precious little is said about his mental reactions. We are not even told whether or not he was fond of animals, though it must have made a tremendous difference if he was.

Many of these deficiencies are now supplied in the very Green Pasturish dramatization of the tale which has been translated from the French and produced at the Longacre Theater before quaintly stylized sets by Cleon Throckmorton. The author is that André Obey whose somewhat precious "The Rape of Lucrece" was acted here not so long ago by Katharine Cornell, and if I read his intention aright he attributes to the hero his own somewhat critical attitude toward the tactics of the Almighty. It was all very well to save specimens of every creature including man, but why was not God intelligent enough to perceive that he was also saving the seed of every pestiferous trait in human nature? What

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is the good of drowning all the families except one if that one, eager to increase and multiply, is typical of all the rest? Yet man reproduces man just as surely as fleas reproduce fleas. The weather had hardly cleared before it began to be perfectly plain that the Flood was a failure if it had really been expected to change anything very much. Ham, Shem, Japhet, and their wives began to quarrel with one another. Their joy when they saw land was not a holy joy but a savage desire to revel and fight and kill in the good old way. If God, seeing what He saw, let them go on their way, it may have been out of His infinite patience, but perhaps it was only out of an infinite despair.

Noah was not easily or willingly skeptical. While the Ark was building he bore without complaining the cryptic nature of God's commands and the exasperatingly intermittent character of their intercourse. When land stubbornly delayed its reappearance he did what he could to keep a mutinous crew in order and to stand up for an Omnipotence of whose fairness it was impossible not to have private doubts. Indeed, he never did come any nearer to rebellion than to permit a certain desperation to creep into the accent with which he pronounced his habitual "Thy will be done." But he got little reward for all this submission. The three sons go off with their wives in different directions, leaving him alone with his weary and not too dependable wife on the rocky summit of Ararat. Even the animals, forgetting their previous fellowship, have returned to savagery, and Noah, not really meaning what he says, calls out, "I am satisfied, O God! Are you?" For answer, the rainbow flashes out in the sky and it is the most touching moment of the play. But it is also ambiguous or worse. God may be satisfied, but Noah is very obviously wondering what it is that he has reason to be satisfied with.

So much for what the play, a bit too preciously and a bit too quaintly, says. For if the truth must be told, there is rather too much padding and rather too much foolery of a not particularly inspired kind. In translation at least the whole seems somewhat languid, especially during the first two acts, and the moments of significance seem rather too widely separated. What does hold it together, however, is an inspired performance by Pierre Fresnay in the title role. Mr. Fresnay came to this country as Ivonne Printemps's leading man, but he had little opportunity to display his talents in "Conversation Piece." Now, however, it is evident that he is a remarkable actor capable of extraordinary subtlety and restraint. There is nothing spectacular about his Noah, but he gradually builds up an unforgettable picture of the troubled, kindly, and grotesque old man who is terribly lonely in his solitary loyalty to a God who makes only sporadic and casual acknowledgment of his fidelity.

I made above some reference to the inevitable comparison with "The Green Pastures," but "Noah" sadly lacks both the gusto of the former and any suggestion of the ecstasy to which it frequently rose. Indeed, the resemblances are largely superficial, for if both are in a sense pseudo-naïve, the difference is great and it lies in the fact that while the one is simply a modern *jeu d'esprit*, the other acquired substance and feeling from a genuine folk tradition. One may argue as much as one likes concerning the extent to which the primitive religious feeling in "The Green Pastures" had been transformed by sophisticated treatment, but the fact remains that the living core of it was the creation of the active imagination of a whole race. That is the reason why it had power of a kind which "Noah" could not possibly have. What one remembers of "The Green Pastures" is the effect of a strange, non-rational piety. What one will remember of "Noah" is a very modern skepticism and, more especially, the very human figure of a long-suffering old man whose perplexities are a little comic and more than a little touching.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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THE SENATE'S REJECTION of depressed wages in work relief may not be final, and as the President is accepting it as a challenge of his leadership we assume he can win. If he does it will not be because the country believes in depressed wages, but because no other leader is available. His promise to the Senate that he would not permit depressed wages on government projects to depress wages in private industry was particularly amateurish. How is he to prevent it? What powers are vested in him to dictate the wages in private industry? And if the general wage level sinks because the government takes the initiative in creating a low-wage mentality, any corrective he seeks to apply will be too late. We believe the President has been unhappy in his whole approach to this question. What he could have argued reasonably is that a sufficient annual income is more important to workers than high hourly rates, and that he intended, particularly in the building trades, to provide an annual income substantially higher than is being earned in many industries. He also could have shown that hourly rates in the building trades are too high to encourage large undertakings for low-cost housing, though annual earnings are low. Great political skill on his part would have chosen such arguments. A demonstration that he intended to pay adequate annual incomes would have set at rest the fear that he was going to depress wages generally.

Now the President finds himself forced to fight for a weak case, after having refused battle after battle for sound principles.

THE PRESIDENT might celebrate his mid-term anniversary by that innovation for an extrovert, a period of contemplation. He could ask himself why it is that circumstances have driven him to oppose the very people in American life and their spokesmen in the Senate who comprised the bulk of his support. He could ask himself whether he cares to be written down in history as the champion of the automobile manufacturers and newspaper publishers, for instance, or of the processors and distributors in agriculture. We do not believe he ever intended to be aligned as he now finds himself, leading the right-wing of his party against the progressives. If he can blame circumstances, he also can wonder why he has not found among his advisers more men of courage and spiritual integrity to stand up to him and reinforce his faith in his own principles. He may also feel that his secretariat, however loyal, is not of the caliber to carry the responsibilities that he imposes on it. Though he has to make all major decisions, he cannot do everything, know everything; he must be able to count on his associates for that rare combination of dependability and independence which saves a leader from his own limitations. He might regret that he has involved himself so deeply in his present right-center position that it would be hard to maneuver his way back to the left center where he began at the White House. But he will surely remember the left center as a happier political base, both for winning an election and for performing the public service that was dear to his heart.

CONSIDERABLE LIGHT is cast on the nature of American recovery by two reports which have appeared simultaneously in Washington. In the first the Federal Reserve Board estimates the level of industrial activity for January at 90 per cent of the 1923-25 average—the highest month, with three exceptions, since 1930. Employment stood at 78.6 per cent of the 1923-25 level, though the index of factory payrolls was only 64.1. In each case the figures were substantially higher than those of a year ago, which would appear to give reason for encouragement. Analysis of the figures reveals, however, that the rise is almost entirely attributable to the present boom in the automobile industry. If proper seasonal correction were made for this highly volatile industry, the index of business activity would be between 83 and 85, and if the industry were disregarded altogether, it would be no higher than a year ago. Moreover, the January figures reflected the peak of operations in the steel industry, which have already declined nearly 10 per cent from the high point. The second report—that of the NRA Research and Planning Division—shows that although payrolls in December, 1934, were only 60 per cent of the 1926 level, and the volume of production had declined by a third, "the income enjoyed by those who received dividends and interest was 50 per cent higher than in 1926."

It also points out that profits of the leading corporations had more than doubled in 1934 as compared with 1933 and had increased approximately 430,000 per cent since the first nine months of 1932. In contrast, the report contains a new estimate of unemployment showing 10,850,000 out of work in December, 1934, as compared with 13,577,000 in March, 1933, which, if accurate, would indicate that only one jobless man out of five had found work during the two years of the New Deal. On the basis of these figures no one can deny the fact of recovery; but it is all too apparent who have been the chief beneficiaries.

BY AGREEING to discuss the Eastern Locarno and related problems in addition to the proposed air pacts, the German government has once more paved the way for the organization of security in Europe. While Berlin's sudden reversal came as the result of pressure from both London and Moscow, there can be little doubt that the unexpectedly firm attitude of the Soviet government proved decisive. In a manner reminiscent of its challenge to Japan a year ago the Soviet government declared unequivocally that there can be no peace in Western Europe unless peace is simultaneously assured to Eastern Europe. That there might be no mistaking its meaning, it listed the nations favoring pacts of mutual assistance, which included all the leading countries of Europe except Germany and Poland, and suggested that even in the latter countries the masses would favor such pacts if allowed to state their views. The reason for Moscow's strong stand is obvious. It had become convinced that Germany's attempt to dodge discussion of the Eastern Locarno indicated a desire to obtain freedom of action in Eastern and Southeastern Europe in line with the policies outlined by Hitler in "Mein Kampf." It realized that if the Reich could obtain Britain's consent to such a plan, even a French alliance could not adequately protect the Soviet Union against a simultaneous attack from both Germany and Japan. Confident of France's support, it decided to stake everything on an immediate and vigorous declaration which would force both Britain and Germany to show their hands. Thus far the strategy appears to have been successful, although continuous pressure will be necessary to make Hitler accept the security pact in its entirety.

PARAGUAY has followed the example of Japan in withdrawing from the League of Nations when faced with its unqualified denunciation for waging an illegal war. But in contrast with its impotence in the face of Japan, the League is giving every indication that it will continue its struggle for an equitable solution of the Chaco conflict. The arms embargo against Bolivia has been lifted, while that against Paraguay is to be continued and strengthened. Other penalties, such as a financial blockade, are being discussed and may be imposed if the leading South American countries will consent to their enforcement. As Paraguay's withdrawal cannot be effective for two years, and then only if it has fulfilled its international commitments, continual pressure is possible. The League is open to censure for its unpardonable delay in seeking to terminate the Chaco war, which was a year old before the League took official notice of it, and possibly for the timidity which it has shown in handling the issue. But in taking a firm though belated stand now it is serving as a focus for world opinion, which

after all is the League's chief function. Whether or not it will be successful in enforcing sanctions depends on a number of factors, not the least of which is the attitude of the United States. Under existing laws the United States government is powerless to control the shipment of arms to belligerent nations in violation of embargoes, or to prevent inaccurate labeling of shipments to foreign countries. Evidence introduced before the Senate Munitions Committee indicates that certain American firms have found means of circumventing the President's arms-embargo proclamation of May 28, 1934, and have shipped munitions to both parties. New legislation is required, and it should be pushed through without delay.

WILL PRESIDENT VINCENT of Haiti travel the classic route of Latin American dictators? Martial law, against which he protested so eloquently for so many years when it was imposed by United States marines, now exists by his own executive decree. Under it half a dozen Haitians have been heavily fined and given prison sentences for writings critical of his administration. No less ominous is his freely discussed purpose to break the senate opposition, to violate the constitution, and to perpetuate himself in office. Eleven out of Haiti's twenty senators—and they include men of proved integrity and devotion to the public welfare—have voted against various executive projects. Chief of these is the proposal that the Haitian government purchase the Banque d'Haiti from its owner, the National City Bank of New York, and turn over the collection of the balance of the foreign debt to the bank's six directors, four of whom, despite Haitian ownership of the bank, shall be Americans—representatives of the creditors—until the debt is extinguished. This arrangement was proposed by our State Department as preferable to the existing fiscal adviser and his corps of assistants, who are appointed by the President of the United States but paid by the Haitian treasury. Outright and unconditional withdrawal of our financial control would be still better and more in harmony with the admirable manifestations elsewhere of President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy.

RECENTLY PRESIDENT VINCENT held a plebiscite to secure indorsement of his policies. Needless to say he obtained it, just as our marines in 1918, through the only other plebiscite ever held in Haiti, obtained overwhelming ratification of the United States-made constitution which they desired to impose. This extra-legal device would have no significance if it were not to be used as a pretext for illegally unseating one or more of the insurgent senators and creating a legislature which not only will be the president's rubber stamp but will declare his continuation in office "indispensable" to the welfare of the nation. Reelection is forbidden by the constitution which the Haitians adopted after the coming of the Forbes commission in 1930. But President Vincent is reported to have stated recently that "the will of the people is above the constitution." That has an ominously familiar ring. A reelection, or an officially imposed candidate, means the beginning of a dictatorship, increasing ruthlessness and oppression, bloodshed and chaos. *The Nation* ventures the hope that Sténio Vincent will not mar his long record as a patriot and statesman by plunging his country into disaster.

ON JANUARY 7 President Roosevelt granted a sixty-day reprieve to Charles Harris, condemned to die a few days later for the murder of a notorious Washington gambler, "Milsie" Henry. The Attorney General had asked for the delay in order to give time for a study of the case. Meanwhile a number of disinterested persons have become convinced of Harris's innocence and are making every effort to prevent his execution. Among them are Charles Edward Russell; Herbert E. Gaston, assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury; Rabbi Abram Simon; Charles McNerny, representing the St. Vincent de Paul Society; Constance Leupp Todd; and various others, including several lawyers. The evidence against Harris was so slight as to make his conviction appear incredible. He was condemned to die solely on the testimony of two men who said they saw him at or near the scene of the crime. One of these witnesses asserted that Harris was in a car parked in the neighborhood of Henry's house on the day before the murder. The second asserted that he had seen Harris twice—once the night before the murder by the light of a match struck to light a cigarette; again, the following morning when he heard shots, looked out of his window, and saw a man running from Henry's car to a car in which he escaped. No other direct evidence implicating Harris was introduced.

AFFIDAVITS were presented establishing a perfectly plausible alibi for Harris, which was not upset. No effort was made to connect him with Henry or to suggest any reason for the killing. The one person who encountered the murderer face to face was unable to identify Harris as the man. The witness who did so identify him saw the escaping murderer from a window at a long angle through a leafy tree; it was at 5:30 on a dark, cloudy morning. Although he ordinarily wore glasses, he was without them on this occasion. None of the circumstantial evidence in the case tended to implicate Harris. Why was he convicted and sentenced to die on the basis of two shaky and unconvincing identifications? The answer apparently lies in sloppy and possibly corrupt police work and court procedure. The murdered gambler was known to have bitter enemies in the underworld who were presumably responsible for his death. They were able to protect the actual murderer. But a culprit was needed, and Charles Harris, a pauper with a convenient police record and no influence, was selected for the role. If he dies without an opportunity for a fair trial it will be as serious a reflection on American justice as the imprisonment of Tom Mooney or the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

THE THEATER UNION in a little more than one year has established itself as a fresh and significant venture. It has produced at least two outstanding plays, and by means of its low price scale it has built up a large and stable audience which gives it ample support in New York. Unfortunately, however, these low prices allow only a narrow margin of safety, and an attempt to extend its activities by means of road companies has been so disastrous financially that the Theater Union is actually threatened with insolvency. "Stevedore," which was sent on tour, played two weeks in Philadelphia, where it was successful, and six weeks in Chicago, where it lost heavily. These losses have cut so far into the Union's reserves that the production of

its new play, as well as its existence as a producing organization, is threatened unless help is forthcoming. Those who wish to see the excellent work of the Theater Union continued should send contributions at once to Charles R. Walker, 103 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

THAT OLD PATRIOT, William Randolph Hearst, has done more perhaps than any other living person to preserve the worst elements in the American tradition and to introduce even more vicious new ones. For that reason we welcome the tribute paid to this great public misleader by Professor Charles A. Beard, eminent American historian, speaking before an audience of educators at Atlantic City. We quote from Professor Beard:

In the course of the past fifty years I have talked with Presidents of the United States, Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the House of Representatives, Governors, Mayors, bankers, editors, college presidents (including that great scholar and thinker Charles W. Eliot), leading men of science, Nobel prize winners in science and letters, and I have never found one single person who for talents and character commands the respect of the American people who has not agreed with me that William Randolph Hearst has pandered to depraved tastes and has been an enemy of everything that is noblest and best in our American tradition.

Professor Beard's words brought his audience to its feet in a noisy demonstration, in which school teachers cheered and professors put fingers to their mouths and whistled. We would not attempt to add to this tribute any more than we would paint the lily or daub pitch with tar. Instead we present, and indorse, an excerpt from a resolution passed at the Atlantic City celebration:

We respectfully request [the Senate committee investigating the manufacture and sale of munitions] to investigate any relationship which may exist between the Hearst newspaper, industrial, and financial interests and the spurious anti-red campaign now current in the Hearst press.

Many happy returns of the day, Mr. Hearst!

MR. HEARST has every reason to hate the Soviet Government. His primary complaint at present relates to the Soviets' lack of "news sense." Here is Mr. Hearst in the midst of a great campaign to increase circulation by the description of a great famine which is said to exist in the Soviet Union. The least the Bolsheviks could do would be to starve, if only temporarily. But instead they have prospered in a disgusting manner. According to the *New York Times*, meat and bread are from 15 to 40 per cent cheaper than in November, while the quality of food served in the schools and factories has notably improved. Labor turnover, always an index of economic difficulties, has fallen to the lowest point since the inauguration of the first Five-Year Plan. The output of heavy industry is running nearly 50 per cent above last year and practically 100 per cent above 1932. Collectivization is proceeding more smoothly than at any previous period, with 85 per cent of the cultivable land already brought within the socialized sector. The past year recorded the first upturn in live-stock raising since the early years of the kolhoz. In justice to Mr. Hearst's consistency, we might say, however, that none of this information was obtained from his newspapers.

Mr. President, Begin to Tax!

WE publish in this issue the concluding article of a series on taxation in the new social state. As the articles have appeared, the trend of affairs in Washington has made them seem continuously more academic. Whatever else might be expected from the Roosevelt regime, tax reform—indeed, consciousness of the purpose and power of taxation—has slipped farther and farther into the background. The New Deal has become stabilized on the basis of the few and questionable achievements of its first year, such as the triple A and the NRA, with only the addition of a program of social security which is both badly conceived and is to be financed in the main by the traditional method of taxing consumption, hence the poor. The redistribution of wealth, which the President eloquently promised in the early days of his administration, is put off, his friends say, until his second term on the ground that our national income is still too low. Professor Studenski, in the concluding article of the series, asserts that this delay is neither necessary nor wise. Now that the decline of business has been stopped and in some sectors there is even some improvement, the start can be made, and since a concrete policy of social taxation is by all odds the most important element of both reform and recovery, essential to the very survival of our economic system, we urge the Administration to lose no time in squaring off to this fundamental task.

We recommend this knowing the difficulties. As a people we never have understood the elementary simplicities of taxation. Money needed by the state has come chiefly from direct taxation on real property and from indirect taxation on consumption. Neither device recognizes the principle of the ability to pay. Both systems have built up rather than broken down the accumulation of wealth by the wealthy. The most vicious of all sales taxes, the tariff, has created vested interests which appear to be stronger than the government. As the problems of finance have increased during the depression, taxation has been applied locally with a blind fury, on incomes, on consumption, on anything within the reach of the tax collector, without scheme, thought, or reason. The resulting picture is one of chaos. Order can be restored only by authority, and the authority in this field must come from the federal government. It must not be oppressive, and it must above all carry out a definite social philosophy, the need for which should by now be apparent to every thoughtful person. The nation is suffering from a maldistribution of economic privileges. It may be ruined by it, and it certainly cannot be saved unless the corrective is quickly, courageously, and wisely applied.

We have said this before, and have also been reproached by some readers for not being more specific. With the conclusion of our series we now join with Professor Studenski in a number of concrete proposals:

1. Immediate increase of taxation to yield at least half a billion dollars.
2. Increase of inheritance tax rates, the lowest tax-free inheritance to be certainly not more than \$25,000, and life insurances above this figure to be subject to the tax. The maximum inheritance to be not larger than \$5,000,000.

3. Income tax rates to be increased, and exemptions reduced.

4. Taxes on corporation incomes and unused surpluses to be increased.

5. Indirect taxation to be gradually abolished, particularly the sales tax, except for a gross-receipts tax at a fraction of 1 per cent.

6. An amendment of the Constitution to permit the taxation of the income of all federal, state, and municipal bonds, which thereafter are not to be issued free of tax.

7. Machinery to be established for a coordination of federal, state, and local taxation and budgets; and a system to be developed for a unified collection of all taxes with a standard policy for the division of receipts.

8. A tax policy to be adopted by which government reserves may be accumulated in times of active business to retire the debt incurred in times of less active business.

9. A long-term policy of social taxation to be worked out looking to the expansion of social services, including unemployment and health insurance, old-age pensions, and education.

10. Power to be given to the Administration to apply a capital levy immediately an inflation sets in.

The first purpose of such a program is to place the burden of the cost of government on the shoulders of those able to bear it. It is not there now. And as long as it is not there, the cost of government itself becomes a means of increasing the disproportionate power of wealth. A society which finances itself by impoverishing the poor and correspondingly enriching the wealthy cannot endure. The process is self-destructive. It ultimately must breed revolt, and then lead to the sacrifice of democracy in averting the revolt, which is the road to fascism. Our proposals are not radical in the sense that they would be rejected by many of the most able defenders of capitalism, who know that capitalism cannot survive unless it adjusts itself to social realities. Its second purpose is to use the taxing power intelligently, distributing the wealth of the nation so that it benefits the whole nation. It is a practical program; it includes the amortization of debt; it offers a method for averting the catastrophe of inflation. It foresees the expansion of social services, which are the best promises for that rising standard of life which ought to be the American inheritance. It is a program we commend to the President. We believe that he would find a majority for it in Congress, including all progressives and most of those who were elected primarily as legislators of the New Deal. It would realize the abstract principles which this country believed to be implicit in the New Deal when it gave the President his impressive mandate last November. We warn him not to wait two years more before beginning to use the taxing power of the government. It is, to begin with, an abrogation of the chief powers of the social state. And the delay is demoralizing; in two years we may be so lulled by the ease of borrowing that we cannot rally to the hard truths of sound finance. To wait is to gamble. There is no gamble in beginning now.

A National Labor Law

ALMOST coincidentally with the President's message to Congress asking that the National Recovery Administration be retained in substantially its present form for at least another year, Senator Wagner introduced his industrial-disputes bill, which he calls the National Labor Relations Act, and which provides for considerable modification of the labor provisions of the NIRA. Although Senator Wagner probably need not expect the support of either Mr. Roosevelt or Secretary Perkins—who prefers to keep industrial-disputes machinery under the aegis of the Department of Labor—his bill is in many respects admirably devised to eliminate the weaknesses of the present methods of dealing with labor troubles, and it deserves not only the support of the A. F. of L., which indeed it has, but of every employer who honestly wants to live on a democratic footing with his employees.

The most important provision of the bill goes to the heart of the present difficulty in that it proposes an independent labor board with exclusive and definite authority, subject to review by the courts, to interpret and enforce the laws dealing with collective bargaining. The existing National Labor Relations Board, although its personnel has been able, honest, and just, has been woefully without power or status. Its decisions have been presented as recommendations to the President through the Department of Labor; its powers have been shared by various code, industrial, and other boards, none of them having clearly defined authority, and by no means all of them possessing the confidence of the parties to a given dispute. Although his bill does not specifically say so, Senator Wagner evidently intends that his new board should supersede such special agencies as the Automobile Labor Board and the Newspaper Industrial Board. This is obviously the only way by which a consistent, just, and effective body of labor law can be built up.

The second most important provision of the bill is that giving a permanent, statutory form to labor's right to bargain collectively. Section 7-a of the NIRA may or may not be left in the various codes. Under the new labor act collective bargaining would be guaranteed to workers, and employers would be prohibited once for all from imposing restraint on employees who wished to make collective agreements. In restating the provisions of Section 7-a, the proposed law lays down clearly defined restrictions against company unions. No organization which was established at the instigation of an employer, which exists through his connivance, or which receives material support from him may make a collective agreement. The company union may continue to exist as a welfare agency or for the adjustment of grievances, but it is inoperative for the purposes of collective bargaining. This provision, of course, goes directly counter to the principles laid down by President Roosevelt in creating his Automobile Labor Board. But it is obvious that collective bargaining can function only when the labor organization is free of all possibility of coercion or influence on the part of the employer.

The bill cuts through a mass of muddled thinking and forthrightly establishes majority rule as the principle which must be followed in the determination of the bargaining unit.

Despite the opponents of this principle, who seek to complicate and confuse the issue by posing problematical cases in which majority rule seems unworkable, it is clearly the best possible method of settling this vexing point. Minority groups may, of course, meet with their employer for the purpose of adjusting agreements. But this is not collective bargaining, nor should it be called so by any responsible government agency. When no group in a given plant has a majority, the proposed board shall have power to determine what the bargaining unit shall be, and to enforce its orders through the courts if necessary. The board is also given powers of arbitration and investigation when a trade agreement is in process of being made.

Almost the last sentence in the bill declares: "Nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike." This clause as much as any other will continue to win for the bill the determined opposition of the National Association of Manufacturers and similar groups. Only the most vigorous championship by the proponents of labor will succeed in forcing consideration of a measure that on the whole promises an admirable beginning in the more equal distribution of economic power in industry.

War Preparations and the Arms Inquiry

MANY Americans must have rubbed their eyes in amazement when they read on the front page of their favorite newspaper that the House of Representatives had voted approval of the War Department's share of a budget appropriation of \$792,000,000 for defense in the coming fiscal year—a rise of 26 per cent since 1933 and the largest in fifteen years. To those who have been accustomed to think of the United States as an essentially peace-loving nation, this sudden frenzy of war preparation seems inexplicable. Our present army and navy is more than adequate to protect our soil against any enemy or combination of enemies. If reserves and training planes are included, we possess the largest military air force in the world, with approximately 50 per cent more planes than our nearest rival. Yet the new budget calls for the construction of 547 new planes by the War Department at a cost of \$7,686,000, and additional provision is made for an expansion of the naval air force. The army's somewhat grandiose plan for the establishment of a dozen new air bases throughout the United States and its possessions has been shelved for the moment, but will doubtless reappear before the end of the present session of Congress. And although no armed force could possibly invade our territory, the President is granted discretionary authority to increase the size of the standing army from 118,750 to 165,000 men, and to add 5,000 to the National Guard.

If a proposal of this nature had been presented at any time in the last dozen years, it would have provoked a veritable avalanche of protests from organized peace groups throughout the country. While the peace movement has never been successful in forcing a genuine reduction in

armament, it has unquestionably served as a check on the ambitions of professional militarists and armament firms. Despite its pressure, total expenditures for national defense rose from \$591,000,000 in 1926 to \$703,000,000 in 1930-1931, but declined to \$628,000,000 in 1933-1934. In the latter year, however, President Roosevelt neatly sidestepped the peace lobby by appropriating \$238,000,000 for naval construction out of PWA funds. Viewed in retrospect, this maneuver appears to have marked the turning-point in the influence of the pacifist movement in this country. Taken by surprise the peace organizations capitulated with surprisingly little resistance. Encouraged by the ease with which this coup was accomplished, an additional \$612,000,000 was diverted from public works to military purposes this year, and \$20,000,000 for an airdrome in Hawaii, Pacific Coast defenses, and army housing is to be included in next year's government-works program.

The apparent collapse of the peace movement is the more distressing because of the powerful weapon placed in its hand by the Senate munitions investigations. In the past few weeks the Nye committee has brought forth considerable evidence to indicate that the navy allotted its construction under the PWA grant to the "Big Three" of shipbuilding—the Newport News, Bethlehem, and New York Corporations—according to a prearranged agreement. Similar collusion on the part of the "Little Three"—the Federal Shipbuilding Corporation, the United Drydocks Company, and the Bath Iron Works—appears to have occurred in connection with destroyer bids. In the case of the Newport News Company it has been admitted that the corporation made a profit of approximately \$5,600,000, or 35 per cent, on the construction of two cruisers. Evidence was also produced showing that certain shipping companies were approached for contributions to the Democratic campaign fund, and that the companies employed men reputed to have influence with the Administration to arrange naval contracts.

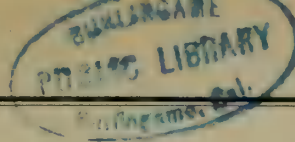
Yet at the very moment when these disclosures are being made, terrific pressure is being exerted from some quarter for the extension of American armaments. It is being exerted without even the pretense that the United States is in danger of attack from abroad. Has the thought occurred to anyone that the inquiry—commendable though it is—may be merely serving to divert attention from the real issue of the moment? The revelations of the Nye committee deal entirely with the past. The American people do not know what particular groups are active at this moment seeking to impose this unprecedented program of military and naval expansion, and they have no way of finding out unless the one group which has power to investigate—the Nye committee—should suddenly turn its attention to this issue. We realize that this may seem an unreasonable suggestion. The committee has been deeply engaged in its present investigations and would find it difficult suddenly to shift to new fields. Nevertheless some such action is imperative. If steps are not taken to stem the tide of war preparations we shall find ourselves in much the position that Germany was in in 1914—tempted to use the prestige and power conferred by our military prowess as an instrument of foreign policy. This can only be averted by throwing the searchlight of publicity on the interests that are seeking to transform this country into a preeminent military power.

The Lowbrow Vote

SPEAKING before an association of deans of women at Mount Holyoke College, Mrs. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge warned her hearers against depending too much upon appeals to the intellect. Educators, she said, were losing their hold upon public opinion because they refused to realize the extent to which the public is swayed by its emotions and because they allowed themselves to become too far removed from the "primary instincts." Even college students, she warned, are more often guided by an emotional force than by cool intelligence, and the teacher who expects to influence his students must know how to use an appeal to the emotions even if he does not himself respect it. And what is true of the teacher is true, *a fortiori*, of the political leader. It is because the intellectual relies upon intelligence that the masses are guided not by him but by the Longs, the Coughlins, and the Townsends—"demagogues who understand the emotional type."

There is nothing particularly new about the warning, but it has a peculiar force when it comes from Mrs. Wembridge. She was formerly the dean of Mount Holyoke and is at present referee of the juvenile court in Cleveland. What is much more important, she is the author of a volume called "Life Among the Lowbrows," which ought to be, if it is not already, a classic. No more shrewd, realistic, and at the same time compassionate study of the sub-average man and woman has ever been made. There, not in terms of intelligence quotients and statistics but in terms of concrete incidents, is presented the plight of the human being whose mind is simply not equal to the demands of contemporary urban life. No wonder that Mrs. Wembridge, who has seen so many individuals hopelessly involved in financial difficulties simply because they could not add, and who has struggled so often with the impossible task of teaching elementary morality to persons who think that "skill" means "something you cook in," should doubt the efficacy of purely intellectual appeals addressed to the great mass.

For all that, however, the problem is not one which it is easy to face. In the first place, one wonders whether the intelligent and well-meaning intellectual can ever really beat the demagogue at his own game, whether his deliberate attempt to appeal to the simpler emotions can ever be as successful as the demagogue's instinctive, and therefore more apt, use of the same methods. In the second place, democracy can hardly base itself upon the assumption that the majority of citizens are impervious to reason; for if they have to be manipulated, then the manipulation of the dictator—whether of the right or of the left—seems obviously to promise greater efficiency. It is true that few supporters of democracy still pretend to believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God or that the vote of the average man is guided by wisdom inherent in averageness. Their only argument is a pragmatic one: up to recently, at least, democracy has worked rather better than any consideration of what average intelligence amounts to would seem to promise. Possibly the events of the next decade will dispose of that pragmatic argument, but until it is actually disposed of it is hard to accept the suggestion that democratic leaders should frankly abandon faith in the appeal to reason.



Issues and Men

Two Years of Rooseveltian Compromise

PERHAPS this headline is not correct. In the first half of his rule, certainly, Franklin Roosevelt made more decisions, and vastly more important ones, than ever before in his career. He rose to his opportunity and to the needs of the hour in a way to surprise, delight, and astound many who had known him for years. But as time has passed we are witnessing again the emergence of that philosophy of compromise we came to know so well under Theodore Roosevelt. The present President goes first to the left, then to the right. At one time he attacks a group; next he seeks to appease it. This is so obvious that everybody is dwelling on it. The questions we may well ask as Franklin Roosevelt reaches mid-term are whither this policy of compromise is leading us, and whether the President himself is as strong as he was a year ago.

Recently an old and valued friend, who is often a welcome visitor to the White House, took me to task for my criticisms of the President's playing of politics, especially by and with Postmaster General Farley. It was largely necessary, she declared. But for his skilful treatment of the politicians and the press and his use of his patronage he could not have accomplished what he has. "Look at Congress," she went on. "It is getting out of hand occasionally now. It is opposed to many of the things for which the President stands. I know that the people voted overwhelmingly for him last fall, but the politicians are different. He owes a great debt to Farley and he could hardly get on without him." In its essence this is the old doctrine that has wrought such havoc in our political life during all the years that I have been writing about issues and men—the doctrine that a "good man" in office may stoop to the tricks of the ordinary spoils politician in order to advance his causes. The inference is that if the President were to take the idealistic course, hew straight to the line, and accept defeat at various points rather than to compromise and trim and further intrench the system of spoils politics, the country would be far worse off, and the problem of rebuilding America under the stress and strain of the economic crisis would be so entangled as gravely to endanger economic and political stability. That argument, too, is as old as the hills. The only new thing about it is the injection of the words "economic crisis." In its every other aspect it is familiar, having been made so by none more than by Theodore Roosevelt, who could tell by a glance—at his campaign contributions—whether a captain of industry was a "malefactor of great wealth" or an ardent devotee of the cause of the people.

Well, let us assume for the moment that this is the correct philosophy. Where has it got Franklin Roosevelt at the end of the second year of his Presidency? The simple truth is that he is far weaker today than he was a year ago, despite that unprecedented triumph at the polls last fall. The use of Farley and the offices, together with the policy of good Lord, good Devil, has not made Congress more subservient. It did not prevent the President's defeat on

the World Court. As I write, the fate of his \$4,800,000,000 relief-work bill is in doubt. Even more important is the fact that the reconstruction program is being checked or is collapsing all along the line. The NRA has gone down because of this same policy of compromising first on this code and then on that, of upholding the National Industrial Labor Board one day and reversing it the next, of being stoutly for labor one day and opposed the next. The policy of compromise has, in short, weakened and sabotaged the President's own program, which could only have succeeded by exalted leadership, clear cut, consistent, and courageous.

Most serious of all is that progressives everywhere, especially in the government, are dismayed and downcast. They rallied to the President's support the minute he outlined his progressive program. They spoke, fought, and labored for him—often at considerable personal sacrifice. As I meet them now they are one and all shattered, especially by the so-called "purge" in the AAA. I think Raymond Swing's analysis of that action in *The Nation* of February 20 one of the most remarkable pieces of political correspondence I have ever read. But not even he could estimate the damage that particular bit of compromise has done to the President throughout the country in quenching the enthusiasm and smashing the faith of the Administration's most worthwhile supporters. Even the liberal press, which was at first enthusiastic for the President, is beginning to take another tack. It rarely happens that a reporter like Arthur Krock, of the Washington office of the *New York Times*, goes so far as to say in a public address that the President's press conferences are a snare and a delusion, and that their real purpose seems to be mystification if not deceit. If that is what the policy of compromise leads to, I plump here again for the enemy-creating, defeat-inviting forthrightness of Grover Cleveland.

The pity of it is that in Franklin Roosevelt's case it was all so unnecessary. He has been like Meade and his generals after Gettysburg. They had won an enormous victory and did not know what to do with it. Had they followed Lee they would have caught him demoralized and shattered with a swollen and unfordable river at his back, and could have wiped out the Army of Northern Virginia two years before Appomattox. The people of the United States placed their future in Mr. Roosevelt's hands by a formal vote last November and he has not known how to profit by his victory. What will come of it all? Only one thing is certain: this Rooseveltian policy of compromise is having its try-out once and for all. The question is no longer merely whether it can bring about economic rehabilitation, but whether, through the falsity and weakness of its political philosophy, it will not lead us squarely to an American fascism.

Isabel Garrison Villard

Dr. Townsend Solves It All

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE story of Dr. Townsend the humanitarian, as distinguished from the economist, is sweet and wholesome. Here is a man who wants to help the aged, help the country, help the whole human race, and who does not aspire to dominate anybody. He has no philosophy of repression, he leads no cult of reform-via-terror. He has lived the typical life of the faithful, sub-successful American professional worker. As a young man he was badly battered in the struggle to begin a career. He worked with tenacious courage to obtain an education, and did not get his medical degree until he was thirty, known to the rest of his class as "Dad." He performed his duties as a physician with the unpraised loyalty of the great majority of that profession. He contemplated his own experiences and the life he saw about him; it made him wretched, and he strained after a solution that should end the tragedy in which he saw his fellow-beings enfolded. And he hit upon the solution. Nothing could be more American. As a nation we were created by such men, who toiled, suffered, and dreamed, and were filled with the faith of dreams. Utopians have written many forgotten chapters in the growth of America. Always we have progressed in two directions simultaneously, building a massive materialism which outdid anything on the face of the earth, and projecting castles in the air, like a great confession to heaven that our material life was not sound. In the heart of nearly all unweaned Americans lies the waiting Utopian, aching to believe in the New Jerusalem, certain that there must be just one wise answer to all the problems of economics and politics if only it could be found.

Dr. Townsend found it. No matter, for the moment, that his answer is wrong. In finding it, he gave expression to the great mass of Americans who, like him, are obsessed with the tragedy of life, desperately desirous of helping all humanity, and certain that there must be a short-cut solution which will clear up everything and make everybody happy. That is why the case of Dr. Townsend is an exceptionally illuminating success story. He is the incarnation of the American Utopian, he is a salient bit of American history marching on, and he is the revelation of the submerged half of the twofold nature of Americans, the half which sees in dreams what it cannot find in reality.

His success is really not phenomenal; it only seems so to those who do not appreciate what Americans are made of. Today he leads millions of them. I am told that 25,000,000 Americans have signed petitions to Congress for the enactment of the Townsend plan. I doubt if anyone has actually tabulated so many signatures, but that is beside the point. Put it this way: more people have signed up for the plan than have signed up for any other specific measure before this or any other Congress. Three thousand Townsend clubs have been formed in about six months. Huge Townsend meetings are daily occurrences. And the doctor has real hopes that Congress will be forced to adopt his plan, or one essentially like it. Certainly more letters have poured into the Congressional office buildings this year demanding the

plan than ever came in asking for anything else. They have already so changed the thinking on what an old-age pension ought to be that the \$30 a month in the Administration's security program, really an expensive figure, looks positively niggardly.

Dr. Townsend does not deserve to be ranked with the demagogues, except in the first definition given in Webster's dictionary: "a leader or orator popular with or identified with the people," a meaning marked "obsolete or historical." When the great idea of revolving pensions welled up in his brain he did not believe it was going to make him dictator of America, or even President, despite his having been born in an Illinois log cabin. It simply seemed to him an inspiration destined to cure all America's economic ills by a single operation. As the idea spread, and as he emerged as a national figure, no one was more surprised than the Doctor himself; and let it be said for him that he has assumed prominence with becoming calm and modesty. Ideas of grandeur may creep into his mind, for certainly he has been tempted by his admirers with promises of great power. But he gives the impression that his head has not been turned. If anything he is more ingenuous than ever, sincerely grateful that his idea has brought hope to millions of people, and not a little bewildered when experts tell him that his scheme might wreck the nation instead of saving it. For he has only the single desire to serve, to do good, to relieve suffering mankind. To be depicted as a menace is to him a distressingly undeserved experience.

Francis Everett Townsend was born sixty-eight years ago in Fairbury, Illinois, one of a family of seven children; his father was the grandson of the Peter Townsend who swung the great chain across the Hudson River in the Revolutionary War to keep the British warships from reaching New York. He had a local education, and left home for more years of an Odyssey than most young men experience. He roamed over a good part of the country, in and out of work. He tried his shoulders at homestead farming in Kansas, teaching school to eke out an existence. But he left this, via freight train for Colorado, and much later, at twenty-six, appeared at the Omaha Medical School with \$100 cash and an insistence on obtaining a medical education. The dean got him some bookkeeping, also the lawn-cutting and furnace-tending woven into so many American educations, and at last he took a seven-mile newspaper route and delivered the *World-Herald* each day for \$3.75 a week, a sum which made it possible for him to graduate at thirty. He soon was practicing in the Bearlodge country of the Black Hills, on the fringe of cowboy and mining-town violence, and he remained there for years, living on as strong a diet of crude reality as even a benevolent physician could endure. There he met his future wife, Mrs. Minnie Bogue, a nurse in the hospital where he and his partner centered their practice. After years of hard life he decided to migrate to California. Thus he finished the span of the continent which his forefathers began. Nothing in this career foretold the astonishing celebration lying in wait

for him in his old age. Mrs. Townsend was a widow with a child of seven when they married. The Townsends had twins, who died, and then a son, now in college. They adopted a daughter, now eighteen. The new home was at Long Beach, where for years he was assistant in the health department. And here he would have remained and died nationally unnoticed had not the great idea of revolving pensions burst upon his mind.

The occasion, as he himself has told it, was the sight of three old women sifting through the contents of a garbage can for usable scraps. He watched them, then he straightened to his full, lean length and let out a cry of terrible rage, which brought his wife rushing into the room. He was shouting out profanity, with what old-fashioned religious folk call "righteous indignation." The sight of the miserable old women set his mind to working out the social remedy. And the Townsend revolving-pensions plan was conceived in the fire of his wrath. His mind often had roamed over the field of injustice to parents, who give their contribution to youth often to be rewarded in old age with neglect and penury. Beginning with this injustice the revolving-pension idea grew to be a corrective of the entire economic maladjustment of the depression.

The plan itself is really two plans, one to reward the aged, the other to create business and cure unemployment. It is not always understood that the second part does not rely on the first at all. The same effect on business would be felt if any eight million persons of any age were removed from production and given \$200 a month under pledge to spend it in thirty days. It would have the same consequences if the money were paid, say, to all the members of the American Legion and their relatives, or to all young people between twenty and thirty. The only reason the two plans come together is that Dr. Townsend thought of the second part trying to devise some way of satisfying the first part. But since the two parts are not usually considered separately, the economic analysis is cluttered up with the sentimental appeal of doing something for the old folks. Since it is highly desirable to relieve them, somehow the economics of big revolving pensions becomes highly desirable.

At first the Townsend plan was to raise the money for the pensions by a straight sales tax of 15 per cent. This was changed later to a tax of 2 per cent on each business transaction. The Townsendites refuse to quibble about the percentage. They do not care what it is if it provides the revenue to get the money into circulation. They are not even clear about what a business transaction is. Reckoned one way, the number of business transactions in the United States would not yield more than one-third of the funds needed. Reckoned another, it would yield more than enough. But this, too, is immaterial to them. They are sure the money can be raised by a tax, as of course it can be if consequences are ignored. And the tax, strangely enough, is not on wealth—incomes are the most easily taxable wealth—but on business transactions, in other words, ultimately on consumption. And once consumption is taxed, the burden rests on the whole body of consumers, so that the vast mass of those who consume in small portions pay the great bulk of the tax, and are correspondingly poorer. The result is that the income of the masses is divided up, those with little being left with even less, those with much retaining more than their fair share.

The Townsend thinkers profess not to be nonplussed by this description of what would happen under the revolving-pension idea. They argue that if the country can start out with two billion dollars of money which has to be spent in a month, this will create so much consuming power that production will begin, the unemployed will find work, and the creation of true wealth will set in, to be heaped up as the spending of money produces new activity. Their confusion lies in the belief that they are tapping sources of wealth which now are idle. They are not creating wealth but redistributing it. And their redistribution is not even a good one, since the money spent by the old folks would be derived chiefly from the poorer part of the community. If the plan would take wealth from those who have more than their social share and give it to those who have less than their social share, the tax would be not on consumption but on large incomes and inheritances. But no tax on these sources would raise anything like enough to pay Townsend pensions, or indeed pensions of any real generosity. Obviously the Townsend plan would have been based on this kind of taxation if it could produce the required revenue. It should be equally obvious that since no other source of distributable wealth exists, printing money to launch the scheme would not create it. And if everything is taxed at every phase of the manufacture and distribution of goods, the money cost of the article will increase. By the Townsend plan pensioned people would receive their money out of the incomes, chiefly, of the poor, and what they received would depreciate in value so that \$200 might become \$100, or \$75, or \$50, or even less. And at the same time the great mass of the population would be receiving correspondingly less for its wages and salaries. The moral, of course, is that you cannot create wealth by dividing wealth. What you can do is distribute such wealth as exists on a far more equitable basis. But this is not what Dr. Townsend—or yet President Roosevelt—proposes to do.

If Dr. Townsend changed his plan so that it really redistributed wealth, he would have to drop the \$200 conception. Pension schemes are costly. In Great Britain, where the old-age pension is a mere \$10 a month, to which every eligible man, woman, and child contributes, from sixteen to sixty-five, along with their employers, and of which the state also pays a share, it is estimated that the cost to the government after eighty years, when the contributory system will have been working for two generations, will still be \$435,000,000 a year. The British scheme, transplanted to this country, would cost the Treasury nearly three times as much because of the larger population, and a \$30 pension would cost the country nine times as much, or about four billions a year. These are realities. Larger pensions can be paid only if there is more real wealth to tax. And if any government tries to increase pensions before real taxable wealth has increased, it will be simply depreciating its currency, and hoaxing people with the false numerals on its coin. The one really meritorious economic argument in the Townsend plan is that in the first months it would set unemployed people to work through public spending. But what difference, except in speed, is there between the spending by old folks and the spending at standard wages by the government? When unemployed people, now on relief, go back to work at wages higher than their relief, they add to the national income by the difference between

their wages and relief. That is the creation of wealth, the only possible creation of new wealth in our present society.

But Dr. Townsend, in believing that magic can be worked with money, is in the true American tradition. European radicals feel the class struggle more poignantly than it was felt in America so long as there was an expanding frontier. Our radicalism has tried to obtain cheap money, free silver, inflation, rather than to win in the fundamental conflict of employee against employer. That is no doubt natural, since financial radicalism, nearly always disguised inflation, is an assault on capital and a mass attempt to reduce the burden of debt. Debt was always the curse as well as the blessing of an expanding continent. The Townsend plan, strictly speaking, is not inflationary after the first month. Thereafter it becomes the redistribution of purchasing power. In so far as it increased the velocity of money it would increase somewhat the actual volume of purchases. But it would in the main be a flow of purchasing power from one section of the lower level of society to another section of the same level, the pensioned old folks, and the wealth which Dr. Townsend blithely assumes would rise to towering heights would not be amassed. The result would be so disappointing that inflation undoubtedly would be resorted to in order to make it appear more successful.

Dr. Townsend himself is not so significant as the importunate credulity he reveals in the American nation. Six years ago, during good times, he could not have obtained 25,000 signatures for his plan. Now the masses are ready

to believe, and—a point worth stressing—they will not be satisfied with anything a great deal more sober. It is dissatisfaction with the attainable which leads to fanaticism and at last to social fury. There was nothing quite so fantastic in Hitler's program during his propaganda days as the Townsend plan, though it was woven of the same thread of fantasy and in the same ignorance of economics. But the people who listened to it did not criticize it. They preferred to believe. And when great masses are ready to believe the impossible, that is an ominous political fact. In this sense, the danger is not Dr. Townsend, who in himself is as harmless as a dove, but that so many millions accept his plan. At his age it is highly doubtful whether he ever will lead a political movement, or even combine with other demagogic movements as one of a coalition. He is sure to offer a temptation to the radical aspirants to dictatorship, who see a chance to pick up the Townsend following at a cheap price. By nature Dr. Townsend would not care to have traffic with them. His sympathies now lie with the progressives, the more progressive the better. And it may be that in the end the progressives will undertake to redraft his scheme in Congress, and see what can emerge in the way of pensions financed not out of consumption but out of incomes and inheritances. If they do that it would become a purely social measure, it would not do much for recovery, and it would not be the yearned-for panacea for the whole woe of the world. It would be just another great disillusionment, of which there have been so many in American Utopianism.

Peanut Hill

By LELAND J. GORDON

PEANUT HILL is a typical sore spot in our economic system. Perched on a hill, silhouetted against the setting sun, are ten shacks whose barren walls conceal human tragedy and symbolize the failure of a system. From the hilltop one can look across the surrounding valleys of Belmont County, Ohio, and see other camps—Dogtown, Black Oak, and Virginia Hills—where other unwanted miners and their families look into a future that is black and blank.

For some of the men there is occasional work, but for most of them there is none. For most of the families there is some relief, but for some there is none. Years of starvation have strewn the hillsides and valleys with diseased and dying victims. This letter just came to me from one of the men in Dogtown:

i have three children going to school they havent hardly anything to were they havent eny swetter nothing but a thin coat they have bin going to school without eny stockings it has been quite cold some mornings jane is 16 martha 13 herbert 11 i have been sick for over one year on direct relief just enuf to keep from starving i dont have eny money to bye clothing . . . i havent had clothing to fit to go to church since the strike in '27 i am a miner after the strike i couldnt get work in the mines they wont hire men over fifty years old.

This man, like many others in that coal area, has tubercu-

losis. Last winter his family lived largely on bean soup, made with a handful of beans, at ten pounds for a quarter, in a gallon of water. The children had no bedding until Denison University students gave each one a single blanket.

As he sits on his doorstep this man looks across the valley to the "Big Five" mine, which will never open again. When he worked, miners were paid 28 cents a ton, but in a nearby mine they are paid 13 cents a ton and so short-weighted that the director of county relief told me they had to weigh out on the average 6,000 pounds to get credit for a ton. For the shacks in which they live they pay the company \$8 a month. If they fall in arrears, 50 per cent of their next pay is held back for rent. On Charles Harris's last three pay days he has received 92, 94, and 96 cents! In three years the most he has made in a two-week period is \$6.40.

On rainy nights the people cannot sleep, for the only dry spots in their houses are in the corners where they huddle. On cold winter days I have been in many of these houses when the chill wind was blowing through the broken windows and door cracks untempered by any artificial heat. These people are not allowed even to pick waste coal on the slack piles; they must buy it for 14 cents a bushel.

When a mine closes, as many have done in the past three years, each one throwing from 150 to 500 men out of work, the houses are sold to salvaging companies for as

little as \$20 each. The occupants are turned out into an August sun or a February blizzard. Some go to the homes of relatives or friends, already overcrowded, or to a place like Peanut Hill, where the houses have been abandoned and they can live rent free. If a corporation should take 500 men and their families to an isolated island to work a mine, and then when the mine ran out lay off the men, tear down the houses, dismantle the mine, and leave the 1,500 persons to shift for themselves on a barren soil, we should all cry to heaven against such inhumanity. Yet in effect that is exactly what has happened time and again in these coal fields.

Those who have any cash to spend in company and local stores find prices higher than in the average Ohio town. While others of us pay 12 cents a pound for lard, 2 cents a pound for cabbage, and 14 cents a pound for salt pork, they have to pay 16, 3, and 27 cents a pound for these articles. While they pay 30 cents a peck for potatoes, we pay 15; and they pay \$1.10 for a twenty-four-pound bag of flour compared with our price of 87 cents. I have known many a family which had no yeast to use with flour and no salt for its potatoes.

Who is responsible for these conditions? Certainly not the miners. With few exceptions they are men who have worked hard when there was work and saved when there was anything to save. Joseph Marcella once owned a store whose profits were invested in real estate and had a bank account. When the depression came he carried his customers, as he had done before, until he could no longer meet his obligations. When the bank took his houses and business he went into the mines. On his twenty-ninth day of work a rock slide crushed his leg. He will never work again. Today his family and his children's families are destitute.

Angelo Springetti worked in the mines from 1904 to 1930 when a runaway car crushed and cut him so badly that 103 stitches were required on his face and head. His vision is blurred and his back permanently injured. For a few months he received total-disability compensation based on his average wage of \$509 a year, but he was soon reduced to partial disability, which yields \$6 a week for himself and six dependents, and steps are now being taken to compel him to admit his full recovery by reporting for work—when there is no work—although he cannot walk fifty feet without support.

For three long years Jack Knizek has lain in bed fighting a losing struggle with tuberculosis. Three brothers have already died and his younger brother is afflicted. The county doctor has told him he can never get well unless he has good care—and altitude. But so far all efforts to get him into a county sanitarium have failed.

All these men ask for is a chance to work for a living wage. But that they cannot get. Thousands of men in the state are apparently condemned to a life of helpless poverty. They are not wanted, but cannot move. If they could move, where would they go?

The operators will of course deny any responsibility for these conditions. They are engaged in a fiercely competitive business in which they have staked their own capital and that of others. It is imperative for them to cut money costs regardless of human costs. When the mine is working, labor cost must be kept to a minimum, and when the mine runs out, costs must be cut by discharging men and by

salvaging machinery, track, and houses. Where the displaced miners are to live is their problem, not the operators'. How they are to buy food and clothing is also their problem. If they go hungry and cold and fall sick, it is unfortunate, but the profit system makes no provision for them. If they starve for lack of food or die because they have no medicine, there is no alternative, for the grocer must have his money and the doctor must be paid before he will leave his office. Boyd's *Dispatch* says there are 1,384 persons in the county whose annual income is in excess of 5,000 dollars, but these discarded miners are not entitled to any income in a profit system because they are not needed.

One might also say they are not wanted. Not many persons would deliberately say, "Let them starve," yet our failure to provide organized means for supplying the minimum physical needs of these victims is an unspoken expression of that view. When Mr. Hoover was asking the electorate to return him to office and telling it that "none shall suffer from hunger or cold," there were thousands so suffering; thousands more were added the following winter. What did they do? Who took care of them? The Red Cross, that "Great Mother"? Not in Belmont, Jefferson, or Harrison counties. One county lost its Red Cross charter because it failed to raise its quota. The state relief commission? Not effectively.

Where does the relief money go? One worker told me that almost the entire proceeds of one bond issue, amounting to \$2,000 for that township, were spent for back funeral expenses. Most of the funerals are a charge upon the county and by the time they are paid for there is nothing left with which to buy groceries. What a vicious circle! Not enough money to keep people alive because they die so fast. Another township in the same county had only \$200 a month for relief, which was spread over forty families, some with seven children, at \$5 a month. CWA road work has helped some men to the extent of \$3.10 a day for four or five days a month. Some men had to walk twelve miles to get this work!

Has the NRA helped? The answer seems to be that those who are employed are better off but those who are unemployed are worse off. Prices are higher and relief funds are smaller. The people who suffer the most are those off the beaten paths in such out-of-the-way places as Peanut Hill and Dogtown. Others near the county seat fare better. If not, they can get to town to complain. But those in the remote camps have to travel twenty miles to the courthouse, and there is little likelihood that a county nurse or investigator will call. Nor do they have anyone to represent them effectively.

What does the future hold for the people of Peanut Hill and Dogtown? Unless something drastic is done the only answer is—death. Their condition now is hopeless and there is no effective relief in sight. For the immediate future the federal government should undertake a subsistence-homestead project for the permanent surplus of workers. But since that is a subsidy to the coal-mine owners and operators, the government should eliminate permanently the worst effects of a competitive profit system by declaring all bituminous coal mines a public utility to be operated for the benefit of the people rather than for the profit of a few, and on an accounting basis which will give first place to human costs.

Terror in Spain

By ELLEN WILKINSON

WE arrived in Madrid on November 9—the Earl of Listowel, who is a member of the Labor Party in the House of Lords, a secretary-interpreter, and myself. Our mandate? Simply that we were connected with an organization in England that had done a great deal of work to relieve the victims of fascism in Germany and Austria and that had been implored to do something about Spain. News from Spain in Britain was very scanty. The *Times* had printed some stories of atrocities said to have been committed by the miners, and then denied them. Little was known except that some sort of revolt had taken place in Spain in October and that a general strike in Madrid had been part of it.

On the morning after our arrival our first tasks were to visit the leaders of the revolt in prison, and to apply to Premier Lerroux for an interview about those prisoners who had been condemned to death. Most of the political prisoners in Spain are in the so-called "Model Prison." Between one and two o'clock each day they are allowed to see either their lawyers or relatives. Two Socialist deputies took us in. Imagine a large hall in a zoo with the animals behind bars all around the walls and the visitors walking around the center, and you have the reception hall of the Modelo.

We talked through the bars to Señor Largo Caballero, the leader of the Socialist Party and the Socialist trade-union organization, who had been Minister of Labor in the coalition government. When the Lerroux government, which succeeded the coalition, dissolved 400 Socialist municipalities, Caballero warned it that the workers would resist fascist rule. Lerroux replied by taking three of the leading fascists into his Cabinet; whereupon Caballero showed him that he had not been bluffing. The fact that this man, the recognized leader of Spanish labor, is sixty-five years old perhaps explains some of the hesitations that proved fatal to the success of the revolution. It must be said, however, that under his leadership the Spanish workers did not wait for the fascists to do to them what had been done to the workers of Germany and Austria. Their stand was very nearly successful in important areas of Spain, and though defeated, it may yet have important political consequences. It was the first serious check to the fascist wave in Europe.

After our talk with Caballero we made the round of the cages and spoke with nearly every labor leader of note and also with the correspondents of several important foreign newspapers. The chief man of the well-known English Liberal journal, the *News-Chronicle*, was behind the bars. We met Luis Quintanilla, the great painter of the Spanish working class, for whom a long sentence is being asked on the ground that his studio was the meeting place of the revolutionary Committee of Youth. He seemed to be drinking in the life and color of the crowd through his eyes before going to the silence and grayness of a prison cell. "I am trying to think in line now instead of color," he said, with a quick, flashing smile.

In a corner of the hall some caged workmen made an effort to catch our attention. I went to them. For the

moment an interpreter was not with me. They were desperate, since in a few minutes visitors would have to leave. Holding my hands through the bars they repeated again and again, "Asturias! Asturias! Asturias!" I recalled enough Spanish to say, "Yes, yes we are going there." When they were assured of that, they nearly pulled off my arm. It was my first inkling of what "Asturias" means to the workers of Spain.

It was strange to go straight from the prison to the official palace of the Premier with its gorgeous carpets and furniture in the Spanish-grandee style, strange to realize by how narrow a chance the man we had left in the prison had missed being the statesman who received us from behind this ornate desk. Señor Lerroux, still calling himself a "radical," as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald loves to call himself a Socialist, is a politician whom Americans would understand. King of the—let us be polite and call it the liveliest district of Barcelona—patron and paymaster of one of the various sets of anarchists, he came into prominence as a politician and journalist by his fierce anti-clericalism. Now he is the puppet, as Gil Robles is the mascot, of the clerico-financial reaction. Because he is a man of the world, accustomed to absorb public feeling through his pores, Lerroux is more valuable to the Jesuits and big banking interests in this crisis than is the young, impatient, and far more picturesque Gil Robles.

The Premier talked to us for an hour, assured us that the death sentences on the leaders would not be carried out, denied the press stories of atrocities committed by the miners, and ended by giving us a letter to General Ochoa, the military leader in the Asturias, asking him to facilitate our mission. Had the Premier had his way we should have been politely looked after, shown what it was "good for us to see," and our visit would have had as much effect as a stone dropping in a pond. It was Gil Robles and his fascists who presented us with the world-wide publicity which, despite all the criticism heaped on our heads, has at least made people understand that the high Spanish military authorities have something to hide in the Asturias.

"Get all the information you can while you are in Madrid," advised an American newspaperman, after the row Robles raised about us in the Cortes. "You may be arrested before you leave the city." We had eight hours to do it, and our friends did a record job of organizing for us. While Lord Listowel was seeing necessary official people, I was taken to the workers' quarter in Madrid, where the fighting had been at its hottest during the general strike. There, sheltered by railwaymen, printers, and fruit porters were some hunted refugees from Asturias. Every man known to have been in Oviedo who had escaped to tell the tale was being rounded up. Two well-known Spanish journalists, Barbiere and Fomtecha, had just been arrested. Luis Sirval, said to have in his possession sworn statements about the atrocities committed by the Foreign Legion, had been shot dead by an officer. These workingmen were in the gravest danger.

Their story, briefly, was this. The miners in Asturias were well organized and not rent by the divisions which paralyzed other parts of Spain, especially Barcelona. When the call came, they left their villages in the high valleys and marched on Oviedo, the trading and official center of the region. Oviedo had two factories for making light arms. The miners took the town and kept the factories going. These workmen swore to us, and their account was confirmed even by hostile sources in Oviedo, that the revolutionary committee had maintained order and carefully given receipts for all goods requisitioned from the shops.

Against the Spanish army the miners and other workers had held out easily. The private soldiers had no heart in the work of shooting them down. But aeroplanes bombed the railwaymen's quarters, and the miners retaliated by besieging the cathedral and university, both of which were badly damaged in the fighting. Then the government drafted Arab and Moroccan troops into the Foreign Legion, under white officers—and the officers of the Foreign Legion have no enviable reputation in Spain. Even so, the workmen told us, the miners could have held out, since they had plenty of arms and were well led. But aeroplanes dropped newspapers over their lines which made it clear that the revolt in the rest of Spain had collapsed. It was necessary therefore to make terms. These Asturians in Madrid, one of whom was a union official, swore that General Ochoa had agreed to the miners' terms—namely, that in return for the surrender of arms, prisoners, and certain leaders, the General would not send in the troops of the Foreign Legion until after the Spanish troops had entered.

The General has since denied that he made any promise, but at any rate the miners carried out their part of the bargain. Then the troops of the Foreign Legion marched into the town first, exactly as the miners had dreaded. Their first action was to loot the Oviedo shops. Gold watches could be bought on the streets from Arab soldiers for a few pesetas. "Of course, it was difficult to explain to the Foreign Legion that they must not loot the *good* shops," a government agent remarked to us naively in Oviedo.

In the villages the Foreign Legion soldiers had things all their own way. Every male, old or young, on guard or in hiding, was shot. Some women who had taken part in the fighting were also shot. Heroic tales were told of the deeds of cool bravery of these miners' daughters. Other young women were not shot; Arab troops and white officers had other uses for them. Mass executions of prisoners and captured workers took place in the main square of Oviedo as well as in the prison yards. The names and addresses of men and women shot or tortured were given to me. Such was the story we wished to check by a personal visit to Oviedo and the mining villages.

It soon became apparent, however, that local authorities there had no intention of allowing us to do this. We made an appointment to see the military commander and to present our letter of introduction from the Premier. We were kept waiting about an hour and a half, during which time we watched with interest the activities of a government agent who tried to force a row on us while we drank our breakfast coffee at a cafe. He endeavored to get a crowd to demonstrate against us, a difficult thing to do in a town under such severe martial law that no one dares to be seen in any sort of group. However, the crowd finally

grew to about 200, this in a town of 70,000 inhabitants with a press which had been working up feeling against our visit.

When we were at last invited in to see Commander Doval, he tried to persuade us to say that "owing to the hostile attitude of the crowd we desired police protection to leave the city." As we had no intention of saying anything of the kind, the Commander obligingly said it for us to the press after we had gone, and the statement duly appeared in the European papers. We asked for permission to see the town under whatever escort he desired. (From the windows of the Town Hall a section of the main street looked like Arras as I had seen it in 1919.) To this the Commander politely agreed. We were conducted down the Town Hall steps to waiting cars. Some of the crowd booed. Others were silent and curious. A word from the Civil Guard would have dispersed the lot.

Instead of being taken around the town as had been promised, we were driven under a strong armed escort to the French frontier, a seventeen-hour trip through the night over the mountains. We were given no opportunity to check the grim story of horror that had been told us by the workmen in Madrid. We were not, as has been asserted, "meddling busybodies." We were duly accredited persons with a letter of introduction from the Prime Minister of the country to the appropriate military authorities. Those authorities were and are still engaged in "cleaning up" the area. Armed columns of two hundred men were being sent into the mountains to get the miners still resisting. It is significant that reports of their work are made in terms of "bodies found" and not of "prisoners taken." Naturally the miners are holding out as long as they can. The military are particularly anxious to avoid any publicity for what they are doing. Journalists they could arrest and silence. We, as foreigners of some standing, were an unexpected nuisance.

What were these miners fighting about? Not even the present Spanish government has been able to raise the bogey of Moscow gold and foreign agitators in the Asturias, though it has tried. The authorities told us that these miners were the best-paid workers in Spain. If that be true I am sorry for the others. From the train which crawled up the valley from Leon, the valley through which the miners had marched, we saw something of the appalling conditions under which they and their families have to live. Low wages have been further reduced by unemployment and short time.

The Asturian miners are the most solidly organized of the Spanish workers. They are so militant that an influential conservative journal has demanded that the mines be closed down permanently and coal imported from England lest the revolutionary tendencies of this area infect the rest of Spain. Commander Doval and his troops seem, however, to be stamping out such tendencies quite efficiently.

The October revolution was neither the beginning nor the end of the workers' movement in Spain. In no country in Europe are the differences between rich and poor so glaring. The illiteracy rate throughout wide areas is over 60 per cent, and the present government has just closed down a number of the existing schools on the ground of "economy." While grandees and peasants were the two main social divisions of Spain, this state of affairs could endure. But when the war came, and Spanish industrialists were able to make money from both sides, there arose in Spain an indus-

trial capitalist class and a proletariat. And now, however hard priest and grandee may struggle to keep the old Spain that has been so profitable for them, the new social classes are breaking through the crust of the centuries. At present the big employers are scared of the workers' movement; they only wanted a "palace revolution" to get rid of the monarchy

and the Jesuit power. But revolutions cannot be run as limited-liability enterprises. Spain has been forced to telescope into one generation the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution and the centuries between. The Spanish workers must now avoid having a Hitler revolution crammed into the same period.

Taxation in the New Social State

X. A Tax Program for the Future

By PAUL STUDENSKI

WE may now summarize the discussion presented in this series on public finance and advance suggestions for a financial policy to be pursued by a social state, not only in the present emergency, but also under circumstances likely to develop in the future.

It should be understood at the outset that no reduction in the emergency expenditures of the federal government can be considered until there is ample evidence of the capacity of private industry to employ more workers, and when that evidence is available, the reduction should be carried out gradually, according to a prepared plan. Nor has the time arrived when federal borrowing should be completely stopped. But the time has come when this borrowing should be diminished. Taxation should be used from now on with much more determination. The fact that the downward movement of business activity has been arrested, and that in some fields of business even a slight improvement has taken place, amply justifies the imposition of heavier taxes. These taxes will not interfere with an improvement in business conditions; on the contrary, a failure to impose them will interfere with it.

There must be no inflation of the currency through the issuance of non-convertible, non-interest-bearing Treasury notes to cover budgetary deficits or to defray any wildly conceived new expenditures, such as those proposed under the Townsend plan. Apparently there is little danger of such inflation as long as the present Administration continues in control of Congressional legislation. The Treasury has been able to obtain all the funds required, over and above those furnished by taxation, by means of legitimate credit operations at low rates of interest; and unless some unexpected political or economic developments of a disturbing nature should occur, the Treasury will be able to obtain in the same way the five or six billion dollars more that it may need during the next two or three years. There is of course a possibility of inflation occurring in the future as a result of an overexpansion of private credit on top of the existing great expansion of public credit at a time of a rapid and somewhat speculative recovery of business.

The evil consequences of currency inflation need not be considered here. There is a general agreement among most groups that it should be avoided at all costs. Of all devices to prevent inflation taxation is the most effective, and should be resorted to at once. A tax program capable of yielding additional revenue of at least half a billion dollars per annum under present business conditions, and more if conditions improve, should be developed and enacted at once. The

essential elements of such a program should be an increase of from one to ten points in the rates of inheritance and personal-income taxes and a broadening of these taxes at the base. The required supplemental revenue cannot be obtained by additional impositions on the wealthy classes alone. There must be additional impositions also on people of medium and small means, but these should, as far as practicable, take the form of direct taxes so that they may be adjusted in accordance with ability to pay, and the payments should be undisguised. The level of exemption from the inheritance tax should be lowered to \$25,000, and life insurance should be treated in the same way as estates. Personal exemption from the income tax should be lowered for married persons from \$2,500 plus \$400 for each child to \$1,500 plus \$250 for each child.

The tax program should also include moderate increases in the corporation-income tax and in the tax on cigarettes and other tobacco products, and the addition of a gross-receipts tax levied at a fraction of 1 per cent on all business except that done by extremely small concerns. The gross-receipts tax, which is collectable on the current gross income and payable monthly, would reflect any improvement in business conditions as it occurred and would therefore be especially valuable during a recovery. If levied at a low rate it would in large measure be absorbed by business.

At the first sign of inflation the government should be ready to impose taxes of a deflationary character. It should be ready to impose a capital levy and possibly a sales tax of the character suggested by Professor Colm, the rate of which would increase progressively and automatically with the rise of the price level. A capital levy of a substantial nature would cause an immediate shortage of funds in the money markets, it would force some property-owners to liquidate a part of their holdings in order to obtain cash with which to pay the tax, and it would in this and other ways exercise a restraining influence on prices. A sales tax of the nature indicated would discourage sellers from raising prices and buyers from buying and would thus deflate prices. Odious as is the sales tax as a mere device for raising revenue, it would become a serviceable tax if used in this way to prevent inflation. Plans for these two taxes should be worked out immediately and powers conferred on the Administration to impose them as soon as the price level begins to rise more rapidly than a predetermined rate per month.

The federal government should enact a tax on interest from mortgages. The tax might be so levied as to exempt interest rates up to 4 per cent and then be so steeply gradu-

ated that by the time it is applied to a 6 per cent rate, nine-tenths of the excess would be taken by the government. Such a tax would either yield substantial revenue or else impel mortgagees voluntarily to readjust interest rates downward and thus ease the burden of the mortgagor. It would cause interest rates generally to decline and stimulate capital to engage in new enterprises offering possibilities of profit.

The present high rates of taxation should be continued after the emergency has passed, and even raised to still higher levels. In the course of seven or eight years of relative prosperity, we should liquidate the entire increase in the public debt of the past few years, while at the same time supporting adequately the newly organized social services. There is nothing impossible about this program. Let us assume, for purposes of illustration, that our national income, which amounts now to 45 billion dollars (85 billion in 1929), increases within the next two and a half years, in consequence of an improvement in business conditions, to 55 billion dollars; and that the rates of federal taxation are adjusted as suggested. The federal revenue under these circumstances would rise from the present level of $3\frac{3}{4}$ billion dollars to 6 billion dollars. This would be sufficient to balance the budget, which might be expected to drop considerably as a consequence of the elimination of emergency expenditures. A further increase in the national income to 65 billion dollars within another two and a half years should result in a rise in the federal revenue by another 2 billion dollars and in the appearance of an annual surplus of equal amount which would be available for debt retirement. The federal tax burden would amount to only 12 per cent of the national income, and the combined federal, state, and local burden to 25 per cent—a burden by no means excessive under substantially improved business conditions.

Some of the recent expansion of government expenditures should no longer be considered as of an emergency nature but be treated as permanent in character and even carried farther as business conditions improve. This holds true particularly of proposals for the planned development of the country's natural resources and the development of cheaper electric power, for the inauguration of federal and state expenditures for old-age pensions and annuities, unemployment insurance, and social security generally, for the construction of new housing facilities for the low-income groups of our population, and, finally, for the extension by the federal authority of aid to states and local governments for purposes of education. Expenditures in the field of education (including higher education), public health, public recreation, and utility services should be increased as soon as economic conditions permit. The national, state, and local budget systems should be improved and the budgets themselves planned, executed, and accounted for more efficiently than they are today. In addition to annual budgets governments should develop and maintain programs of capital outlays and financings covering periods of from five to ten years. Before we can expect effective government participation in the coordination of the various features of our broader national economy, we must have better planning and control in the traditional spheres of government activity.

As a part of a permanent program the tax system of the country should be brought into closer accord with the principles of ability to pay and of the use of public finance for social control. Taxes on personal incomes should be

made more universal in their application and more steeply graduated. Sales taxes should be remodeled so that they would become elastic business taxes usable for social control; and the rate of the corporation-income taxes should be increased. The present so-called emergency rates of inheritance taxation should be continued and even carried to a point of taking for the use of the state any excess fortune above a fixed sum, say \$5,000,000. Only by limiting the fortunes that may be transferred to beneficiaries shall we be able to preserve democracy and relative equality of opportunity in this country. The rates of the taxes on personal and corporate incomes, excess profits, capital stock, and undistributed surplus of corporations should be adjusted so that within certain limits they would automatically fluctuate with the rise and fall in business activity and in the volume of investments. This can be accomplished, as recently suggested by G. T. Altman in the *Tax Magazine*, by relating the rates to an index of business activity and capital accumulation. The Treasury could announce annually by reference to these indices the rate to be applied to the taxes of the year. The surpluses resulting from rising rates might be used for debt retirement, the expansion of social services, and the accumulation of reserves. Deficits caused by dropping rates could be covered from reserves or new borrowings. Public finance might thus serve to stabilize our national economy.

The federal Constitution should be amended to give Congress specific authority to provide for a national system of social security by means of such taxes or other impositions as it may deem proper, thus insuring the constitutionality of such legislation.

The country's tax system should be considered as a unit and not as a conglomeration of a number of unrelated systems—federal, state, and local. The federal credits for inheritance taxes paid to states should be applied to the existing rates, instead of merely to the lower 1926 rates, but the credit should be fixed on a regressive scale, so that the federal government should receive 80 per cent of the amounts levied in the case of the large estates and a diminishing share, dropping to 20 per cent, in the case of smaller estates. Such an arrangement would end litigations over the question of whether large estates should be taxed in one state or another; and it would also introduce greater stability in state revenue. The crediting device regressively adjusted might advantageously be extended to the personal income tax. The states should cease taxing corporations on a basis of net income and alcoholic beverages on a volume basis, and should content themselves with a share of the proceeds of a federal corporation-income tax and a federal liquor and beer tax.

The coordination of federal, state, and local finance should be concerned, however, not only with taxation. It should also embrace the current budgets, capital-outlay programs, and credit operations of the various authorities, and be accompanied with a coordination of their administrative activities as well. Some of the functions of government would need to be reallocated as between these several layers of authorities. Before any such coordination can take place, a series of comprehensive studies of the underlying problems must be made by staffs of experts. It is to be hoped that the study of coordination of tax systems which is about to be made by the Treasury will be productive of a sound plan and will be followed by studies of the other

fields of federal, state, and local finance and administration. Such studies should be conducted under the direction of a specially created commission on federal, state, and local relationships, which should be transformed eventually into a permanent body. Its establishment should be followed by the organization of twelve permanent regional commissions of the same order. The task of the national and the regional commissions would be to develop intergovernmental unity and cooperation on a national and regional scale so that the government might emerge from its present state of chaos.

A substantial reorganization of local finance and administration should be undertaken. The administration of the property tax should be improved as regards assessment and like matters; the existing limitations on the rate of the property tax should be removed, and the local revenue system broadened through larger distributions to localities of shares of state-collected taxes. A more effective supervision by the state over the budgetary practices and credit operations of the smaller spending units should be established. Those local units which are incapable of an effective independent operation should be consolidated, and the entire structure of our county government modernized. The states should give cities wider powers to own and operate utilities.

An amendment to the federal constitution that would permit the federal, state, and local governments to tax the income from federal, state, and municipal bonds on the same basis as income from any other securities should be adopted; and after its adoption bonds should be issued without the tax-exemption feature. The munitions industry should be nationalized and a plan of steeply graduated war taxes developed that would make the accumulation of large fortunes in consequence of war contracts impossible.

Instead of merely conforming with the changes occurring in the social order, taxation should induce them. Of all the peaceful means of bringing about a new social state, taxation is the most potent one. It should be used not merely as an expedient to raise revenue, but as a positive force for social reconstruction.

[This is the concluding article of a series on public finance planned and edited by Professor Studenski.]

In the Driftway

AGENTLEMAN now occupying a high place once said that what this country needs is a good impartial chairman with a strong prejudice in favor of labor. Since then a great many impartial chairmen have sat and gone; and the production of labor-board decisions and arbitration awards, like the production of many other commodities, has increased prodigiously as the number of workers has decreased. Today there are probably more unenforced labor decisions in this country than anywhere else in the world. Economists may argue whether it is a case of overproduction or underconsumption. The Drifter is more concerned with the quality of the output; and he has discovered an arbitration award which represents for him the triumph of the impartial chairman's art. It was written by Major Henry H. Curran, chairman of the arbitration committee named to mediate the elevator strike in New York City.

ARBITRATION awards are likely to be dull affairs. But Major Curran's begins with a hymn to Manhattan:

Manhattan is still "The Vertical City." It is a city of towers, a piling of rock on rock, a skyline that is the wonder of the world, a giant token of architectural courage and inspiration. People travel in a day more vertical miles up and down in the elevators of Manhattan than they travel horizontal miles in all the subways, buses, cabs, and other conveyances put together. . . . Shank's mare is extinct like the dodo.

At this point Depression enters, followed by a chorus of 200,000 building-service workers of Greater New York. Major Curran continues:

The silent beauty of Manhattan's skyscrapers at dusk is now no more than a screen concealing the sorriest story of financial distress that has ever visited this island that Peter Minuit bought from the Indians for \$24. . . . We have before us the instance of a "father, with wife and seven children, working in an apartment in a desirable part of the city over four years, receiving \$65 a month for seventy hours a week, and compelled to live in part on charity from several directions." . . . There are many instances of this kind, many of them much worse. They are proof of the increasing distress of *owners*.

For the sake of those who might have thought it was a typographical error the theme is repeated.

It is grotesque [says Major Curran] that four-fifths of the cost of a city's government is collected from the buildings which are the pride of the city, just because these poor structures stay right there and cannot run away or dodge. This money comes out of the pockets of the poor. The men who provide the service in these buildings are as poor today as are the *owners*. [*Italics ours again*].

As George Kaufman remarked in "Once in a Lifetime," it couldn't *all* be a typographical error.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has not space to quote more. Suffice to say that the piece is full of sensibility, suspense, and surprise endings. It reaches its climax in a vision of cooperation between employers and employees and a plea for "fair treatment of the backbone of an island that is unique . . . the steady army of buildings that stands upon the rocky ridge that runs from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil." Finally there is an epilogue in which the man with seven children is awarded \$70 instead of \$65 and the hours he may work on a night job are reduced from thirteen to eleven.

* * * * *

IT is painful to record that the building-service employees, who obviously have no appreciation of arbitration for art's sake, almost broke up the performance by declining to accept the award. The situation was saved momentarily when Mayor La Guardia, surrounded by all the policemen and all the firemen in the biggest city in the world, dressed up as elevator boys but still equipped with billy clubs and helmets, pounded on the table and told the boys they'd better accept Major Curran's happy ending. But as the Drifter goes to press, everything seems to be up in the air again, including the elevators, the operators, the arbitrators, and the Drifter. As for Major Curran, the Drifter wouldn't blame him if he gave up writing awards altogether.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Cuban Utilities

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read with interest Carleton Beals's vitriolic assault on the "Problems of the New Cuba," published by the Foreign Policy Association. As he devotes almost half of his 2,400-word review to a passionate denunciation of my public-utilities chapter, declares it to be a "practical whitewashing," asserts that "under a thin veneer of apparent academic impartiality" I "largely absolve the companies of past wrongdoing," and that I present "company propaganda without due analysis," I desire to reply to Mr. Beals's specific criticisms.

Mr. Beals declares that I "make no clear statement that the Cuban rates have been the highest in the world." I made no such clear statement because it would not be true. Mr. Beals says: "He admits they should be reduced but uses most of his space not in scientifically analyzing production and distribution costs, but in trying to prove by partial, incomplete, and unsound data what everyone knows, namely, that costs are greater in Cuba . . ." An analysis of production, transmission, and distribution costs in Cuba would have required the services of trained cost accountants and utility engineers. The commission considered and rejected the project of setting itself up as an exact rate-finding committee. Its report specifically recommends that such a study be made by technicians vouched for by the United States Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Power Commission, or the Tennessee Valley Authority. Mr. Beals says further: "He greatly exaggerates the load factor in costs and . . . compares the wide fluctuation in the amount of current used at different hours in the day for a single week ending April 28, 1934, with the fluctuations experienced by the Montana Power and the Texas Power and Light Company. He picks a week soon after a military coup d'etat and subsequent to a long period of disorder, also a week just after the grinding season, when fluctuations are unusually great." This is typical of all of Beals's criticism, and reveals a passion to demonstrate a preconceived thesis rather than an objective ascertaining of the facts, which was the commission's purpose and mine. On what does Mr. Beals base his assumption that I greatly exaggerated the load factor, to which I devote one paragraph? The week ending April 28 was not, as he asserts, "soon after a military coup d'etat." The last previous military coup d'etat had been in September, 1933, when Batista and Grau replaced Cespedes, unless Mr. Beals refers to the retirement of Grau because of non-recognition by the United States and the withdrawal of Batista's support in January, 1934. This was scarcely a coup d'etat. But in either case, the week of April 28, 1934, was not "soon after." Beals's assertion that the week was "subsequent to a long period of disorder" is likewise misleading. There has been more or less disorder in Cuba for the last four years—dating from the A.B.C.'s reprisals to Machado's wholesale assassinations. Any week a year thereafter could be alleged to be "subsequent to a long period of disorder." But the report deals with the present—and future—and the week in question coincided with the arrival of the first members of the commission in Cuba. Mr. Beals alleges that it was "a week after the grinding season . . ." Apparently he does not know that the Cuban Electric Company's generation is not materially affected by the cessation of the grinding season, as the *centrales* largely generate their own power during that period. Most pertinent, however, is the fact that the week in question was not exceptional but typical, and that approximately the same unfavorable load factor may be found at any time of the year in Cuba.

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Mr. Beals declares that I made a misstatement when I said that Machado was never an official or a stockholder in the Electric Bond and Share's Cuban Electric Company. Mr. Beals to the contrary notwithstanding, my statement is fact, and corrects an error to which wide currency has been given in Cuba and which Mr. Beals himself propagated in his "The Crime of Cuba," saying (page 242), "When in 1921 the Electric Bond and Share Company began buying up Cuban utilities, it found one of the most experienced men in the field was Machado. . . . It made one of his close friends, Mr. Henry Catlin, president of the Cuban Electric Company; Machado himself became vice-president. By the end of 1923 they were serving more than eighty communities with electricity, gas, or water." The facts, as I stated them, which Mr. Beals contradicts, are that Machado had been in the electric business and sold his two plants at Santa Clara and Caibarien, operating under the name of Compañía Cubana de Electricidad. S. A., to the Electric Bond and Share. He was not, as Mr. Beals stated in his book and restates in his review, a vice-president or any other official of either the Electric Bond and Share or any of its subsidiaries.

Mr. Beals says that my "insistence that Machado showed no favoritism to the Cuban Electric Company . . . draws a rueful smile." My so-called "insistence" consisted of stating that "Machado would inevitably overrule the acts of municipal authorities ordering rate reductions," and of giving specific and typical instances of his frustration of all attempts to reduce rates. I repeated this statement for emphasis. However, I pointed out that Machado was friendly to *all* capital and especially to American capital and that his policy of protection extended not merely to the electric interests but to other American enterprises.

Mr. Beals says: "In labor conflicts Gruening takes the side of the company unions, while denying they are company unions." As far as the electric utilities are concerned, which alone Mr. Beals discusses in his review, and to which I will therefore likewise confine my comment, his implication that the union—the only union in the Cuban Electric Company, the Federación Sindical de las Plantas Electricas y de Agua—is a company union, is ridiculous and untrue. No friend of Cuban labor ever even alleged it; but Mr. Beals's unique sapience so declares it. The company refused to recognize the union at first, fought it consistently, and resisted all the union's essential demands until gradually compelled to yield, partly because of the solidarity and strength of the strikers, partly because of the assistance rendered the union by the Cuban government. The union struck on January 13, 1934, paralyzing the city of Havana, and the Grau government intervened, turning the plant over to the strikers' management for three weeks. Strange performance for a "company union"! After analyzing the list of grievances and demands of the union, my stated conclusion was that "the labor troubles in the company were in a considerable measure due to the shortcomings of the company officials, who in the early days of the conflict refused even to meet with the representatives of the union." In sum, I must deny that I have, as Beals asserts, taken the "side of the company union" in this matter, first, because there was no company union, second, because I tried to avoid "taking sides." This Mr. Beals will doubtless consider a damning admission.

In conclusion, I desire to quote my paragraphs on rates:

As far as the rate controversy is concerned, the company's endeavor to stand on legal rights based on a military decree issued in 1902, when the science of electrical transmission was still in its infancy, is in the commission's view not entitled to serious consideration. That type of bourbonism invites revolution, and precipitated the sweeping Grau decree of December 6. The Grau government was called on to act, and took

action. In principle and purpose its action was justifiable and necessary. The rate reduction has already resulted in increased consumption.

The action of the Grau government, however, taken in the midst of a revolution, was crude and unscientific. The problem now is to establish rates which, in the phrase long used in American utility regulation, and applicable in Cuba as elsewhere, are "just and equitable."

It cannot be denied that rates in Cuba were too high before the Grau decree. The rates themselves—from 15 to 25 cents maxima, the lack of change during thirty-one years, a period in which science had been making enormous strides and more than tripling the production of kilowatt hours from a pound of coal, and the company's belated willingness, when confronted by necessity, to make a 20 per cent rate reduction, are sufficient even without the evidence afforded by more detailed available data to state unqualifiedly that rates had long been excessive in Cuba.

If this be "practical whitewashing," as Mr. Beals asserts, the comments of the Electric Bond and Share officials indicate that they do not appreciate it.

Mr. Beals also says: "Gruening ignores public-relations activities, worse in Cuba than in our own country, although he once wrote a book exposing them in the United States." I do not know by just what standard of measurement Mr. Beals arrives at his conclusion that public-relations activities were "worse" in Cuba. In my judgment they were infinitely "worse" in the United States, where they included a far wider range of activities and of concealed propaganda. But since Mr. Beals has made mention thereof, I would suggest that the mood in which he castigates the report of the Foreign Policy Association Commission, and my chapter in particular, would lead him to deem my "The Public Pays" also highly unsatisfactory. That book on the utilities propaganda in the United States was merely an objective stating of the facts. It was not invective; it was not vehemently vituperative; it was not choleric. Neither is the Foreign Policy Association report. Mr. Beals is deeply distressed because my chapter in the Cuban report does not rehash the crimes of Machado. Those crimes I have denounced in various published articles and from the platform. The Foreign Policy Association Commission's purpose was not to write history but to deal with the present in Cuba, and the future, and to present facts, or what appeared to be facts to the members, as objectively as possible. That we did not fully succeed is undoubted. The reservations by different members testify to individual divergences of opinion. And they reveal that a collaborative effort inevitably tends to flatten out extremes of statement to a more temperate and also more tepid average of common assent. As far as the public-utilities chapter is concerned, the pertinent facts are all presented there. Their presentation has drawn fire of critics from the right and left. In failing to satisfy either extreme, I hope I have achieved a tolerably close approximation to truth. Probably every such commission should have attached to it a passionate partisan or two so that it may supplement the facts it finds with a savory seasoning of splutter.

Washington, February 11

ERNEST GRUENING

Books Wanted

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The library of the Henry Street Settlement has been of great service to the community since its inauguration last year. Its chief source of books is the generosity of people who enjoy fostering the spirit of good reading. Will not *Nation* readers be glad to contribute?

New York, February 20

BENJAMIN MILLER

Labor and Industry

"Hand and Brain"

By HEYWOOD BROWN

BUT, of course, I don't want to be associated with truck drivers and bricklayers."

It is a long time since I have heard this sentiment uttered by anybody in a Newspaper Guild meeting, but it was common enough in the beginning. Naturally, it was not always voiced in this precise phraseology, although curiously enough it was the teamsters and the bricklayers who were chiefly picked upon in spite of the fact that these are crafts requiring highly skilled workers. The snobbishness of the white-collar groups in America is on the whole exaggerated. If clerks, newspapermen, accountants, and professional men have been slow in organizing, it has not been altogether because of reluctance. It is rather an inability. We have neither the tradition nor the training.

"You boys will have your troubles in the beginning," a labor leader said, "because you have had no experience in organization. You don't mind my being frank, do you? Well, I'm afraid that reporters will rat on each other in a way that no printer would think of doing."

But with a few lamentable exceptions we have been better than that. Of course there is and has been Mr. X (his name is familiar enough to other newspapermen), who bettered the mark of Judas by selling out twice within a single week. When the Guild unit voted a strike on the Newark *Ledger* he did not go out with his fellows. A few days later the paper suspended publication for forty-eight hours. Out came Mr. X. "I'm with you," he said, and added naively, "Of course, I want to be on the winning side." A day later, when the paper recruited a skeleton crew of strike-breakers and resumed publication, Mr. X went back to his desk. He is, ironically enough, employed as an expert on sports and sportsmanship.

And even so I continue to contend that the average newspaperman has a natural inclination to organize with his fellows. The Guild is built upon the earlier experiences of such cooperative movements as the Baseball Writers' Association, the Dramatic Critics' Circle, the Press Photographers' Association, and the group of White House, House, and Senate press representatives.

I will grant that the word "union" has had its terrors for the white-collar workers. The decision that trade unionism necessitates a limit upon maximum pay still lingers. The unionization of actors and their A. F. of L. affiliation has been a happy circumstance to be cited in rebuttal. But even the class-conscious Thespians avoided the word "union" and organized under the title Actors' Equity.

The fault lies partly with the missionaries themselves. They have been too insistent in pointing out to white-collar workers their deplorable backwardness. Almost they have made it seem that this aloofness was a matter of predestination. To that I say, "Stuff and nonsense." A very considerable proportion of white-collar workers are ready right now to join the parade of organization if only space in the ranks is assigned to them. I might even suggest that the collars are not really very white after all and never were.

When I was a candidate for Congress on the Socialist ticket I was instructed to make my appeals to workers of "hand and brain." The phrase does not appeal much to me. It harbors the potentiality of a misconception. It harbors the suggestion that certain types of labor are wholly mechanical in every way while other tasks are accomplished entirely from the neck up. Newspaper work, as I know it, is a combination of both. As one doomed for many years to write a daily stint I can remember many columns which were set down solely from the wrists without any cerebration whatsoever. As for the bricklayer as a retarding symbol, I can testify that on many mornings I have looked at my own contribution, or even that of one of my confreres, and exclaimed, "Any bricklayer could have done better."

If there were no publisher pressure against the Newspaper Guild I venture to say that reporters in America would be as solidly organized as workers in any other industry in the country. A certain number of sincere and very rugged individualists are to be found in the various city rooms, but in many cases the reporter who says, "I don't belong to the Guild because I don't believe in unionization," is merely rationalizing his fear of being discriminated against because of his rashness.

One publisher of a large New York newspaper admitted very frankly that he was wholly against any kind of reportorial union. "I admit," he said, "the legal right of newspaper men and women to organize. Even the moral right if you insist, but I think it is a right which they should forswear just as doctors and lawyers have avoided unionization. An organization of newspaper reporters, whether affiliated with the A. F. of L. or not, would tend to destroy the freedom of the press, since each news gatherer would tend to see events from labor's point of view."

Charlie Howard, president of the I. T. U., met this argument in a debate by saying, "Well, wouldn't it even things up a little if reporters did begin to give labor a break after all these years?"

But there is an even more fundamental argument in favor of reportorial organization as a factor in promoting the integrity of the news. Louis Stark, Richard Rohman, and a dozen others might be mentioned as highly skilled labor reporters, but the average newspaperman has been inefficient in covering strikes, lockouts, and other labor difficulties. He has been inefficient because he didn't know what it was all about. In most cases he has not understood the psychology of the other fellow. The kid just out of college has been inclined to regard a picket line as essentially comic. That is, until he has stood on his own picket line.

Any newspaper editor who is sincerely devoted to the ideal of truthful and accurate reporting ought to welcome the existence of the Newspaper Guild. It is changing us from labor illiterates into reporters and commentators who are learning from our own experience the vital factors in the conflict. One must meet the truth face to face before one is able to tell it. We are moving in that direction.

Labor Notes

Two Boards, Two Reports

I

REPORTING to the President on the results of its first six months of life, the National Labor Relations Board has painted a picture of impotence and futility. The report, it can be said to the credit of its authors, does not beat around the bush. Of 86 decisions handed down by the board, 68 were of a nature which required compliance. Compliance was forthcoming in 17 cases; in the other 51 cases the employer simply ignored the board's decision. In 24 of the non-compliance cases the board induced the NRA to remove the Blue Eagle. In 19 of the cases the board turned to the Department of Justice, which has filed, so far, one solitary bill of complaint—the *Houde cause célèbre*—which has yet to come to trial. In no less than 7 proceedings the board has been tied up by court actions initiated by employers. "The board is powerless to enforce its own decisions," the three members admit. "In the ultimate analysis its 'findings' and 'orders' are nothing more than recommendations." In many industries "the loss of the Blue Eagle, when not blocked by injunction suits, has little practical effect." As for court enforcement, it is, "under the present machinery, slow, uncertain, and cumbersome." The report does not explain why, in the face of all this, the board sees fit to continue in existence; or how it can justify the expenditure to date of \$290,000 of federal funds. If Messrs. Biddle, Millis, and Smith suppose that they will be able to swing the President around to their support, they must be incredibly naive. The President is less than ever in the mood to force collective bargaining on big business. What he had to say on Section 7-a in his NIRA message—"The rights of employees freely to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining should be fully protected"—was vague piety, and hopelessly ambiguous besides.

II

LIKE the Biddle board, the Automobile Labor Board has just released a report of its operations covering the ten months ended February 5, 1935. The Wolman tribunal, as one would expect, strikes a complacent attitude and gives voice to an *apologia pro vita sua*. We learn that "it is the board's judgment, after ten months of experience in the industry, that discrimination caused by union activity or union membership is not a problem of any magnitude at the present time and has not been for some time in the past." The judgment is highly interesting; for it comes fresh on the heels of the Henderson-Lubin report, which laid bare the terrors of the intricate system of espionage by which the automobile employers keep track of the opinions, attitudes, and activities of their hired hands. As to collective bargaining, we are informed that "there can be no question but that the levels of prevailing [industrial relations] have been materially raised during the past year, and that collective bargaining between the management and representatives of many groups of workers is being extensively carried on through the industry." Anyone who read the Henderson-Lubin report would have supposed that the question was still an open one, for if the disinterested experts were correct, the automobile wage-earner continues to groan under the heavy burden of tyrannical foremen and straw bosses. Unlike any other labor board to which the Recovery Act has given birth, the Wolman tribunal has no enforcement problem. "The decisions, orders, and rulings of the board," we are informed, "have been generally obeyed. . . . The jurisdiction of the board has not been

challenged and it has not been involved in any litigation with respect to its general powers and the variety of specific problems with which it has undertaken to deal." These remarks give the secret away; if the Automobile Board had made a single genuine effort to break down the master-and-servant traditions of the industry, it would have run into a blank wall of defiance, just as all its contemporaries have done.

Company Police

IN February, 1934, Gifford Pinchot, then Governor of Pennsylvania, appointed a commission of five to investigate activities of company-paid deputy sheriffs in the state. One of the members was Francis Biddle. In its recent report the commission recommends legislation to abolish private police on the ground that they are a distinct menace during industrial disputes. We quote a few revealing excerpts from the report:

The first very serious disorder occurred early in the morning of August 1 at Rows Run, where a large group were picketing the highway near Colonial No. 3 mine of the Frick Company. Two company deputies in an automobile were stopped by dipping an American flag across the road. When the pickets saw that the occupants of the car were company deputies, the cry of "yellow dog" was raised. As the car went on at considerable speed, one of the deputies fired a number of revolver shots, killing one picket and crippling another for life. The deputies say that the pickets threw stones at their car; the pickets say that the shooting was entirely unprovoked except by the calling of names. The deputies were exonerated at the coroner's inquest.

At Star Junction, early on August 1, about twenty-five Frick Company deputies escorted a few men to work. A picket line of two hundred or more strikers pressed the deputies on the public highway and jeered at them. The deputies fired tear gas, buckshot, and at least one revolver. Five pickets were wounded, at least two of whom were shot in the back.

The report has this to say of a riot in Ambridge, in the course of which one man was killed and fifty or more wounded.

The result of the sheriff's acts was to terrorize the strikers and to hinder efforts to unionize the steel plants. When a body of 150 men, heavily armed, including the district attorney of the county, marches under the lead of the sheriff to a pitched battle with men armed with clubs, there is an overwhelming show of force which inevitably leads the defeated workers to conclude that the public authorities and the employers are in league to crush them. When it appears later that the military expedition has been financed by the employers, the workers may assume that the conclusion is confirmed.

This investigation must have been an excellent training course for Mr. Biddle's present position.

Contributors to This Issue

LELAND J. GORDON is on the staff of the Department of Economics of Denison University.

ELLEN WILKINSON has been a Labor Member of Parliament and a member of the Manchester City Council.

PAUL STUDENSKI is associate professor of economics at New York University.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of "New Found Land," "Conquistador," which won the Pulitzer poetry prize in 1932, and "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City."

WILLIAM SEAGLE was assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences until its recent completion.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the author of "Epistle to Prometheus" and other volumes of verse.

Books, Drama, Films

PANIC*

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

The time is an evening in late February, 1933. The scene is a street before an electric news bulletin of the Times Square type—moving words in lighted letters. As the curtain rises the street is faintly lighted by the jerking flashes of the bulletin. There are a few men and women before it, their raised faces caught by the light. A few more approach. They speak not to each other but as though alone. Words read from the bulletin (printed in italics) are spoken at a regular lagging beat as the machine forms them.

CONFUSED VOICES: *Foreclosures in . . .*

closed . . .

foreclosing . . .

Factories closing doors . . .

Billions in balances frozen

Doors closing . . .

foreclosed . . .

A WOMAN: Closing as doors close with
Death in a woman's house when the
Wind closes them.

A MAN: Thousands
Silent at closed doors.

A MAN: Silent: the doors closing: the
Life stopped.

A WOMAN: Comes over us
Slowly with closing of doors: with
Lights put out: with the stoves
Cold: the hands numb.

AN OLD MAN: Slowly the thing comes.
There are many signs: there are furnaces
Dead now that were burning
Thirty years in a town—
Never dark: there are foundries—
Fires drawn: trestles
Silent. The swifts nest in
Stacks that for generations
Flowed smoke. The patience of
Hawks is over the cities:
They circle in clean light where the
Smoke last year frightened them.

A WOMAN: The gears turn: twitter: are
Still now. The sound dies.
From the east with the sun's rising
Daily are fewer whistles:
Many mornings listening
One less or two.

A YOUNG MAN: The thing comes pursuing us
Creeping as death creeps in an
Old man: as sleep comes:
Leaving on one hill—

On the stand—the stalks silver—
Corn rotted in ear:
Leaving on land nearest us
Wagons abandoned: milk cows
Slaughtered for no sickness:
Rigs rusting at pit-heads:
Pumps frozen: switches
Green with the rain: the oil
Thickened: scale in boilers—
Good gear all of it:
Sound metal: faultless:
Idle now: never manned.

A GIRL: Men in the dusk—and they stand there
Letting the girls go by with the
Sweet scent: silent:
Leaning heavily: bent to the
Painted signs on the fences—
They that in other times
Calling after us climbed by the
Steep stair for the sight of a
Girl's knee delighting her.

A MAN: From what ill and what enemy
Armless shall we defend the
Evening—the night hours?

A MAN: No eyes of ours have
Ever knowing beheld it.
It comes not with the bells
Arousing towns: racing with
Smoke—with the wind's haste—
The tallest houses toppled.

A MAN: Comes not from the hospitals—
Odor of scattered lime—
Night burials climbing the
Empty streets by the markets.

A MAN: Not with the shot: with the barking of
Dogs before color of dawn—
The whistle over the lawn—the
Running footfall stumbling.

A WOMAN: Nevertheless it comes.
Men die: houses
Fall among kitchen flowers.
Families scatter. Children
Wander the roads building of
Broken boxes shelter.
A land of great wealth and the
Old hungry: the young
Starving—but not with hunger.
None have beheld this enemy.
What arms can defend the
Evening—the night hours—
When fear: faceless: devours us?

A WOMAN: Blight—not on the grain!
Drouth—not in the springs!
Rot—not from the rain!

A MAN: What shadow hidden or
Unseen hand in our midst
Ceaselessly touches our faces?

* We print here the first section of "Panic," a play in verse which will be produced in New York City in the week of March 11.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Anatomy of Dickens

The Sentimental Journey: A Life of Charles Dickens. By Hugh Kingsmill. William Morrow and Company. \$3.
Dickens. By André Maurois. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

IF Dickens has become so fascinating to the modern biographer, as the flood of recent studies would seem to indicate, it is probably less because of any suddenly renewed interest in his work than because of the increasing recognition of his influence on the culture of which we are still to a large extent the product. According to M. Maurois, Dickens was not only the most popular writer of a race; he was largely responsible for shaping that race. In his most characteristic novels he set the pattern for a type of sensibility and a type of mentality which were to persist in Anglo-Saxon countries right through to our own time. The anatomy of the personality reflected in those novels becomes therefore the anatomy of a whole age of social and literary culture. It becomes an aid to the understanding, if not of ourselves, at least of our neighbors, so many of whom we may be able to explain in terms of the confused and contradictory attitudes of the society which Dickens helped to create and defend in its own eyes.

Of these two new studies Mr. Kingsmill's is much the more penetrating in its attempt to get behind the prim and ivy-covered façade of Dickens's "cockney fairyland." For Mr. Kingsmill the creator of Pickwick, Little Nell, Fagin, and David Copperfield is a writer who failed of the first rank because he never managed to harmonize his great comic genius with his emotions. The reason is his tremendous gift for self-pity, the result of an exaggerated sense of his miseries and privations in childhood and adolescence. This self-pity or self-love caused him to be callous toward his parents and friends, brutal in his relations with his wife, and arrogant and hard-pressing in all his business transactions. It was responsible also for his ambition and greed: the source of his untiring energy in supplying a dotting audience with a pabulum that was consoling to it and highly remunerative to himself. But what is more important, it kept him from ever understanding himself or his own emotions; it limited his art to a playing on the surfaces of life. It is by stressing this point that Mr. Kingsmill develops his thesis, announced at the beginning and amply illustrated throughout, that Dickens's "emotions were unpurged by his humor, and his humor, except in occasional sudden flashes, was unenriched by his emotions." The result is that there is an absolute division between his comedy, which at its best is the product of a coldly realistic observation of what is ludicrous and grotesque in human beings, and the emotional portions of his work, which are the gross outpourings of his timid and suppressed nature. This separation in Dickens between the mind and the feelings, Mr. Kingsmill demonstrates at some length, is what made him so acceptable to his own age; but it is also what keeps him from the company of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Fielding, and the other great humorists.

While M. Maurois takes account of most of the recently available material, his effort to be fair, to offer a "balanced portrait," results only in a cancelation of traits which leaves us very much as we were at the beginning. With his usual nice attention to his readers' prejudices, the author of "Ariel" and "Disraeli" blames but to condone, and in the end makes the worse appear the better cause. Thus Dickens was motivated by pity not for himself but for others—a pity for the poor, among whom he was born and lived his early life. For M. Maurois, Dickens's protests against social abuses in his novels are based on a "craving for revenge" against a heartless and irresponsible society. Mr. Kingsmill, of course, takes a somewhat different view toward Dickens's humanitarianism. After

pointing out that most of these abuses were due to be remedied, he remarks: "He [Dickens] was one of those reformers who attack with public opinion behind them, and are rewarded with an increase in their wealth and popularity." The middle class, in Mr. Kingsmill's view, did not object to Dickens's exposures as long as he glorified its representatives in such angelic business men as Mr. Pickwick, the Cheeryble brothers, and Jarn-dyce in "Bleak House." In general, it may be said that M. Maurois is unsatisfactory as a biographer of Dickens because the reader feels that he is himself too prone to the sentimental confusion of important issues which is one of the principal objections to his subject.

At the same time Mr. Kingsmill's brilliant and caustic study suffers from the too zealous effort to relate every incident in Dickens's life to his thesis. This is especially true in the treatment of Dickens's dispute with Seymour, the illustrator of the "Pickwick Papers," for whose suicide Mr. Kingsmill would have us hold Dickens responsible without giving us a sufficient review of the facts in the case. The real truth about Dickens will probably not be written until biographers can avoid both the temptation to identify themselves with their subject and an attitude of extreme bitterness. Then it will be possible to have a portrait of Dickens which will also be a portrait of his age—and of a good deal of our own as well.

WILLIAM TROY

One Man's Road

Personal History. By Vincent Sheehan. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

IN 1918 Vincent Sheehan was a freshman at the University of Chicago. When, in November, the Armistice was declared, it seemed to him that he had been somehow cheated. A premature peace had swindled him out of his slice of glory, of adventure, of high-gear living. The millions of American undergraduates who shared his sense of frustration must, no doubt, soon have contented themselves with life's tamer pleasures, but not so Sheehan. Four years later he was in Paris, one of the bright young expatriate newspapermen who clustered about the offices of the *Paris Herald* and the smaller, more impecunious *Paris Times*. Next he was at Lausanne, covering the Peace Conference for the *Chicago Tribune*; then he was with the Army of Occupation in the Ruhr; and from that time on the red-haired Irish-American journalist was hot on the heels of whatever wars and revolutions the post-war world had to offer him. He was in the Riff with Abd-El-Krim; he was in Moscow; he was in China with Borodin when Chiang Kai-shek betrayed the Chinese Revolution; he was, finally, in the Holy Land when Arabs and Jews massacred each other under a strictly neutral British imperialist flag.

Fortunately for his success as an itinerant newspaperman, Sheehan was no mere observer of these affairs, no placid camp-follower. He was, frequently, a definite participant. He possessed a talent for having what his paper described as "personal adventures," and his career was peppered with hair-raising exploits and hair-breadth escapes. A legend grew up about him, until he was believed to be no ordinary journalist but a buccaneering young adventurer in the Richard Harding Davis tradition.

"Personal History" is Sheehan's refutation of this legend. The young man who reveals himself in this autobiography is certainly no ordinary journalist, but neither is he a professional adventurer. He is a human being of extraordinary taste and sensibility, who throughout fifteen years of turbulent experience has been primarily interested in moral values. Violence

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and catastrophe *per se* have not attracted him, but he has found that in scenes of crisis the current of human affairs runs clearest. His book is only incidentally a chronicle of events; it is, at bottom, a serious study of the relation of an individual to the world. Sheean's clear-sighted perception of this problem, his peculiar, passionate approach to it, turn a lively, well-written piece of journalism into a first-class literary work.

Like many another sensitive, highly organized human being, Sheean experimented with pure sensationalism, and found it not wholly satisfying. Experience in itself may be pleasant, but it is pointless unless it can in some manner be related to a larger experience, to the cosmos, and thus be invested with significance. How this significance is to be achieved, how the one life is to be fused with the many, is the problem which early in life Sheean posed for himself, and which, after fifteen years of hesitation and confusion, he finally solved. To identify himself with the world revolution, to work in his own way for the classless society—this has been his decision, his answer to the problem, but the answer is not so unusual or so interesting as the method by which he arrived at it.

Many have come to the revolution by way of economics, many via philosophy; many have come from prejudice, or need, or simple, blind faith; but few have come by Sheean's road. That road is an anachronism today: it is the road of a child, or of an old-fashioned, pragmatic moralist. During his years in journalism Sheean devoted himself more to the study and the evaluation of character than he did to his "personal adventures." He had a warm, intuitive appreciation of human beings and a strong moral sense which compelled him to estimate their value. In China he met a man named Borodin and a woman named Rayna Prohme, both of whom were working for the Communist International. These, he felt, were the finest human beings he had ever known, the clearest, most radiant human spirits. Observing them he found their minds and emotions bound up with the revolutionary movement, their lives magnetized to a Communist pole. He was converted by what he saw, as people once must have been christianized more by the sight of Jesus or St. Paul than by their teachings. The whole history of his conversion—his doubts, his sense of weakness, his temporary apostasy—has a Biblical tenor. I do not know whether Moscow would look with favor on so reactionary a young revolutionist; I doubt whether party doctrine would sanction his ultimate decision to cultivate his own garden; but I am sure that Sheean's road to revolution is an original and honest one, and that his account of the journey is actually heart-warming.

MARY MCCARTHY

Little Man Once More

The World Outside. By Hans Fallada. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

HERR FALLADA'S second novel to reach America is also a story of a little man. Willi Kufalt, its chief character—one would never call Willi a hero—spends a year out of prison in between two prison terms, a year in which he finds that the penitentiary gives him everything in the world he needs except liberty; on the whole, he decides, it is a good bargain. Inside he is safe, fed, warmed, given an occupation, and provided with the preoccupation of besting his prison mates and his guards by the trivial cunning at which he is adept. In his year of liberty he found the world a much crueler, harder place than prison had been. When the gates close on him once more he experiences nothing but relief.

All this Herr Fallada describes with informative detail, realistic speech, an insight into the hearts of his characters, and even some pity and terror. Willi, if he is not in any sense a

noble figure, is a pathetic and a recognizable one. One does not doubt, when the book is finished, that prison is as Willi finds it; that the world, without precisely meaning to be, was allied against him when he came out; that with all the good intentions in the world he did not have a chance to make an honest living. Because of the convincingness with which Willi's tale is told, "The World Outside" has been described as an important social novel. Willi is Everyman who somehow has got into trouble. Once Everyman gets into trouble, the whole world makes a point of seeing that he does not get out.

But this is doing Herr Fallada too much honor—or perhaps too little. He wrote the story of Willi, not of Everyman with the world against him. Willi was weak as a lad with plenty of opportunity to make his way in the world, with an indulgent father who did not lack means to educate him, with a comfortable middle-class bringing up. Even with this much of the world on his side, Willi began by getting himself into a mess. It was a very small mess, the result of narrow-minded provincialism, but a mess nevertheless. In other words, Willi never had much sense, in so far as sense means a feeling for the fitness of things, or more grandly, social responsibility. Because he didn't have much sense he eventually landed in prison; when he got out, his none too sharp wits, coupled with however good intentions, did nothing but get him back in again, where wit was not needed to provide food and shelter.

This is not to say that if Willi's IQ had been higher he could surely have beaten the forces which were opposed to him during his year of freedom. But it is altogether possible that he might never have landed in prison in the first place. Not the grim injustices of the social order but his own intellectual shortcomings were his undoing; which makes "The World Outside" not an important social novel but a convincing novel of character, a comedy in which the hero—perhaps in this sense Willi is a hero after all—lives happily ever after.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Democracy and Infantry

Democracy and Military Power. By Silas Bent McKinley. With an Introduction by Charles A. Beard. The Vanguard Press. \$3.

THIS book should be classed with the recent opus of Enrico Malatesta, which maintained that the engineering of a social revolution was more or less a routine job of striking at the nerve centers of the modern state. Professor McKinley is, of course, no fascist—indeed, he is full of anxiety for the safety of democracy—but his own contribution to social theory is characterized by similar emphasis upon the purely mechanical factors in history. There appears to be developing a mechanical interpretation of history.

Professor McKinley seeks to maintain the thesis that the existence of democracy since the days of the Greek hoplite has always depended upon the dominance of a citizen infantry in military organization. Infantry and democracy, cavalry and autocracy are correlatives. Thus democracy was impossible in the Middle Ages because the knight bestrode Western Christendom with his highly expensive charger and accoutrement, which were quite beyond the economic reach of the common man. With the substitution, however, of a citizen army for mercenary forces, democracy revived. Popular government was assured by the fact that the minute man could seize his relatively inexpensive musket. The triumph of fascism is now to be feared precisely because modern war equipment, such as the tank, which presumably may be roughly equilibrated to the charger, is now beyond the means of the average citizen, and the dominance of the infantry in the modern army seems very much in doubt.

Perhaps the first reaction of the gentle reader will be to rush forth to buy himself the proper colored shirt. But then again he may reflect that Professor McKinley, confounding cause with effect, has overlooked many things. The importance of the invention of particular forms of arms may be readily conceded—as a single factor. But is not democracy supposed to have had some connection with other inventions, such as printing? In other words, is not democracy determined by a whole complex of factors, economic, political, and cultural? Should it not be possible to devise some forms of political control over the military machine? Are not even the most complex and expensive military weapons operated by the common man? Would not the highly mechanized modern army be particularly menaced by the possibility of civilian revolt? Under modern industrial

conditions is not the service of supply even more important than the equipment in the field, and is not the concept of the nation in arms an indubitable reality no matter what form of tactics is adopted? At any rate, does history always repeat itself? Finally, even if the overwhelming importance of a citizen infantry be conceded, will it play a negligible role in the future? The military experts disagree; many would not deprive the common man of his inalienable privilege of serving as cannon fodder.

Professor Beard's introduction to Professor McKinley's book exhibits consummate tact. He dwells upon the general importance of the problem of controlling military power. He just hints that perhaps Professor McKinley has neglected the influence of ideas in the evolution of democracy.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

In
The Nation
Next Week

a
Debate between

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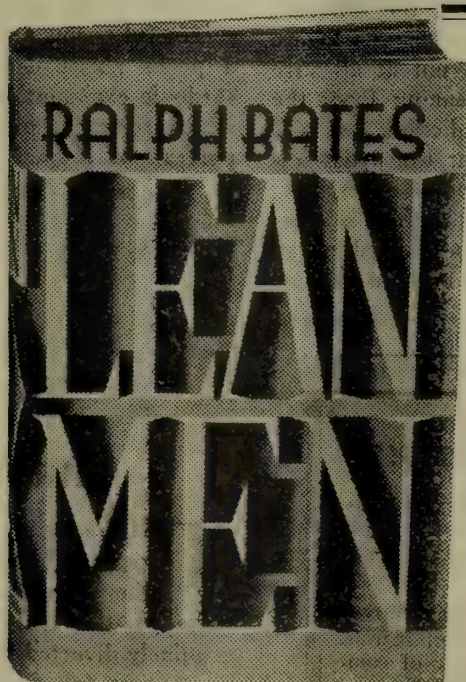
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The Art of Poetry

A Tearless Glass. With a Preface on the Art of Poetry. By Louis Grudin. Covici-Friede. \$2.

THE eighteen poems which compose this book are prefaced by an essay, as pompous as it is erudite, entitled Poetry and Causal Symbolism. The author defines causal symbolism as "the limitation of the references of items as items of the schemes in which they are ordered, aside from whatever references the items may have beyond their correlation in such schemes." He asserts further, in words which seem to him worthy of being set in italics, that "we can make a causal process. And this in fact is just what we do when we perform a work of art." He pouts his lip at the art-for-art's-sakers, dismisses, more respectfully, the Marxian critics, and concludes that today "the critical task is . . . to discern the different human practices as fields of causal symbolism, as distinct logics, and to master the arts of translation." I am not at all sure that I have succeeded in disentangling his meaning from the wrappings of an arid, abstract, and intricate diction, but if I do understand him, Mr. Grudin is saying that the artist imposes order upon the buzzing, blooming confusion of experience; that the phenomenon produced by his deliberate effort is complex and unique; and that this result is to be judged as an entity and with regard to the peculiar laws of its formation.

This is no great news, although at the present juncture it is worth restating, as is Mr. Grudin's repetition of the currently disregarded fact that the degree in which the "social utility" of a literary work is achieved "depends upon the degree in which its literary purpose is realized." Van Wyck Brooks said the same thing some years ago with a cogency lacking in Mr. Grudin's lucubrations, and more recently Ezra Pound observed: "Writers as such have a definite social function, exactly proportioned to their ability as writers." Indeed, one might remark that the critical utility of Mr. Grudin's essay would be greater were it more satisfactory as literature.

The handful of poems which follow are uneven in quality, but worthy of respect as sincere transcripts of experience. The author wants an ear for cadence and studs his free verse with obtrusive rhymes. Some phrases seem the result of a mere childish desire to startle. Vague echoes of T. S. Eliot play hide-and-seek with reminiscences of Maxwell Bodenheim's lyric style, and the result is not a happy one. Among the most successful poems are three at the beginning of the book: Word, a poem about death which evades obviousness; Camera, a sardonic exclamation of pity; and Idle Noon, the conclusion of which triumphs over the heavy imagery of its opening. The portrait of Horace Gregory is oversimplified and the Homage to S. C. a piece of venomous baroque. Numbers 3 and 10 of Youth, 1920, are more vivid than the other panels in a picture that is scarcely as ample as its title implies.

BABETTE DEUTSCH



1935—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VIKING PRESS

STATISTICS AND PHILOSOPHY

If you would know the facts which must underlie any consideration of America's economic life—if you would know the philosophic basis of the modern state—two recent books will be revealing to you.

In 1934, the administration instituted the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity under the direction of Harold Loeb. This fact-finding commission traced the flow of commodities from raw material through all the intervening stages to the finished product. To correlate the mass of facts gathered by the survey, a master chart was drawn up which shows how the productive capacity of America relates to the needs of the people.

The Chart of Plenty by Harold Loeb and Associates (\$2.50) reveals the implication of these facts. It clearly demonstrates that by utilizing its full capacity, our present productive system could afford every family in the United States the equivalent, in goods and services, of \$4,370 annually. Here is the incontrovertible answer to the much-debated question—"How much can America really produce?" Here, too, are the basic facts for any discussion of our economic problems.

Harold J. Laski has been for years a leader of progressive thought in England and a member of the Labour Party "Brains Trust". *The State in Theory and Practice* (\$3.00) is a scholarly, challenging presentation of Mr. Laski's views on the state and its future. He contends that the power of the state rests, in the last analysis, on coercion, and he shows how and why that coercive power is wielded in favor of those who control the instruments of production. He makes clear how, when the unpropertied feel that they are receiving less than the productive system is capable of giving them, conflict is inevitable. Finally, he shows, by reference to recent historical events, what steps industrialists take in attempting to postpone or avoid that conflict. *The State in Theory and Practice* suggests the dangerous future which confronts modern society and indicates a rational way of preparing for it.

THE CHART OF PLenty

THE STATE in THEORY and PRACTICE

Drama

Shaw for Shaw's Sake

THE most recent plays by Bernard Shaw are commonly regarded as the products of senility. It may be that they are, but as I watched the latest unfold upon the stage of the Guild Theater I found myself not only very genuinely diverted but suddenly possessed of a brand-new theory to account for the rambling character which "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" shares with "The Apple Cart" and "Too True to Be Good." That theory is as follows: Bernard Shaw is not senile, but merely come at last to the point where he feels justified in doing exactly as he likes. For nearly fifty years he courted the public in his own indirect way, sweating over the difficult problem of expressing himself in terms it would accept, and shaping his unconventional plays into something remotely resembling the conventional form. Then, at about three score and ten, he realized that there was no reason why he should bother himself any longer. The public be damned. He would write exactly what he found it fun to write and leave it in the form it happened to be in when it ceased to be fun to work on.

Now it is not easy for a confirmed puritan like Mr. Shaw to become irresponsible, even at an advanced age; but as soon as he achieved one irresponsibility he achieved another. There had always been a playful and a mystic side to his nature, but what we may call the Beatrice and Sidney Webb side was always getting in the way of both. Though his natural impulse was to write a farce about God, conscience warned him of his duty to consider the abuses of landlordism, and for half a century he forced himself to be what he—if no one else—fondly believed to be practical. At last, however, he has freed himself from the fetish of practicality. As he announced in "Too True to Be Good," world affairs have now got beyond the point where even he could arrange them. He is convinced at last that mankind is damned beyond hope of redemption,

and the conviction has taken a great weight off his mind. Since nothing could be of any use, there is no need to keep up the effort to be useful. The man who "can explain anything to anybody and who enjoys doing it" gives way to his profoundest impulses. He talks copiously and vivaciously about everything and indulges in horseplay to his heart's content. True, some of the subjects which occur to him are political and moral. But they are no longer supposed to have any practical bearing on anything. In so far as satire persists, it is no longer directed at specific abuses which the author is hoping to correct but, like much classical satire, is merely disinterested comment upon the folly, perverseness, and stupidity of the human race. In other words, these later plays are not tracts at all. They are simply Shaw for Shaw's sake.

"The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" is the least serious of the three late plays, and to me—though not, apparently, to most of my colleagues—it is consistently entertaining. For that, a good deal of credit must go to the Guild, which has provided a delightful series of fanciful settings by Lee Simonson and a cast so rich that, besides Nazimova and Romney Brent in the featured roles, it provides for secondary parts such first-rate performers as Rex O'Malley and McKay Morris. Mr. Brent especially is a delight to watch as the cheerful Simpleton, and there never was a play so bad that it would not be worth seeing if he were in it. But I insist that Mr. Shaw's text is diverting too, and that the only way in which an intelligent spectator can prevent himself from enjoying it is by doing what intelligent spectators at Shaw plays have always been told to do, namely, try to discover its serious meaning. It is true that all sorts of things which have a specious air of "significance" happen. A group of English men and women form with two Orientals a polygamous-polyandrous family for the purpose of producing perfect children, only to discover that the said children have impeccable artistic consciences but no moral consciences at all—a defect which their parents propose to rectify by crossing the two females with the clergyman-simpleton, whose father had raised him on synthetic nitrogen exclusively; England attempts to secede from the Empire in order to regain her independence; Judgment Day is announced by a conventional Sunday School angel who explains that the damned—that is, the useless—will simply fade away, and then asks to be directed to a convenient flat roof from which he can make a take-off. It is also true that every now and then one or another of the characters begins some vatic utterance which seems for the moment to be about to embody the "lesson" of the play—as, for example, when one announces that we must always have wars because only by wars can the world be changed, even though, of course, the changes made are never the ones intended; or when, at the very end, the priestess proclaims that though poor foolish men are always seeking security, the only things they ever get are something very much better, namely, wonder and adventure. But for all this and for all a very great deal more, I do not believe that the play has any consistent thesis or any coherent body of ideas. Mr. Shaw, who used to be accused of being a divertingly naughty young man when he was really so earnest about nearly everything, has become a divertingly naughty old man at last, though no one seems willing to admit the fact, and "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" ought to be highly entertaining to any intelligent person who is willing to take it as the vaudeville that it is. Of course if Mr. Shaw should ever hear of this interpretation he would reply that the play is, on the contrary, the most carefully constructed as well as the most clear and most deadly serious of all his works. But, then, Mr. Shaw once insisted that the "Ring" of Wagner was a musical commentary on "Das Kapital."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Films

"Sequoia"

THE spirit of Rousseau, wafted across the centuries and settling over the almost virgin wilds of the Sierra Nevadas, is quite clearly to be detected in "Sequoia," which has opened to as robust a chorus of approbation as any picture this season. Belonging to the class of films which endeavor to initiate us into the mysteries of the animal kingdom, it is also, in its way, a lesson in the manner in which man has broken "nature's social union." Its story is based on the not too credible friendship that grows up between two foundlings of the mountain forest—a young puma and a fawn. The orphans are rescued by the young daughter of a nature-loving author and sheltered in her cabin until the naturally repressed instincts of the more savage of the two make him a menace to the other human inhabitants of the region. But their beautiful friendship continues even after they have been allowed to roam and gambol at will through the giant California redwoods. The climax occurs when the puma, now a formidable representative of his species, leaps to the rescue of his friend, the deer, just as the latter is about to be shot by a dastardly huntsman. All this is of course too crudely sentimental, too much an affair for the children, to be taken very seriously; and one can hardly be expected to be upset by the propagandist implications that the state of California should have more and better game laws. The picture will appeal for different reasons to former Boy Scouts, legislators, professional hikers, and vegetarians. But it is only fair to say that it will at the same time appeal to those people for whom the simple movements of animals in action provide a welcome relief from the rendition of major human emotions by some of our more distinguished Hollywood actors. Despite the slight evidence of any real plastic sense on the part of either director or camera man, the natural line and movement of the animals in certain scenes—one might mention in particular the scaling of a high-walled corral by a whole herd of deer—give to the picture occasional moments of the purest abstract beauty. It is, in a word, the sort of picture whose sole reward is for the eye—a description which is not altogether complimentary perhaps but would be even less so in a season that offered anything more.

In a fortnight that has seen two filmed recruiting posters for the United States marines, a version of one of Robert Nathan's novels with Janet Gaynor in the principal role, and a blurred French print of "Topaze," the only encouraging news that can be reported is that "Chapayev" is in its seventh week at the Cameo. To see this Soviet film for a second or third time is a considerably more exciting experience than to see any of the newer Hollywood offerings for a first time. But that is far from being the tribute that it deserves from the disheartened wanderer through the waste land of the current Broadway screen world.

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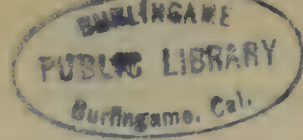
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ALTHOUGH THE BELGIAN-AMERICAN trade agreement appears on the surface to be more significant than the unfortunate Brazilian pact, it comes as a bitter disillusionment to those who had hoped that the Administration's tariff policy would effect a substantial breach in the world's trade barriers. In all only about one-third of the dutiable imports from Belgium are affected by the tariff cuts, and on these the actual reduction averages but 24 per cent—this despite the fact that one-fifth of the articles are not produced in the United States, and none competes directly with products of domestic manufacture. In the case of eighteen of the forty-seven items on which reductions are granted, American exports are greater than imports, indicating that the United States possesses a definite competitive advantage without recourse to tariff protection. And despite their non-competitive character, seventeen out of the forty-seven articles carried duties of from 50 to 150 per cent! The duty on plate glass, for example, was equivalent to an ad valorem levy of 86.9 per cent in 1931, although recent improvements in American technique have practically eliminated the possibility of foreign competition. In exchange for these "concessions," Belgium has agreed to lower duties an average of 35 per cent on forty-five different articles, imports of which aggregated \$16,335,000 in 1933, or three times the amount covered by the American reduc-

tion. Concessions of from 64 to 80 per cent were made in the duties on automobile parts, American exports of which were valued at nearly \$5,000,000 in 1928, and important reductions were made on fruits, lard, and rubber products. In contrast with the Brazilian pact, where the meagerness of the American concessions was defended on the ground that Brazil had a favorable balance of trade, the United States has not only maintained a large favorable balance with Belgium, but has increased its relative advantage in the past few years. Thus it is apparent once more that tariff reciprocity, instead of being utilized to correct the top-heavy trade balance of the United States, is being employed as a weapon to push down the defenses of debtor countries in such a manner as to accentuate the basic maladjustments in the flow of international payments.

THE REVOLT IN GREECE represents a dramatic effort on the part of the republicans to stave off the establishment of a military dictatorship which would restore King George to the throne. While discontent has long been evidenced against the reactionary Tsaldaris government, the immediate crisis seems to have been precipitated by the appointment of General Metaxas, leader of the Greek fascists, as a member of the Cabinet and as commander of the Athenian headquarters. General Metaxas appears to enjoy the full confidence and support of General Kondylis, Minister of War, and leader of the army. The presence of the veteran politician, Eleutherios Venizelos, in the ranks of the revolutionists is sufficient to indicate that the uprising is in no sense a radical one; it suggests rather a rallying of the forces of parliamentarianism against the threat of suppression of all political liberties. At this stage the revolt gives every indication of being more successful than was the uprising last October in Spain against forces of a similar character. If it is, Greece will take its place as the only country in southern or central Europe where even the forms of democracy are preserved.

GREAT BRITAIN'S PROPOSAL for an international loan to the Nanking government is significant as a desperate and belated effort to stem the tide of Japanese expansion in the Far East. It is obvious that Nanking must be aided if it is to maintain its power in the face of growing economic disintegration and an accompanying increase in Communist influence. All phases of China's national economy are suffering from the deflation induced by the silver policy of the United States. Foreign trade is falling off, industrial production is declining, and unemployment—always severe in China—is on the increase. In the past, assistance to China has usually been granted by an international consortium, but in the present crisis Japan has sought to take advantage of the country's extremity to further its long-range political and economic aspirations. Recent reports from Nanking indicate that Chiang Kai-shek has already yielded to many of the Japanese demands in anticipation of substantial financial aid, a hypothesis which is strengthened by Japan's rejection of Britain's offer. Whether Britain and

America by their tardy and half-hearted offer of assistance can prevent these plans from being carried to fruition is problematical. However, one point is clear: if the Western powers fail in their demand for participation in the proposed loan, the Open Door in China will be finally closed.

A GREAT EDITOR and a still greater reformer and crusader was lost to journalism in the death of Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, on March 3. Indeed, it is doubtful whether American journalism has ever produced a more dauntless fighter in behalf of wronged individuals and unpopular causes than Mr. Older. Without being a great writer, or a fine writer, he could strike out with such vigor and power as to suggest the unleashing of an elemental force. It was he who sent Mayor Eugene Schmitz and Abraham Ruef to San Quentin as a result of his graft exposures—only to turn around within six months and do his utmost to get Ruef out of jail. It was the last of his man hunts. The personal bitterness he felt against individual wrongdoers passed then and there. He had suddenly come to realize that sending people to jail as he had been doing with ruthless ferocity, often using indefensible and cruel means to achieve his ends, was not going to cure the evils from which society was suffering. He threw himself into prison reform, into the redemption of crooks instead of their punishment; he fought for them with the same intensity with which he had waged war against them. It was he who came to the aid of Tom Mooney and ferreted out the truth about the case, for which achievement the rich and respectable of San Francisco were ready to tear him limb from limb. Yet it is a regrettable fact that this superb champion of the oppressed had to spend his declining years on a Hearst newspaper whose owner he despised. None the less, his loss is a great one, for there is no one left in California journalism to compare with him. And if ever a state needed crusaders for justice and fair play to the workers, it is that same California.

THE SPECTACULAR DECLINE in the exchange value of sterling has once again revived the specter of a world-wide currency war. While the fall of the pound is apparently due to rumors of an impending political crisis in England rather than to deliberate governmental policy, it has been widely interpreted as a maneuver to give British exporters an advantage over their American and Continental rivals. Irrespective of the accuracy of this charge, the cheapened pound is bound to accentuate the difficulties of the gold bloc and if continued is likely to drive France to abandon its efforts to maintain the franc at its existing parity. Should the pound and the franc both suffer a sharp decline, inflationary groups in this country are almost certain to renew pressure for the further devaluation of the dollar. Thus, without any country actually willing it, the long-feared competition in currency depreciation may already be under way. If so, it is evident that this country must shoulder primary responsibility. For nearly two years the dollar has been undervalued on the world market, to the advantage of our export trade; yet during the entire time we have refused either to fix the value of the dollar permanently or to join with other nations in a scheme for international stabilization. Faced with unrelenting competition with the

cheap dollar, foreign countries, particularly those remaining on gold, have been forced to choose between continued deflation, trade restrictions, and devaluation. If they should ultimately decide to follow our example and choose the easiest and most dangerous of the three expedients, we have only Professor Warren to thank. It is to be hoped, however, that a belated recognition of the gravity of the situation will spur the Administration to reopen negotiations for an international agreement which, whatever action is taken on gold, would prevent cutthroat competition between the two leading Anglo-Saxon countries.

"IT MUST BE WITH A RIFLE and a bayonet, cold steel," Brigadier General Seth E. Howard, the man responsible for the National Guard in California, assured the House subcommittee in the hearing on the War Department bill. He was complaining about the meager protection of California against labor troubles. "We have in California 6,000,000 people and short of 6,500 troops. Troops to be effective must be armed with rifles, because a pistol is no arm to place in the hands of troops with these groups of disturbers that we are confronted with in the country today. Neither are clubs." Cold steel, he went on to say, was essential. He admitted he was giving rifles to the coast artillery and training the men to use them. "If we get medical units we will give them rifles and make riflemen out of them." The general then went on in a mood of candor: "I want to advise you that today I have my troops under arms, in violation, possibly, of the regulations of the National Guard Bureau. But it is necessary for us to have our picked men with their uniforms and rifles, at their homes in Sacramento. I have two companies on guard, I have the arsenal under guard, and the city and county authorities have increased their force by 300 or 400 per cent." Asked how many men had been responsible for the "revolutionary" condition in California last summer, the general replied: "In the neighborhood of 1,300. There was a very small number of actual agitators, originally less than 300."

FURTHER MILITARIZATION of American youth was advocated before the same committee by General MacArthur, chief of staff. He has his eye on the strapping young men in the CCC camps. "These men are all processed," he said, using the professional term. "They are ready and fit for military training." The particular place in national life he would have them fill is the enlisted reserve, an element in national defense now neglected. "I think nothing would be finer than to take these CCC men who have had six months in camp and give them perhaps two months more in which they would receive a nucleus of military training. We then could enrol them in the enlisted reserve . . . If we had 300,000 enlisted reserves who could be called to the colors immediately, our conditions of preparation for defense would be immeasurably bettered." The army already controls the men in the camps as to clothing, feeding, housekeeping, morale, and discipline. The next step would be easy, and the prestige now enjoyed by General MacArthur at the Capitol makes it appear a probable one. Congressmen listen to him with deference, forgetting that it was he who donned his medals and drove the bonus army out of Washington.

JAMES RORTY, poet, advertising man, and journalist, who did a lively stint on *The Nation* staff for several months before his Western tour, has made the trip through the Imperial Valley. It is a hazardous journey for any liberal, radical, or mere sightseer, and Mr. Rorty's experience was no exception. He was arrested on suspicion—California suspicions, like other products of that state, are of the giant variety. He was thrown into jail for a day. His person and his car were searched for subversive literature or thoughts. He was "grilled." And finally he was escorted a hundred miles to the border and dumped into Arizona quite without regard to his wishes in the matter. In general he was subjected to all the indignities from which the Bill of Rights is designed to protect an American citizen even though he may have the temerity to enter one of the agricultural valleys of California during a lettuce strike. Unlike literally hundreds of other victims, Mr. Rorty was able to command enough publicity to get Congress interested in the sorry state of civil liberties in the Imperial Valley. He is scheduled to appear before the House Labor Committee when it opens hearings on the Wagner labor-disputes bill—William Connery, the chairman, wants to hear at first hand how agricultural "stiffs" are treated by the growers who rule California. And a special Congressional investigation of the California labor situation and the Rorty incident has been proposed. California is perhaps the richest field for Congressional prospectors in search of exploitation, terrorization, and the suppression of civil liberties.

THAT PECULIAR American institution, trial by Congressional inquiry, is to be set in motion to estimate the administration of Governor Pearson in the Virgin Islands. The effect of the evidence on the public will, we assume, be the determining factor in deciding whether this Republican governor is to be retained by a Democratic Administration. One motive behind the investigation, undoubtedly the chief one, is to get him out, replace him with a Democrat, and end the iniquity of considering an American colonial possession immune to the benefits of the spoils system. But we welcome the inquiry, if only to put an end to whisperings and insinuations. That the fight against Governor Pearson should be financed by Casper Holstein, a wealthy Harlem Negro and Virgin Islander, gives an indication of the kind of cross-currents astir in the case. Holstein, named as one of the policy bankers accepting Dutch Schultz's overlordship, has sent \$100,000 to the islands, where naturally he rates as a philanthropist. He is the "angel" of the local anti-Pearson squad. The public may be puzzled as to why the White House does nothing about Judge Wilson, whose conduct in the MacIntosh trial has had national publicity since described by our Washington correspondent. It must be explained by the fact that the judge enjoys the protection of Senator Pat Harrison, who is too valuable to the White House in these days of the Senate deadlock to be deflected from his party loyalty by censure of his protegee.

WHILE COLLEGE TEACHERS and students the country over are uniting to oppose William Randolph Hearst's latest red-baiting campaign and his attacks upon "subversive teaching" in the schools, Dr. John G. Bowman, chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, has come for-

ward with a touching tribute to Mr. Hearst. Dr. Bowman rallies "every intelligent citizen" to the Hearst cause, which, he believes, is dedicated to "uphold our ideals of patriotism and of reverence." It is significant that this fulsome praise is coincident with the report of the American Association of University Professors on the dismissal of Professor Ralph E. Turner from the University of Pittsburgh last year. The investigators charge that Professor Turner was dropped to soothe the feelings and touch the pocket-books of Pittsburgh's steel and coal millionaires in a fund-raising campaign for the university. So impressive is their report that Pennsylvania legislators, who have recently passed out of the Mellon sphere of influence, are contemplating a thorough delving into matters at the university, which is a state-aided institution. It is probably true that our colleges are filled with undesirable elements, as Mr. Hearst seems to believe, but we are under the impression that they are to be found among the Bowmans rather than among the Turners, and we trust that the state legislature will concur in this judgment.

FURTHER EVIDENCE of the rising anti-red hysteria in this country is furnished by the unprecedented difficulties encountered by the League for Industrial Democracy in presenting its usual midwinter lecture courses. In five cities recently audiences have been evicted. In Lawrence, Kansas, the lectures were booked to be held in a high school. After the first lecture permission was withdrawn as the school board bowed its head to the anti-red campaign of the local press. A neighborhood settlement had agreed to house the L. I. D. lectures in Louisville, Kentucky. But the Colonial Dames heard about it and they told the American Legion and the Legion told the Community Chest, from which the neighborhood house gets its funds, that it would boycott the chest drive if the L. I. D. lectures were held under the auspices of any Community Chest organization. The neighborhood house capitulated, and the lectures were moved to a hotel. At Chattanooga the morning paper, with local patriotic groups lending aid and comfort, led the attack against the L. I. D. lectures when it was announced they would be held, as in 1934, in a high school. The commissioner of education read, trembled, and withdrew permission. For four years the L. I. D. has had its lecture series in Atlanta and the audience has been interracial and non-segregated as in all other cities. On the afternoon of the day the first lecture was to be given, the financial agent of the Wesleyan Memorial Church called the L. I. D. committee to say that the audience must be segregated at the evening meeting or the police would be called. His explanation was twofold. The Men of Justice, an organization similar to the K. K. K., had told him this must be done, and the church was in the midst of a drive to liquidate a debt of long standing. Powers Hapgood, speaking in Knoxville, Tennessee, on the "March of Labor," was described by the *Knoxville Journal* in a front-page, full streamer headline as "Red on Stage Urges Bloodshed." Immediately the Andrew Johnson Hotel said that no more lectures could be given there. In response to a plea by the L. I. D. committee, the city manager said the meetings could be held in the Market Hall. But pressure from the *Journal* and patriotic groups caused the city council to force the city manager to withdraw his invitation.

We Must Not Arm Against Japan!

ONE need not be particularly discerning to realize that the Administration's \$800,000,000 war budget for 1935-36 is directed specifically against Japan. A glance at the nature of the proposed expenditures is sufficient to confirm this assertion. The bulk of the \$200,000,000 which is being asked in excess of the normal budget is to be utilized for the naval-construction program authorized by the Vinson bill. An enlarged navy would only be needed in a conflict with one of two great powers—Great Britain or Japan—and since there has been no period in recent history when cooperation between the two Anglo-Saxon countries has been stronger than at present, it may be assumed that we are concerned solely with our Asiatic rival. Similarly, it is significant that the new army appropriations are to be expended chiefly for airplanes and the strengthening of the defenses of the Pacific Coast. The army also expects to obtain an additional appropriation out of PWA funds for an air base in Hawaii.

Nor is it difficult to understand why certain groups should desire to increase America's fighting strength as a means of restraining Japan. During the past four years the Japanese nation has literally run amuck. It has conquered Manchuria and Jehol by armed force; it has engaged in an undeclared and unprovoked war in Shanghai, and has twice invaded North China; it has increased its own armament expenditures by 130 per cent, and served notice of its refusal to be bound by the Washington naval agreement. If we accept the traditional militarist view that preparedness is the best guaranty of peace, there is reason to assume that an increase of armaments would add to our security against this mad-dog nation. This assumption overlooks the fact, however, that the proposed armament expenditures are not really defensive in character, and are not so regarded abroad. A very small proportion of our naval appropriation is to be spent on ships which are strictly defensive in nature, while the enlargement of our already powerful air fleet clearly suggests a war in which we are the attackers. If self-defense alone were desired, the United States could revise its military and naval policies with a saving of at least half our present war budget. But all our present policies indicate that "defense" is merely a euphemism for the protection of our financial stake in the Far East against Japanese imperial aspirations.

It is evident, therefore, that a suitable defense program must be conditioned by the larger aspects of foreign policy. The chief difficulty in this connection is that the United States has failed to formulate a clear-cut Far Eastern policy to meet the present crisis. We have resented Japanese aggression and sought to preserve the Open Door through non-recognition of the changed status in Manchuria. But rather than face the implications of our position vis-a-vis Japan, we have been content to drift to the very brink of catastrophe. This lack of policy is due largely to our inability to choose among three possible alternatives. In the first place, there are doubtless many groups who would like to see the United States pursue an expansionist course in line with that followed in the past. Since such a pro-

gram—with its emphasis on the Open Door and the territorial integrity of China—is in direct conflict with Japan's avowed pan-Asiatic policy, it is only logical that we should implement it by strengthening our defenses in the East, fortifying our Pacific possessions, and creating a navy of sufficient size to defeat Japan in its home waters. Obviously this would imply a force far greater than is even now proposed, and, what is more serious, it would inevitably lead to war.

The dangers involved in this course have led a number of observers, liberals and conservatives alike, to favor the second alternative—complete withdrawal from the Far East. If the United States were to abandon the Philippines and the various other Pacific islands, withdraw its military and naval forces from China, and be prepared to take such financial losses as might result from this action, there would appear to be little cause for friction between this country and Japan. In support of this step it may be urged that the whole American investment in the Far East is less than the amount asked for the army and navy in the 1935 budget, while our investments in China and the Philippines combined are less than the sum which General MacArthur is attempting to obtain from the work-relief funds.

Although it is impossible to doubt the sincerity and idealism which motivate many Americans to advocate complete abdication of our position in the East, one must question the practicability of such action. Neither nations nor classes have been known to surrender their vested interests voluntarily. Under the prevailing economic system, surpluses tend inevitably to accumulate, and it is fatal to deny them an outlet. Moreover, there is reason to doubt whether abandonment of the East would actually eliminate the basic causes of international friction. The whole movement toward national isolation merely tends to accentuate the struggle for raw materials and markets which is the basic cause of modern war. To leave China at the mercy of Japan would only strengthen the Japanese Empire in its conflict with the empires of the West.

For those who recoil from the prospect of unbridled Japanese aggression as well as from the specter of war, there remains yet another alternative. By associating itself more fully with the collective systems of security which are developing throughout the world, it is possible for the United States to aid in restraining Japan without setting itself up as the chief opponent of that country's imperialistic aspirations. To make such a policy realistic and effective, it is necessary to recreate a basis of international economic cooperation, which implies an abandonment of our own expansionist policies. This would preclude the possibility of relying on military prowess as a means of gratifying our national ambition, and, like the previous alternative, permit a genuinely defensive military policy.

If the Far Eastern crisis had arisen a few years ago there can be no question which of these alternatives we should have chosen. We should have "followed the flag" without regard for the consequences. But it is difficult to believe that the American people today would countenance

■ war for the protection of American investments if its implications were clearly understood. The danger, however, is not so much that the United States will deliberately choose the first course, but that for lack of constructive statesmanship it will drift into a position where war is inevitable. In the light of prevailing nationalistic passions, passage of the present appropriation bill would be an all but irrevocable step in that direction.

Propaganda and the Schools

AFTER a lively debate in which fundamental questions were raised and discussed, the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association finally passed an innocuous resolution affirming its "unqualified belief in the principle of academic freedom." Prior to the opening of the formal sessions of the Atlantic City convention, a group of the delegates heard some fiery speeches, including one by Charles A. Beard, who denounced the Hearst papers, and adopted a resolution calling upon the government to investigate newspaper propaganda along with the munitions industry. But when the issue came up before the conference itself, that body rather pointedly refrained from any specific mention of the Hearst campaign against allegedly "red" professors in schools and colleges.

Many of the more radical delegates were frankly furious at the failure of the association to take a strong stand, and Heywood Broun, who had been scheduled to address the group, tore up his speech and roundly berated them for their timidity. While we regret the failure to denounce the Hearst activities, which are so plainly directed against the very academic freedom which the association professed to support, we are by no means inclined to count the whole meeting as a failure. The discussions were realistic and outspoken if the official resolution was not, and the issues were clearly defined. Academic freedom in America is, at best, limited and partial in the vast majority of our schools and colleges, but the issue is no longer simply between academic freedom and unofficial control by political or social pressure. At the moment it is rapidly becoming a conflict between two theories of education—the theory which holds that the business of the school is to present facts or arguments as impartially as possible and the theory which insists that its business is to indoctrinate the student with a set of ideas, conservative or radical as the case may be.

Professor Jesse H. Newlon of Teachers College ably presented the case for indoctrination. Admitting that teachers could not offer their pupils any "preconceived blueprint for the new social order," he felt that the teacher was justified in preaching certain broad doctrines and that we must "make our appeal to the rank and file, not to the privileged classes." "We cannot and we will not remain neutral in the struggle of forces going on in this country," he said, and added that the teacher must teach as a certainty that "capitalism is not the solution to the nation's difficulties." Professor Newlon was replied to by Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, who said, "I am against that kind of indoctrination

that seeks to impose upon students by the process of propaganda the particular beliefs of the individual instructor," and who added, rather absurdly, that academic freedom meant the freedom to learn, not the freedom to teach.

The Nation, of course, sympathizes with Professor Newlon's desire to see liberal ideas take root in schools. We are also fully aware of the fact that what is called academic freedom too often means no more than a tame conformity. Nevertheless, we would hesitate long before adopting the theory that education should be regarded as a process by which "correct ideas" (even our own) are imparted to students. We are aware how inevitably, in practice, schools organized on that theory harden into the forms they have tended to assume in Germany and Russia alike, where the teacher is compelled to become the mouthpiece of an official dogma and where control from the outside becomes far more complete and far more universally effective than it has ever been even in the United States. We are inclined to hold that education cannot logically be regarded as a process of indoctrination unless one accepts the doctrine that final truth has been discovered and that learning must henceforth be concerned chiefly with the spread and preservation of that truth. So long as one believes that knowledge grows and changes, one must believe that the younger generation has a right to compare and question, and that free inquiry, not indoctrination, is the ideal of education.

The right to such free inquiry in schools and colleges can never be established once and for all. Today it is far more interfered with from the right than from the left, and for the present the fight for academic freedom means primarily the fight for the adequate recognition of the radical position. Nevertheless, the new society will need the critical spirit as much as the old one does, and the conception of free inquiry should not be lost.

A Peace Chapter Ends

THE first comment we have to make on Judge Nields's decision in the Weirton case is that it brings to an ironic end a story of an effort to obtain justice while maintaining industrial peace. The Weirton workers were organized, ready to strike, strong enough at least to have a fair chance of victory. The Wagner board intervened, pledged the men a victory by the more refined process of elections under government protection. Reluctantly the men remained at work and intrusted their future to the still untested value of the New Deal and its enthusiasm for forgotten people. Reviewing the story in its entirety, one sees that the men lost their cause when they remained at work. The Wagner board could do nothing for them since it had no legal backing. The Steel Board, though supported by a weak law, was likewise helpless, as it led them into the delay of a challenge of the law by the employers. And now the judge has told them in effect that in his district they have no hope for economic power unless they fight for it from start to finish. Since we believe in law and in the legal process we can only trust that Congress will see the impossibility of maintaining industrial relations as interpreted by Judge Nields, and will strengthen the law on collective bargaining.

As to the judge's legal arguments, we are by no means certain that he speaks for other judges of his rank or for the Supreme Court. It is difficult to believe that another court could reconcile their glaring contradictions or sustain their obvious bias. Section 7-a, the learned judge held, is unconstitutional "as applied to the defendant and his business." It is unconstitutional because manufacturing cannot, any more than mining or building, be regarded as "interstate commerce." By so ruling, Judge Nields recurs to the traditionally narrow and literal concept of commerce: it is the physical movement of merchandise from this place to that. This concept, although traditional, is not altogether consistent with the Supreme Court's recent tendency to visualize all business enterprises, except those exclusively local, as participants in a nation-wide "stream," "flow," or "current" of real and money income. Moreover, Judge Nields proves too much. If it is unconstitutional, in view of the interstate-commerce clause, to subject the Weirton Company to collective-bargaining requirements, it must also be unconstitutional to permit the company to avail itself of the "fair-trade" benefits of the iron-and-steel code—basing points, price-fixing, production control, and the like. The court also held that the "relations between employers and employees do not affect interstate commerce." Even in the narrow construction of the term commerce, this position is hardly tenable. The relations between employers and employees can and often do give rise to strikes, lockouts, boycotts, and other obstructions to trade. We have it on the authority of the Supreme Court in such cases that trade unions may be enjoined from restraining "commerce."

Aware of certain legal, if not also logical, difficulties, Judge Nields sought to get around them by proclaiming the community of interest between workers and bosses. The concept that management and labor are separated by "an inevitable and necessary diversity of interests," we are informed, "is an Old World theory" incompatible with the "twentieth-century American theory of mutual interest, understanding, and good-will." Like the theologians who disproved the existence of moons on Saturn by referring to the attributes of Deity, Judge Nields seeks to abolish the class foundations of economic society by judicial pronouncement. At his best he merely parrots the sophistries of apologists for the company union; at his worst he incorporates the sociology of Hitler and Mussolini in American law.

The importance of Judge Nields's decision should not be exaggerated. It is the particular opinion of one district judge on a single specific set of facts. United States district courts in the states of Washington and Virginia have upheld the authority of the labor boards to call for elections pursuant to Section 7-a. United States district courts in the state of Illinois have sustained the validity of the statute in proceedings which arose out of the struggle between the United Mine Workers and the Progressive Miners. The highest courts of Wisconsin, in the Simplex Shoe case, and of New Jersey, in the Bayonne Textile case, have ruled in favor of Section 7-a as a means of establishing employee rights. And we must not forget that the United States Supreme Court, in the famous Texas and New Orleans decision of 1930, disavowed the point of view which Judge Nields now upholds: that it is proper for employers to assist their employees in the choice of representatives for collective bargaining.

Misery in Arkansas

THE misery of the share-cropper has been touched upon in the pages of *The Nation*. We have also pointed out the ironical fact that the crop-reduction program of the AAA, designed to bring prosperity to the agricultural South, has increased the misery of its lowliest inhabitants. We had hoped to have the full story, and some measure of redress, from the AAA itself. It sent Mrs. Mary Myers as an investigator to Marked Tree, Arkansas, when the arrest and conviction of Ward Rodgers for anarchy made spot news of one of the most bitter and long-standing of American class conflicts. We now learn that the AAA has no intention of publishing her report. To be sure, there is no obligation to publish. But by withholding Mrs. Myers's presumably disinterested interpretation of a crucial situation the AAA is giving aid and comfort to the forces of reaction already in full control in Arkansas.

A bill has been passed by the assembly making sedition a felony and defining it in such broad terms that free speech would be a dead letter. Commonwealth College has just been investigated for "un-American and communistic teaching" and is in actual danger of being closed—several of its students and faculty members have been active in connection with the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. At Fort Smith, Horace Bryan has been convicted of anarchy after having led a strike of relief workers, and the Reverend Claude Williams has been sentenced to ninety days for barratry (it means "incitement of litigation"!) in connection with the same strike. Meanwhile if anyone feels that "terror" is too strong a word for what is going on in Arkansas, let him read this paragraph from a letter from Lucien Koch of Commonwealth describing an attempt to hold a share-croppers' union meeting.

Five men filed into the room, walked toward me, headed by the riding boss. They ordered me to "come along." I refused. They brandished their revolvers, dragged me from the seat, and kicked me from the room. . . . [Two of them] were violently drunk. I was hustled to a car on the road. Bob was too loyal to see me go alone. . . . They poked guns into our faces and bellies, they kicked us, punched us. . . . We were both bloody about the face and head. . . . Rough treatment started again. Drunk deputies stood around and allowed it to go on. Everything must have been planned beforehand. Our lives weren't worth an Indian penny in the hands of those drunken, frothing madmen.

The share-croppers' union, which has some 5,000 members, both black and white, is making a courageous fight against great odds. Meetings are forbidden in many Arkansas towns; Mr. Koch's letter indicates what sort of protection union leaders may expect from Arkansas sheriffs; scores of union members are being evicted and at the same time black-listed. An appeal to Governor Futrell for temporary refugee camps has been turned down, and Secretary Wallace has refused permission to use government rented land for tent colonies. The share-croppers' union, drawn as it is from one of the most poverty-stricken groups in the country, is utterly without funds. Contributions may be sent to Norman Thomas, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

Issues and Men

Florida Flamboyant

Miami Beach, March 1

IF one were to judge Florida by the appearance of Miami one would have to say that the depression is over in this state. The streets are thronged with the tourists the city must have in order to live, since it has no other trade; the hotels are jammed; the night clubs flourish; there is building everywhere, with lots beginning to go fast; the newspapers are carrying more advertising by one quarter than a year ago; the FERA reports only 4,000 cases (individuals with or without families) on the relief rolls, of whom 1,300 are Negroes and 900 single or widowed women, as against a peak of 16,000 in 1932 and 10,500 in November, 1933. The visitors are spending money freely—before half the horse-racing season was over they had bet \$8,000,000 on the “ponies,” and there are three dog-racing tracks. True, some of the stores report smaller expenditures per capita than a year ago. But there can be no doubt whatever of the revival of building. Here in Miami Beach homes worth \$400,000 and lots valued at \$176,000 have changed hands in the past two weeks. The total expenditure for building in the Miami district in 1934 ran well over \$8,000,000.

So much on the surface. But all is not so well underneath. Crime is rampant; two days ago men were robbed on the golf links and two caddies were found on the streets of Miami with their skulls fractured. Politics controls the police, so the police testify, as everywhere else, with the result that the men—95 per cent of excellent character, a most competent authority assures me—cannot do their duty; if they were allowed to, my informant says, they could clean up both cities at once. There has been a general disposition to run a “wide-open town” to lure the tourists, and there was open gambling until a few weeks ago, when the evil began to repel the visitors. In consequence, a judge, the chief of police, a state senator, and other high officials have been indicted, but the senator has already been acquitted and there is not much likelihood of other convictions; anybody who wants to can still gamble with impunity. Besides those aided by the FERA, which can only help bona fide residents, there are a number of destitute or near destitute. The transient camp contains an average of 450 men, and every day some fifteen hobos and wanderers are taken to the county line and “shoved over.”

Every worker in Miami must report to the police and be finger-printed, and in many occupations must have a police license before he can work. Wages are low and hours long. One woman writes me that she worked for four days in a laundry ironing nine hours a day and was paid \$1 a day. It is charged that in the restaurants men and women work twelve hours seven days a week, and the Miami *Herald* carries advertisements for men and boys to work for board and lodging and \$1 a week! “There is more slavery in Florida today,” writes an old reader of *The Nation*, “than when Lincoln at the instigation of your ancestor freed the slaves.” As for Miami, he writes bitterly: “It is the

harlot of American cities, and, like many harlots, it is unusually favored by nature.”

That it is; nature is exquisite here. But it is not fair to say as this man does that Miami exists merely that rich men may have a place to play. There is far too great a display of wealth for a time like this, but there are also multitudes here, as the public beaches testify, who are far from being rich or even very prosperous. Some day, possibly, the lovely houses one sees will be workers' rest and convalescent homes and there will be “parks of culture and amusement” for the masses. Today one wishes that great tracts could be set aside for the use of the many of inadequate means, so that they could enjoy this health-giving sunshine.

At Palm Beach, too, everything is crowded, most of the great palaces are open, and the hotels have long waiting lists. No stranger could view this town and believe that America is in its most desperate economic plight, with ten or twelve millions out of work and despairing. There are automobiles here from every state in the Union and lovely yachts, too, if not as many as at Miami. One wonders where all this wealth comes from and how it has been preserved—and how much longer it will be possessed by those who now have it. Undoubtedly a good many people are spending all their income in fear of inflation, or because nothing seems safe to invest in. That may have something to do, too, with the demand for houses down here—the desire to put money into something tangible. But Palm Beach, with its gorgeous mansions occupied not over two or three months a year, often only six weeks, will for a long time to come remain a monument to the ruthless piling up of fortunes by the few at the expense of the whole people which marked the recent wicked era of unlicensed and uncontrolled pursuit of wealth. And Florida has just begged and received another \$400,000 from Washington for general relief purposes, because it is “broke”!

Elsewhere the state has not fared so well. In the citrus counties the cold weather did great damage. Even the town with the boastful name of Frostproof belied that name and succumbed to temperatures below freezing. Here, too, the transient problem is a serious one. Workers pour in hopeful of fruit-picking jobs and ready to work for hardly more than their food and bed. When the picking is over, some of the communities face serious problems, complicated by the fact that the growers show little disposition to cooperate with one another. There are some cooperative associations, of course. Yet I heard complaints that in towns where everybody ought to be doing well the desire of each man to get ahead of his neighbor has a disintegrating effect. Thus we see again the beneficent working of the private-profit motive!

Isabel Garrison Villard

Hearst's Russian "Famine"

By LOUIS FISCHER

New York, March 4

I HAVE been reading Thomas Walker's stories in the *New York Evening Journal* and other Hearst newspapers about famine in Soviet Ukraine. These tales and the accompanying photographs are so fantastic and unreal, and so unlike the Soviet Ukraine which I visited in July and August of 1934, that my suspicions were aroused.

Thomas Walker, the editorial note tells us, is a "noted journalist and traveler and student of Russian affairs, who for several years has toured the Union of Soviet Republics." I have never heard of him and I can find no one who has. But let that pass. Mr. Walker, we are informed, "entered Russia last spring," that is, the spring of 1934. He saw famine. He photographed its victims. He got heartrending, first-hand accounts of hunger's ravages. Now famine in Russia is "hot" news. Why did Mr. Walker or Mr. Hearst keep these sensational articles for ten months before printing them? My suspicions grew deeper.

On November 28, 1930, the *London Daily Telegraph* printed a two-column interview with Frank Easton Woodhead, a British engineer "who has just returned from Russia after a visit lasting seven months." On November 11, according to this interview, Mr. Woodhead saw a battle in the barracks square in the center of Moscow between G. P. U. troops and the regular Red Army. The soldiers, he reports, "were butchered by the O. G. P. U. . . . Soon after the firing had ceased I saw several hundred men led out by the O. G. P. U. They were chained together in groups."

On the very next day the ubiquitous Woodhead was in Pushkino, a village near Moscow, where he watched the slaughter of innocent peasants by a Red Army detachment. "It was generally said," he reported, "that the casualties were between four and five hundred. I do not know, but judging by the number of bodies I saw lying about, I should without hesitation accept the estimate."

Three days later, on November 15, food riots broke out in Moscow, Woodhead reported. "In the afternoon we could hear firing from the hotel. It continued from 2:30 to 5. We were told that many people had been killed, and that night, when an American friend and I went to the Opera House, we saw gruesome evidence of what had happened. On the outer edge of the square there were rows of ghastly corpses."

All this, of course, was a tissue of lies. These things could not have happened. I was in Moscow at the time and I investigated Mr. Woodhead at police headquarters, where all foreigners register on entering and leaving the U. S. S. R. I discovered that he had left Moscow on May 8, 1930, for Poland, and had never returned. Mr. Woodhead, therefore, was not in Moscow in November when the bloody events he "saw" are supposed to have taken place.

I published my rebuttal of the *Daily Telegraph* interview in the *New Republic* of June 10, 1931. My article was reprinted in England, and was never denied or contradicted. It could not have been.

On rereading Mr. Thomas Walker in the Hearst press and on thinking over the whole situation, I felt more and more sure that he was another Woodhead, another absentee journalist. And so I consulted Soviet authorities who had official information from Moscow. Thomas Walker was in the Soviet Union once. He received a transit visa from the Soviet consul in London on September 29, 1934. He entered the U. S. S. R. from Poland by train at Negoreloye on October 12, 1934 (not the spring of 1934, as he says). He was in Moscow on the thirteenth. He remained in Moscow from Saturday, the thirteenth, to Thursday, the eighteenth, and then boarded a Trans-Siberian train which brought him to the Soviet-Manchurian frontier on October 25, 1934, his last day on Soviet territory. His train did not pass within several hundred miles of the Black Soil and Ukrainian districts which he "toured" and "saw" and "walked over" and "photographed." It would have been physically impossible for Mr. Walker, in the five days between October 13 and October 18, to cover one-third of the points he "describes" from personal experience. My hypothesis is that he stayed long enough in Moscow to gather from embittered foreigners the Ukrainian "local color" he needed to give his articles the fake verisimilitude they possess.

Mr. Walker's photographs could easily date back to the Volga famine in 1921. Many of them might have been taken outside the Soviet Union. They were taken at different seasons of the year: anybody can see that by looking intently at the vegetation and the clothes of the people. One picture includes trees or shrubs with large leaves. Such leaves could not have grown by the "late spring" of Mr. Walker's alleged visit. Other photographs show winter and early fall backgrounds. Here is the *Journal* of the twenty-seventh. A starving, bloated boy of fifteen calmly poses naked for Mr. Walker. The next minute, in the same village, Mr. Walker photographs a man who is obviously suffering from the cold despite his thick sheepskin overcoat. The weather that spring must have been as unreliable as Mr. Walker to allow nude poses one moment and require furs the next. It would be as easy to riddle Mr. Walker's stories. They do not deserve the effort. The truth is that the Soviet harvest of 1933, including the Soviet Ukraine's harvest, in contrast to that of 1932, was excellent; the grain-tax collections were moderate; and therefore conditions even remotely resembling those Mr. Walker portrays could not have arisen in the spring of 1934, and did not arise.

Why, then, does the Hearst press publish these "revelations"? Mr. Hearst, naturally, does not object if his papers spoil Soviet-American relations and encourage foreign nations with hostile military designs upon the U. S. S. R. But his real target is the American radical movement. These Walker articles are part of Hearst's anti-red campaign. He knows that the great economic progress registered by the Soviet Union since 1929, when the capitalist world dropped into the depression, provides left groups with spiritual encouragement and faith. Mr. Hearst wants to deprive them

of that encouragement and faith by painting a picture of ruin and death in the U. S. S. R. The attempt is too transparent, and the hands are too unclean to succeed.

P. S. Would the Hearst press oblige us with a photograph of Mr. Thomas Walker, and with facsimiles of his United States passport and of the Soviet visa stamped upon it?

P. S. No. 2. On February 26 the Moscow *Izvestia* printed a lengthy interview with Lindsay Parrott, who had just taken a trip through the Ukraine. He really was in the Ukraine. "Nowhere," says Mr. Parrott, "in any of the cities or villages visited, nor along the road, did I meet any signs of the effects of the famine of which foreign correspondents take delight in writing." He goes on to

speaking of the "excellent harvest" in 1933. "The progress," he declares, "is indisputable." "In the light of these facts," Mr. Parrott concluded, "I can understand the statement of the local chairman of the district executive committee, Mertz, to the effect that the collective farmers reject the assistance of the fascist organization especially established in Germany to help the Germans allegedly suffering from famine in Russia." The Hearst press in America made a similar appeal for aid for the alleged famine victims. The Hearst organization and the Nazis are beginning to work more and more closely together. But I have not noticed that the Hearst press printed Mr. Parrott's stories about a prosperous Soviet Ukraine. Mr. Parrott is Hearst's correspondent in Moscow.

Collective Bargaining: A Debate

Labor Relations in the Automobile Industry

By LEO WOLMAN

THE Automobile Labor Board exists, under the terms of the settlement of March 29, 1934, by order of the President of the United States. This settlement determines the policy which has guided the board in dealing with discrimination, seniority, and representation. The elections being held under the supervision of the board plainly represent the application of this policy to the issue of labor representation in the industry. The automobile settlement was arrived at after prolonged negotiations in Washington. It is to be assumed that all the parties to the negotiations knew pretty well what the terms of the settlement meant. There is every evidence that they did. The Washington negotiations were clearly a species of collective bargaining and they terminated, as all such negotiations do, in a series of understandings. To say that such understandings have no standing is to cut at the roots of negotiating and bargaining.

At the very beginning the American Federation of Labor asked the assistance of the board in promoting collective bargaining between its representatives and the managements. In all but a few of the plants the unions represented only a minority. The board at the outset directed the managements to bargain with representatives of the union. The membership lists which the unions presented were lists of their members in only a few of the plants in the industry. If the board had at that time limited the right to bargain to representatives of a majority, the organized groups would have been eliminated from all collective bargaining in the industry. Such action would certainly not have been proper, correct under the law, or wise in policy. It was only owing to the form of the President's settlement that the board was able to direct the companies to negotiate with the representatives of the outside unions.

It is clear from conditions in the industry that there can be no collective bargaining without minority representation. No outside unions have a majority. The minorities in the automobile industry do not wish their bargaining to be

done for them by other groups. The large preponderance of employees is not ready for the present to commit itself to any organized group at all. To say under these circumstances that any single group should represent them all would be to coerce on a grand scale and would require rules which could not possibly be enforced. The real issue in the automobile industry has not been and is not whether there shall be majority rule but by what means the several minorities should have representation in bargaining with the managements.

Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act states that "employees shall have the right to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." On the primary ballot used by the board there is a space in which the voter may write the name of his candidate for representative, and another space next to it in which he may designate his labor-group affiliation. Both spaces are clearly described on the ballot. In nominating elections, in which this form of ballot is used, roughly 90,000 employees, representing 90 per cent of the eligible voters at work on the day of the election, have to date voted. Contrast this type of election with one recently held by a union. In a big plant of the industry a union which made large claims of membership held an election for the choice of officers to represent the members in bargaining with the management. In this election, although the polls were open all day, it is reported that only sixty persons voted.

To anybody who has watched the vote and studied the results of the elections it is clear that the men understand how to use this kind of ballot. There is every indication that employees who have participated in the vote, and this is by far the largest election of the kind yet held in this country, have cast their ballots soberly and as if they knew what they were doing. Anyone who watches can see that this is so. Returns in some of the election districts and plants where the union or the company union or both are strong show that the results of the election reflect the strength of the various groups. Thus in four districts of several plants in Detroit, an officer of the Detroit Federation of Labor was nominated in two districts and local officers of the bricklayers' and machinists' unions, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, were nominated

in two others. If these nominees had permitted their names and affiliation to be printed on the final ballots they would in all probability have been elected. Again in another Detroit election both the outside union and the company union polled heavy votes, as the following tabulation shows:

| | |
|---|-------|
| Unaffiliated | 1,781 |
| Employees' Association | 2,732 |
| Associated Automobile Workers | 2,858 |
| American Federation of Labor | 33 |
| Mechanics' Educational Society | 16 |
| Auto Workers' Union | 4 |
| International Workers of the World | 1 |
| International Association of Machinists | 1 |
| Blank ballots | 63 |
| Void ballots | 71 |

Total 7,560

In a plant in Pontiac, Michigan, where a primary election was held on February 22, the outside union, in this case independent of the American Federation of Labor, received more than one-third of the total vote. Obviously where either the outside union or the company union has members, the election machinery of the board permits them to elect their men.

The most important question with respect to the elections is whether they are free and secret elections. The elections are conducted by Francis E. Ross, professor of accounting at the University of Michigan, with an independent organization, under rules promulgated by the board. Mr. Ross and his staff are under emphatic instructions from the board to permit no interference by the management and to insure employees absolute freedom and secrecy in voting. Voters are registered by the election officials. The voters are instructed that they are not required to vote and that they may, if they wish, cast blank ballots. The ballots are counted by the election officials in the presence of representatives of the employees. The statement in *The Nation* (February 27, 1935) that "each ballot has on the corner a number which is supposedly torn off by the election officer, but the men believe that the number is used for identification and that they will be punished if they vote the union ticket," could only have been made by someone not familiar with the election procedure. No one who has seen an election can believe that ballots can be identified.

The departmental representatives and the bargaining committees set up under the plan now in force in the industry can and do carry on effective collective bargaining with the management. The skill and experience of the representatives will in the long run determine how successful negotiation with the companies will be. Differences of opinion exist among representatives of labor under any arrangement. But there is no observable difference in the kind of grievances various representatives present and in the kind of things labor wants and asks for, no matter who its representatives may be. Anybody with practical knowledge knows also that what is done for one group has to be made general and applied to all groups.

Someone has said that free and uncoerced elections held under the supervision of a government board interfere with the development of trade unionism. That system, as shown by the record of the administration of the Automobile Labor Board, does just the opposite. Employees in the automobile industry have the right to vote freely, without fear of re-

prisal, for anyone they choose to represent them. The representatives so chosen achieve a status in the industry which they never before had. It would be difficult to show developments of equal significance in most other American industries.

The decisions, rulings, and elections of the board have resulted in freeing unions from the fears and difficulties which, in the absence of the President's settlement and the board, they would inevitably have faced in the industry. The right to strike remains unimpaired. The board has issued orders, whenever necessary, putting men back to work and specifying the date on which they are to be returned to their jobs. In the same way the seniority rules, which exist by the terms of the President's automobile settlement, protect employees against the threat of being laid off or being refused a job at the time of rehiring simply because of union membership or union activity. It may be that there are isolated cases, which have not come before the board, in which coercion has been successfully practiced and seniority rules evaded. But by and large in the industry the seniority rules have been properly applied and coercive acts are rare.

Minority groups in the automobile industry, union or non-union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor or independent of it, have a status which is effectively protected by the prevailing arrangements. The seniority rights of all members of these groups are established. They cannot be discharged through the whim of a foreman, and if they are improperly discharged, the board puts them back. Under the President's settlement the board has the power of review of all discharges. The machinery exists for the free and uninfluenced choice by employees of their representatives and their group affiliation. These are valuable and unprecedented guaranties. They are enforced by a government board. They are the foundation for free and independent representation and collective bargaining.

Is It Collective Bargaining?

By W. M. LEISERSON

THE Automobile Labor Board proposes to create in each automobile plant a "bargaining agency" made up of representatives chosen from "districts" formed by the board by grouping together the employees in a number of the plant departments. This is, of course, an alternative form of organization and representation to that provided by craft unions, industrial unions, or other forms of labor organization. Even if we assume that it is properly designed to carry on collective bargaining, the fact remains that the employees have not chosen it, and have not been afforded an opportunity to vote on whether they approve or disapprove of it, and that it has been imposed upon them by a governmental agency. Yet in the automobile settlement of March 25, 1934, the President announced: "The government makes it clear that it favors no particular union or particular form of employee organization or representation" (my italics).

The President also explained Section 7-a in connection with the automobile settlement. The announcement said: "Reduced to plain language, Section 7-a of NIRA means (a) employees have the right to organize into a group or groups; (b) when such group or groups are organized they

can choose representatives by free choice . . ." Clearly, the employees were to be free to organize any groups or organizations they desired to form, and *after* they had so organized, they could choose authorized agents to represent their organizations in dealing with their employers. Instead of permitting the organizations which the employees themselves formed to vote for their representatives, however, the Automobile Board disregards the employees' groupings and creates new voting "districts."

In District No. 2 of the Chrysler Kercheval Avenue plant, for example, janitors, electricians, carpenters, yardmen, and elevator operators, as well as several other classes of employees, have been put into one group for the purpose of choosing a representative, although men in each craft may want an organization of their own to make a separate bargain with the employer, or may want to combine with others of the same craft employed in various departments and plants to make one bargain covering all of the craft regardless of the plant or department where they may be working.

If Section 7-a were concerned primarily with the right of individual employees to elect representatives for handling complaints, grievances, suggestions, and similar matters affecting individuals or departments, there might be justification for the board's procedure. But what this section of the Recovery Act attempts to establish is "the right to organize and to bargain collectively." The choice of representatives is merely an incident of this right. By centering its attention and activities on the nomination and election of representatives, the board is really denying to the employees the right to organize and to bargain collectively.

Section 7-a is not as ambiguous as it has been made to appear. The National Labor Board, the National Labor Relations Board, the Petroleum Labor Policy Board, and the National Steel Labor Board have all been in agreement as to its meaning. They have all held that it authorized employees to bind themselves by a majority vote to act as a unit and thus place the representatives of their unincorporated associations on the same basis for bargaining purposes as are the representatives of the corporations that employ them. This is the essence of the "right to organize and bargain collectively" which the section aims to protect. In the Railway Labor Act, where the same right is guaranteed in the same words, the intent is specifically spelled out in several explanatory sections; but while it is to be hoped that Congress will clarify Section 7-a as is done in the Railway Labor Act, in the absence of such action it hardly seems reasonable to assume that the right itself is anything different under the Recovery Act from what it is under the Railway Labor Act.

The right to organize means that once employees have formed or joined a group or association they may authorize their organization to represent them through its duly chosen officers and agents in dealing with the similarly chosen officers and agents of the employing corporations. If the term "representative" as used in Section 7-a is to be interpreted as meaning individuals only, as the Automobile Board's ballots indicate, then the purpose of forming labor organizations is defeated. I have found no responsible lawyer who believed that the courts would interpret the word "representative" in this narrow sense. Departing from the practice of the other boards, the Automobile Labor Board did not permit the names of the various employees' organizations to be placed on the ballots to be voted for as representatives.

Nevertheless, the board has published figures claiming to show affiliations or lack of affiliations with labor organizations. These are based on the mere statements of some voters, who in nominating individuals wrote in opposite the names the affiliations of these nominees with any "labor group." Those who were asked to indicate the affiliations may not have known them, and it is certain that many refused to reveal affiliations. Under the circumstances the publication of alleged affiliations, without explaining that organizations could not be voted for, hardly tells the whole truth.

Like the right to organize, the right to bargain collectively also seems likely to be frustrated by the procedure adopted by the Automobile Labor Board. Collective bargaining as an economic process has a well-defined meaning, the basis of which is cooperative marketing of labor. Its purpose is to substitute one collective agreement covering terms and conditions of employment for the individual bargains made by the employer with each employee. If the employees are to bargain for a whole group and make one cooperative employment contract covering them all, they must have a common sales agency, just as agricultural cooperatives provide sales agents for the cooperating farmers. When, therefore, Section 7-a says that "employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing," it can mean only cooperative bargaining of employees through the sales or business agents employed by their organizations. But while free themselves to employ specialized personnel managers as their representatives in dealing with labor, employers object to the agents of wage-earners as "outsiders" and "agitators."

Until the law made it clear that employees had as much right to use outside expert service and skill as the employer had, the latter, whenever he could, simply refused to deal with anyone who was not his employee. Now that this position can no longer be legally maintained, the same end is sought by securing the election of labor representatives who are already bound by individual contracts with the employer from whom they are to try to win a collective contract. This makes it possible for employers to discipline, transfer, discharge, or otherwise punish or remove the bargaining agents of the employees, and makes collective bargaining about as effective as salesmanship would be if the customers had similar powers over the sales agents of those with goods to sell.

The election of representatives by "districts" within the automobile plants makes effective collective bargaining impossible, because the employees are constrained to use a "bargaining agency" made up of representatives who are subject to the control and direction of the employer, untrained in the art of negotiation, and unable to devote all or a major portion of their time to the business of the employees, and each of whom is responsible to a separate and independent constituency. Pitted against them for bargaining purposes are expert negotiators appointed by a unified management and acting under a single directing authority. It seems to be commonly overlooked that if employees are to negotiate and make bargains collectively they too must be in a position to act as a unit through their unincorporated associations and be subject to an undivided executive control.

In collective labor contracts there cannot be two or more rates of pay, sets of working hours, or working rules for the same class of work. The agreement must establish wage and other terms for all who perform the same kind of

services; and if more than one kind of work is to be covered, the labor must be classified and graded, so that the terms and conditions applicable to each grade are clearly understood and specifically written out. Proportional representation, however, implies that the representatives of one group of tool makers, for example, may bargain for a dollar and a quarter an hour with a work week of thirty-six hours, while another may want a dollar an hour for a forty-hour week. Such differences are of course bound to appear, but whereas on the management side they will have been resolved into one offer that the employer is willing to make, the employees are asked to come into their "bargaining agency" with all their differences unsettled. This is the reason why the proportional-representation rule is impossible in collective bargaining, and why Congress in the Railway Labor Act specifically provides that "a majority of any craft or class of employees shall have the right to determine who shall be the representative of the craft or class . . .," and why most of the labor boards have taken the same position.

Individuals and minorities are nevertheless protected. They may, under the Railway Labor Act and under the decisions of the boards, handle their own grievances with their employers or designate any representatives they choose for this purpose. But they may not make separate contracts or undermine the terms and conditions of employment negotiated and agreed upon by the majority to govern collectively the whole class of employees to which they belong.

Mr. Wolman's Rebuttal

THE President's automobile settlement states: "In all the hectic experience of NRA I have not seen more earnest and patriotic devotion than has been shown by both employers and employees in the automotive industry. They sat night and day for nearly two weeks without a single faltering." From this it would appear that the terms of the settlement were the subject of prolonged discussion, debate, and negotiation. The President states that the "settlement has been offered by me to, and has been accepted by, the representatives of the employees and the employers." This means that the terms of the settlement were accepted by the two parties. The settlement again states: "It is my hope that this system may develop into a kind of works council in industry in which all groups of employees, whatever may be their choice of organization or form of representation, may participate in joint conferences with their employers . . ." This means proportional representation.

With respect to what people did or did not understand, and did or did not intend, the chronology of events is illuminating. The board took office on March 29, 1934, at the peak of the season. Soon thereafter lay-offs began. The board issued its order of elections on December 7, 1934, at the beginning of the period of rehiring for the next season of production. The first formal withdrawal by the American Federation of Labor was dated September 11, 1934. Informal representations to the same effect were made long before that. There must, then, clearly have been some other reason for withdrawal and it must have antedated the notice of elections by a considerable period.

The question is again, do the elections do what they purport to do? The employees in the industry have voted.

Through February 28, 1935, 89,273 employees, representing 91 per cent of the eligible voters working on the days of the nominating elections, voted. Compared to other elections in industry and to elections for public officials, these figures indicate a low rate of abstention. Employees to the number of 19,041, or 21 per cent of those voting, wrote in affiliations with one labor organization or another. This number cannot, in the accepted use of the term, be described as a "few voters." If those who abstained from voting did so on instructions, it would have been just as easy to instruct them to vote and to write in the appropriate affiliations.

The election districts are determined by conference between the election officials and representatives of the employees. All organized groups are invited to send representatives to confer on the districting in each factory. The board itself does not pass on the election districts unless the matter is brought before it on appeal from the decision of the election officials. There have been hardly any disputes concerning the districts. If any group, such as "janitors, electricians, carpenters, yardmen, and elevator operators," desires to bargain directly with the management through whatever representatives it chooses, it may under the board's rules do so.

Employees in the automobile industry have been instructed by the board and by its agents that they may nominate anyone whether or not he works in the district, plant, or industry. Outsiders have been elected and are serving as representatives. Outsiders have been nominated and could have been elected if they had chosen to run. Outsiders who have not been elected under the board's plan are negotiating and bargaining with the companies throughout the industry. The right of employees in the industry to organize is protected by the board. The rights of elected representatives are protected by the rules of the board as to seniority, by its authority to review cases of discrimination and discharge, and by the decisions it has so far made.

Mr. Leiserson's Rebuttal

THE integrity of the vote as taken in the automobile plants is not to be questioned. It is the form of the ballot and the organization for election and bargaining on which the voting was predicated that is under attack. Unquestionably, also, the policy of the Automobile Labor Board must be determined by the President's settlement and by Section 7-a of the Recovery Act. Neither of these, however, authorizes the board to organize the employees or to create the kind of organization for collective bargaining that it considers proper, correct, or wise.

If it is true that "the large preponderance of employees is not ready to commit itself to any organized group at all," then of course they want no collective bargaining, but prefer to continue on an individual bargaining basis. There is no more authority in the board to organize them into "districts" and "bargaining agencies" than there is to organize them into locals of trade unions or into company unions.

It is no justification to say that "if the board had . . . limited the right to bargain to representatives of a majority, the organized groups would have been eliminated from all collective bargaining in the industry." Employees' organizations, whether affiliated with the American Federation of Labor or not, if they command no majority for bargaining

purposes, have no right either in law or justice to get a collective contract. The majority in each plant whom the board reports as "unaffiliated" has the right not to organize and not to bargain collectively.

But the board's friendly intention to promote collective bargaining among the "unaffiliated" who do not want it actually works out in practice to prevent the employees in those plants, departments, and crafts where they have organized and command a majority from getting the collective bargaining they are entitled to. The Automobile Labor

Board has no mandate either from the Recovery Act or the President's settlement to organize the whole automobile industry for collective bargaining, or for its substitute for collective bargaining. If it would hold elections only in plants where groups have organized and where representation disputes arise, and leave the other plants alone until a party to such dispute requests its services, it would protect the rights of those who want to organize and also of those who do not. This is the view most of the labor boards have taken, and it is the view embodied in the Railway Labor Act.

What Price Truth and Purity?

Washington, March 4

NOTHING illustrates better the subtle rationalization required by modern life than a public hearing on a bill for purity in food and drugs and for truth in advertising them. If anyone opposes the bill he appears to advocate impurity and deceit. That may be what he wants to do. But it is not what he can afford to admit. What he must demonstrate is that there are gradations of both truth and purity. If some untruths and some impurities do not hurt the public, he can say he wants to be free just so long as he does not harm anybody. But even this is not a happy way of stating his case. It is still better to accept truth and purity, and make the law more difficult to enforce.

The public hearing on S-5, the Copeland bill, held Saturday, was a revelation of the possibilities of deviousness. Only one of the opponents was forthright, Clinton S. Robb, representing the United Medicine Manufacturers of America. And he dared to be because he felt that the bill outraged the right of self-medication. Here is one of the liberties of which apparently not enough has been heard. The whole purpose of the bill, said Mr. Robb, was to take it away. He wanted a board of review to pass on the administration of the law by the Department of Agriculture. There should be no doctors on the board, and the medical viewpoint should not prevail. Mr. Robb was quite frank about it, on a day when candor was at a premium. The right of every man to be his own doctor and to be fooled by patent medicines is an item in the catalogue of freedom too often overlooked. Mr. Robb neither hid his self-interest nor evaded any issues in defending it.

But the hearing, as whole, was devoid of much withering frankness. A great deal of the talk was on the question whether the control of advertising should be by the Federal Trade Commission or by the Department of Agriculture. This is an ideal subterfuge. It does not appear to impinge at all on the principles of purity and truth. It looks like a mere administrative problem. But the issue is one of great importance. The practice of the Federal Trade Commission in enforcing the law is already laid down. When there has been a violation the commission issues a "cease and desist" order, and it does not penalize until this order has been disobeyed. A manufacturer of patent medicines may make some nostrum which breaks the law; he can sail ahead until he is caught up in an investigation; there is an inquiry, and then at last the cease-and-desist order. All he needs to do is to dissolve his company and start

anew under another name. But if he is prosecuted by the Department of Agriculture he is punished for breaking the law. He is not given a head start in a race from justice which can be prolonged indefinitely. In the House of Representatives a bill drawn up by Congressman Mead leaves the enforcement with the Federal Trade Commission, and this is what the patent-medicine interests want.

A most engaging witness before the Senate committee was Charles Wesley Dunn, appearing for manufacturers of food, for the pharmaceutical manufacturers, and for the makers of dog food. Evidently he is quite a personage, for he told the committee, after reeling off the groups he represented, that he also represented himself. Mr. Dunn was opposed to the so-called Tugwell bill of last year, but gave the committee to understand that he was all in favor of the present one. But he had amendments to propose. One of these illustrates how it is possible to favor truth and purity and yet make the law harder to enforce. This amendment would require the department to supply to the maker a sample that is to be tested, and inform him of the technique of the test to be applied. Nothing could appear more harmless. But suppose for a moment that the department finds on the market a dangerous patent medicine, full of poison, which is a peril to life and health. And suppose the department cannot trace the manufacturer? Under this amendment it cannot prosecute the criminal company until it has gone through this genteel business of supplying it with a sample of its poisonous product and telling how it is to be analyzed. It cannot get out a warrant, have a search made for the manufacturer, and hale him into court. There is another difficulty in that standard methods of analysis are not yet known for everything. Chemists must experiment. And by this amendment they cannot prosecute on findings made by a technique which is not described in advance to the manufacturer. But Charles Wesley Dunn was, of course, indorsing the bill.

In the light of Mr. Dunn's service of truth and purity it is interesting to report on the testimony of representatives of advertising. Charles Coolidge Parlin (Curtis Publishing Company) was on hand for the National Publishers' Association, representing 227 magazines and periodicals and 50,000,000 readers. Mr. Parlin yields to no one, he announced, in defending the rights of readers. He is all for truth and purity. He had nothing to say against the bill. In fact he had urged his members not to oppose it. But he asked for fair consideration for the amendments put forward, that was all. He favored the bill as it stood, but he hoped

the committee would give this fair consideration. The same unctuous formula was used by Alfred T. Falk of the Advertising Federation of America, which favors the Copeland bill with or without the "constructive" amendments proposed by the manufacturers. One need not criticize these gentlemen. They derive their existence from the conflicting patronage of public and manufacturers. Readers, of course, should have unamended truth and purity. Manufacturers, however, award advertising contracts. The publishers and advertisers successfully served both their masters simultaneously, and not without a certain dignity. Mr. Parlin, in fact, was quite impressive.

William P. Jacobs, for the United Medicine Manufacturers, was one of those who wanted to leave enforcement with the Federal Trade Commission. But he, like most of the medicine makers, was "in principle heartily in favor of the bill." He did say, however, that one of the effects of legislation was that it was leading to a reduction in the claims of the therapeutic value of advertised medicines. And as the claims were reduced, advertising became more difficult to understand, which he considered deplorable.

Another witness was a familiar figure in the pure-drug fight—Lee Bristol, of Bristol-Myers (pink toothbrush), a former president of the Association of National Advertisers. Mr. Bristol wants, he said, to see legislation, but he wants it to be fair. What he favors is the provision (now in the Mead bill) which authorizes a "harmless trade claim," that is, one made in exuberance by a manufacturer; and so long as it does not deceive and does not jeopardize public health, Mr. Bristol would like it permitted by the law. Obviously the inclusion of such language in a bill would make it harder to obtain accuracy in advertising. Hugo Mock, for the cosmetic manufacturers, stressed the same point but he was the most downright of the "interests" in supporting the bill; he did not wince at having the Department of Agriculture instead of the Federal Trade Commission enforce it, and he voiced bravely the opinion that a constructive law cannot hurt the legitimate manufacturer.

Harry A. Bellows, of the National Association of Broadcasters, was not quite so unctuous as the publishers

and advertisers. He frankly objected to having broadcasting put under still another legal control. And he helpfully made suggestions intended to ease matters for the advertisers.

A diverting forty minutes of the hearing was taken up by Arthur Kallet, one of the authors of "A Hundred Million Guinea Pigs" and representative of Consumers' Research, Inc. Mr. Kallet thinks the bill does not go nearly far enough—does not bar enough advertising or give specific enough controls. He said it should not be enforced by the Department of Agriculture, which is dedicated to the producer rather than the consumer. Curiously enough, when he tried to inject some personal remarks about Senator Copeland, he was promptly shut off. He did succeed in saying that last year the Senator had made a broadcast sponsored by Eno's Salts; this was promptly and testily expunged from the records. And as Mr. Kallet showed signs of becoming obstreperous, Senator Clark noisily threatened to have him thrown out of the hall. It was plain that Mr. Kallet, though an unmincing believer in utter purity and truth, was *persona non grata* with the committee.

A still more convincing proponent of truth and purity was Robert L. Fischeles, of the American Pharmaceutical Association. He wanted the bill strengthened, he approved of having all ingredients and formulas and all the ingredients of secret formulas on the label so as to allow intelligent self-medication. He pointed out the anomaly of letting the patent-medicine manufacturer advertise by commercial methods while competing with the doctor who cannot. And he was all for taking the advertising control from the Federal Trade Commission, since food and drugs, he said, are not ordinary commodities in trade.

The present bill is weaker than the so-called Tugwell bill of last year. It has been made acceptable to food manufacturers by omitting graded standards and requiring only the observance of a single minimum standard. But this is for all foods, whereas the present law covers only canned foods. It does not provide for voluntary inspection. But it does contain most of the other valuable provisions of the previous bill, and if it passes it will make a notable advance toward the attainment of truth and purity. R. G. S.

Social Insurance in the Soviet Union

By KATHLEEN BARNES

BESIDE the Moskva River stands a large, imposing building. Inside, numerous dark and narrow corridors give it the appearance of a rabbit warren. In Czarist times it was a home for foundlings. Unwanted children were abandoned at its gate. Now, under the red flag, it is the Palace of Labor, headquarters of the trade unions, and consequently the directing center of Soviet social insurance. But social insurance in the Soviet Union is no foundling. On the contrary, it is fashioned of the blood and bone of the revolution itself; its growth has been an integral part of the development of the Soviet state.

In the revolution of 1905 social insurance was one of the demands of the insurgent workers. Driven by fear of the rebellion, the government hastily drafted a commission to prepare a series of insurance laws. With the collapse

of the revolution, however, and during the period of reaction which followed, this work was allowed to drift. Not until 1912, when the tide of revolt was once more rising, were the first real insurance laws hurried through the Duma.

In the same year, at the Prague conference of the Bolshevik Party, Lenin put into concrete form the workers' insurance program: security for all those who work for hire in every eventuality of being unable to work; compensation to the full amount of wages; contributions to social-insurance funds from the employers and the government; complete control of the system in the hands of the insured. The workers were warned that under a capitalist system such social insurance as they would achieve would be granted by the government as a palliative measure, as a sop to their demands for a better life, as a deterrent to the revolution.

They were urged, however, not to boycott such insurance as was granted them but to use it as a means for organizing their strength.

After the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks in 1917 a series of social-insurance laws embodying the principles of the workers' program rapidly appeared on the statute books. The principle that the workers of a state have the right to protection against any contingency which may deprive them of their earning power is an integral part of Bolshevik doctrine. Furthermore, social security is not only an end-objective of the Soviet system; it is also one of the tools of revolution. It is used as an incentive, as a lever of considerable power in the construction of a new people and a new world. It has changed, therefore, in both form and content as the line of the Communist Party has changed. But within the changing picture some things have remained constant. For example, the workers have never been forced to assume any share of the cost of social insurance. From the very beginning the cost has been borne by the employer. During the period of military communism, when the state assumed the role of employer for all the population, the state took over the financing of the security measures. But with the coming of the NEP and the reappearance of private enterprise, each employer was obliged to pay as dues to the social-insurance funds a definite percentage of the amount he paid in wages. Since 1928 private enterprise has disappeared, but the payments for social insurance are still made by the individual concern or by the employer of a servant or domestic laborer.

Another constant has been the administration of the security measures by the workers themselves. Until 1933 social insurance belonged in the province of either the Commissariat of Labor or the Commissariat of Social Security, but in either case no representative of the employers had any hand in the administration. Moreover, a rather large measure of control has always been awarded to the trade unions, the organizations most clearly representing the insured persons. This control was made complete in 1933, when the All Union Central Council of Trade Unions assumed the functions of the Commissariat of Labor and took over the administration of social insurance.

There has been little variation in the types of insecurity against which the workers have been insured. At first the disability of old age was only provided for in so far as it deprived an individual of his ability to work, but by 1929 old-age pensions based upon a definite age level had been introduced for the workers in all the leading branches of the national economy. Unemployment insurance, on the other hand, was part of the system at first but disappeared in 1930, when the demand for labor rendered insurance against this particular hazard of a worker's life unnecessary.

If an insured person becomes ill he receives aid and free medical care, and stands no risk of losing his job. The maternity hazard receives the same treatment. Absence from work on account of quarantine or the necessity of caring for a sick member of the family likewise entitles an insured person to aid and does not render him liable to be discharged. Benefits begin with the first day of absence and continue to the last or until such time as invalidism is established. After that the compensation is governed by the pension laws, whether invalidism is the result of industrial accident, professional disease, or general illness. As

long as unemployment existed, the unemployed received aid and free medical care. Families deprived of their breadwinner, whether by death or disappearance, receive support if the breadwinner has been an insured member of society. In addition, the families of the insured are eligible for free medical care, and like the insured have their burial expenses paid. Supplementary aid is given to insured women and to the wives of insured men upon the birth of a child and during the first nine months of the infant's life.

If it is asked, however, to whom is this security extended, the picture is not so constant. The provisions have varied as the economic system has changed. Immediately after the revolution the laws were defined as applying to all who worked for hire, peasant or proletariat, with the additional provision that arrangements were to be worked out whereby members of cooperative enterprises or individual poor peasants could insure themselves. During the period of military communism the circle of the insured was expanded to cover all members of the state who did not exploit the labor of others. But when the NEP was established, the laws were again restricted to cover only those who worked for hire and so they remain at the present time.

At the beginning of NEP the most urgent need of the Soviet state was to start the wheels of industry, to light the furnaces that would again send smoke pouring out of the factory chimneys. For this it was necessary to attract the workers back to the deserted mills. Restriction of social insurance to those who work for hire was but one example of its use as a lever in the reconstruction of the country. The objective was achieved. The 6,700,000 wage workers of 1923 grew to 10,500,000 in 1928, and since then, under the stimulus of the five-year plans, their number has more than doubled. The number of insured has of course also increased and to an even greater extent. As late as 1923 only 78 per cent of the workers were insured. Gradually, however, the machinery of social insurance has become more effective until at the present time the number of the insured is practically 100 per cent of those who theoretically come under the provisions of the law.

It is when we analyze the amount of aid and pensions as determined by the laws and the actual carrying out of these provisions that we find most fluctuation. For years after their adoption, the decrees could not be carried into effect. Civil war, intervention, famine were completing what the World War had begun, the destruction of the resources of the country. The people in the cities lived largely on black bread. The soldiers of the Red Army marched with a greatcoat as the only covering for their underwear. The ruble lost all value. In such a time the bestowal of aid and pensions in money had very little significance, and the principle of natural forms of aid was established.

Again with NEP came a change. The monetary system was stabilized. Payments in kind disappeared. But although the industrial development of the country has been steady ever since then, the finances of social insurance were in a difficult position for many years. Employers, both private and governmental, were often remiss in payment of their dues. It was impossible to build up an adequate reserve of insurance funds, and several times the end of the year showed a deficit. Thus hampered, the government found it impossible to establish pensions and unemployment

relief at an ideal level. Even the law concerning aid for temporary disability, which up to 1932 was fixed at 100 per cent of salary, had to be qualified by a provision enabling the authorities to diminish it to two-thirds of the amount of the wages when the social-insurance funds were inadequate. The actual financial aid to the insured person was supplemented, however, by additional help to the family, by the practical elimination of rent, by free medical care, and by various other forms of direct aid.

The most striking evidence of the way in which social insurance has been utilized to mobilize the forces of the country in support of the party program is the development of the system since 1931. In order to carry out the program of industrialization embodied in the Five-Year Plan it was necessary to use every incentive to obtain good workmanship, low labor turnover, and effective labor cadres. The section of the population that was most valuable for the fulfilment of the plan was henceforth to be the section which received most favored treatment in every aspect of life. Social insurance was made to conform to this principle. The laws enacted since then have made pensions and aid dependent on the type of work that the recipient has been doing and on the length of time he has been working, both generally and in a given enterprise. To be a member of a shock brigade carries certain benefits and not to be a member of a trade union entails distinct disadvantages. Aid for temporary disability may be 100 per cent of the wage or as low as 50 per cent. Pensions for invalidism are further complicated by the question whether invalidism results from professional accident, professional disease, or from general illness. Invalids, moreover, are grouped into three categories according to the extent of their disabilities. The pension may be equal to 100 per cent of the wage for a worker who is totally disabled and requires someone to take care of him, or it may be as low as 33 per cent of the wage for a worker who is incapacitated only partially as the result of general illness or who has done less important work. Pensions for old age may not be lower than 50 per cent of the former wage.

A comparison of the 1934 budget with those of earlier years reveals other evidences of how social insurance mirrors the economic condition of the country and the purposes of the party. In the nine years from 1925 to 1934 the total figure of the budget has grown from 474,200,000 to 5,050,000,000 rubles. The change in the character of the expenditures is also striking. In 1925 practically all expenditures were in the form of direct aid and pensions. Very little was spent for social service or preventive measures. As funds have increased, however, increasing amounts have been set aside for rest homes, sanitariums, crèches, kindergartens, milk kitchens, special diet feeding, meals for school children, and housing. In 1934 this type of expenditure far outweighed expenditure for pensions and direct aid. In furnishing this indirect aid, however, as in everything else, preference is given to the most valuable section of society.

In this description of Soviet social insurance it should be mentioned that the large numbers of the population engaged in agriculture are not entirely neglected even though they are not wage-earners. Workers on a state farm of course come under the provisions of the social-insurance laws, and for those not so covered there is legislation directing the formation of mutual-aid societies.

The Soviet system of social insurance contains many faults, inevitable in anything so large, but it is extremely interesting as the achievement of a workers' state. It differs from social insurance in other countries in being not a bandage applied to the system externally but part of the warp and woof of the fabric of the state.

[This is the third of a series of articles on the social-security systems of various countries.]

In the Driftway

INSPIRED by the latest imminent war, a number of horrendous tales have lately reached the Drifter's ears about Ethiopia. The strategy of the wily Ethiopians, so it is said, will be to entice Mussolini's troops into their strange jungle country, and then, when the Italians have been weakened by the attacks of fearsome insects and hooded serpents, to finish them off by poisonous arrows shot from the trees. Now the Drifter frankly confesses that he has never been to Ethiopia, and beyond remembering that the Ethiopian is famous in Biblical literature for being unable to change his skin—this distinguishes him, no doubt, from the rest of mankind—his knowledge of that far-away country was exceedingly limited. To the source books he went, accordingly, with the following results.

ETHIOPIA, it seems, is—or was once—located in north-eastern Africa, and although that section of the world seems not incredibly remote today, in the Homeric poems the Aethiopes were the furthest of mankind, both eastward and westward; in their country, indeed, the sun probably set. The object of considerable interest to the Greeks—who called them "long-lived," fish-eaters, and "troglodytes"—and subject to heavy tribute by the Egyptian kings, the Ethiopians became independent about a thousand years before Christ. After a millennium of varying fortunes, during which for a period the country was ruled by queens named Candace, Ethiopia suffered the current lot and became more or less a conquest of Rome, although it is said that the Emperor Augustus ordered the evacuation of the country without demanding tribute (contemporary Roman papers please copy). The subsequent history of Ethiopia is full of conquests, defeats, splendid dynasties, and the founding and destruction of cities. Until the beginning of the Christian era the history of the country was closely associated with that of Egypt. During the last thousand years it has apparently been swallowed up bodily by Abyssinia.

THE Drifter pauses to take a breath and to admit that he is becoming confused. For it appears, in all the reference books he has handy, that Ethiopia is an "ancient, classical" country, and only Abyssinia exists today, of which the capital is Addis Ababa. Abyssinia, of which we were not speaking at all, is partly low and tropical and partly mountainous; the flora and fauna are highly varied, ranging—as far as the latter is concerned—from the ant to the elephant. There are a few serpents, but nowhere does the Drifter see the inhabitants described as likely to climb trees and shoot poisoned arrows.

FOR Signor Mussolini's benefit, therefore, the Drifter offers some sound advice, based on geographical and historical research. There is no such country as Ethiopia. To make plans for conquering it would involve going backward about a thousand years in time, obviously the wrong direction for a Duce to take. And even if he succeeded in reincarnating himself and his army, he would find his new conquest hardly noticed in a land that had been in a state of conquering or being conquered for several thousand years. It is alleged—but the Drifter does not vouch for the truth of it or of anything else on the subject—that precious metals are drawing the attention of Rome to Addis Ababa (whatever that city is the capital of). Obviously this is just another gold-mine pipe-dream, no more to be believed than that Ethiopia exists. In short, Signor Mussolini, you'd better decide to stay home and mind your own business. With kind regards from

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Adamic's Detroit

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Louis Adamic's central thesis in his article on the automobile industry is that there will be no upheaval. He may be right, but the odds are two to one with few takers that there will be a strike. As for the hill-billies, this importation is not a 1935 trick—it was extensively used throughout the twenties. Right now Detroit is having a sort of Old Home Week for production workers who scatter to Tennessee and Missouri when there is no work for them here. As for Adamic's welfare figures, although employment may have doubled over the dead period immediately preceding the rise, it has certainly not gone much more than 20 per cent over the 1934 high.

To speak of the A. F. of L. campaign as "only a lot of empty motions" is to do rank injustice to the hundreds of hard-working volunteer organizers in the shops. "The only important plant which is effectively organized is the Auto-Lite in Toledo," says Mr. Adamic. How about the 100 per cent strike at Kelsey-Hayes, the successful strike at Motor Products, demands won at Motor Metals, and so on? Mr. Adamic apparently has the usual intellectual prejudice against the A. F. of L. Speaking of A. F. of L. men "taxiing about the town" is part of this attitude.

Mr. Adamic says that the Mechanics' Educational Society of America is only concerned with tool-and-die makers, the aristocrats of automobile labor. This sneer about aristocrats is neither original nor justified. The leaders of the M. E. S. A. all subscribe to a fervent belief in industrial unionism. They know that the basis of any industrial union in the automobile industry must be the skilled workers, because these workers at least stay in the plants for an average of five months a year. Moreover, numbers are not everything in any industry. The M. E. S. A. in conjunction with the Society of Designing Engineers, another independent, can easily stop the industry any time the feeling to do so can be developed in their respective memberships. Should such feeling mature, one can visualize the almost complete organization of the industry in a couple of weeks. During the tool-and-die strike in the fall of 1933 the M. E. S. A. enrolled thousands of members, men who struck first and became organized afterwards. Should an agreement on immediate objectives be possible among the A. F. of L. federal unions, the M. E. S. A., and the Designing Engineers,

and should this agreement receive the support of the conflicting guides to the economic paradise belonging to the various political groups, the automobile industry would become a closed-shop industry in 1935. As it is, what with so many conflicting saviors showing him the only path to economic salvation, it is no wonder the worker joins a company union or decides to go to hell with the Wolman board elections.

These casual surveys by professional analyzers are all too common. They remind one of the generalization of the numerous visitors to Soviet Russia who spend five days studying the Five-Year Plan and then write a five-hundred-page volume of advice to Stalin.

Detroit, Mich., February 26

MATTHEW SMITH,
General Secretary, M. E. S. A.SAMUEL ROMER,
Managing Editor of the M. E. S. A. Voice

More Amusing than Accurate

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your sports writer is more amusing than accurate in his piece on making America's gods. Certainly he is in error stating that Robert Harron and myself have been unemployed since the *Evening Post* changed hands, for Mr. Harron has been profitably employed doing promotion work for rugby football, and I have been one of Mr. Hearst's minions (not millions).

Quebec, February 25

JOHN R. TUNIS

Replying to Mr. Sifton

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the issue of *The Nation* for February 27 Mr. Paul Sifton vigorously, if somewhat rashly, contradicts many of the statements made concerning the Theater Guild in the editorial, Picketing Playwrights, published in the issue of February 6. His statement that during the past eight seasons the Guild has produced twenty-three, not twenty-seven, American plays is not important, but a count which I have made for myself gives twenty-seven as the correct number.

What is important is his statement that during the same eight years the Guild "introduced for the first time to a New York audience" only three playwrights. So far as I know, the following had never had theatrical productions of any kind: S. N. Behrman, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar, George O'Neil, and Arthur Guiterman. This makes seven, and I think one may fairly add Mr. Sifton himself, whose only previous New York production was a non-professional one.

If Mr. Sifton insists that anyone who has had even a non-professional production in New York cannot be called "a new playwright," then by what possible logic does he assume that the Guild would be aiding new playwrights if it produced his own latest work? By his own standards he is an established dramatist with at least two New York productions and to produce another of his plays would be only to follow in that safe and sane road which he accuses the Guild of following.

As a matter of record it is worth while to add also that among other dramatists produced by the Guild during the eight seasons under discussion were Lynn Riggs, whose only previously produced play ran for eleven nights, and Dawn Powell, whose only previous play had been a failure. If neither of these was strictly speaking a "new playwright," it can hardly be said that their plays were accepted because of any previous success.

New York, March 4

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Labor and Industry

Red-Baiters' Holiday in Sacramento The Criminal-Syndicalism Trial

By TRAVERS CLEMENT

Sacramento, February 27

FOR three months the State of California has been conducting its biggest and best criminal-syndicalism trial since the post-war hysterics of 1919-20. A few blocks away from the courtroom where the performance is taking place is the state Capitol building where California's drastic criminal-syndicalism law was passed fourteen years ago, and where new and even more drastic repressive measures against labor and radicalism have been recently introduced. Like the trial itself they are ostensibly the fruit of last summer's general strike and the wave of vigilante terror which followed it. Actually, like the trial, they are part of a program which has been maturing for the past two or three years, and which, if successful, will reduce the entire state to the political level of its most benighted section—the vigilante-ruled Imperial Valley.

The criminal-syndicalism trial began early in November. (All but two of the prisoners had been in jail since July.) The state rested its case early in February. During each day of that period—except when the Hauptmann affair usurped all space but the sport pages and the comic sections—newspapers throughout the state featured the case, filling their news and editorial columns with lurid stories of “threats” to jurors, red marches on Sacramento, or juicy tidbits about “civil war,” “forcible overthrow,” “red terror,” “self-determination for the Black Belt,” read unctuously to the jury by the state's battery of special prosecutors from more than 160 pieces of Communist literature. The five Hearst papers outdid themselves, but the *Sacramento Bee* was not far behind. Since the prosecution rested and the defense began its case, the newspaper reports, except for an occasional complete distortion of a defendant's testimony, have dwindled to a few paragraphs. The papers aren't interested in the defense. Anyway, they feel, a conviction is in the bag; no need to agitate the public or worry about the outcome any longer.

The fifteen defendants (indictments against two of the original eighteen have been dropped for lack of evidence and one is to be tried separately later) were arrested in Sacramento last July during the state-wide vigilante drive which followed the general strike. Fourteen of them—according to the *Daily Worker*—are members of the Communist Party. These are represented by Leo Gallagher, California International Labor Defense attorney, although six of them are really conducting their own defense under his guidance. One of the defendants, Norman Mini, is a member of the Workers' Party and is defended by Albert Goldman, Socialist attorney brought out from Chicago by the Non-Partisan Labor Defense. The inner political complications in such a defense situation are obvious to anyone familiar with the radical movement in this country.

It is no accident that of the hundreds of “reds” arrested

on vagrancy charges during the terror of last summer, these are the only ones being tried for criminal syndicalism. Nor is it an accident that this trial is taking place in Sacramento rather than in San Francisco, scene of the general strike, or in Los Angeles, long the stronghold of the state's red-baiters. Sacramento is not only the political capital of California. It is the nerve center of an agricultural empire. The political and theoretical leadership of the revolution may be found in the two large cities. But in Sacramento last summer was gathered the leadership of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union. It was this leadership for which the state's business and financial interests have been gunning for three years. Large-scale agriculture is California's dominant industry, and in 1933 agricultural strikes, for which organizers like Pat Chambers, Caroline Decker, and Jack Warnick are held mainly responsible, involved approximately 65 per cent of the state's entire crop value. The financial structure of California rests upon these crops, and there is no crime in California like the attempted organization of its hordes of underpaid seasonal and migratory workers—as the wobblies discovered prior to 1918. Let the D. A. R., the Better Americans, the Elks, the Friday Morning clubs get excited about the metropolitan lecturers and dialecticians. The industrial and financial rulers of California are realists. They know where their profits are menaced.

The agricultural situation in California which constitutes the background of the Sacramento case and of the whole wave of repression which seemed to have reached its climax last summer was discussed by Norman Mini, one of the Sacramento defendants, in *The Nation* of February 20 and there is no need to repeat the story. Not all the Sacramento defendants are organizers and strike leaders. Some of them were merely party and I. L. D. workers picked up in the raids on the Workers' School, Workers' Library, and the headquarters of the agricultural union. But the Workers' School, in addition to the usual courses in Marxist-Leninist theory, public speaking, agitation, and the like, was supposed to be teaching strike tactics. It was regarded as a hotbed of potential agricultural organizers. And the presence in Sacramento of the youthful leaders of the agricultural union was sufficient to center official attention on the local party section and its affiliates.

That the trial is regarded as a state-wide issue is obvious from the prosecution line-up. The special prosecutor, Neil McAllister, running for reelection as district attorney on a red-baiting platform, was overwhelmingly defeated by a somewhat liberal candidate in November. As McAllister's term ended, State Attorney General Webb, the man who wanted to disfranchise a large section of the unemployed of Los Angeles in an attempt to defeat Sinclair, appointed him special state prosecutor for the case at a salary of \$50 a day—thus relieving the restive Sacramento taxpayers of the

heavy burden of a long trial. "Red" Hynes of the Los Angeles Red Squad, California red-baiter extraordinary, is present as an authority on the revolution and as an expert witness for the prosecution. He brought with him from Los Angeles a file of Communist literature dating back to 1919. Hynes has mastered his propaganda and can turn unerringly to the most compromising passages of the most obscure Bolshevik tract. He knows *Imprecor* by heart. He can define correctly such words as "cadres" and can make a stab at dialectical materialism. It is his life-work. He is invaluable to the provincial prosecutors and in the corridors of the courthouse he wisecracks contemptuously about both the dull-witted McAllister and the fiery-tempered Leo Gallagher. He obviously considers himself the pillar upon which the whole prosecution rests. A much more Machiavellian figure in the prosecution line-up is Gil Parker, publicity director for the Associated Farmers, the agricultural counterpart and ally of the Industrial Association, dominated by the banks and the big growers and working hand in glove with the American Legion. It is Parker who directs the publicity campaign of the prosecution and who gives the assembled news hounds their daily theoretical line. The completely fabricated news story of Mini's testimony which appeared in all the newspapers bore all the earmarks of a Parker creation. Only the general-strike period last summer afforded a more perfect example of "public relations" than Parker is offering at Sacramento.

As the trial drags on to the infinite boredom of judge, jury, and reporters, it becomes obvious that while the motive behind the prosecution is to rid California of its most effective agricultural organizers, a vote of conviction by the jury will be based on quite different and much less concrete reasons. There is not a particle of substantiated testimony that any of the defendants have advocated or indulged in violence either in connection with agricultural disturbances or in their general party activity. Pat Chambers has been on trial before, in connection with the shooting of pickets by vigilantes in the cotton strike two years ago. Passions were more inflamed at that time than they are now. Yet he was acquitted by a small-town jury that could find no evidence of "incitement to violence" against him. Attempts to "get" Decker and Warnick on similar counts have failed. The prosecution charge that Mini, a former West Pointer, was teaching the young Communists of Sacramento "military drill" was exploded amid laughs in the courtroom. Not even the most inflamed imagination could conceive of these intelligent, clear-eyed, good-looking young people as sinister figures. Against the remaining defendants the evidence is wholly that of membership and opinion.

But two or three weeks of the prosecution's case were spent in reading copious extracts from Communist literature seized in last summer's raids. These extracts were picked, naturally, with an eye to hitting the prejudices and complexes of a politically unsophisticated middle-class jury. Some of the jurors cat-napped through a large part of the performance, but the prosecutor carefully raised his voice at the more provocative passages—provocative, that is, to an audience unaccustomed to the flamboyance of radical polemics. The jurors were wide awake when he read those more fantastic sections of Olgin's "Why Communism?" which dealt with a possible invasion of the White House. Here was something definite and concrete, something they

could envisage. (And here was something which served no possible educational or propaganda purpose but which was an invaluable asset to a red-baiting district attorney.) Much of this material was as unrelated as a Graustarkian romance to the problems of the 112 housewives, unemployed ranch hands, and mechanics who filled the courtroom. But there was no questioning its prejudicial effect. Revolutionary literature cannot be written with an eye to middle-class jurors and small-town spectators, but unless its most valuable organizers and field workers are to be sacrificed unnecessarily, American communism needs to liquidate the literary hangovers of its underground period.

The latitude which Judge Lemmon permitted the prosecution in the introduction of material which had no relation to the activities of the defendants might have been excused on the ground that the California criminal-syndicalism law is aimed not merely at overt acts but at opinions. This material was declared relevant because it was supposed to show the nature of the organizations to which the defendants belonged or the opinions to which they subscribed. But to date no such latitude in the realm of theory has been permitted the defense. The prosecution has read from revolutionary documents and Comintern theses written in the early twenties. The judge's ruling that Darcy, the defense expert witness and party leader, must confine his testimony to specific meetings and events in which he participated may have the effect of ruling out any interpretation of the party's present position in relation to such subjects as "force and violence," any explanations of its program for the achievement of power. As the whole criminal-syndicalism charge hinges largely upon these points, the handicap to the defense is obvious.

That it is not, intellectually, an insurmountable handicap was proved during the cross-examination of Mini, the first defendant to take the stand in his own behalf. Without hedging an inch on his convictions, he quietly deflated the "red terror" fantasies of the prosecutor in a manner which won chuckles of appreciation from the spectators. The other defendants, occupying a somewhat less exposed position on this subject than a Trotzkyist, should be able to handle the clumsy McAllister with even less difficulty.

Incidentally, the recent denunciation of Mini as a "stool pigeon" in the Communist Party press constitutes one of the most discouraging incidents in the always discouraging history of radical factionalism. It is a charge which is not even believed by the people who make it and constitutes the triumph of a tactic over truth. In a public statement given out in defiance of the party line on this subject Jack Warnick has written: "The characterization by the *Western Worker* that Mini is 'a cowardly, treacherous stool pigeon' must be condemned as an attempt to frame the boy and ruin his reputation for the rest of his life." The so-called "confession" consists of a defiant statement of his own beliefs and of facts known to everyone made by Mini at the time of his arrest in August and headlined at that time in the Sacramento papers. It is well known that since his arrest Mini, who is a Sacramento boy and popular in the community, has refused two offers of immunity.

Neither the inevitable factionalism which has unfortunately raised its head above the desperate need of all of the defendants nor disagreement with the theoretical position of either or both of the groups involved should be permitted

to interfere with the widest possible support—moral and financial—of their case. They are facing the combined forces of reaction and the rapid rise of a fascist spirit in California. They are not responsible for party lines or theoretical positions. They have been concerned for the most part with the actual struggles of the most exploited and harassed section of our population—the unorganized agricultural laborer and his family. It is chiefly for this "crime" that they are threatened with from four to eighty years in a California penitentiary. Their own personal

superiority and the stupidity of the prosecution forces offer them little protection. The battle in Sacramento is not, unfortunately, an intellectual one. The result of that battle may decide the future of labor in California.

Contributions for the legal defense of the Sacramento prisoners may be sent to the American Civil Liberties Union, 434 Mills Building, San Francisco. Unless earmarked for either the Non-Partisan Labor Defense or the International Labor Defense, they will be divided between the two defense organizations by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The Little Yellow Schoolhouse

By HEYWOOD BROWN

IT was a delegate from Texas who best expressed the sentiment of the assembled educators at Atlantic City. "Of course, we have academic freedom down where I come from," he explained. "A man can teach whatever he wants as long as it isn't radical." And when the Resolutions Committee came to make its report, its sentiments on academic freedom just about lived up to this conception. The convention of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association voted down a mild rider which pledged the organization to defend teachers under attack, and a member of the committee explained that he and his associates had all but decided to leave out any reference to academic freedom whatsoever. It was, he said, a dangerous subject. Here is the text of the amendment which the educators threw out as being much too hot to handle:

The schools of a democracy have an obligation to serve as scientifically as possible as an instrumentality for criticism of our social organizations. Academic freedom, particularly in such a time as this, should be explicitly defended in a penetrating and continuous inquiry into the causes and conditions of national distress.

This department proposes to support with all its resources teachers attacked in the clear exercise of their professional obligation to such inquiry, if necessary to the extent of financing determinative legal appeal to the plan and intent of the Constitution touching freedom of speech.

Now that is hardly a revolutionary declaration. It could adequately be summarized in the statement, "The Department of Superintendence of the N. E. A. purposes to protect teachers in their constitutional right of free speech." The assembled educators decided that the Constitution was just a shade too radical for them to affirm in any such manner.

And yet the convention turned out to be a little less reactionary than might have been expected. The work of a few young men and one old one saved the superintendents from establishing a new low in the matter of cringing timidity. But for a speech by Charles A. Beard I believe the delegates would have adopted a resolution pinning garlands around the neck of William Randolph Hearst and hailing him as the patron and preserver of American education.

Uncle Charlie scared them out of that. In fact, his denunciation of Hearst was so vigorous that it shook the

walls of San Simeon and changed the plans of the editor. After Dr. Beard had spoken, Mr. Hearst indicated to his agents that they need not attempt to force through a resolution of praise. He was willing to cry quits on the basis of having his name left out altogether. One humorous aspect of the situation lay in the fact that William Randolph Hearst was wholly unable to find out a thing about Dr. Beard's speech from his own newspapers. The blistering words were sent to him as a private communication. On the whole the New York papers behaved well. The *Times* carried Beard in full. The *Herald Tribune* cut out only two of the historian's most colorful phrases, and the *World-Telegram* and the *Post* reprinted the complete text in their second-day stories.

But the press associations seem to have taken the attitude that when an educator, even as distinguished a one as Dr. Beard, attacks a newspaper owner it isn't news. I have before me a clipping from the *Pittsburgh Press* (Scripps-Howard). I had referred to Dr. Beard's speech in a column printed two days later. The editors were apparently puzzled and eventually dug up the text of the Beard statement from the *New York Times*. A little box carried the following explanation: "EDITOR'S NOTE—The speech above referred to by Heywood Brown was not received by the *Press* through its regular telegraph services."

One curious feature of the Atlantic City gathering was that in spite of the superintendents' desire to "keep the reds out of the schools" there was every disposition to invite them to the convention as speakers. Seemingly nobody was shocked when Secretary Henry Wallace said that capitalism was near the end of the road. Stuart Chase had an attentive audience for his talk on planned production. Dr. Beard was allowed to come before the delegates in spite of his attack on Hearst, and this correspondent had his chance.

It was my childhood dream to be able to talk back to a teacher. At last I had it. I remembered the weary hours of copying maxims as a penalty for coming late to classes, and so I said, "Gentlemen, it seems to me that you are very tardy in your approach to academic freedom. Some of you have spoken of Moscow and of danger. Moscow be blowed, you haven't the nerve to go back to the Declaration of Independence. It's much too radical for you and so I assign each delegate to remain after this session and write in a large and legible hand one thousand times, 'All men are created free and equal.'"

Labor Notes

Codes and Labor Standards

MANY who argue for the continuance of the Recovery Act do so in the belief that the codes contain labor requirements which would, if put into effect, genuinely improve wages, hours, and other working conditions. The codes are admirable, it is supposed; only enforcement is lacking. The general public does not clearly understand that the labor provisions of the ordinary code constitute a metaphysical experiment, so to speak, in appearance and reality. In appearance, the code establishes determinate labor standards, that is, maximum hours and minimum wages. In reality, each particular labor provision is so phrased as to release employers from any fixed legal obligation to conform to the nominal standards. Exception breeds upon exemption; qualification multiplies upon ambiguity. In the end, nothing is left but an affirmation of vague philanthropic intent. The worst offenders, as one might anticipate, are the major codes: iron and steel, electrical manufacturing, chemicals, lumber and timber products. The NRA was so eager to rush through the codes that it had little time and less energy to insist that the code labor provisions, their specific content to one side, should mean anything. At the same time the NRA committed the fatal mistake of reserving to employer associations the privilege of submitting the first code drafts. It is too late now to remedy the codes; a few months more and the NRA experiment, at least in its present form, will expire. But it would promote genuine federal labor legislation in the future to make it clear that the codification process has proved to be the worst possible way of achieving that ideal.

The Ohrbach Strike

SEVERAL hundred arrests have been made so far in the strike against the Ohrbach department store, now in its thirteenth week. It is one of the few strikes so far attempted by white-collar workers; the fact that Ohrbach's is situated on Union Square, the center of workers' activities in New York City, has helped to swell its picket line; and because the Ohrbach employees are organized in a branch of the Office Workers' Union, which also has a literary-trades section, the Union Square picket line has become the likeliest place in town for getting a view of New York's literary life. Particularly on Saturdays as many as 200 picketers have defied the ridiculous injunction prohibiting more than two pickets, while thousands of worker-spectators on the square have given aid and comfort to the marchers. Since the strike began there has been an orderly and peaceful procession of mass arrests and mass paroles—until Saturday, March 2. On that occasion some ninety pickets were held for two hours in inadequate quarters before being paroled. When they were allowed to leave an attempt to hurry them out resulted in confusion, the riot squad was called unnecessarily and several pickets were severely injured. Meanwhile a group of women organized as the League of Women Shoppers has taken up the Ohrbach strike as its first test of strength. The league will investigate the merits of strikes through meetings at which representatives of both sides will be heard. If the league decides that the employer is unfair to labor, the individual members will boycott his establishment. The Ohrbach strike will be discussed at a meeting of the league on Friday, March 8, at 8:30 at the Engineering Auditorium, Room 603, 29 West Thirty-ninth Street. A representative of Mr. Ohrbach has been invited.

Dear Nation Reader:

The strike of the Newspaper Guild against the Newark Ledger is now in its seventeenth week. The struggle is on the traditional and familiar issue of the right of employees to organize and bargain collectively. Justice Cotillo to the contrary, the Newspaper Guild feels that this right should not be denied to reporters, copy readers, photographers, office boys and the others who make up the editorial staff of a newspaper.

A year ago, it would have been almost unthinkable that a reporter in California should be sending part of his weekly pay to help other members of his craft on a picket line in Newark, New Jersey. But Guild members from all over the country have been and are supporting the strike. An infant organization has already spent more than \$20,000 in fighting a battle which is vital to the life of the Guild. It is the hope and purpose of organized newspapermen to intensify all legitimate activities in the coming weeks.

We therefore make an appeal to all friends of organization to help us with financial contributions. In particular, we appeal to those who believe that it is right and necessary for "white collar" workers to come of age and cooperate.

We are informed that for every dollar the Guild spends, the publisher must spend fifteen. In other words, any contributor gets 15 to 1 for his donation, and those should be attractive odds. Checks should be made out to the American Newspaper Guild Emergency Fund, and addressed to the American Newspaper Guild, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

The struggle is drawing to its critical stage. The fight can be won here and now. We wish to thank those organized groups which have already extended generous support. We are now suggesting that this is no private fight, but that any individual who believes in the right of collective bargaining can do his share to help.

Sincerely,

Heywood Brown

President American Newspaper Guild.

Advertisement

Books and Drama

"Que Sçay-je?"

The Autobiography of Montaigne. By Marvin Lowenthal. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

IT requires considerable temerity to tamper with the text of a classic. Few misdeeds call forth from appropriate quarters such a fury of condemnation, and, in sober fact, the results are not usually fortunate. Tampering, however, is far too mild a word for what Mr. Lowenthal has done to the text of Montaigne, and yet for once, at least, what seems like unparalleled impudence fully justifies itself. "The Autobiography of Montaigne" is a useful and entrancing book.

Most of those who have seriously read the essays—and the number is probably not as large as is politely assumed—must admit that they are, after all, rather difficult going. In the first place, very little prose written as early as they were seems really readable to us, for the simple reason that the thought structure of the paragraph to which we are habituated had not yet been established. In the second place, Montaigne's writing was not only unusually disjointed even by the standards of his own age, but also so unconscionably elusive and chatty that his best remarks are often buried under a mass of, to us, irrelevant pedantry. To read him is to rake a slag heap for an occasional piece of precious ore; what we remember is seldom any essay as a whole but only a sentence here and there which leaps out from the page and which often seems like a modern interpolation.

The obvious solution is a volume of selections, and selections have often been made, but they are for the most part either collections of the best essays or merely selected passages which, when lifted from their context, seem if possible more fragmentary than before. What no one except Mr. Lowenthal seems ever to have perceived is the possibility of arranging selected sentences into a new and continuous whole. The method is extremely drastic and it must have involved a very pretty job of jigsaw-puzzle solving. The author, apparently, has added absolutely nothing. He has merely combined fragments in a new order and has not hesitated to lift even single sentences from one place in order to join them to others found elsewhere, but he has done his job brilliantly. What one gets is not merely the essence of Montaigne's thought and attitude but a book which is coherent, continuous, and, in our sense, amazingly readable. Perhaps it gives a false idea of Montaigne's style; he did not write like this. It does, on the other hand, give a very accurate idea of the temper of his thought and of the reasons why he is memorable.

Montaigne, so the textbooks tell us, was historically important as one of the first great examples of bourgeois skepticism. Like some of his less well-known predecessors of the Italian Renaissance he embodied the revolt of reason and the senses against dogma and authority. But the effect of Mr. Lowenthal's book is not to make one think of "historical interest." It is to remind one how much of what Montaigne had to say is memorable today and also of the fact that it is absurd to fall into the textbook habit of taking too seriously the "ages" of this and the "ages" of that. Certainly the historical movement of which Montaigne is a representative did not actually conquer the world. His type of mind exists today, but so does its opposite, and he is still interesting for the very reason that the implied conflict between his type and the more positive, aggressive, and dogmatic type is as real now as it ever was. He does not "speak for his age." He speaks for a persistent attitude and he argues a question which never was and probably never will be settled. There are always conflicts to be in and to

be above, and there is no more general agreement in our own day than there was in his as to whether the Calvins and the Luthers or the Erasmuses and the Montaignes are nearest right.

The temptation is to quote at inordinate length and to quote some of the many passages in which Montaigne anticipated the conventional advanced opinion of our own time. For example:

We have thought to tie the nuptial knot more firmly by removing all means of dissolving it. But the knot of our will and affection is loosened by just so much as the constraint is tightened.

To me, however, it seems more interesting to cite, not those passages which show Montaigne "ahead of his age," but those which define his temper and which illustrate, not how his thought has triumphed, but how sharply the line is still drawn between the easy-going skeptic and the man of faith. I choose just two sentences because I can think of no others quite so likely to fill with incredulity and indignation those who have nothing of Montaigne in them:

On seeing the havoc of our civil wars we all of us cry out that the machinery of the universe is cracking, and that the Day of Judgment is at our throat. We do not stop to consider that the world has seen worse times, and that even at the present moment people are enjoying themselves in a thousand corners of the globe.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mr. Strachey States the Case for Communism

The Nature of Capitalist Crisis. By John Strachey. Covici-Friede. \$3.

IN the nature of things any review of Mr. Strachey's new book is likely to reveal as much of the reviewer's previous opinions as of Mr. Strachey's. For while Mr. Strachey's book is new and powerful in the way it presents its case, the case itself is scarcely new. What Mr. Strachey sets out to do is to predict the final crisis of capitalism and the inevitability of a choice between communism and fascism. His argument rests, first, upon a brilliant and destructive analysis of all schools of capitalist economics, and, second, upon a restatement of Marx's theory of value and surplus value in order to determine what is happening to profits and the rate of profit and what must happen therefore to capitalism itself.

In the course of his argument he breaks a valiant lance against a great many men who are likely to have something to say in their own behalf. Apparently he rests his ultimate choice of communism as against socialism upon an interpretation of, and deduction from, the Marxist formula $P' = S' v/c$, in which P' stands for the rate of profit, v/c for the proportion of variable to constant capital, and S' for the rate of surplus value. (It will be remembered that, according to Marx, variable capital is the capital used to employ labor, while constant capital is everything else, including the cost of machinery and raw material. Surplus value is value which is created by labor, but which the capitalist is able to appropriate in profit, rent, and interest over and above the value of labor power, determined, as Mr. Strachey reminds us, "by the amount of necessities needed to enable labor and their descendants to maintain this output of labor power in perpetuity.")

Now in general terms Mr. Strachey's thesis, as he would be the first to admit, is at least as old as the third volume

of Marx's "Capital," and most reviewers will approach his problem with some previous opinions of their own. I certainly am no exception, and in all fairness the reader of this review must bear that fact in mind. No opinions of a reviewer, however, can in honesty deny to Mr. Strachey the credit of having done a highly competent, generally lucid, and sometimes brilliant job in a difficult field. He does a particularly satisfactory job in showing why any philosophy of capitalist crisis requires more than an explanation in terms of money. In the course of this demonstration he shows how in the end the various schools of those who believe that we have not enough money for consumption and those who believe that we have too much money for consumption arrive at the same profit-plenty dilemma. Capitalism cannot produce without profit, and profit is destroyed by the improvement of the various processes through which capitalists at first derive profit in the production of plenty, only in the end to lose all possibility of profit in a glut on the market. Parenthetically, one wishes that Mr. Strachey, after examining the opinions of Major Douglas, J. A. Hobson, Dr. Hayek, and others, had turned his attention to the examination of such a realistic book as Professor Slichter's "Towards Stability" and such statistical studies as "America's Capacity to Produce," "America's Capacity to Consume," and "The Formation of Capital," which the Brookings Institution has published. They have a distinct bearing upon Mr. Strachey's analysis which is not altogether met by his assault upon various economic theories.

When Mr. Strachey turns to his positive arguments, I, for one, am inclined to give him credit for doing more than any writer I know to answer Böhm-Bawerk's brilliant attack on the "great contradiction" which he and others have found in the Marxian contention that although value is created solely by labor, the rate of profit depends on the composition of capital, that is, on the proportion between variant and constant capital. Mr. Strachey does the job partly by gently tossing out chapter ten in volume three to the wolves, that is, to Böhm-Bawerk. He rubs in the fact that Marx was concerned with the fate of capitalism, not with particular prices at which a broker or a merchant might buy or sell.

In spite of my respect for the job Mr. Strachey has done—his analysis has strengthened my own conviction of the inevitable destruction of laissez faire capitalism by its internal contradictions—I am compelled somewhat sorrowfully to admit that I am still of the opinion that the Marxian formula, even as interpreted by Mr. Strachey, has not the significance which he seems to think it has in forecasting the end of capitalism. There is too much that is uncertain about the terms, and there is the plain historical fact that the all-important time element has eluded Marxist prophets. Thus value is created not by labor generally but by socially necessary labor, and we never know what is socially necessary labor with any accuracy until after the event. The purpose of Marx's study in volume three was not to tell us how to determine prices, yet "prices represent, though for particular commodities imperfectly, units of socially necessary time." Labor value is determined by what may be called a subsistence wage, but every Marxist from Marx to Strachey has admitted that there is no fixing of a subsistence wage in terms of physical commodities, valid for every time and place. Real wages fluctuate and have on the whole increased under capitalism, though nothing like as much as they should have, given our increase in productive power. Marx's whole theory of the rate of profit necessarily depends on capital's being free to move from one industry to another under competitive conditions which a semi-monopoly capitalism rather successfully limits. Hence no one knows when capitalism will break down for lack of profit. The great Russian Revolution did not come in a country in which the logical expectation of profit had been

exhausted. In short, valuable as is Marx's diagnosis as illustrating a tendency, I do not think it can support the weight Mr. Strachey puts upon it.

When in the last chapters Mr. Strachey turns to his practical application, he becomes far more of an evangelist than a scientist. One may come nearer to agreeing with him than with G. D. H. Cole in his analysis of the economics of fascism; one may accept to a large degree his criticism of the hope of the British Labor Party that it can proceed rather slowly through a reformed capitalism to socialism; one may share much of his faith in Russian achievements—and then challenge many of his judgments by asking, "So what?" The case for the disintegration of capitalism and the necessity for a thoroughgoing socialism does not rest solely on Mr. Strachey's line of reasoning, nor can it be convincingly based solely on it. Still less is there anything in his argument to compel us inexorably to adopt the Russian formula and technique or else revert to fascist barbarism. Believing as I do that fascism, in spite of its talk of favors to the little man, is a last attempt to stabilize the profit system, I see certain tendencies in Germany which make me think it barely possible that in the end fascism may produce a poor and dreary sort of planned economy in which the mainspring is no longer profit, but under which the present beneficiaries of surplus value may be granted allowances, a kind of payment of rent upon what they have hitherto regarded as their capital as well as upon their land. Practically I am not as sure as I once was, and as I want to be now, that the Russian development of an official class and a bureaucracy may not be in terms of social values a disquieting approach to what is happening or may happen under fascism. Anyway, these questions will never be settled by deduction from any formula about the rate of profit in a disintegrating capitalism. Mr. Strachey's brilliant attempt to state his case for communism as a derivative from one economic law, so definite that it can be stated in an algebraic formula, strengthens in this reviewer's mind the case for pluralism in the interpretation of life and in the construction of the socialist society. This view is, I am convinced, consistent with a socialism so deeply indebted to Marx's manifold services that it may, in a genuine—though not dogmatic—sense, be called Marxist, even though it is a bit skeptical of the weight and value of the formula $P=S' v/c$.

NORMAN THOMAS

New Country

Collected Poems. By C. Day Lewis. Random House. \$2.50.
Vienna. By Stephen Spender. Random House. \$1.25.

AS the poems in Mr. Lewis's volume are dated 1929-33, these four years presumably contain the full period of his practice as a poet. It is not often that a poet has the good fortune to have a "collected" edition so early in his career; but so generous have the fates already been to the group of young English writers of which he is a member that one is not too much surprised by the pretentiousness of the present occasion. Or, rather, it adds nothing to the astonishment with which one has followed the breathlessly hasty distribution of laurels that the arrival of these poets has stimulated in certain circles. From being something like the next step in a logical argument about modern verse (as Mr. Lewis demonstrates in his very self-complacent essay) their poetry soon became a fashion; and from being a fashion, apparently, it has now become an institution.

Mr. Lewis is, in one sense, the most articulate member of the group. Where W. H. Auden communicates his dissatisfaction with the present order through satire, concrete allegory,

and technical indirections of every sort, Mr. Lewis comes straight to the point: his harangues have the blunt lucidity of a school coach warming up his team against a rival. Indeed, Mr. Lewis is so intent on being articulate at all costs that he does not permit himself to have any of the feelings which usually confuse and retard the poet. Among these rejected feelings must be included the distrust of rhetoric, the fear of repetition, and the sense of the difficulty of the craft in which he is working. In the long essay printed at the end of the volume and entitled *A Hope for Poetry*, Mr. Lewis selects Hopkins, Wilfred Owen, and Eliot as his "ancestors." But all these poets differ from Mr. Lewis in at least one important respect: none of them was quite so prolific. And from a reading of Hopkins's letters Mr. Lewis might well have learned the meaning of what is understood by the humility of the artist.

In the recent uprising of the Vienna Socialists Stephen Spender has struck upon a subject in every sense appropriate for the theme which he has been attempting, in a diffuse and uncrystallized form, to express in his lyrics. If he has failed to write a magnificent poem, therefore, it is not because of the subject, which is a tremendous one from almost any point of view, but because of a still insufficient fusion between his theme and his emotions. The theme is there, and the emotions are there, but the two do not coalesce in a way that would give an ordered intensity to the whole. The theme and the emotions seem to exist on different planes, to be expressed in separate sections of the work. It is not an accident that the subject comes through most successfully when the personal feeling about it is temporarily withheld; as, for example, on page 23, where Mr. Spender drops into a few lines of straight prose reporting. The difficulty would seem to be that the imagery employed to render the feeling is not suitable for the proper rendering of the subject. And the jarring discordances between

the somewhat hysterical modern feeling and the very simple realities of the situation confirm the suspicion that the complex type of imagery which Mr. Spender and his friends have taken over from Hopkins and Eliot may not be appropriate for charting that "new country" whose discovery they are announcing in their verse. For this may be required a revolution in the imagery and rhythm of poetry as drastic as the revolution in society. At the same time Mr. Spender's ambitious sortie into the narrative form, if it is not a success, includes some of the finest and most brilliant single passages that he has yet written.

WILLIAM TROY.

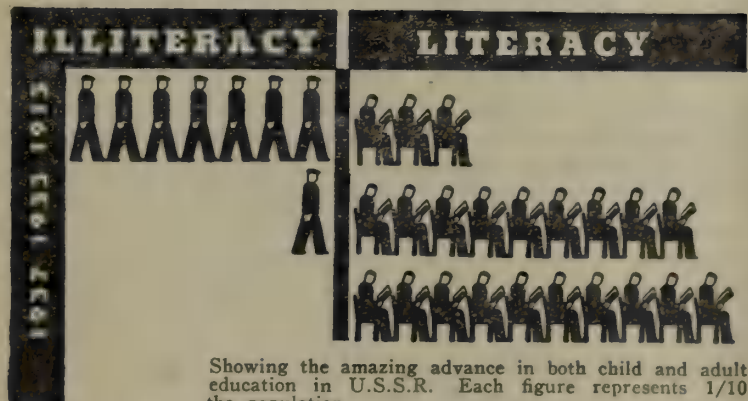
Living History

The Black Consul. By Anatolii Vinogradov. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

"THE BLACK CONSUL" is probably one of the most remarkable historical novels ever published. It is difficult to say whether it is good or bad; one can only be sure that it is extraordinary. Its hero is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro Liberator of Haiti; its background is the French Revolution. The author of the novel is Anatolii Vinogradov, a Soviet writer, yet the work is quite unmarked by that curious narrowness of outlook which has been so characteristic of Russian fiction, Czarist and Soviet alike. Unexpectedly, the story of the great Negro leader is told, not from a "Russian" point of view, not from a "modern" point of view, not even from a strictly "proletarian" point of view, but truly as if it came from the lips of a French revolutionary. Far from seeing his tale from the vantage-point of Moscow, Vinogradov has so immersed himself in his material that he appears to know no century but the eighteenth, no country but France and French Haiti.

This technique of writing history has been tried before, but haphazardly. No previous writer has had the courage to use it so unwaveringly, so exclusively, as Vinogradov. Other authors have let famous historical characters wander in and out of their novels, as it were casually, but the reader has always been judiciously prodded into immediate recognition. Thus if the ordinary novelist wants to indicate that a drunken young poet in an Elizabethan tavern is the Marlowe whom the schoolbooks quote, he will not only have the barmaids call him "Kit" but he will at once set him to declaiming some of the more famous lines from "Tamburlaine." These are not Vinogradov's methods. His personages wear no labels. One knows Marat first only as a doctor; Lavoisier is introduced as the director of the national powder works, and it is some time before one is sure that the munitions maker is also the familiar eminent scientist. Henri Christophe, who later made himself King of Haiti, is never more than an adjutant of Toussaint's. André Chenier passes through the novel briefly, but one does not see him guillotined. Charlotte Corday is "a woman," no more. Beyond this, the book is larded with documents of the period, documents often half-incomprehensible to the average modern reader, yet never a word of explanation is tendered.

To us who are accustomed to having our history doled out predigested, neatly set in perspective, the effect of Vinogradov's novel is healthily disconcerting. Out of a series of rude fragments a strange story is built. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are proclaimed by the revolution in Paris, and in Haiti Negro slaves and half-enslaved people of color are stirred to think of liberty for themselves. A delegation of colored people, among them Toussaint L'Ouverture, is sent to the Constituent Assembly to demand their rights. But the assembly is not as sympathetic as its watchwords are noble. The sugar



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interests, the plantation owners, are powerful among the moderates. Robespierre and Marat are well-disposed but preoccupied. While the assembly debates the question in academic speeches, Negroes are secretly murdered in the streets of Paris. It is left to Toussaint L'Ouverture to escape to Haiti and raise a black army to wrest freedom from free France. He is a great general. He commands unbounded loyalty. For a time he is successful. He frees the slaves and makes himself governor of the new Haiti, and while Robespierre remains in power, he is secure. But Robespierre falls, the Directory succeeds him, and in the rising Bonaparte the plantation owners find a new ally and Toussaint an implacable and unscrupulous enemy. A French army is sent to subdue Haiti and to restore slavery. Toussaint is tricked into defeat and ultimate ignoble death.

In Vinogradov's version of the Liberator's story one misses a great deal. One is quite deprived of that sense of familiarity, that comfortable adjustment to the milieu, with which other historians obligingly furnish their readers. Only the most learned students of French history will be able to follow, unperplexed, the turbulent action of "The Black Consul." The ordinary reader will need encyclopedias to guide him through the novel, and even with their help he will still find great chunks of the plot hopelessly obscure. Yet, in exchange for clarity, Vinogradov has brought us something else, something quite as valuable and rarer. Out of the very confusion of the novel, its disordered time sequence, its unmotivated characters, there arises a powerful sense of life, of the mystery of human character, of the tumult of human events, of time passing, not time past. In the harsh, unembellished prose of this odd novel one will meet history before it became history, history caught while it was still alive.

MARY MCCARTHY

Shorter Notices

Artemus, Fare Thee Well. By Helena Carus. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

It seems to be the fate of those novels which shun their own time and try to bring to life dead ages to become rather lifeless themselves. Whether this is a result of the remoteness of their material or of some limitation in the author, suggested in his very choice of such material, is not quite clear; it is a fate, however, from which Mrs. Carus's competent novel of ancient Greece is not exempt. In its technical finish, its detached perception, its skilful evocation of a bygone world, it has reaped the rewards of its theme, but it suffers from the limitations which such a theme seems invariably to impose—lack of immediacy, weakness of characterization, and a certain level, toneless quality of style.

Little Era in Old Russia. By Irina Skariatina. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

Irina Skariatina's latest book is listed as "autobiography." Much more accurately it could be classified under "Children's Books: Fairy Tales." Its whole tone is that of timelessness: "Once upon a time little Era was born in Old Russia." Above her cradle Jupiter shone on that late afternoon in November. Over the fairy princess old English Nurse Nana bent, and the astrologically inclined "Doca," physician to the great household and country estate. Far away from the blue-silk and white-lace crib a "wicked" small brother and sister stamped and shouted their rage that a girl child had been born instead of a boy. Christened to the rustle of stiff gold brocade, she begins to travel the road that leads straight to the "fairy prince," whose love poem to her fills the last page and brings in the first jarring note of "realism"—for, like most adolescent love verse, it is extremely bad. But the rest is pure fairy-tale tone. The story

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is like an Easter egg laid over with gold and netted with jewels; there is never a chance for the chick to come through. If this were not "autobiography," it would stir no queries; we should simply read or not read the story. As it is, a hundred fine questions raise their heads through these four hundred pages. What, after all, was little Era really like? And her mother, her father, her sisters, and brother? What was life really like on a great estate in Old Russia to a child sprouted there? We shall never know from this book. For time has sunk too much too deep and has brushed all the rest in rose color.

Drama

"Awake and Sing"

THE new offering of the Group Theater is called "Awake and Sing" (Belasco Theater). The author is one Clifford Odets who has long been a member of the Group's acting company, and the play reveals as interesting a new talent as I have seen in the theater for a long time. To say that it deals with the humor and the tragedy of a Jewish family domiciled in the Bronx, that it recreates from shrewd observation the minds and manners of a stubborn and struggling family, is by no means to say enough. Realistic plays of Jewish life are sufficiently common to be almost standardized, but one of the most important things about "Awake and Sing" is an extraordinary freshness. Observation is there in full measure but so, too, is something else—enthusiasm, passion, and the same almost painful intensity of feeling that distinguishes the characters. What Mr. Odets has done is to achieve a paradoxical combination of detachment and participation. He observes like an outsider, reproducing with vivid and humorous truth manners and habits as they could be observed and reproduced only by one who could stand off and look. Yet at the same time it is plain enough that this detachment is purely intellectual and artistic. Emotionally he is still close to the people he is writing about, and he understands them from the inside out. His is another generation and it has formulated a new philosophy, but he holds his convictions and pursues his aims with the same sort of intensity.

Ostensibly the moral of the play is a revolutionist's moral. It ends when the young son of the family frees himself from his obsession with a purely personal rebellion against the poverty which separates him from his girl and determines to throw himself with enthusiasm into the class struggle. But this conclusion, which comes very suddenly and without having been adequately prepared for, seems almost like an afterthought. Actually, the subject of the play is not this one specific protest and rebellion but the persistent and many-sided rebellion of human nature against everything which thwarts it. No member of the family really understands what the others want. The competent, managing mother no more understands the passion of the grandfather for Marx and music than she understands her daughter's desire for something more than a safe marriage. And yet, to a certain degree, each can understand the other because each knows what it is to want something with agonizing intensity and to nurse that want day in and day out with not a moment's remission. The young son who turns revolutionist is directing his determination into one channel, but, as the play so vividly illustrates, the same sort of determination may be directed into any one of many. Perhaps his aim is, for the moment at least, the most intelligent and useful, but the real secret of mankind's success, the real hope for its future, does not lie in anything so specific as any one crusade or any one determination. It lies in the persistence of

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its passion, its unwillingness to accept defeat for its desires. It can go on indefinitely insisting that it will be happy and free, tirelessly protesting against the fact that it is not; and if perchance one generation does surrender, there is always another wanting the old things with a young determination to have them. Mr. Odets's characters are ignorant and often crude, but his play, despite its tragedies, is exhilarating just because he makes it so clear that people like this are going to go right on demanding of life more than it will ever give them.

Mr. Odets probably learned something of his manner from Hemingway and the other members of the hard-boiled school. He has something of their clipped utterance and of their brutal and shattering irrelevancies. But he is not really a member of their school because he has none of their despairing sadism; because, in a word, he constitutes in himself a specific literary illustration of the thesis of his play: as soon as one generation of writers has demonstrated to its own satisfaction that it is no longer possible to admire anything in human nature or to hope for anything in it, another comes along and does both. As a dramatist, Mr. Odets, I should say, is at a crossroad, and it will be interesting to see in his next play whether he has chosen to go off in the direction of the specifically "revolutionary" drama or to follow the more broadly humanistic tradition from which the present play does not really depart. Meanwhile "Awake and Sing" is being acted by the Group in a way which shows its members to be perfectly at home in just this kind of drama. Luther Adler as a young cynic, Phoebe Brand as the daughter, and J. Edward Bromberg as a successful uncle are probably best, though the entire cast, which includes also Stella Adler and Morris Carnovsky, is good.

"The Bishop Misbehaves" (Cort Theater) is one of those quite English mystery-comedies which are sometimes a relief after the frenzies of American melodrama. In this one Walter Connolly makes a good deal out of the rather slight opportunities offered him in the role of a bishop whose passion for detective stories leads him into the successful attempt to solve a crime. Unfortunately Jane Wyatt has almost nothing to do. "The Distant Shore" (Morosco Theater) presents an excellent performance by Roland Young in the role of that famous Dr. Crippen who murdered his unpleasant wife on impulse. As a whole, however, the dramatization of the crime is rather routine.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is in New York for the publication of his new book, "Soviet Journey," which will be brought out on March 25.

LEO WOLMAN is the chairman of the Automobile Labor Board.

W. M. LEISERSON is the chairman of the National Mediation Board.

KATHLEEN BARNES is a member of the research staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

TRAVERS CLEMENT is coauthor with Lillian Symes of "Rebel America."

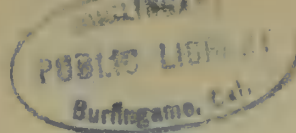
HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist of the *World-Telegram*, is president of the American Newspaper Guild.

NORMAN THOMAS, one of the leaders of the Socialist Party in the United States, is the author of "Human Exploitation."



The Nation

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REVOLUTION has broken out in Cuba. The constitution has been suspended. A state of siege has been proclaimed in Havana Province. A general call to arms has been issued. Wholesale arrests have taken place—and these include such outstanding intellectuals as the historian Herminio Portell Vilá, who was a delegate to the Seventh Inter-American Conference at Montevideo. The military are in control and at this writing have managed temporarily to ride the rising groundswell of revolt. But virtually every important group in Cuba—the A. B. C., the *Autenticos*, the students and radicals as well as many conservatives—is in opposition, and Mendieta's own personal following, divided and redivided by successive defections, leaves him, much like Casabianca, alone on the burning deck. Alone, save for Batista and his army! Thus Cuba is back where it was in the closing days of Machado—with the government retaining its hold solely by virtue of the military. The only immediate alternatives are tragic: a dictatorship by Batista, whether or not the well-meaning but ineffective Mendieta remains as a figure-head; or civil war. Thus in Cuba the "good neighbor" policy of the Roosevelt Administration ends in disaster. The blame therefor lies squarely upon the shoulders of Assistant Secretary Sumner Welles, who has dictated the Administration's Cuban policy from the beginning. His obdurate refusal to recognize the Grau San Martin administration, the one Cuban government which

represented the aspirations of the Cuban people, could not but lead to chaos. Moreover, the Welles attitude nullified the benefits of the abolition of the Platt Amendment and of the subsequent commercial treaty. To Cubans our policy is inexplicable except as a continuation of the old imperialist domination. Its ineptness has deeply wronged both Cuba and the United States and has demonstrated again that the best program can be wrecked by inadequate administration.

THE SENATE DEADLOCK has now become chronic, and what began as a mere flurry of discontent with the Administration has turned into a siege. The Democratic majority, being too large, has broken to pieces even more than the similarly unwieldy Tory majority in the British Parliament. The struggle with the White House of the past two months will continue unabated this week, with Senator Long on good maneuvering ground in his attack on Postmaster General Farley. The work-relief bill is only one of the bones of contention. The continuance of the NRA now ranks with it as a disputed measure. The Senate will take a hand in the tussle over Comptroller General McCarl, who has turned his office into an obstruction for expenditure which he does not like, but who will have the help of the Senate rebels now that the President has ruled against him. The House has passed the abolition of the "pink slip" after a beautifully executed campaign of pressure from the newspapers, whose publishers saw to it that no day and few pages were without sly propaganda. The Senate, however, may balance the House by passing drastic legislation for full publicity on tax payments. The House, too, this week may register the first test of strength on the bonus. As the session drags on, the prestige of the President continues to wane, and what is worse, the faith of the country in the democratic method is being slowly sapped. The country is accustomed to Congressional paralysis, but one is puzzled to see it come so soon after a striking party victory at the polls.

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE of the Ickes-Moses fight has at last been solved by Mayor LaGuardia with a well-worded letter ending in a P.S. meaning much more than it seems to. To be sure the whole affair still remains a puzzle because the Mayor's letter to Secretary Ickes was mainly devoted to Langdon Post, who had up to that time taken practically no part in the controversy; but unless Robert Moses is ungracious enough to make a public statement Secretary Ickes has had the last cross word. In his letter to Mayor LaGuardia he construed Order Number 129 in such a way that Mr. Moses will continue to head the Triborough Bridge Authority, but he noted at length that Mr. Moses is serving not two but three masters. At any rate Mr. Moses will build the bridge, which is what the White House sought to prevent. And Mr. Ickes, who tried to find a way to please the whim of the White House, now saves his own face by his ruling that in future no Mr. Moses shall hold more than one job at a time.

THE THREAT OF WAR in the Far East has been removed, temporarily at least, by agreement on the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway to Manchoukuo. After a prolonged period in which both sides resorted to every device known to Oriental bargaining, from threats and withdrawals to subsidized banditry, the outcome appears to be distinctly favorable to the Soviet Union. At the outset Japan, disguised as Manchoukuo, offered 50,000,000 yen, while Moscow demanded the equivalent of about 250,000,000 yen. The price agreed upon was 170,000,000 yen, of which 30,000,000 is to be applied to a retirement allowance for Soviet employees of the railway. The arrangement is particularly satisfactory to the Soviet Union because in the interval in which negotiations were being carried on the Japanese finished a competing railway line from Hsinking to Tumen, which rendered the Chinese Eastern a very dubious asset so far as revenue is concerned. The Soviets have also been victorious on two other points. Upon their insistence the Japanese have guaranteed full payment by Manchoukuo, and half of the amount is to be advanced in cash at the time of the formal transfer of the railway. Moreover, the Kremlin has consistently refused to extend *de jure* recognition to Manchoukuo, even though the purchase may be construed as *de facto* recognition. But aside from details, the fact that Japan has agreed to purchase a railway which would be its for the taking in the event of hostilities is the clearest sign that war is not an immediate prospect.

HITLER having recovered from his "cold," Sir John Simon has once more been invited to Berlin to discuss the problems of European security. In the meantime Sir Anthony Eden will visit Moscow and Warsaw, and will presumably be in a position to instruct his superior in some detail regarding the Soviet and Polish attitude toward the proposed Eastern Locarno. Despite this technical advantage, no one doubts that the atmosphere is distinctly less favorable to friendly conversations than it was prior to the publication of the British White Paper. While the Reich has probably never intended to enter a general security agreement unless forced to do so by external pressure, its resistance has been increased by the allegedly biased nature of the British charge regarding German rearmament. Yet, paradoxical though it may seem, the dissension between Britain and Germany is one of the more hopeful aspects of the present European situation. Nazi tactics have been directed toward winning the sympathy of the British in the hope of breaking the iron ring which Soviet-French diplomacy has built around the Third Reich, and the Nazis had derived considerable encouragement from editorials in the *London Times* advocating the support of Germany's position. The publication of the White Paper came as a severe shock, leaving Germany once more faced with the necessity of making concessions on the security pacts if it is to avoid isolation. There is no assurance that such concessions will be made, but in any event Hitler has lost rather than gained as a result of recent developments.

AFTER A SANGUINARY STRUGGLE, costing perhaps 4,000 lives, the Tsaldaris government appears to have gained the upper hand in Greece. While it is still too early to determine whether the victory of the government forces in Thrace will bring a collapse of the entire

revolutionary movement, the indications now are that the Venizelos republican faction will ultimately be crushed. Regrettable though this may be from many angles, the issues have been by no means as clear-cut as in the somewhat similar conflicts in Austria and Spain. Tsaldaris himself holds relatively moderate views but has been seriously handicapped by the fact that his Cabinet contains extreme monarchists as well as two prominent military leaders, Generals Kondylis and Metaxes, who are known to be reactionaries. As the nature of the revolt has indicated, the Venizelists have also been largely dependent on military and naval support, though they have enjoyed a considerable measure of popular sympathy. The radical parties had formed a united front against the threat of a fascist dictatorship under Tsaldaris, but it is not clear that they participated actively in the revolt otherwise than by spontaneous uprisings, such as the forming of soviets in Kavalla and elsewhere. Even if Tsaldaris is victorious, he will be faced with extreme discontent among all sections of the population and with rivalry within his own camp—scarcely a basis for permanent power.

SWEDEN is considering a bold and far-reaching proposal which can be paralleled only in Soviet legislation. After a prolonged investigation by a special commission a report has been submitted recommending that abortion be legalized under certain conditions, and that existing penalties be mitigated even where these conditions are violated. If the commission's recommendations are adopted—as appears likely—interruption of pregnancy will be countenanced whenever the child's birth is likely to endanger seriously the welfare of the mother, or when there is no apparent provision for the support of mother and child. It will also be permitted whenever there is reason to assume that the child would inherit, from either of its parents, a serious disease, insanity, or feeble-mindedness; and in cases in which pregnancy came as the result of violence or in which the mother is under fifteen years of age. No abortion will be regarded as lawful unless it takes place under sanitary conditions after consultation with at least two physicians. Improved education on sex problems and the granting of adequate aid to needy mothers are urged as necessary supplements to this reform.

THE LUNDEEN Unemployment and Social Insurance bill cleared its first major hurdle on March 8 when the Labor Committee voted seven to six to report it favorably to the House. Previously the subcommittee which had conducted hearings on the bill had recommended its approval by a six-to-one majority, with Representative Wood, president of the Missouri State Federation of Labor, casting the sole dissenting vote. Faced by a virtual conspiracy of silence on the part of the press, and opposed both by big business and by the conservative elements in the A. F. of L. leadership, the triumph of the bill in committee was due to constant pressure by organizations of the unemployed and by some 2,600 A. F. of L. locals, who see in it the only hope of genuine social security. The chances of the bill receiving serious consideration in the House have been increased by the desperate plight of the Administration's federal-state "security" program. With twenty state legislatures already adjourned or scheduled to adjourn within a few days, not to meet again until 1937, it is evident that

the Wagner-Lewis bill, still mired in the Ways and Means Committee, cannot be put into general operation for at least three years. While there is little likelihood of the Workers' bill being adopted at this session, its presence on the floor as an alternative to the Administration's program should do much to educate Congress and the American people regarding the fundamental principles of security.

FIFTEEN MILLION ACRES of land are available for settling share-croppers and tenant farmers on their own farms, and 500,000 families can be settled in five years if the Bankhead bill to create a Farm Tenant Corporation passes Congress. This bill offers the beginning of a solution of the crisis among tenant farmers in the South. It is the democratic approach to the problem, as suppression of unions and anti-sedition legislation are the fascist approach. The proposed corporation would start with capital of \$100,000,000, and would have authority to issue a billion dollars' worth of bonds. The unit farm would cost \$2,000 and would be about the size of the present tenant farm. Interest and amortization charges on the government loan would probably be around \$80 a year. The cotton crop, at the present price, would be worth \$200 a year. This would leave the new farmer only \$120 a year, a pitifully small income, and part of it would be absorbed by taxation and the costs of production. But even if he had only \$100 a year, he would be able to buy in stores where he did not pay interest to his landlord, and half of his income would go toward the ownership of his land. He would be working for himself. Once settled permanently, he could be taught to grow vegetables, keep pigs, and enlarge his present diet. His children would be subject to regular education and he himself to social influences. Within a generation the system of land tenancy in the South could be ended, and the poorest of America's submerged millions be entrenched in a position of slowly expanding independence. The immediate economic gains for the tenant farmers certainly are not generous, but no legislation before the present Congress promises to work a more fundamental or desirable reform.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT wrote his historic letter to Chairman Biddle of the National Labor Relations Board telling him to keep hands off newspaper cases, the matter was so worded as to give the impression that the Newspaper Industrial Board would work effectively if only it could be saved from outside meddling. We protested at the time that the newspaper board was not and had not been functioning efficiently and that Chairman Biddle was being unfairly slurred by the President. Now we read a letter by Administrator W. A. Harriman of the NRA to Publisher Harvey Kelley, chairman of the NIB, complaining of the continued paralysis of his board and its failure even to complete its panel of impartial chairmen. Since the President's letter, writes Mr. Harriman, "the NRA has naturally felt more responsible than ever for the proper functioning of the NIB. As you know, one of the great sources of dissatisfaction has been the deadlocking of the board on fundamental matters, including even the question as to what may be submitted to the ninth member." This testimony from the NRA should be called to the attention of Mr. Richberg, who advised the President to take away

the newspaper cases from the Biddle board. If he were burdened with a sense of logic he would reverse his advice and help the newspaper workers of America to obtain prompt consideration from a board which can be effective. We nominate as such the National Labor Relations Board.

THE LARGE and amiable Heywood Broun, whom we like to think of as Organized Labor, might have been a second Gulliver in Lilliputia when he arrived in Newark, New Jersey, last week and found himself beset by a breed of little men including a publisher, a vice-chancellor, and two receivership trustees, carrying among them a big injunction covered with sixteen spikes with which they hoped to bring the giant to terms. The Berry injunction is one of the most sweeping in labor history, and the long and successful efforts of Messrs. Norris and LaGuardia to have an anti-injunction bill enacted might seem to have been in vain were it not so unmistakable and complete a denial of a free press that the publishers can't defend it; Mr. Russell of the *Ledger*, when he encountered the forbidden but famous Mr. Broun outside his office, helped to violate his own injunction by accepting five copies of the *Guild Reporter*, whose distribution is barred. As we write, Mr. Broun is searching for a large radio station from which he can annoy Vice-Chancellor Berry and L. T. Russell—which is also forbidden by the injunction. So far none of the big stations have considered Heywood Broun entertaining enough to give him free time. We confess we are surprised. We should have said that Heywood annoying the publishers would be vastly more entertaining to the great radio audience than, say, Elisha Hanson being sanctimonious about the purity of news.

"U DON'T NEED A BISCUIT." This is the slogan with which 3,000 workers of the National Biscuit Company in New York City are trying to enlist the aid of the consumer in winning a strike which is now in its tenth week. The New York walkout is part of an almost complete tie-up which involves nearly 6,000 workers and has affected plants in Georgia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The union is trying to force the employers to live up to an agreement drawn up by the Regional Labor Board last year and accepted by the company. It granted a closed union shop, equal pay for equal work, and increased relief periods, and it covered the Philadelphia and New York plants. Continued violation of its terms in Philadelphia precipitated the strike, and the company is now obviously determined to smash the union at any cost. The Inside Bakery Workers' Local 19585, a federal union affiliated with the A. F. of L., having begun a year ago with a group of seventy, now embraces the entire New York plant. It is an industrial union admitting to membership everyone connected with the plant except the office personnel. Moreover, it has an understanding with the teamsters' union, which means that the drivers working for the National Biscuit factories are also on strike. So far the company has not yielded even to the point of discussing terms. Nor have the strikers shown any sign of giving in. Their solidarity has not been broken either by the company's calls to "loyal workers" to return or by mass arrests and the other painful tactics customarily pursued by police on strike duty.

Terms for Extending the NRA

THE NRA presents one of the most confusing problems in America. One can look at it through the eyes of Senator Borah, see the growth it promises to monopolies and the injury it works on small business men, and cry out for its abolition. No NRA is certainly preferable to a bad one, and the present one may be bad beyond redemption. It was a child of spontaneous birth, and much of the cogitation which should have gone into its creation has had to be expended on afterthoughts. Yet an NRA of the right kind is not only desirable but essential to the survival of the public in its struggle with finance capitalism. The monopolies are there, stronger than mere prohibitions, and the only way to control them may be through a required cooperation with the government. The treatment calls for new concepts which are difficult to formulate and a new technique most of which still needs to be developed. But more than these it calls for a spirit of courage and determination on the part of the Administration, particularly the President, for which no guaranty can be given. A perfect legislative and administrative NRA machine would be worthless without unflinching leadership, and the President's part in the NRA so far cannot be construed as a promise that the needed kind of NRA is going to be evolved. We do not say that the NRA should be merely a defense for the public against big business and industry. They too should benefit from it. But as things now stand the benefit is preponderantly on their side, and certainly the first condition for extending the NRA must be the certainty that it will become a government supervision and guidance of business and not simply the governmental sanction of business domination.

We believe it would be shortsighted to perpetuate the NRA solely to save the minor reforms for labor which have been accomplished. Maximum hours and minimum wages and the abolition of child labor, one is told, must be preserved at all cost. The reforms themselves are not as substantial as the claims for them. All three have been victories more for ideas than for realities. Minimum wages are not being observed throughout the country. There is an element of sham in the statement that 90 per cent of coded industries have a maximum forty-hour week. This was Mr. Richberg's contention before the Senate committee last week. And when Senators looked through the NRA's own reports on hours they found important evidence had been carefully deleted from the copies in their possession. The fact is that the industries with the largest employment have the longest hours, and 40 per cent of all coded employees work more than forty hours, and 10 per cent of them work more than forty-eight hours. There is a sham element, too, in the statement repeatedly made that child labor has been abolished. It still thrives in industries relying on home work, and it is maintained in the newspaper industry with the benignant protection of the President. Child labor in agriculture has hardly been touched by other branches of the government. Such gains as have been made in curtailing child labor are valuable, but they are not enough to weigh decisively in the continuance of the NRA. Certainly minimum wages

and maximum hours could be saved by special legislation. And while some government agency would be needed to administer and enforce its provisions, this agency need not be the NRA and should not be unless the NRA is certain to serve its purpose in other fields.

The first condition which Congress should impose in extending the NRA must be on itself. It must balance the NRA with the reality of collective bargaining by passing the Wagner bill. To do the one without the other would be to deliver the country in fetters to the employers. When the NRA was first conceived, the need for the balance of labor power was taken for granted. Even some industrialists recognized that they could not ask the increase of their strength without accepting the growth of organization by labor. It is a commentary on the drift toward a fascist mentality in this country that what was taken for granted less than two years ago is stubbornly resisted today. Now collective bargaining is openly flouted, and industry sees the hope of thwarting it altogether. The President himself is on that side with his philosophy of works councils and proportional representation. Also of essential value is the representation of consumers' interests. Here, too, the original conception has not endured. Probably the mistake was in believing that consumers might express themselves and bring pressure through some special agency, artificially set up and sustained by no nation-wide, conscious public opinion. The organization of consumers presents a difficulty, and it may be that the President and the board of the NRA must feel and behave like consumers' trustees without advisory councils to relieve them of the responsibility. To a wide extent the first consumer of industry is industry itself, and the retail buyer, or his representative, is not the best of all judges of the problems affecting consumers.

We should like to be sure that the NRA is to have a fair chance of growing to be the organ the country needs before urging Congress to extend it. That would entail certainly a change of heart by the President. He must not appoint another chairman so grossly unqualified as S. Clay Williams. He must not put the NRA under the one-man rule of General Wood or anyone remotely like him. He must not suppress its reports. He must accept the advice of his board, as he refused to do in extending the automobile code and in imposing the telegraph and telephone code. He must not make another gentlemen's agreement, or whatever he cares to call it, as he did with the newspaper publishers. And when it comes to a test of strength on an issue where the public interest is at stake, he must fight. Admittedly, we must ask in the same breath that the leopard change its spots. The seventeen points of Mr. Richberg are of no great importance one way or the other unless the President will use the NRA for the public good. If he is to continue his course of the past, wavering each time he meets resistance from industry, the NRA had better be scrapped and Congress had better hasten to formulate laws on collective bargaining, minimum wages, and maximum hours, leaving the Federal Trade Commission to wage the rearguard battle against finance capitalism.

Ship Subsidies and War

WHATEVER else may be said of Franklin Roosevelt he cannot be accused of being slavishly bound by the previous policies of the party of which he is the leader. The latest instance of this is his urging Congress to grant open subsidies to the merchant marine. The suggestion is enough to make Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas F. Bayard, and a host of other Democratic leaders turn in their graves. There are only two things to be said in favor of the President's message: it is frank, straightforward, and entirely praiseworthy when it calls upon the Congress to end the present mendacious and deceitful policy of mail payments which bear in some cases no relation to the mail carried; and it clearly states the three reasons for his belief that the government should go contrary to the historic teachings of the Democratic Party.

These three reasons are, first, that subsidies now granted to foreign shipping may be used to the detriment of American shippers; second, that the United States might find itself seriously crippled for lack of ships in the event of a major war in which it was a neutral; and, third, that in the event of a war in which the United States took part we should need ships for transports, for naval auxiliaries, and to maintain our commerce. The last two obviously have to deal with war and assume, first, that there will soon be a major war, and, second, that this country, which has signed the Kellogg Peace Pact renouncing war, will pay no attention to that solemn pledge and fight again. It is true that during the early days of the World War our shippers had some difficulty in obtaining the necessary bottoms and were compelled to pay high freight rates. But such overcharges as were made then would total a small amount indeed compared with the huge sums that would have been paid out if President Harrison had had his way in 1888 and the country had paid subsidies from that year down to 1914. The simple truth is that we were without a merchant marine from the end of the Civil War until the World War. The tremendous growth of the country, notably of our foreign trade, makes it impossible for anyone to charge that our development was hampered by the use of foreign ships.

It is also true that we have only been engaged in one major foreign war in 146 years of our national life, and that if the present temper of the people of the United States is any criterion they will not be deceived into taking part in another, in view of the disastrous consequences of our participation in the last. To engage upon this economically indefensible policy of ship subsidies on the gamble that we might need ships in another foreign war would be folly indeed, all the more so as it would be impossible to build up a merchant marine which would be adequate for a war in which we should take part. Of this the proof is the thousands of ships we had to build during the World War, and the fact that to move the same number of troops to Europe again we should need at least one-third more vessels because of the enormous increase in the impedimenta and equipment of an army since the World War ended.

Turning to the economic question itself, the President advances arguments which are being similarly advanced in England, Germany, Italy, France, and Japan—that

because the other countries indulge in rebates, subsidies, and differentials we must sin likewise. The truth is that our subsidies have been primarily responsible for the spread of the evil abroad. Mr. Roosevelt asks government aid to cover, first, the difference in the cost of building ships here, second, the difference in the cost of operating ships, and, third, the differing subsidies granted by other nations. In other words, the country is again to be called upon to create a great vested interest, to make up out of the general funds the deficit arising because an unneeded industry is to be kept alive for purely nationalistic and militaristic reasons.

The Nation has always wished for a merchant marine under the American flag, but it does not believe that a worth-while one can be achieved in this way. President Roosevelt's proposal threatens commercial war on the high seas. The true remedies lie elsewhere—in international agreements, for example, such as the international scheme for "pooling" freight ships proposed in January last by the preliminary international conference for the rationalization of shipping. The real obstacles are our antiquated navigation laws and our destructive tariff policy, which throttle our export business and make it impossible for merchant ships to obtain adequate cargoes. In addition, there is the law forbidding the purchase of ships where they can be bought cheapest; we are told that we must build up American shipyards and support shipbuilders whose almost incredible misdeeds have just been shown up by the Nye inquiry.

These are only a few of the arguments against subsidies. They would be sufficient for any Congress which undertook to consider the matter seriously, judiciously, and free from the present war scare in Washington.

The Utility Racket

FOR those who believe that the evils of an unregenerate capitalism can be sanctified by public regulation, we suggest that an evening be spent reading the 200-page report of the New York Power Authority on the financial structure of the electric companies serving New York City. Government reports are notoriously dull, but if one has a liking for tales of modern brigandage and is not too insistent on the ultimate triumph of virtue, this document is worth the time spent on it. The story is not in any sense a simple one. Within recent years the utilities have gone to great lengths to increase the intricacy of their capital structure with a view to confusing not only the public but the regulating commissions as well. Yet it is possible to put the results of their financial chicanery to a relatively simple test by comparing the companies' valuation of the existing plant, which is used as a basis for determining rates, with its actual worth as determined by competent engineers.

While it has long been evident that the capital valuation used as a rate base had been heavily watered, no details have hitherto been available as to how this was done. Attention has been centered chiefly on the inflation of the original capitalization—which in the case of the New York electric companies was \$79,000,000, or more than half the total fixed capital. But this piece of highwaymanship is but a minor part of the entire write-up. The excess profits obtained on the basis of the original water have constantly

been reinvested in such a way as to widen the breach between the true and the nominal value of the plant. All the ingenuity used by a Mitchell or a Mellon in evading the income tax has been employed in the gentleman's game of mulcting the public. Companies have failed to use available net income to set up a reserve against obsolescence, and have carried superseded equipment—described by the Authority as "property emeritus"—as part of the fixed capital. They have invested surplus profits in construction with little regard to actual needs. For example, the capacity of the existing plants in New York City is more than double the highest recorded peak load, and although two-thirds of this capacity is in stations constructed since 1920, the older and less efficient plants have nearly all been kept in operation. As the result of extravagant building and poor management the capital increment per kilowatt of added peak load jumped from \$252 in the 1910-20 period to \$638 between 1920 and 1930, which was much higher than that of any other city of comparable size. This tendency was accentuated by an inflation of construction expenditures through contracts let to favored individuals. One of the large new stations of the New York Edison Company, built in 1926, is listed as having cost more than double the amount required for other modern stations, and nearly twice the assessed valuation.

After making a careful analysis of all these factors, the Power Authority estimates the total amount of water in the fixed capital of New York companies to be at least \$280,000,000, or 62 per cent of the true capital value of the existing properties. At 7 per cent, this means an excess annual charge of \$19,500,000 to the consumers—nearly \$10 per meter. The total overcharge in the twenty-seven years of public-service regulation, after making allowance for a 7 per cent return on all necessary capital investments, has been approximately \$450,000,000. If the city had purchased the electrical system in 1907 instead of establishing a system of regulation, and had done its financing at 4½ per cent, the gross revenue collected from consumers would have covered all costs, including depreciation, taxes, and interest, wiped out all indebtedness, and provided a surplus of \$140,000,000 for the city treasury.

The Power Authority report is particularly timely because of the danger that the Public Service Commission will accede to the utilities' request for unification on the basis of their figure of capitalization. This would not only tend to give permanent sanction to the existing rate base with its \$280,000,000 of water and thereby prevent adequate rate reduction, but would increase the difficulty of distributing cheap power from the St. Lawrence waterway when that project is completed. The report should encourage the city in its determination to construct a "yardstick" plant to furnish at least part of its own current. But its chief value lies in its exposure of the ineffectiveness of regulation as a means of checking gross exploitation on the part of "public service" corporations. Prior to 1920, it is true, the Public Service Commission appears to have been able to restrict the tendency to overcapitalization. But in the past fourteen years, despite the expenditure of millions of dollars in public hearings, the utilities have run roughshod over all efforts at restraint. The Washington plan will not check this tendency; only the competition of publicly owned "yardstick" plants or public operation will do it, with the latter obviously the preferable alternative.

Strengthening the Wagner Bill

SENATOR WAGNER'S National Labor Relations bill, now under discussion in public hearings, has won the general support of organized labor and the equally general opposition of the organized employers. The attitude of the Administration has not been revealed, but the backers of the bill are not relying upon help from the White House. For the Wagner bill cuts clean through the conflicts of interpretation and method and authority which characterize the present labor policy of the government and sets forth a clearly defined procedure for establishing and enforcing collective bargaining.

The measure obviously needs all the help it can get to counteract the attacks of its enemies and the aloofness of the Administration. For this reason the recommendations of the Twentieth Century Fund Committee on Government and Labor, headed by William H. Davis, formerly NRA Compliance Director, are particularly timely. Based upon a study involving several months' work by a competent research staff, the recommendations have every guaranty of scholarly impartiality; they carry additional weight as the considered program of a group of men experienced in the handling of labor relations, including the liberal employer Henry S. Dennison, William M. Leiserson, former Governor Winant of New Hampshire, and others of equal standing. Pointing out the "confusion of function, overlapping of authority, and deficiency of power" which have marred the efforts of the agencies for labor relations set up under the NRA, the committee's report follows the Wagner bill in recommending an independent, semi-judicial federal agency with genuine powers to enforce the labor law. It also backs the bill's demand for a real guaranty of labor's right to organize and to choose its representatives by "majority rule." But the committee report goes beyond the Wagner proposal at several important points. The law, it asserts, should do more than guarantee and police collective bargaining; it should offer positive inducements to labor and industry to enter into trade agreements. The committee would therefore add to the federal board's powers the authority to enforce collective agreements which are voluntarily registered with it. In other words, if the employer and the union in any case requested the registration of an agreement, the government board would be required by law to bring its enforcement powers to bear on either party which might subsequently violate it. This is a novel proposal and a shrewd one, though it would necessitate special provisions to protect labor against an unforeseen increase in the cost of living. Unlike the Wagner bill, the recommendations would strengthen the federal mediation service, provide for fifteen days' notice of changes in wages or working conditions, and require investigation of major industrial disputes by a Presidential committee, which would make recommendations for settlement. At no point in the procedure would the right to strike be abridged. We believe that Senator Wagner might strengthen his admirable measure in several directions by amendments along the lines laid down by the Twentieth Century Fund's report.

Issues and Men

The Great Judge

SO the good and great judge has gone, superb in his courage, superb in his adherence to old-fashioned American ideals of liberty, superb in his maintenance of a wonderful tradition. With the death of the second Oliver Wendell Holmes a generation practically disappears; in the handful of remaining survivors of the Civil War there is not one man of distinction. In a way he was even a link with the Revolution, for his grandmother witnessed the British evacuation of Boston, saw the redcoats surrender the city to the despised revolutionists—and he heard the story from her. By inheritance he was a Brahman of the Brahmins. The "Back Bay" of Boston and Harvard had stamped him as their own, and conservatism was his cradle. His gentle father, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, whose literary fame improperly overshadowed his talents as a progressive and able physician, for all his geniality and mellowness was no reformer and no friend to reformers. Unlike Ralph Waldo Emerson, he had no sympathy whatever for the Abolitionists. Wendell Phillips was anathema to him. He was the aristocrat of the breakfast-table as well as the autocrat. The Boston world in which he moved was of the best. He might pioneer in his own profession, but as for those who championed labor, or social advances, they were beyond the pale.

It is odd, indeed, that this man's son became known as a great liberal, for that, in most respects, he precisely was not. Like his father, he had no use for reformers and liberals per se. His affection for his classmate, Wendell Phillips Garrison, all his life an editor, or the editor, of *The Nation*, was never dimmed; but for the crusading spirit and the Godkin-Garrison method of attacking evils, the Justice had no sympathy at all. He could not have endured the militant spirits of radical causes had he come into contact with them; they would have offended him to the core. So he must have pondered with cynical humor upon the fact that he became the idol of progressives who believed that America must evolve and change. Toward them his attitude was probably like that of the New York editor who once told a group of civic reformers that if he was to continue to support them they must keep away from him.

The explanation lies in Justice Holmes's devotion to the Constitution and its underlying ideals of free speech, free thought, and free assembly. He was steeped in that great American tradition, and whatever his own personal tendencies or likings might be, he continued to the end true to that tradition. Not his aristocratic training or anything else could stand in the way. That there was this conflict in him renders the more magnificent his steadfast adherence to principle, his brilliant, never-failing defense of the rights of the individual. There were no "buts" in his defense of the fundamentals; none of that hateful, self-contradictory stupidity which says: "I believe in free speech, but there are limits beyond which it must not go." And so during all those sad, reactionary post-World War years it was to him, and to Justice Brandeis, that liberals invariably

turned. A mighty fortress is a just, fearless, and devoted man.

That the Justice was well aware of his own prowess and reputation is true. Vanity was a part of his make-up, but so were wit and kindly humor with a touch of boyishness in them to the very last—as when from his sick bed he thumbed his nose at Felix Frankfurter. Often he pretended to be stern and severe, fixing you with those wonderful eyes under their heavy beetling eyebrows, only to reveal in the next minute the little joke he was aiming at you. It was astounding how fresh and clear his mind was, how tolerant, for all his age and conservatism, of new ideas, and how keen his understanding of the people and trends around him. Once when I spoke in terms of great admiration of that splendid band of young Harvard men, of whom he was one, who went from the university into the carnage of the Civil War, he said: "Nonsense, we were no better than your generation and, pointing to my undergraduate son, yours is not nearly as fine as this oncoming generation."

To have survived his Antietam wound for nearly seventy-three years was extraordinary indeed. His three wounds alone kept him from much higher rank. His regiment was the Twentieth Massachusetts, rarely fortunate in its West Point colonel and the discipline of its young Harvard officers, many of them friends and chums. Rushed to the battlefield when it was only half recruited, never reaching its maximum strength, it was plunged into the worst disaster of the early days of the war—Ball's Bluff, where it lost two-fifths of its numbers in killed, wounded, captured, and drowned, with Holmes disabled by a chest wound—a bloody beginning of a service which placed it fifth in the number of its battle losses in the entire Federal army. What happened to Holmes after Antietam has been immortalized by his father in that touching paper, "The Hunt After the Captain," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was characteristic of their breed and class that when that agonizing search for the wounded son was ended, they met with a mere "hello" and complete Anglo-Saxon concealment of their real feelings. But excellent as the Justice's military record was, he never boasted of it, nor did he ever exploit it, which makes it the more remarkable that the army has seized the opportunity to give a military funeral to one who doffed his uniform seventy years ago and made his great reputation in the halls of justice.

All in all if there was a man better entitled to be called the foremost American I cannot name him. No, I have not overlooked the President—not by any means. But there is no citizen of longer public service, or with a more spotless record. There was a robust virtue, a fortitude, in Oliver Wendell Holmes to suggest the best of the Romans. He was a true patriot in the finest sense of the word.

Wendell Phillips Garrison

A Cartoon by LOW

THE LEAGUE ? PAH ! THE LEAGUE IS CONTEMPTIBLE !
THE LEAGUE CAN DO NOTHING !

BUT AREN'T
YOU THE LEAGUE ?



SELF-PORTRAIT.

The Build-up of Long and Coughlin

Washington, March 11

THE excommunication of Huey Long and Father Coughlin has turned into a demonstration of political feeble-mindedness. General Hugh Johnson, a discredited man, was set up to finish off the Kingfish and the radio priest merely because he fires a sixteen-inch mouth. The General did a marvelous job with his verbal ammunition. He overjoyed everyone capable of delight in picturesque language. And when he had finished, he had built up for Huey Long the largest radio audience in his career—nearly a “Presidential” audience in size—which Huey, who is no fool, used not for vituperation but for a presentation of his wealth-sharing program. Worse than that, the General performed the miracle of combining an excommunication with a public wedding. He joined in holy matrimony the Long and Coughlin movements, which had only reached the stage of flirtation. Every Long adherent henceforth will feel in alliance with every Coughlinite, and every Coughlinite will recognize affinity with the subjects of the Kingfish. The marriage may have lain in the stars, but it did not need to be consummated before its day by friends of the President. Johnson on the air and Robinson and McKellar in the Senate have behaved as though politics were like a club, which can throw out members who do not behave like gentlemen. And like clubs, they made themselves ridiculous in doing so. The Senate in which Boies Penrose was so utterly at home, and the Administration in which Mr. Farley is a Cabinet minister (he now is slated to be Governor of New York) become hilariously funny when they take exception to the vulgarities of Huey Long.

One may have sympathy with the Administration in its irritation over Senator Long. What cannot be condoned is its strategy. Presumably Messrs. Johnson, Robinson, and McKellar are “grasping the nettle.” But they are ignorant of economic botany. Huey Long is not the nettle, he is only a person, and his importance does not lie in his personality, but in the response of people to his appeal. The nettle to be grasped is the maldistribution of economic power in America. It is the economic condition in which dividends rise and wages fall. It is the prospect of long years of misery at depressed wages. This is a nettle which General Hugh Johnson cannot grasp because he does not know it is a nettle. Senators Robinson and McKellar have been blind to it throughout their senatorial careers. It is a nettle which some of the President’s speech-writers once saw and promised to grasp, but the President is not using them any more.

Huey Long and Father Coughlin, as the result of the past ten days of stupidity, are now designated to be the leaders of protesting America. Three months ago one would have considered it impossible that so soon Huey Long would be getting a solid page in the *Herald Tribune* and a national hook-up of every station on the NBC. His ride to prominence has been a mad gallop. Father Coughlin’s importance is not so much of a surprise since the World Court vote, and the White House may not be quite happy over his castigation by the General, for one hears that it tried to censor the Coughlin part of the speech. But the two of them now

have the millions safely behind them. Huey Long boasted the other day that already he could carry New York City. It may not be a foolish boast. With Father Coughlin’s support and with the appeal of his own radio speeches Huey has prestige in Eastern cities where a few weeks ago he was a far-away myth. If anyone questions their combined municipal strength, let him study the results of the plebiscite recently held in Philadelphia by the Columbia station WCAU. The station management had to decide whether to put on the New York Philharmonic or Father Coughlin in the three-o’clock Sunday afternoon hour. On four successive nights it asked its listeners to report their preference. By Saturday noon, when the voting closed, the station had received 117,000 letters. Father Coughlin was the choice of 110,000 and the Philharmonic of 7,000. After the voting closed, a further 82,000 letters were received, 77,000 for Father Coughlin and 5,000 for the Philharmonic. In all, the vote was better than fifteen to one for Father Coughlin. Against this result it can be noted that the announcement of the plebiscite was made each evening at eleven o’clock, when most music lovers do not listen to their radios. A Philharmonic lover is not necessarily political. But the vote paints the portrait of a radio audience, hence of municipal society as it is. And Father Coughlin and Huey Long know better what it is like than, for instance, General Johnson and Franklin Roosevelt. Between them these arch-demagogues combine city unrest with the unrest of Southern farmers and the lower middle class of the Middle West, and indeed with unrest wherever it exists beneath the \$2,000 income level—which is pretty much everywhere. And whatever else is to be said of the Philadelphia district, it preferred yesterday hearing Father Coughlin on the reconstruction of society to the somber loveliness of Brahms’s German Requiem, a token of political vitality if not of culture.

The sudden importance of Long and Coughlin calls for appraisal in terms of the advance toward fascism which it represents. Long is not yet a fascist in his thinking, while Coughlin is. But the Louisiana dictator is fully as fascist in his type and in the nature of his appeal as Hitler was, say, before 1930. If the American liberals consider these two “safe” because they are radical, it is because of the queer notion widely held that European fascism is reactionary. The neat explanation that the Nazis were merely the bribed thugs of Thyssen may be welcome to people who are afraid to look the German revolution in the face, and who think all the evils in life can be ascribed to foul conspiracy. Fascism began in Germany as a radical movement. Hitler, if anything, was more radical than either Long or Coughlin. He denounced the capitalists, promised to abolish interest, nationalize industry, and seize land without compensation. Mussolini’s fascist movement grew from a branch of the Socialist Party, and he broadened its base to include the peasants and middle class because he had the sense to see that he must raise the banner of national unity. If we had had a Socialist labor movement the doctrines of both Long and Coughlin would be still more radical. And the only reason I can see for denying they are potential fascists is that for

this stage in a fascist development they are too conservative, and not the other way around. To me their mildness makes their fascist nature much clearer in the light of European experience. Their programs, for all their glamorous radical sound, are capitalist radicalism. That is, they are built four-square on the profit motive and the rights of private property. If an election draws near in which they are seen to have a fair chance of success, big business will have commerce with them, as did the German industrialists with the radical Hitler, and the Italian industrialists with the Socialist Mussolini. Big business will not like it, but it will know that cooperation is the only way to buy off heavy penalties after a revolution. Huey Long has already had a fruitful experience of alliance with the corporations he fights in Louisiana. And Father Coughlin's labor doctrines will endear him to big employers once they get over the hindrance of considering him a crackpot. The precedent in Europe was not that big business embraced fascism outright; it first helped it financially as a speculative investment, then went into coalition with it hoping to control it. Mussolini came into office with industrialists, Catholics, and liberals; Hitler with industrialists and conservatives. And if we are in the first stage of fascism, as we seem to be, with our romancing demagogues, our weakening government, our growing unrest, and the stabilization of our depressed living standard, a future phase would be the coalition of the Long-Coughlin elements with conservatives. Simply because fascism in Europe has a regalia which so far it lacks here, the assumption is that America is not disposed to be fascist. But young men in uniforms, marching and drilling and camping, are

not fascism. And nothing is more vulnerable than the bland assumption that America is "different," and will not go fascist because it is America. In this country fascism undoubtedly would look different from parallel movements in Europe. But in essence it would be the same. For fascism is the reorganization of society by undemocratic means to maintain the capitalist system. It is a movement, first of all, of passion and prejudice, growing out of the despair of disillusioned, impoverished people. It then is the coalition between the demagogues, who have whipped up the passion, and big business, which goes into it on the defensive. And finally it is the attempt to solve the social conflict, which democracy had failed to resolve, through the technique of dictatorship. Long and Coughlin already lead movements of passion and prejudice, without for a moment transcending the confines of capitalism.

Now they have been helped in the first stage by the utter failure of Washington to understand obvious portents. And they will be helped, too, by an accretion of muddle-headed liberals, who fail to see the graph of fascism as it has been clearly drawn in Italy and Germany. Huey Long is making many friends in the Senate, winning them by his skill as a strategist and his acumen in picking popular issues. He has become a national figure. Nothing can stop him now except the one likelihood he himself mentions on every possible occasion—that Roosevelt will keep his promises. He will not be stopped by the Administration falling into the depths of mental indolence and treating him and Father Coughlin as persons and not as personifications of the discontent in the country.

R. G. S.

Moscow Is a Dynamo

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE capital of any country is important. But Moscow is a thousand times more important to the Soviet Union than London to England, or Paris to France, or Washington and New York to the United States. Moscow is heart, brain, and purse. Moscow is master, father, teacher. A business enterprise in Manchester or in Chicago or in Lyons may have an agent or two in the capital of its respective country, pay taxes to the federal government, and that is all. But Moscow builds, operates, finances, and controls every big and even every relatively small factory, railroad, bank, mine, scientific institute, and oil field in that vast country which covers one-sixth of the earth's surface.

Not only do the army, the taxes, the foreign affairs, the post office—that is, what usually goes as "government"—center in Moscow; every economic unit, social organization, cultural enterprise, and political office has a life-line which connects it with Moscow. Moscow is the heart which pumps blood, the brain which sends messages, the dynamo which lends energy to every corner of the Soviet continent. In its turn, the body keeps the heart alive, enriches the brain, and replenishes the dynamo.

Moscow throbs. Human electricity tingles in the streets. Moscow's tempo is racing, staccato, mad.

Green and yellow trolleys, red and yellow trolleys, green buses, yellow and red buses, giant green trolley buses.

Crowds at stops, crowds in the trolleys, crowds in the buses. Young women driving trolleys. Sleeping heads on trolley window sills. Reckless driving around curves. Little traffic but much danger. Much more traffic each year. An empty taxi races by. Some hopeful Muscovites raise their hands to stop it. No use. And when it is standing still: "Are you free?" "Where do you want to go?" "To such-and-such a street." "I have no gas"; or "I must go to the garage"; or "This is my lunch hour." You entreat, offer an extra tip. Your child is sick. You will be late for an important conference. He shakes his head. "I am going the other way," repeats the adamant chauffeur. At night these counter-revolutionaries collect outside the better restaurants waiting for gay couples or drunks. No ordinary passenger can entice them to leave such a post. "Engaged." Engaged to the hope of a good fare.

Numerous trucks of Soviet and foreign manufacture. Will Rogers, the American sociologist who visited Russia recently, said: "When there are more trucks than touring cars in a city it's a good sign." He accorded Moscow the best sign. But no truck driver would ever allow a passenger car to pass him. His truck-driver pride would suffer. All Muscovites have a lucky star in heaven. If they did not, they would be dead. What though felt-helmeted militiamen in white gloves execute right turns and left turns and bend

their arms in the manner of Balieff's wooden soldiers? What though red-yellow-green semaphores, hand-operated and automatic, guard the street crossings? There are long distances between crossings where the big "30's" on the speed-limit discs remind the driver that it is beneath his dignity to travel at less than thirty kilometers an hour. The street cars join in the race. In trains of two or, more often, three trolleys the motormen rush fiercely forward, sounding their electric alarm bell uninterruptedly. The cars sway and roll; the wheels roar. The passengers hold their seats or their straps, and their breath. The pavements are narrow. Pedestrians overflow into the streets; the speeding vehicles dash in and out among them. Besides, Muscovites have bad ears, and the automobile honk usually reaches their auditory nerves when the tires are three feet from their heels. Then they scatter like geese. Along the whole length of one trolley runs a wooden sign, "Tezhe Cream to Make the Hands Soft"—in the capital of the horny-handed proletariat. It is the Soviet government which manufactures that cream. It also manufactures needles, lead pencils, button hooks, underwear, tennis balls, everything. And sells everything. There is not a single private store in Moscow; all are owned and operated by the community.

Young boys whisper to you as you pass. They hold paper cigarette boxes in their hands. You may buy one cigarette or four or the entire lot. Which means that there are not enough cigarettes. Women carrying market nets bulging at the bottom, carrying baskets, carrying bread which is naked on account of the scarcity of paper; a woman holding a large dripping carp. Men carrying leather portfolios. This is the badge of the official's tribe, and even if the brief case contains nothing more in the morning than a single sandwich for a quick lunch and in the evening the empty bag in which it had been wrapped, a portfolio is his inseparable encumbrance. Through a window, women shaving men, women spraying water on men's faces, women combing men's sparse hair. Is it any queerer than women manicuring men's fingers? The male barbers are building steel mills. "Six-Month Permanents," reads the tonsorial-parlor sign. "For Jesus's sake, give me a kopek," a peasant woman begs. A shoe store. Galoshes, baby galoshes, badly finished shoes, rubber-soled shoes (70 per cent of all Soviet shoes were rubber-soled in 1934 because peasants slaughtered their cattle needlessly in 1932), women's felt overshoes, knee-high felt boots which the city has borrowed from the village, and a black-and-white placard which explains how shoes can be made to last longer. Nearby a shoe-repair shop displays the same rules. Apparently it wants less business.

"Dancing in the Foyer," reads the electric sign. Above it a much bigger moving electric sign announces the name of the cinema. "Jazz in the Foyer," shivers a Neon light in front of another film house. Inside the spectators waiting for the picture to end—nobody is admitted while the film is reeled off—sit in their hats and overcoats listening to a big orchestra play the latest American, German, and British "hits." In a second room citizens with a penchant for calmer entertainment play chess and checkers or read magazines borrowed from the free kiosk. Slogans by Stalin and Lenin serve as decorations. This cinema stands in the central Theater Square, now Sverdlov Square. In the same square are the Big Theater, or Opera House, the Little Theater, and the Second Art Theater, and also a corner of

Moscow's biggest department store, Mostorg, whose radio announcer's voice telling where and what to buy overflows into the street. Hunter's Row—the name is an anachronism. One side of this wide avenue radiating from Theater Square consisted formerly of one-story shops selling game, meat, and vegetables. The pavements used to be packed tightly as a Moscow street car with sellers and buyers. Now the whole block is occupied by the twelve-story, marble-faced hotel of the Moscow Soviet. Opposite were a church, fish stores, little huts, and the like. Now almost the entire block is a new skyscraping office building.

Moscow has 2,500 streets and 51,000 dwellings. Of these, says Lazar Kaganovich, the city's Harun-al-Rashid, 23,000 are one-story and 21,000 two-story buildings. Today he boasts, they are building new six-, seven-, and eight-story homes. This is very nice. But there are some other figures. Only 1,178 houses in Moscow have elevators, or "lifts" as the Russians say, borrowing from the English. And of these 1,178 lifts, only 475 are working. I live in an eight-story building. There is a shaft for a lift but no lift. Occupants of the upper floors are not to be envied, especially when they are women carrying heavy baskets of food. Moreover, what is higher is not always better. There is a sketch, published by a Soviet organization, showing the Eiffel Tower, the Chrysler Building, the Empire State Building, and the plan of Moscow's Palace of Soviets—and proudly indicating that the palace will exceed the height of the Empire State Building by the length of the fingers of Lenin's upstretched hand. The comedians laughed at Mr. Chrysler for mounting a thin spire on his skyscraper to increase its official stature; they poked fun at Al Smith for equally puerile behavior. And now the Palace of Soviets, with one assembly hall for 16,000 auditors and another for 8,000, and nobody knows how many offices, clubrooms, and so on, spoils its classic lines with a huge statue of the dead leader which promises to be the outstanding Bolshevik abomination.

The Bolsheviks worship the big. They have taken over this frailty from the Czarist Russians and, needless to say, surpassed them. In the Kremlin the Czars placed the "Czar cannon," the biggest in the realm, and also the "Czar bell," which broke under its excessive weight. "Is it bigger than the Place de la Concorde?" the Kharkovites asked when they laid out their parade square in front of a modern office skyscraper. "We are erecting an eighteen-story building," the go-getters of Rostov dinned. "Will there be enough water pressure for the upper floors? Could your fire department cope with a fire in the upper floors?" They had not thought of that. Skyscrapers, yes, where land is costlier than air. But where land has no price because it can neither be bought nor sold? Moscow has many blocks of multi-story gray barracks which are comfortable enough within but cannot possibly be a foretaste of the Socialist metropolis of the future. In many respects the Bolsheviks are children, just like many adult Americans. This is one of several reasons why Americans are usually better equipped to understand Soviet Russia than other nationals.

The Russians love a show and the Bolsheviks know how to put one on. The Bolsheviks are endeavoring to change the core of life but they pay much attention to outward appearances. They have decided to make Moscow "the city beautiful," and nothing must interfere with that goal. The Palace of Soviets probably will, but it is the

biggest feature of their plan. In the courtyard of the house where I live an additional wing was started, the foundation was built, piles of bricks were brought to the scene. Building operations, however, have stopped on account of the lack of workmen. Home building at the Frezer factory just outside Moscow has ceased because of the absence of materials, and the brick walls with yawning holes for windows stand there like gaunt skeletons while workers live in the barracks nearby. These are two instances of many. Yet the palace, which might have been started five years from today without anybody missing it, absorbs countless numbers of laborers and infinite quantities of material.

This is true. Nevertheless, the Bolsheviks are not interested in façades. In Warsaw, Madrid, Athens, even in some French and British cities, one need only walk ten minutes from the fashionable streets of the metropolitan hub to be in dirty slums. But the Soviet revolution mixed things up completely. Workers live in the aristocratic quarters. Sometimes the best houses are erected in the factory suburbs. Walk ten or twenty or thirty minutes in one direction from the Nevski in Leningrad, from the Tverskaya in Moscow, from the Kreschatik in Kiev, and you do not fall down any social precipice. In fact, you may have some climbing to do on such a promenade. If the central streets of Moscow are all asphalted or being asphalted, so too are distant wards. Stores an hour away from the Big Theater may be better supplied than stores around the corner from it.

Appearances count but principles are not always sacrificed to them. The Moscow Soviet could round up the beggars of the city just as easily as Mussolini is said to have done. That would be window dressing. Instead, the regime goes about improving living conditions. When the peasants are really well-to-do, Soviet cities will know no beggars except the professionals, who can then be reeducated. This is the attitude toward prostitution, too. Where there is no unemployment and a lot of amateur competition, there are few street-walkers. Moscow, with tens of thousands of transients and a garrison, has only a few hundred, perhaps five hundred, prostitutes. Most of them are housemaids in search of careers or peasant girls who came in to find work and were intercepted at railway stations by adventurers. Soviet cities have prophylactoriums where such girls are segregated and taught professions.

A hatless girl in rubber tennis slippers and a silk dress down to her ankles. A young workingman with a girl's blue knitted cap on the top of his head. A woman stops a man on the street for a light. He draws on the cigarette, gives her the light, tips his hat, and walks on. A queue forty people long at a newspaper kiosk waiting for the *Evening Moscow*. Its circulation is 120,000, but if the state gave it enough paper it could sell 500,000 copies. The only evening paper in a city of 3,600,000! A queue of twelve people at the bus stop. The bus will probably arrive full and not take on a single passenger. When I first came to Moscow in 1922, there was not one bus or taxi. That day in 1924 when eight handsome Leylands arrived from England was a holiday. By 1928 Moscow had 175 buses, all foreign. Now it has 180 Soviet buses too. The transportation problem, however, remains unsolved. The first twelve-kilometer line of the subway or "Metro" solves part of it. But the complete subway, eighty kilometers in length, will not be ready until 1942. Then the Moscow trolley system will be abolished as

superfluous. Happy day! No more waiting twenty minutes at wind-swept car stops when the temperature is thirty-five below zero and then traveling in a trolley whose only heat is human heat.

A girl with high-heeled leather shoes inlaid with snake skin, a crepe-de-chine dress in the latest fashion, kid gloves extending over her cuffs, and a cloth beret cocked at the regulation Paris angle of thirty-one and a half degrees. A woman with epaulette shoulders on her dress. A woman whose clothes, coiffure, facial make-up, and manner reveal a painstaking effort to ape the Western world. Feminine clothes are an intimate thing and the revolution has not changed them. Most Soviet women would walk much more than a mile for a foreign fashion magazine; "foreign" is still a synonym for good. The revolution has altered much, but not women's styles. And men? When there were no collars, neckties, or felt hats, it was "counter-revolutionary" to wear them. But now that they exist in abundance, President Kalinin, Premier Molotov, and Comrade Kosarev, secretary of the Komsomol or Young Communist League, have themselves photographed in these "bourgeois" trappings. And Ordjonikidze, Commissar of Heavy Industry, told his engineers in October, 1934—historic date—to shave regularly. Shades of Peter the Great!

A broad boulevard extends down the center of a long and broader avenue. Children play in sand boxes while their nursemaids watch and gossip. Old men play checkers on a bench. There is a crowd around another bench. A young, heavy-handed artist is making a crayon sketch of a workingman who poses with serious mien. "Know Your Real Weight." A bag registers the force of your punch. Ice-cream kiosks, mineral-water kiosks, kiosks where you buy geranium pots, chrysanthemum pots, aster pots, all decorated with pink and purple ribbons made of thin and wide wood shavings. In the evening there will be free "propaganda movies" on the small screen under the trees of the boulevard. Sandwich and beer kiosks, a shoe-shining and shoe-lace kiosk, newspaper kiosks where, if one is lucky, Moscow's numerous dailies can be bought, where, if one is interested, one can get the radio magazine, the inventors' magazine, a crude fashion magazine, a sports' magazine, political magazines, a woman's magazine, a children's magazine—all printed on bad paper but all eagerly read.

Take a bus or trolley bus at Theater Square and travel fifteen minutes, then walk ten minutes through Petrovsky Park—you are in the midst of quiet village life where even the people are different. Here you find the old traditional Russian mujik type, the bearded giant, the little grandmother. But the city, the multi-story tenement and the factory, the paved road and the telephone wire are quickly invading these islands of repose. Moscow is throwing out tentacles and seizing its dozing countryside neighbors. Moscow's mad tempo is infecting the surrounding village area. A few years ago a sprawling village itself, Moscow is now urbanizing its periphery. In this respect Moscow is merely an example in miniature of the vast process that has gripped the entire Soviet continent: the gap between the urban and the rural is being narrowed. The Bolsheviks aim to close the gap altogether.

[This article is a chapter from Mr. Fischer's forthcoming book, "Soviet Journey," which will be published March 25.]

Grand Coulee

By JAMES RORTY

Seattle, Washington

THE Grand Coulee dam, now being built across a bend of the Columbia River in northeastern Washington and designed both to produce cheap power and to irrigate 1,200,000 acres of arid land in the Columbia Basin, is the largest public-works project undertaken by the Roosevelt Administration. The low dam now being built will cost \$63,000,000 and will yield power only. The projected high dam, with 2,647,000 installed horse-power, more than Boulder Dam and three times as much as Muscle Shoals, will cost \$179,000,000. It will represent the greatest power development known to be feasible in the United States and will supply water for the Columbia Basin irrigation project. This will cost an additional \$214,000,000, making a total of \$393,000,000.

It would seem clear that the nature and scope of the project imply a functional, socialized, national planning of power, land, and water resources and of population distribution. That the President saw Grand Coulee in this perspective is evident from the speech he delivered at the dam site last summer:

I know that this country is going to be filled with the homes not only of a great many people from this state, but of a great many families from other states of the Union; men, women, and children who will be making an honest livelihood and doing their best to live up to the American standard of living and the American standard of citizenship.

It was the President, not Huey Long, who said that. When he said it, did he know what was actually happening at Grand Coulee? Secretary Ickes knows, because last summer his office sent a representative to investigate the systematic buying up of land around the dam site and in the Columbia Basin, prior to condemnation, and the possible connection of these land speculators with the political bloc, led by ex-Senator Dill, which put Grand Coulee over. Superintendent J. D. Ross, of Seattle's City Light, knows that it was the Grand Coulee crowd, the Inland Empire crowd, that blocked him when he asked in vain for PWA money to complete the Skagit River development—a project so sound, so clearly “self-liquidating,” that when he was turned down by Secretary Ickes and the President he went to Wall Street and got his money, or part of it, at excellent commercial rates. The farmers, townspeople, and small-time realtors of the Columbia Basin either know what it is all about, or else they do Senator Dill a grave injustice when they assure you that the former statesman has sunk all his considerable fortune in the desert which PWA money is expected to make bloom like the rose.

Grand Coulee is magnificent. One readily admits the grandiose conceptual beauty of the project, its demonstrated engineering feasibility, and the rich yield of cheap power and fertile irrigated land which its completion will add to our national resources. But don't call it planning. That dream is for some undetermined future. The present dream is something different. It is the older American

dream of unearned increment, the dream that swept across the continent during the long century of westward expansion, slaughtering the forests, raping our resources of coal, oil, and water power, building railroads and boom towns, piling interest and rent burdens on farmers and townspeople alike—in short, the dream of selfish conquest and aggrandizement, not the dream of planning.

Grand Coulee is a monument built in the dusk of our transition from the older pattern of competitive aggrandizement, in which government is the tool of predatory groups, to the emerging pattern of regulated exploitation under state capitalism or fascism. Naturally, the transition is loud with conflict. But the struggle has little to do with planning for the future. It is merely the old fight about who gets what.

Have you ever seen the American Dream walking? Well, I have. I saw it walking up the side of the Columbia River canyon, scribbling its puny etchings of squalor and cupidity against an austere backdrop of leaning cliffs and sudden chasms, and crooning the old American theme songs of Get Rich Quick and Something for Nothing. The dream is a town. It calls itself Grand Coulee; it is built of faith, hope, barn siding, and paper board; when I was there it was inhabited by about 1,500 people. It had twenty eating places, as many saloons, at least a half-dozen wide-open brothels, five grocery stores, two jewelry stores, a furniture store, two drugstores, two ladies' wear shoppes, three beauty shoppes, a proportionate quota of painless dentists and radio-repair shops, and six real-estate agents.

Grand Coulee was a foot deep in mud when I was there, and the ladies from the sporting houses went in up to their ankles in getting to the beauty shoppes. But the 2,500 womanless males working on the dam provided good business; hence they were cheerful and philosophic—the New Pioneers. So were the realtors. “Buy at the fringe and wait,” said John Jacob Astor. Believe it or not, this slogan was selling house lots and business sites in Grand Coulee as fast as the notaries could stamp the papers. In a few weeks' time a corner lot 120 feet deep changed hands six times, and the final owner refused \$2,250. This for a microscopic piece of desert gumbo which sold at around a dollar an acre three years ago and which, there being no logical reason to prevent it, will probably be reclaimed by the sagebrush, the rattlesnakes, and the jackrabbits four or five years from now when the dam is completed.

I cornered one of the realtors and asked him to explain the miracle. Buy at the fringe? The fringe of what? Whose fringe? Whose \$63,000,000 to \$393,000,000 was being spent? What for and whom for? Who owned this land and how had they got hold of it? What will this huge expenditure of government funds net the consumers who need cheap power, the 40,000 farmers who are expected sometime to make the wind-drifted desert of the Columbia Basin into a modern Eden, the 120,000,000 people whom government is supposed to represent, and whose economic

and social condition must be improved if this project is to make sense? The realtor was realistic, informed, and chatty. Calming my indignation, he proceeded to tell me the Facts of Life as he understood them.

Before 1905 the country around the dam site, and including the Columbia Basin as far south as Pasco, was grazing land. During the years immediately following, the country filled up with homesteaders. In 1911 there came a wave of land speculation. Settlers were brought in from the East and Middle West and told they could grow wheat. Some of them did—as much as twenty bushels to the acre on the better land, and as long as there was rain. I talked to an old timer near Quincy who had been through this boom and its subsequent deflation by the combined forces of nature, ever more niggardly with rain, and the erosion of mortgage interest based on inflated land values. In the twenties the wind began to blow the soil away from the roots of the bunch grass. It was pitiful to see, he said, and it was pitiful to hear the cattle searching for fodder; they used to come down from the high country by themselves in great herds, but now if they came, they found little winter pasture left.

Pitiful, too, was the cycle of exploitation as my realtor friend recited it. He had sold his old homestead in the basin at the top of the boom for \$50 an acre. Recently he had bought it back at \$1.25 an acre. When the boom broke, much of the land went back to the mortgage companies, and thousands of acres became tax delinquent. The wheat farmers departed, their shacks and barns crumbled back into sagebrush, and the landscape resumed its level plane. In 1928 a law was put through the state legislature enabling the counties to sell tax-delinquent land for 20 per cent of the accumulated taxes, the remainder to be paid over a period of ten years. At this point the land went back into the hands of the big speculators, and incidentally it was in this year that Senator Dill was elected with the support of the Inland Empire group, headed by the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, which had for years been promoting the Columbia Basin project.

The successive steps of the exploitative cycle are as follows:

1. The homesteader goes broke and the bank or mortgage company forecloses him.
2. The mortgage company can't sell the land. It too goes broke and the land becomes tax delinquent.
3. The county takes it over and sells it, on the terms already described, to the big speculators.
4. The big speculators wholesale the land to the small speculators, who in turn sell it to a new crop of settlers. When I was in Grand Coulee several land companies were selling tracts of from ten to forty acres, both around the dam site and in the basin, at from \$12.50 to \$17.50 an acre. One realtor estimated that about 50 per cent of the land affected by the irrigation project was still in the hands of the earlier settlers. But it was being picked up fast, and the picture I obtained later of land ownership in the basin indicated that speculators had more than 50 per cent of it.

According to the plan, some 1,200,000 acres will ultimately be irrigated by water pumped from the Columbia River into the Grand Coulee, a big natural trough which will be plugged by smaller dams at both ends. And according to the records of Grant, Adams, Lincoln, Franklin, and

Douglas counties about 670,000 acres of land either definitely included in the project or benefited by it are held by banks, railways, utilities, investment bankers, insurance companies, and real-estate companies—interests concerned not with the use of land but with selling it at a profit. Among these interests are the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, the Northwest Pacific Hypothek Bank, the Realty Mortgage Company, the North Pacific Mortgage Company, the Columbia Irrigated Lands Company, the Columbia Basin Land Company, Columbia Land Owners Incorporated, the Columbia Valley Reclamation Company, the Columbia Highland Company, the Northern Pacific Railway, the Title and Trust Company of Portland, Oregon, the Big Bend Land Company, the Inland Empire Land Company, the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, the McMaster Ireland Company, the Columbia Basin Development Company. The preceding is only a partial list, nor is there space to present the tangle of holding companies and interlocking directorates which hold the threads of ownership. It is equally impossible to place responsibility upon the persons involved in this melee of speculative buying and selling. Such activity is entirely legitimate anyway. There is no law against buying land cheap and selling it dear.

Carping critics, their noses out of joint because the Inland Empire crowd is riding high at the moment, have demurred at the activities of close political associates of Senator Dill in acquiring land in the Columbia Basin, naming specifically Frank Funkhauser, a former secretary of the Senator, and Frank T. Bell, another former secretary, now United States Fisheries Commissioner. But Mr. Bell is a Grant County boy and 9,000 acres of land is relatively only a small holding; anyway, he and Mr. Funkhauser are just as legitimately in the real-estate business as anybody else. As Thorstein Veblen would say, these and other persons who were active in putting over the Grand Coulee project and incidentally stand to make money out of it, years in advance of its completion, are quite blameless. They are well within the pattern of business for profit, which the President has repeatedly approved.

There is also, of course, the little matter of the \$10,000,000-a-year salmon industry of the Columbia River. Not even the dodo is as extinct as the Columbia salmon industry will be in a few years, according to Thomas A. E. Lally, chairman of the Washington state game commission. And in its issue of December 15, 1934, the *Astorian Budget* (Astoria, Oregon) remarked editorially:

The proposal of the regional planning conference with respect to the dam across the Columbia at Grand Coulee to run the project into one of reclamation and irrigation rather than a low-dam power project indicates another threat to the much-attacked salmon industry. If the fish do manage to pass above Bonneville on their way to spawning grounds, Grand Coulee will surely shut them off from the high reaches of the river, particularly if a high dam is constructed, for the difficulty and expense of building adequate fishways in connection with such a structure are almost insurmountable. . . . In fact, with power sources not needed and land development apparently unwise, there is apparently no reason at all for Grand Coulee except to give someone a job.

This is of course a partisan view of the matter, but it raises a number of further questions. The Bonneville

dam, now being built forty miles east of Portland at a cost of \$32,000,000, will have an ultimate power capacity of 430,000 kilowatts—enough to serve that part of the country in any predictable future; it will also open up navigation to The Dalles, 147 miles from the ocean. It may destroy the salmon industry and it may not, depending upon the success of the fish ladders. If the high dam at Grand Coulee is built, then, in the opinion of experts, the salmon industry will be practically ruined. If the high dam is not built, then the Columbia Basin reclamation project goes by the board, the patriots of the Inland Empire are left high and dry, and my realtor friend at Grand Coulee is taking money from innocents. In that case we shall have a \$63,000,000 dam generating 700,000 horse-power of electrical energy in the middle of a desert about 250 miles from the centers of industry and population, which are on the other side of the Cascades. Moreover, the present and future power needs of the West Coast, in the judgment of qualified experts, can most economically be supplied by the extension of City Light's Skagit River development.

So the low dam at Grand Coulee doesn't make sense. And the high dam makes sense only if the salmon can be persuaded to travel up other rivers, and if the huge output of power can be sold so as to pay the cost of the dam and half the cost of the irrigation project, and if the federal or state government condemns the irrigable land and puts it in the hands of actual farmers at prices low enough to make practicable a self-sustaining agricultural economy, and if the national economy is sufficiently rehabilitated to make a market for the increased production of agricultural products.

In justice to the patriots of the Inland Empire—some of them, by the way, appear to have abstained from speculation and to have worked disinterestedly for years in behalf of the Grand Coulee project—it should be said that government condemnation and sale of the reclaimed land at fair prices are part of the official plan. The state planning commission will present a bill to the legislature forbidding all platting without the consent of the commission. The Columbia Basin Commission will present a bill authorizing the state to condemn all land in the basin at present values, also a bill ordering the counties to reserve all tax-delinquent land within the project area.

What is meant by "present values"? The speculative build-up has been under way since 1928. When the land companies at Grand Coulee are selling land—most of it bought for resale—at from \$12.50 to \$17.50 an acre, what is the meaning of the statement, found in the promotion literature issued by the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, that land will be available to settlers at from \$5 to \$15 an acre? And in any case, why weren't condemnation proceedings initiated early and why weren't they based on the \$1.25-an-acre price at which my realtor friend bought back his old homestead?

But maybe that wasn't the idea. Maybe the idea was to create a new frontier, an artificially made, publicly financed block of exploitable resources so that the American Dream of Get Rich Quick and Something for Nothing might be dreamed all over again. In that case it is proper to remark that the American Dream is obsolete; that there is nothing in it any more except headaches, ultimately, for everybody.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter would like publicly to announce that he is getting pretty tired of the blizzard of 1888. This famous storm, the survivors of which—not one of them under seventy—met at their annual luncheon the other day, has been gone into thoroughly to the accompaniment of every sort of panegyric. Trains stopped for it, hotels burst their buttons trying to accommodate the commuters marooned in town overnight, or maybe over two nights, drifts were forty or fifty feet high, snow men grew spontaneously in the streets, and the main avenues were not cleared for the horse cars until the evening of the Fourth of July, when patriotic bonfires caused the last snowdrift to give up its tarnished ghost. In short, New York had quite a snow-storm forty-seven years ago, and in the minds of the eyewitnesses it has not snowed since.

NOW that spring is practically here (as we write; there is no telling where it will be when we are read), we may as well review the blizzard situation and perhaps bury it without further obsequies. In January, 1935, there was a snowfall of some seventeen-odd inches, about three less than the fall of 1888. It is true that what was said to be snow and ice, though of an ominous dark color and worse consistency, remained horribly upon the New York streets for a month or more. But there was no appreciable stoppage of traffic, and the Drifter has heard of few cases in which city toilers had to stay home because of the snow or, once at their places of employment, were compelled to remain there a moment after the regular end of the working day. He did hear of a farmhouse sixty miles from the metropolis whose inhabitants were just saved from starvation by gifts of food dropped from the sky, or to be more precise, from a ministering airplane. And certain railroads, despite the lavish sums they had spent on snowplows, sent their trains tagging into the stations several hours late. But although the newspapers did their best to make a big story out of the storm, it seemed obvious that a foot and a half of snow in twenty-four hours does not, any more, turn New York City into a howling wilderness. If, indeed, it ever did!

THIS last is probably the rub. The Drifter is plain incredulous of the blizzard of 1888. Not having seen it himself, he takes with the usual grain of salt the tall stories about it that appear periodically in the public prints. He knows very well that if he had been in New York City on March 12, 1888, his own tales would have been surpassed by none. He would have lied gloriously about the size of the drifts and the congestion of the streets and the impossibility of moving an inch away from whatever front doorstep he happened to have reached when the snow began. But he would have been aware of the literary quality of his account, and would have taken as much pride in it as Paul Bunyan did, whose Blue Ox, Babe, ate four tons of grain at a single meal, and it took two men to pick the baling wire out of his teeth at meal times. What the Drifter would like to see is for the blizzard company to incorporate themselves as the Sole Survivors of the Blizzard of 1888

and of Baron Munchausen. Then they could describe their experiences not only with a proper flourish but with a clear conscience. Their difficulty now is that they are trying to tell the truth about what happened to them forty-seven years ago. Any lawyer can offer substantial proof that witnesses are unable truthfully to describe what they saw, heard, or felt last Wednesday, let alone half a century before. As a compromise in this situation, the Drifter suggests accounts of the big snow that fell two months ago. As it happened, he himself was present, and he can testify that the drifts were phenomenal, and that here and there automobiles were inadvertently parked on top of one another, so deep and hard-packed was the snow. If none of his readers can remember this marvel, he merely advises them to wait. Presently they will recollect the whole thing and will be telling the story themselves.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Father Coughlin Forum

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The hocus-pocus of national affairs has long held my attention, but never before has it come so close to home. Now, right at my door, thunders the magician of the National Union for Social Justice. Almost daily I witness his humble congregation disappear through the door that leads to the now famous Shrine of the Little Flower. The "citadel of social justice," I have heard it called.

Several days ago I wandered into the shrine. Father Coughlin was scheduled to preside over his regular Tuesday evening forum. The meeting begins at eight o'clock. An hour earlier the 700 seats are filled and 300 people are crowded along the walls and in the aisles. A sign prominently displayed reads, "Your donations make broadcasting possible." Ushers collect written questions and pass out membership blanks. Then comes a short prayer, followed by a collection.

Father Coughlin hurries on to the stage. He's been terribly busy, he explains. Senators from all over the country have been calling him to ask advice and to give him information. Oh, yes, he knows them all. The people around me are beaming. What a man!

"News! I have great news!" The crowd stops breathing for a moment. "The Senate refuses to go international!" A wave of applause. An old lady squeals with joy. I hear "God bless him."

Father Coughlin pushes a finger to the audience. "But," he cries, "our own dear Senators have gone international on us!" Hisses and boos. Groans. "Vandenberg, the man who owes his election to my secretary—he said so in his letter—turned traitor!" The performer is shouting. "Traitor! Internationalist! Wait until he comes back to us for election! I'm off Vandenberg and Couzens from now on, no matter what they do! We'll show them!"

The man leans closer to his listeners. He's going to let them in on some inside dope. "Shipstead called me a short time ago—Shipstead, an old friend of mine, an honest man—to tell me about a signed document in his hands. I'll tell you he has the document but," with a twinkle in his eye, "I cannot tell you how he got it. The document is signed by John W. Davis and Newton Baker, two internationalists, by Wickersham of prohibition fame, and by Colonel House, who is responsible for United States entanglements in European affairs. Do you know what's in this document?" The orator is erect, his arm

plunges forward, his fist is clenched, his voice thunders. "It proposes to take away the independence of our fleet! To join our fleet and the British into one! It is the work of the devil and the internationalists."

Rome against internationalism!

Now for the questions. "What is my stand on the child-labor amendment? I am not acquainted with the amendment personally, but I can quote you good authority. Bishop Gallagher advises against the amendment, for under it all children will be thrown under the surveillance of the federal government."

"Why, in the principles of the National Union for Social Justice, is no mention made of freedom of speech, press, and assembly? Oh, yes, Principle Number One amply guarantees these things." He has made short order of my question. I look again at Principle Number One: "I believe in the right of liberty of conscience and liberty of education, not permitting the state to dictate either my worship to my God or my chosen avocation in life." No use. I can't see it there.

"Will the wage-earner suffer under inflation? Inflation is a simple process, and the worker will be amply protected. I propose that if the money in circulation is doubled a law be passed at the same time doubling wages. We must not let the worker starve while those on top . . ." The questioning worker must remain satisfied. How simple our Father makes everything. A great man, indeed!

"Will the N. U. S. J. support unions in Detroit? We cannot dissipate our efforts in local affairs. Our interests are national. But the Union is in favor of unions, though not the kind that we have now. What we should have is a union for all the automobile workers in Michigan, one for all the bakers, and so on . . ." A man jumps up eagerly and asks if the speaker will suggest leaders for an auto workers' union in Michigan. There is a stir. The workers are interested. The Father hesitates. Do the workers really want him to suggest leaders? He has in mind three men who will be true to their interests. "Yes! Yes!" are the cries. The leaders are Mons. John Hunt, the Rev. M. S. Rice, Rabbi Leo M. Franklin. Heaven help the labor movement!

"Huey Long? What do I think of him? He is a much-maligned man. Don't believe all you hear against him. If Roosevelt continues to jump out on his promises we shall see things happen. I shall wait with my tongue in my cheek, but I want to say now that Huey Long is an honest-to-God devotee of social justice."

The meeting is at an end. The Father is called to the telephone. Some Senator is calling. I walk home slowly. The path along which the radio thunderer is traveling is more plainly marked than ever.

Detroit, Mich., February 28

H. M. BERG

Anti-Semitism on the Sea

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Passengers on the Swedish-American liner Kungsholm during a recent cruise from New York to the West Indies encountered a new method of dealing with Jewish travelers. For two years, according to an explanation made by the cruise director to one of the passengers, the line has been faced by a "problem" caused by the fact that many Jews who formerly patronized the German ships have been transferring to the Swedish line.

The method used in meeting this "problem" was not apparent at once to the traveler leaving New York. But he slowly became aware that the Jewish passengers, comprising 25 or 30 per cent of the entire passenger list, had been, with few exceptions, allotted their own section of the dining-room,

and that to a less obvious extent the same policy of isolation was followed in the allotment of cabins on the two lower decks. The cruise was advertised as a "one-class" affair, and the passengers were almost 100 per cent Americans.

Other steps were taken to shield Gentile passengers from association with Jews. Even in the aquatic sports, conducted by the assistant cruise director, "racial purity" was maintained, Gentiles competing against Gentiles, and Jews against Jews. When remonstrance was made against the un-American and inhospitable spirit shown to many of the Jewish passengers, some of the more flagrant abuses were corrected, but among the passengers, racial hatreds, so easily and needlessly aroused, were slow to cool. The ship proceeded through the placid Southern waters amid an atmosphere of bigotry that made a mockery of the widely advertised spirit of good-fellowship that is claimed for such cruises.

The appearance of anti-Jewish sentiment on cruise liners patronized almost entirely by Americans should be a matter of deep concern for those who are eager to preserve American principles. It would seem to call for prompt action by those who stand ready to repel Hitlerism in any form in which it may attempt to gain a foothold here.

New York, March 12

"TRAVELER"

Social Note

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Department of Labor has occupied its new mansion. Deep carpets, paneled walls, indirect lighting, a gold, cream, and blue auditorium with fluted pillars. Just like the movies, or a workingman's dream. Light, space, shower baths, warmth, luxury. On February 25 it was full of diplomats, high gov-

ernment officials, and labor leaders in cutaway coats. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, dedicated the new building. It was, she said, "full of grace, comfort, and efficiency." It symbolized, she continued, "the change that is coming over the lives and homes of working people in this country." A textile worker who was there disguised as a minor attache from Bulgaria tells me that what with plush carpets and upholstered labor leaders the place was so quiet while Miss Perkins was speaking that he could hear wages dropping as far west as Chicago.

Washington, March 1

N. R. A.

Critique

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The critique, if you can call it that, of my performance for the Group Theater, which appeared in your issue of February 27 has been called to my attention—and I am practically, but fortunately not quite, speechless.

The past few seasons have made it evident to me that the less said about dance criticism the better. However, when the critic stoops to the petty, abusive, envious, sneering, supercilious, and would-be superior level adopted by your Mr. Kirstein, it is time a halt was called. I will not speak here of the bias one can naturally allow a devotee of the "ballet," but "She is not hard to look at—once" and "Don't hit the comrade, she is trying" are remarks of a far more personal nature than should be given the privilege of your columns. There is no need for Mr. Kirstein to substitute insulting condescension for his mislaid critical faculty.

New York, March 2

TAMIRIS

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By DR. MILLARD S. EVERETT

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Labor and Industry

Will Rubber Snap?

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Akron, Ohio

THE paramount and perhaps the one incontestable fact in the current extremely critical labor situation in the United States (critical from the point of view of labor) is that the high officials of the American Federation of Labor—William Green and his “colleagues,” as he calls them—have done everything in their power during the last year and a half to prevent the emergence of a great mass labor movement in this country, and so far have been very successful in their efforts. A little more than seven months ago I reported in *The Nation* how the A. F. of L. bureaucracy had sabotaged the spontaneous and vigorous, if none too intelligent, rank-and-file movement in the steel industry. A few weeks ago I wrote about the situation in automobiles, where the A. F. of L.’s tactics evidently had also prevented the workers from forming effective unions. This is true in other important industries.

As is well known, the A. F. of L. is basically and essentially an amalgamation of craft or trade unions with the powerful old traditions of “trade unionism pure and simple,” while the overwhelming majority of workers in such industries as steel and automobiles cannot be organized except on the broad basis of industrial unionism. During the summer and fall of 1933, after the NIRA had virtually invited labor to organize, workers rushed into all kinds of unions. The big idea was “to get behind the President,” then widely reputed to be a friend of labor. Where there were no unions, which was the case in not a few important industries, the workers quickly formed new organizations. These were, for the most part, purely industrial unions organized by plants. Suddenly there was the danger, as it doubtless immediately appeared to the panjandrum of the A. F. of L., that a new labor movement formed along industrial lines would spring up and under the NIRA’s sympathetic smile become numerically and otherwise so strong that it would overshadow the old amalgamation, seriously reduce its membership and prestige, or possibly even swallow it up, thus playing the devil with the A. F. of L. officials’ high positions. Mr. Green and his side-kicks on the Executive Council had to act quickly to prevent any beginning of a rival organization. To this end they issued charters to hundreds of the new industrial plant unions and called them “federal unions”—most of them were led by rank-and-file men who knew as much about the A. F. of L. bureaucracy as they knew of Mr. Roosevelt and his cavalry general, to say nothing of other shortcomings. These unions, let me emphasize, were taken into the Federation, not to help them, not to use the powerful mass urge behind them to build up a great mass movement, but solely and simply to get them under control and keep them from growing and developing. Some may dispute me when I say that this was a conscious and deliberate policy on the part of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L.; no one, however, can deny that this is how things have worked out.

In no industry is this situation clearer than in rubber,

whose capital is the otherwise rather pleasant city of Akron, Ohio, home of the great Goodyear, Goodrich, General, India Rubber, and Firestone plants and of more than twenty lesser factories, together employing at peak production 38,500 workers.

In the fall of 1933, when the fame of the NIRA had reached its height, the A. F. of L. rubber unions had about 40,000 members, or approximately half of all the rubber workers in the country. Of these more than 25,000 were in Akron and its suburbs. The others were in the various rubber works in Indianapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, and elsewhere. The morale of the rubber workers was then higher than ever before or since. Both the morale and the union membership zigzagged downward in 1934 and are reaching new lows as I write this article. The main, indeed, almost the sole important reason for this condition is the American Federation of Labor, or, to be more specific, Coleman C. Claherty, the A. F. of L.’s official rubber “organizer” in Akron.

Mr. Claherty is a former sheet-metal worker who by playing the game has put himself in the good graces of Bill Green and the Executive Council in Washington. For many years he was the walking delegate of a union in Cleveland. For a while, too, he worked for John L. Lewis in the West Virginia coal fields. He is as smooth a specimen of labor “leader” as you would wish to meet. Scholarly and extremely dignified in bearing, speech, and manner, and claiming personal friendship with the president of the A. F. of L., he had for a long time no serious difficulties in manipulating the tragically inexperienced rank-and-filers.

Mr. Claherty appeared in Akron late in 1933 as a personal emissary of Mr. Green. Rubber labor, naively believing, like labor in other industries at the time, that the government was behind it and that the President needed unions to back him in his plan to compel the industrialists to treat labor decently, was militant as never before. Claherty’s job ostensibly was to “advise” the leaders of the new unions; actually, he was there to “pack ice on the hot heads” of the militant rank-and-filers, some of whom considered themselves competent labor leaders (but really weren’t) because they had been members of miners’ organizations in the West Virginia, Ohio, and western Pennsylvania coal fields, whence they had come to Akron after having been frozen out of employment in the declining bituminous industry. During the peak-production period of the late winter and early spring of 1934 the unions and thousands of union members as individuals clamored for action, wanted to organize the industry 100 per cent, and mutinied against their vague and invisible shackles. A great many workers did not join because they feared the employers, who disapproved of unions. The thing to do was to force the companies to recognize the organizations. Then everybody would join. Let’s strike! Compel the bosses to recognize the union! A general rubber strike in Akron appeared almost a certainty every few weeks, but Claherty,

preaching patience and faith in the President while engaging in inter- and intra-union intrigue, prevented it each time.

In January a year ago two hundred rank-and-file leaders, representing nearly every rubber plant and shop in this country and a number in Canada, assembled in a "rump" convention and attempted to form an international amalgamation of rubber unions along industrial lines, but Claherty cleverly smashed the convention and with it the effort to form a great rubber workers' amalgamation, and subsequently succeeded in having the leaders of this movement expelled from their respective federal unions.

In February, 1933, a strike threat at the India Rubber Company plant in a suburb of Akron brought union recognition and small pay increases. Toward the end of the winter other strike stirrings were put down by Claherty's promise to call a "legal" national convention to form an international union with a broad industrial base. Of course Claherty found all sorts of excuses for inaction.

Meanwhile the rank-and-filers, with the seeming approbation of Claherty, drew up a set of demands, which the unions approved, to be presented to the Rubber Manufacturers' Association. The manufacturers refused to receive the workers' delegation. This, on top of all the rest, made a strike imminent in mid-May, but Claherty managed to pack more ice on the hot heads till the fact that the slack season had arrived became apparent to everybody, and a general rubber strike in Akron was unthinkable.

None the less, 1,100 workers of the General Company walked out spontaneously early in June and maintained strong picket lines for six weeks despite the regional labor board's pleas for arbitration, which were seconded by Claherty and additional emissaries of Mr. Green from Washington. The strikers gained a partial victory in spite of the slack season since the other unions vigorously supported the strike both with money and on the picket line.

Wherever possible, Claherty forced out the original rank-and-file leaders and put in their place as local leaders his own henchmen, whom he developed as he went along. In mid-spring the so-called United Rubber Workers' Council was set up, supposedly to create an alliance between the craft unions within the industry in Akron and the actual federal locals, which then comprised about 90 per cent of the rubber workers. Claherty's intention in this move, it now appears, was just the opposite. He didn't want the rank-and-filers to start something similar. He was made president of the council, which was composed of seven members only one of whom was an honest-to-goodness industrial rubber worker. The other six represented crafts in rubber. The sop tossed to the big Akron rubber locals was two ex officio members on the council!

The workers' restlessness continued and grew. The plants speeded up production, until last year, with improved machinery and methods, one worker did the work done by two in 1920 and for approximately the same pay that one received fourteen years ago. Efficiency engineers swarmed about as they still do, instructing everybody how to work harder but not mentioning any increase in pay. (The average rubber wage is between \$800 and \$1,000 a year, although the company estimates are higher. Hourly rates run between 60 cents and \$1, but the long seasonal lay-offs, usually beginning in June, accelerating up to August, and continuing till January, make the annual wage extremely low. Also, some

of the tasks in rubber production undermine the worker's health. Tire-builders, for instance, are good for about eight years, after which they are replaced by younger men. The use of sulphur to compound rubber fills the factories with stench and dust.) Mr. Claherty still preached patience.

Last fall, after the membership of the Goodrich local had dropped from 8,000 to less than 4,000, with corresponding declines in other unions, Claherty pressed a fight for elections through the National Labor Relations Board. These were granted for the Firestone and Goodrich locals in December. The Goodyear local, fearing to test its waning numerical strength against the company union, which is sixteen years old, made no request. The Firestone and Goodrich companies tied up the elections in the federal courts.

Then, three days before Christmas, Firestone laid off 325 men in the battery department, which was the stronghold of the union. Indignation ran so high that a strike vote meeting was forced, but the motion for a strike was defeated by a slight majority. Since only 625 men attended the meeting, the union suffered serious impairment of prestige. It goes without saying that the "czar," as the men are commencing to call Claherty, did his part to sabotage the strike. He was the chairman and gave the floor mainly to his attorney, who counseled no strike, more patience.

There still are some militant rank-and-file leaders in the unions, and not a few of those whom Claherty ousted maintain contacts with union membership. But sad facts stare them in the face. Last year the Firestone local, for instance, had within its fold about 75 per cent of the 9,000 workers in that plant. Now it hasn't more than 2,000 members, and more are dropping out right along. Less than a year ago the Goodrich local had 8,000 out of about 9,600 Goodrich workers. Today, as already stated, it has only half the number. The Goodyear local, I am told, is "sure" of only 2,000 out of 12,000 company employees. Yet it is admitted everywhere in Akron that a year ago a program of real action led by the A. F. of L. could easily have unionized every factory practically 100 per cent.

But bad as the situation unquestionably is, a good many rank-and-file unionists—or progressives, as they are beginning to call themselves—maintain that although the A. F. of L. "leadership" has done untold harm to the spirit and solidarity of rubber labor, everything is not yet lost. In the past six weeks criticism of Claherty has become extremely outspoken among the workers, and a rank-and-file group headed by progressives is threatening to make a clean break from the A. F. of L. control and start and lead its own strike during the current high-production period. A good strike, they believe, would galvanize all the unions into the old mood for action. "If we don't do something soon," one man said, "demoralization will deepen and more men will leave the unions." Another progressive laborite said: "It is very possible, maybe even probable, that if something is started here before long, a majority of workers in Firestone, for instance, will walk out—they'll walk out spontaneously, despite the terrible decline in their organization, just as the General workers walked out last summer. This is peak season now. This is the time. In May it's liable to be too late. The strike idea is gaining. And if we succeed in pulling a strike, the chances are that we'll have not only a rubber strike but a city-wide strike, something like they had in 'Frisco last year. Claherty and

the other conservatives won't be able to control things. The working people are sore as hell, not only those in rubber but those in the crafts in town, which are well organized and, except for some of the leaders, good outfits. Also, in a suburb here we have one of the national centers of the match industry, where labor is pretty sore, too, and stirring; and if we pull something in rubber, it's more than possible that the match industry will be touched off."

The rubber labor situation in Akron no doubt is very tense. The workers—like workers in many other industries and towns—are "sore as hell" or at least "pretty sore." They are full of grievances, not only against the companies and the A. F. of L. domination, but also against the government. Section 7-a, they believe, was a joke, and Roosevelt has decided to cooperate with big business. One worker with whom I talked, however, blamed labor in general and the A. F. of L. in particular for the collapse of 7-a and of Roosevelt's pro-labor policies. "Roosevelt," he said, "must be disgusted with the A. F. of L. I don't blame him for ignoring it in the matter of the automobile code. From now on it's up to the rank-and-file bunch, and we should say, 'To hell with Claherty and the A. F. of L.' " The recent admission by Francis Biddle to the Akron rubber workers that his NLRB was powerless to help them or any labor group had a very deep effect.

One left-wing laborite connected with the Workers Party of the United States believes that Akron will be both the Toledo and the San Francisco of 1935. Maybe so. I don't know. There is a very real probability that the tense rubber situation will snap some time during the current high-production season. Possibly soon.

On the other hand, important factors in the situation

are working against the strike. Beneath the soreness of the workers and the intensity of their feelings against the A. F. of L., the companies, and the government, there is a lot of bewilderment, not only among the workers in general but also among the progressive leaders. Many of them have no real understanding of what has happened to them. Few have had any experience in strikes. Then, too, the workers are all too painfully conscious of the fact that the companies are prepared to meet any big upheaval with ruthless power. They are aware of the elaborate espionage system in the plants and throughout the city. Also, there is not too much money in the union treasuries. And suppose a rubber strike should provoke a city-wide strike—what then? There are comparatively few Communists in Akron, but the newspapers and the "patriotic" element will be certain to brand any real strike as communistic and un-American, as they did in Toledo and San Francisco. Would they, the workers, be able to withstand that? And isn't it possible that the big companies, in case of a great strike in Akron, would transfer their production for the rest of the year to Detroit, Indianapolis, and Los Angeles, where rubber labor is mostly in company unions or poorly organized?

All these misgivings, the rank-and-filers readily admit, are valid. "But," they say in effect, "we are forced to make a decision soon. We're at the crossroads. An open struggle against the industry for our elementary rights offers us partial hope of victory. A continuance of submission to the A. F. of L. policy will mean that the rubber workers' union movement which began in 1933 will be done for for years to come, or forever. If we don't do something soon, if we let Claherty run things, we may as well all join company unions and have 'slave' branded on our miserable hides."

Because the Judge Says So

By HEYWOOD BROWN

VICE-CHANCELLOR BERRY, of New Jersey, has just granted one of the most sweeping anti-labor injunctions ever issued in America. This temporary injunction was issued at the request of the trustees of the Newark *Ledger* against the Newspaper Guild strikers. In addition to the all too familiar provisions against picketing and talking to "loyal workers," the Chancellor has added two sections which should be of vast interest not only to labor groups but to liberals and newspaper publishers and radio stations.

Vice-Chancellor Berry has undertaken to restrain strikers or strike sympathizers from using the radio to say anything "annoying" to the trustees of the *Ledger*. "Annoying" is a very broad word. As a matter of fact, when anybody over the air says something quite contrary to your own beliefs or opinions, he generally annoys you. The word is sufficiently elastic to deny to the Guild all use of the air as a medium. It sets up a lone judicial officer as a sort of one-man radio commission. Unless this ruling is speedily knocked on the head it is hard to see how anybody can talk about the freedom of the air and still keep a straight face.

The publishers come into the picture through still another clause. This forbids the distribution of the *Guild*

Reporter specifically, but also includes any printed material carrying "misleading" information about the *Ledger*. Here again we immediately leap into the field of opinion. The *Herald Tribune*, for instance, carried, the day after the injunction, a statement from the president of the American Newspaper Guild which said that Vice-Chancellor Berry's injunction was a tyrannical act of judicial power. It takes no great stretching of the Chancellor's ukase to bring the conservative *Herald Tribune* itself into danger. The opinion of the Guild president may be misleading in the mind of the jurist. People distributing the paper could then quite readily be cited for contempt of court.

And it is not unfair to point out that within the last twelve months the public has heard a great deal about the freedom of the press from newspaper owners. When the National Labor Relations Board decided against Hearst in favor of Dean Jennings, Howard Davis summoned all the publishers of the country into a convention and intimated that they would probably walk out of the newspaper code in order to defend the freedom of the press.

I am quite ready to admit that Mr. Davis probably is utterly sincere in his feeling that codes constitute a danger to what he calls the freedom of the press; but sincere or not,

the phrase will have a hollow sound unless newspaper proprietors are prepared to defend the principle even when the danger to their own properties may be only potential.

For instance, it would seem logical for the owners of great and stable papers to join in the protests of small and feeble radical or liberal sheets which fall under some form of legislative oppression. Generally speaking, this has not been the case. Now, we can't quite be expected to grow excited over a freedom of the press which concerns the *Chicago Tribune* but has nothing on earth to do with the *Daily Worker*. It is a poor principle which fails to form a circular path and embrace all possible potentialities.

Perhaps the most arbitrary thing in the Berry injunction was the provision against loitering anywhere in the neighborhood of the *Ledger*. At the very beginning of the strike the Newark Guild hired strike headquarters in a room over a restaurant situated next door to the office of the paper, which was a natural enough spot to choose. Now the strikers are in doubt as to whether they may use the quarters they have contracted for, or even enter the restaurant to buy a cup of coffee. The man who goes down the street a little slowly may be considered by some policeman to be loitering.

In fact, I think this is the crux of the argument against the labor injunction. It imposes a wholly impossible duty upon the cop. In Newark, now, he must look at newspapers and see whether or not their news stories are misleading. It is part of his function to tune in on broadcasts to determine just what is potentially annoying, and with a stopwatch precision he must gauge whether a man is walking briskly toward his legitimate destination or loitering.

I say there is no sense to it. For instance, when an employer gets a temporary injunction he argues his necessities and very often receives relief from the court. In this preliminary hearing only one side is represented. It isn't enough to say that the labor group gets its chance later on in the argument as to whether the injunction should be made permanent—often there is a lapse of ten or twelve days, and an injunction which completely cripples a strike for as long as that generally defeats it. Obviously new legislation is needed.

The injunction remains almost the only kind of legal procedure in which the damage is done first and the corrections, if any, follow after.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, will bring out this month a new book, "Soviet Journey."

JAMES RORTY, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," has been traveling through the West investigating social and economic conditions.

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite," "Laughing in the Jungle," "The Native's Return," and "Grandsons," his first novel, which will appear on March 20.

HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist of the *World-Telegram*, is the president of the American Newspaper Guild.

H. M. PARSHLEY is professor of zoology at Smith College.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

ALLEN TATE is a Tennessee poet and critic.

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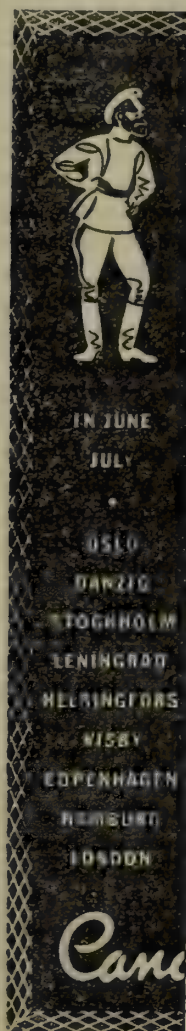
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Biography of Typhus

Rats, Lice and History. By Hans Zinsser. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

UNDER the horrific title which Dr. Zinsser has chosen with the usual laboratory worker's scorn for the layman's squeamishness, he takes opportunity not only to tell the world about the subject of his research, typhus fever, but also to unburden himself of everything else that is on his mind, including a great fund of humor that only rarely becomes downright silly. The author has profited by his association with Professor W. M. Wheeler and others whom he mentions, and also shows signs of Menckonian influence, but all these things work together for good in the case of one who writes with a sound basis of common sense, knowledge, and originality, the net result being—in spite of the good doctor's protests—a first-rate example of popular science, together with an exposition of the author's views on art, war, the origin of life, great moments in the evolution of biology, religion, and the pathological determination of history.

The plan of the book is unique. It purports to be a biography but this is just the author's little scheme for working in his preliminary chapters on art, by way of apology for stepping forth in the role of biographer. Furthermore, if Dr. Zinsser were the biographer he pretends to be, he would never let his hero pale into insignificance as he does; for the louse, a lowly insect "belonging, strictly speaking, to the order of Anoplura," comes upon the scene in Chapter IX, before the poor hero has had a chance to do anything, and steals the show. The fact that this insect conveys typhus fever from man to man, or from man to rat to man, does nothing to diminish our common detestation; but the author, who through prolonged association has developed an ill-concealed affection for his little companion, makes so much of its innocent sufferings as man's fellow-victim of the typhus virus, and presents so grand a panorama of its historical degeneration from its "once free and liberty-loving" character to its present bourgeois state of parasitic content, that insensibly we come to share his enthusiasm, almost to the point of forgetting to recoil at mention of the word "lousy." And still the rat remains to be considered. Learned discussion of this rodent's history and classification takes us well past the middle of the book; and yet the author keeps stalling us off with pathetic appeals to our patience and sly efforts to play upon our human weakness for mere entertainment no matter what, like the vaudeville master of ceremonies whose star performer is not to be found. At last, in Chapter XII, the subject of the "biography" enters in person, and thereafter dominates the scene, with only occasional retirement in favor of Hippocrates, spotted fever, sixteenth-century warfare, Cortez, the Aztecs, the Thirty Years' War, soap and water, and the War to End War. Such is Zinsserian biography.

But let us go back to the earlier chapters in which the author reluctantly discusses various subjects "forced upon him" by circumstances. "The younger school of American biographical critics" infuriate Dr. Zinsser with their notions of art and science and their shallow dabbling in psychiatry; and he is equally disgusted with the novelists who sentimentalize medical research. Excitement and adventure, not service to humanity, he says, make men go into research on infectious disease, "one of the few genuine adventures left in the world." Whereupon the literary stooge enters and sets Dr. Zinsser off on his hilarious discussion of the relationship between science and art, in which he pays his respects to Edmund Wilson, Dr. Collins, Eddington and Jeans (who slide down from the cold heights

of mathematics into the warm vales of theology), "most of the modern literary critics," Joyce and Gertrude Stein, T. S. Eliot, saxophonic poetry, the idiot-child cult of literature, and the Reverend Dr. Fosdick. Science and art are not so far apart as the literary gentlemen seem to think; and nothing can stop the author from going on with his projected biography—if he ever gets to it. This doubt persists for a long time, as noted above, for first will come long and, one must admit, absorbing accounts of the nature and origin of life, the evolution of parasitism, syphilis, "new" diseases, the plague, the diseases of the ancients, and a view of what caused the fall of Rome that will be novel to most readers. It is only after this course of education that we are finally worthy of introduction to the louse, the rat, and typhus itself.

No one who buys this book will feel cheated, unless it be some Milquetoast who takes the author's advice and skips various portions; but, true to the traditions of the non-purchaser, the reviewer wishes to protest against the laziness of the author or the stinginess of the publisher, whichever is responsible for the lack of an index.

H. M. PARSHLEY

Mr. Laski Proceeds

The State in Theory and Practice. By Harold J. Laski. The Viking Press. \$3.

NO contemporary political scientist has analyzed the problems of sovereignty and the state with greater clarity and precision and with a finer sense for the actualities of political history than Harold Laski. In his most recent volume he does justice to his earlier philosophical and historical interest in the character of the state by a rather final and telling refutation of the metaphysical theory of the state as held by Hegel and Bosanquet. Thereupon he proceeds to elaborate his theory of the state in more consistently Marxian terms than in any previous volume.

In a sense this new book is a further development of the thesis presented in his "Democracy in Crisis." In that volume he contended that a socialist party in democratic countries must seek to gain power by democratic means but must not expect its opponents to acquiesce peacefully in its assumption of power. He maintained that British constitutional history offered some hope, but only a slight one, that the erstwhile ruling classes would accept their parliamentary defeat without seeking to retrieve their power through the prestige of the crown and their control of the army. In the new volume he underscores this conclusion and goes slightly beyond it. A ruling capitalistic class may yield outer breastworks to the pressure of democracy in its period of expansion. But in the period of its contraction and decay a moment arrives in which one further step in retreat would mean abandoning its "inner citadel." In that moment it will rather abandon the democracy which has endowed its foes with political power than sacrifice its economic and political position.

In this new presentation of the case the rather desperate hope that British constitutional history might qualify this pattern, entertained but not accepted in the earlier volume, is definitely abandoned. A more important element in the progression of Laski's thought is that he no longer insists upon the necessity of arriving at power through constitutional means in a constitutional state. He preaches no romantic insurrectionism or revolutionism—in fact, he sees the difficulties so clearly that he seems to have moments in which he despairs of the possibility of success for his cause—yet the more rigorous implications of his present thesis are clear. He writes:

It . . . is essential for any party which is seeking to transform the economic foundations of society to maintain as long as it can a constitutional order which permits it openly to recruit its strength. The alternative is its reduction, as in Germany, from a movement to a conspiracy in which its prospects are always a gamble upon the outcome of disaster to the state which has driven it underground. In any case, it will be difficult, in proportion as its success within the framework of constitutionalism is rapid, to prevent its opponents from striking first.

In other words, while Laski warned complacent Social Democrats against the possibilities of counter-revolutionary movements after a Socialist government's assumption of power, he now warns against such a possibility before, and because of the prospect of, a Socialist victory. In this suggestion he goes beyond the general thesis of the Socialist League. But in general it may be said that Laski's application of a more and more vigorous Marxism to the problems of British and American politics accurately mirrors, as it no doubt also guides, the drift toward the left in British radical politics.

Laski is a typical British Marxian, which means that he combines Marxian realism with a uniquely British insight into the complexities of politics. He thus tends to qualify some of the Marxian doctrines without losing their intrinsic worth. His analysis of the relation of a dominant economic class to political power is, for instance, more convincing than most Marxian analyses. In his conception the dominant class does not merely use the state to enforce its rule. "Rightly or wrongly the purposes of the state are always referred by those who operate its sovereignty to a criterion of good they are prepared to defend. The defense must be in terms of reason." Naturally the sovereign group uses force upon those who are not persuaded by their particular reason, since reason is always colored by interest. But Laski never tires of insisting that sovereignty, while resting upon force, nevertheless involves a moral quality. For the right to use force is given to a government only because men accord it a reverence and respect which transcends the mere fear of force and which would be destroyed if and when naked self-interest dictated policy. "This book will have been written in vain," he declares, "if it suggests that I cast any doubt upon the motives of statesmen. My argument is a very different one, that ideas of good are never absolute but relative always to a given economic environment. And I have urged that in this environment, the function each class performs in the economic system will, broadly, shape its ideas of good." This particular sentence follows a discussion of the change made in the land policy of Kenya Colony when British imperialists discovered that there was gold in Kenya and that their previously adopted generous land policy prevented the exploitation of these riches. It will therefore seem to the most rigorous Marxists as a rather too generous recognition of the sincerity of statesmen.

The recognition of ethical motives in politics is not always brought into strict conformity with the basic Marxian analysis of the class antagonisms within the state. Thus, for instance, we read on page 148:

We curb monopolies at every turn in the interest of the general consumer. We prohibit the practice of sweating in industry. Legislation like the factory acts . . . all show a concern by the state to subordinate profit-making to public welfare. As public opinion grows more enlightened we may expect that concern to grow, and as it grows the increasing tendency of state action will be to free itself from the bias of service to any special interest in the community.

On the very next page Mr. Laski says:

What we call, in fact, the growth of social conscience is simply the changed idea of established expectation which has been brought about by the class struggle. The owners of the

instruments of production are compelled to give way at certain points, even on occasion at critical points; but though they surrender the outworks, they do not yield the central citadel.

Both of these statements are undoubtedly true. But the first is not compatible with the second if the second is stated without qualification. This is not an important point. It merely reveals a seam in a garment cut on the whole from the cloth of Marxism but trimmed with insights taken from British constitutional history. Since the final product is extraordinarily impressive, more impressive in the judgment of this reviewer than similar but untrimmed garments, it is probably petty to call attention to the seam.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Center of the Language

A Winter Diary and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. The Macmillan Company. \$1.90.

LET it be said at the beginning that Mr. Van Doren's chief defect as a poet seems to be his ease of expression. It is, I think, justly suspect in this age; but to understand it one must remember the age of Dryden, when poetry was not scrutinized closely for its high moments; it was an objective art with the properties of rhyme and meter, and an expected level of diction as well. It was not a specific kind of experience. Any kind of experience could go into it; the whole range of thought and feeling, from emotion at high tension to casual observation, naturally went into verse.

Mr. Van Doren's poetry is of this order, and I think it is necessary to bear the point in mind before we can even begin to decide how good the work is. If we are suspicious of a mellifluous tongue, we are suspicious because poetry is no longer an objective art; we are not satisfied with a mere high level of technical performance; we deny that the properties of such a performance have any force of themselves, or that the means of the performance, taken alone, exist.

This is all very well; but let us glance at what Mr. Van Doren has actually done in four volumes of miscellaneous poems and in one long narrative. I believe that "Jonathan Gentry" received its due from one reviewer. I do not mean that other persons did not praise it; simply that Miss Marianne Moore alone saw in it a sustained mastery of narrative style that is said to be impossible today. The three volumes, "Spring Thunder," "7 P. M.," and "Now the Sky," contain, to our modern taste, much that is negligible. But it should be remembered that they contain nothing that is bad. And they do contain a great deal of poetry that is sound and distinguished.

We are not to suppose that Mr. Van Doren is the kind of poet who does not know his own best work; who needs an editor or asks his reader to edit him. It is rather that the indifferent bulk of his verse points to an approach to his material that is a necessary condition of his best level. He is the only serious poet in this country who is able to apply constantly, without the unease of the social and historical mind, a single and remarkably pure sensibility to a medium that he is able to take on the whole for granted.

From the three earlier books of shorter poems I could select twenty that are among the best contemporary examples of poetry. From the new volume I should select about eight. Of no other poet in his generation could more be expected.

The title poem of the present volume, for all its sensitive observation, its sustained tone, and its clarity of outline, seems to me to suffer the disability of most long poems of our time: it has temporal progression from scene to scene, but it has little dramatic force. It is a lyrical impulse extended and thinned out in a chronological outline that is not, properly speaking,

form. The same may be said of *The Eyes*—which, like *Winter Diary*, contains some of Mr. Van Doren's best writing—where the main symbolism runs off at the end into mere statement, a blurring of image that leaves the conclusion in the air.

The distinguished section of the book is *Return to Ritual*. These fifteen poems are a volume within a volume that I commend to the meditation of persons who demand of a poet, in his successive books, "growth" and ever some further novelty of style. In his best work over a period of ten years Mr. Van Doren has not "grown"; his style is essentially what it was in 1924. In *Why Sing at All*—

So will the vales be green,
And joy and desire stand up, and pride start growing

the general statement is not conceived in terms of anything that the poem allows us to know; it is a kind of statement that Mr. Van Doren did not permit himself in the early books; and if it is growth, it is to be deplored. But that he has grown in another sense, that he has steadily mastered a form that may be termed, I believe, the psychological lyric, and mastered it without any alteration of his original direction, cannot be denied. He is akin to Robinson in this, but not derivative of Robinson. In *This Amber Sunstream* the setting sun throws its slanting ray into a room; this is the last stanza:

Another hour and nothing will be here.
Even upon themselves the eyes will close.
Nor will this bulk, withdrawing, die outdoors
In night, that from another silence flows.
No living man in any western room
But sits at amber sunset round a tomb.

The poem is, I think, the high moment of the book. It should be read, of course, as a whole, many times. It belongs to no school; it offers no exciting new method to poets younger than Mr. Van Doren; it presents a common emotion in new but not startling terms, out of that common center of the language that few modern poets are able to master; and in the bald simplicity of diction the poet achieves an elegance of tone that cannot be explained as conscious style.

After this poem, it is, I fear, a little ungracious to discard all but a handful of Mr. Van Doren's thirty-four sonnets. Sonnet XXI is distinguished; three or four others reward careful study. But is not the sonnet inherently a romantic form? It states a crisis; the emotion is defined by means of counter-statement; this, at least, is the method of Shakespeare, who must be our standard. As I have said, Mr. Van Doren has a limpidity and an ease that long ago ceased to be general features of poetry; perhaps we should not ask him, a meditative poet, to sustain a long dramatic sequence of sonnets. But we shall continue to demand of him the kind of poetry that we find in *This Amber Sunstream*. We cannot decide absolutely how good it is; but if it is good, it is clear that it will be as good in 1980 as it is today.

ALLEN TATE

An Elegant Politician

Chester A. Arthur. A Quarter Century of Machine Politics.
By George F. Howe. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$4.

THIS is a sober and unbiased study of President Arthur—the first biography of him which has ever appeared. Undertaken obviously not to glorify him or to write him down, but to present the facts of his odd and little understood career, Professor Howe's book makes a genuine contribution to our knowledge of a period in American political history which is only just beginning to attract the attention of scholars.

Arthur himself was one of the few Presidents who turned out to be better than expected. He was an extraordinary com-

bination of a professional spoils politician and "elegant gentleman" in the best sense in which this term was once used. He was an excellent organizer of New York troops during the Civil War, modestly rendering really valuable military service although never going to the front, but he had been a mainstay of as crooked a political machine as New York State ever witnessed. He was rich, well bred, welcome in good society, and was even a member of the Century Club in New York, which also contained his chief journalistic and reform critics. Yet he attached himself to Conkling's "Stalwart" machine and became an ardent Grant man; during the years 1861-71 he exerted behind the scenes such an influence upon the Republican Party that the *New York Times* declared it to be greater than that of any other man. This was not, it explained, because he was a genius or brilliant, but because he had executive ability and a rare knowledge of men. In 1871 he became Collector of Customs, then perhaps the most powerful political office in New York.

Professor Howe has succeeded in telling clearly and interestingly the involved story of the political intrigues in the stormy years which followed, without, however, being able to throw much new light on events. He recites well the reasons for the removal of Arthur from the collectorship by President Hayes, and the break between Arthur and Conkling over the former's nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1880. The Garfield men insisted upon the nomination of a New York Stalwart to insure the loyalty of that faction. It was first offered to Levi P. Morton, who declined it, and then to everybody's amazement it went to Arthur—"the surprising nomination" Professor Howe dubs it. Naturally the defeat of Blaine in the contest for the first place on the ticket left bitter feelings, and when Arthur became President, there were no sharper and more hostile comments upon him than came from the pen of Mrs. Blaine, who could never forgive him for dropping Blaine as Secretary of State. It is a fact that all over the country many people believed that Garfield had been assassinated in order to put Arthur and Conkling in charge of the country, and it was asserted that the new President was "a low politician of evil objectives and great force." Ex-President Hayes wrote in his diary that President Garfield's death "would be a national calamity" because it would mean the accession to power of Arthur.

How admirably Mr. Arthur bore himself while Garfield's life slowly ebbed away, how he confounded his enemies when President by good appointments, by actually championing civil-service reform, by conducting the Presidency with great dignity and tact—even breaking with Senator Conkling and other old party associates—makes extremely good reading. It is noteworthy that it was Arthur who started us on the way to a big new navy, that he favored a much larger free list of tariff exemptions—so that he was accused of being a free trader—but finally, like so many other Presidents, signed a tariff bill containing much higher rates than he desired, and that he reduced the national debt by \$400,000,000. Strange as it seems today, his chief trouble was an overflowing Treasury! When he retired from office on March 4, 1885, he had the good-will of a large majority of the newspapers of the country. There remained for him then only fourteen months of life, as he died on May 16, 1886. President Arthur left astoundingly few personal papers; Professor Howe was able to trace only ninety letters, all others having disappeared, and there is no collection of manuscripts or documents of any kind.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Next week's literary section of *The Nation* will contain reviews of new novels, including Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "*He Sent Forth a Raven*," Louis Adamic's "*Grandsons*," Thomas Wolfe's "*Of Time and the River*," and others.

Films

The Uses of Humor

HOW false it is to maintain that humor, like love, poetry, and certain other rare commodities in this world, is altogether without use is one of the reflections that one is likely to take away from "The Whole Town's Talking" (Radio City Music Hall). This newest vehicle for the expanding talents of Edward G. Robinson is incomparably the most entertaining Hollywood offering of the season. For witty observation of the American flora and fauna, for rapidity of movement, and for general excellence of acting and direction, it can only be compared, among recent efforts in the comic field, with last year's "It Happened One Night." It matters little that it is built on one of the oldest conceits known to comedy—the notion that two people not of the same germ cell can so closely resemble each other as to be taken for one and the same person. The role that Mr. Robinson is required to play is that of a gentle, noble-minded, and very much harassed clerk in a large office who looks so much like the reigning "public enemy" that he is arrested on sight. In addition to the more obvious hilarities made possible by the situation, the story includes some bountiful satire on the efficiency methods of modern business offices, the collusion between big business and the newspapers for publicity purposes, and the stereotyped tactics of the police in their grueling of witnesses and suspects. But the situation also makes possible an almost surreptitious revival of a kind of appeal which one had believed that the League of Decency had permanently discouraged. The truth is that Mr. Robinson is much more convincing as the blood-thirsty successor of Little Caesar than as the mild-tempered little clerk from Wall Street. Somewhere toward the middle of the picture the atmosphere of genial satire that has been built up is pierced through by an easily recognizable note of a harder and more sinister quality. The scenes between the gangster Mannion and his double are certainly more notable for their sadistic fascination than for any elements of wholesome humor. The expression on Mannion's face after he has finished off one of his former henchmen in the prison yard is anything but pretty, and no subsequent comedy in the film wipes it from the memory as definitely as it is allowed to dissolve on the screen. In brief, the traditional comic device employed in this picture is really a cleverly inspired dodge, or, to use a possibly more orthodox underworld expression, a "blind" to confuse the unsuspecting cardinals and compilers of the League of Decency bulletins.

It may seem equally far-fetched to suggest a possible hidden purpose behind the somewhat dated humor of "Ruggles of Red Gap"; but the film, even more than the Harry Leon Wilson novel as one remembers it, stresses the advantages of what Mark Sullivan euphemistically describes as "the American system." Most of the emphasis, far too much for the humor of the occasion, is placed on Ruggles's triumphant rise from the rank of butler in a Western frontier town to that of proprietor of the Anglo-American Grill. In fact, Mr. Laughton's Ruggles is, on the whole, a rather pathetic creature. The best comic passages are those between Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles; and Roland Young is, as always, perfect in the very few scenes in which he is allowed to appear. But whether because of the lesson in American idealism just referred to or because of the strain of watching Mr. Laughton in an inappropriate role the picture falls short of recovering the pre-depression insouciance of the *Saturday Evening Post* classic.

WILLIAM TROY

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Drama Expatriates Again

IN one of our tabloids I notice the report that a play called "De Luxe" (Booth Theater) is a "society hit." Perhaps the tabloid doesn't know what "society" is, but if it actually does, then that mysterious entity is even worse off than this play about some of its members implies. For society's judgments I have no exaggerated respect, but I am loath to believe that even the best people can be taken in by anything quite so completely phony as this preposterous piece of romantic nonsense in which a group of gaudily unconvincing degenerates talk about their lost souls and wish, between drinks, that they could do "the decent thing."

"De Luxe" is portentously labeled "a play about the end of an epoch," but it is hard to believe that Louis Bromfield really took very seriously his part in its composition. Few persons, I should have supposed, are still very much interested in the more drunken expatriates reeling about Paris, but that is not the point. However unimportant they are, it would doubtless still be possible to write convincingly about them, and there certainly never was a time when a play like the present could have seemed other than the taudriest of inventions. Sometimes when the characters come out with biological remarks of extreme simplicity one seems to detect the hand of a rather retarded sophomore; at other times it is difficult not to suspect intentional burlesque, as I could hardly help doing when the irresistible Don Juan explained to a young girl bent on experiment that he might be a rotter but that he still had a respect for innocent virginity. Another big moment occurs when the leading nymphomaniac goes to "the wisest woman in Paris" to seek advice on the management of a restive lover and is told—you would never guess—that she ought not to let him see so clearly how much she cares. Surely reputations for wisdom must be easily acquired in Paris.

Possibly I do not know life. Possibly the worst of the expatriates really did behave like this, but I get my ideas from such sober authors as Michael Arlen, and his personages are not only prim but highly credible by comparison. Elsa Maxwell, obligingly played by herself, was to me the only character in the play who seemed at all authentic and in retrospect even she appears a little bit improbable.

"Petticoat Fever" (Ritz Theater) marks no epic in the development of dramatic literature but it is a source of at least reasonably innocent merriment. The author keeps to no style of comedy or farce and gets his laughs as he can. Nevertheless, he does get them in goodly number, and I found some good fun in his story of the solitary young wireless operator in a Labrador waste who comes to realize, amid the snow and ice, that his earlier youth had been insufficiently ill spent. Dennis King is pleasant if not particularly subtle as the young man in question, and the two young ladies who turn up at once are pleasant-looking even to eyes more accustomed than those of the hero to such sights.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Anyone who, in spite of language barrier, enjoyed the Habima performance of "The Dybbuk" or Maurice Schwartz's "Yoshe Kalb," will find in "Recruits" (Artef Theater) a moving and artistic spectacle. The Artef Theater is composed for the most part of a group of Jewish workers who have maintained a repertory playhouse for the past nine years. "Recruits," which is their first production of this season, is an admirable adaptation of an old Russian play. It deals with

a Jewish community's reaction to an order of Nicholas I demanding a quota of Jewish conscripts for a long period of military service. Although "Recruits" is not a propaganda play in any obvious sense, it is an ironic picture of class conflict within a small and supposedly homogeneous group. The settings, designed by Solotaroff, are remarkably expressive of the mood and spirit of the play and help much to integrate its folklore and theme.

M. G.

The Dance

The "Problems" of the Ballet

FOREMOST among the processes of vicarious atonement is the ballet. Are we physically sluggish after too many months of winter? Then let a few lithe experts on the stage be agile for us. Are we made poor in manners, through having dodged among traffic, pushed through subway crowds, and grabbed a bite on the run? Then let a dozen lovely young girls devote their entire day to modulations of the body, until they become miracles of gracefulness. Are we, who deal primarily with the *symbols* of production and distribution, inclined to lose our zest for muscular expression? Then let a special group be charged with the upholding of this function. Let them attain the acme of physical discipline, in behalf of our flaccidness. In this sense, the ballet is another world. If it is decadent, the decadence is not the fault of choreographer and dancer. The decadence arises from the fact that the great disproportion between the exertions of the performer and the languishing of the audience makes naturally for the *spectacular* kind of art, the Roman circus. We demand something like a good murder trial; we would look on in comfort while criminals are thrown to the lions. Unless the feats are extreme, we withhold our sovereign approval. And as a rule, we are more likely to consider it a feat when someone hurls himself violently through the air than when a delicate movement of the body from one balanced position to another is accomplished with calm felicity.

How did the performances of the new American Ballet at the Adelphi Theater meet these difficulties? First, we saw a "Reminiscence," a set of pleasant maneuvers which dualistically combined the conventional and expressive trends of ballet dancing. Atop a formalism surviving somewhat as a fossil from times when courtly criteria prevailed, we were given a bouquet of differentiated moods, mounting to a climactic ensemble of excitingly dispersed activity—a very pleasant display, danced to the display music of Godard. Next there was "Alma Mater," a decidedly effete satire on college life, which the public seemed particularly to like. There was an element of realism here, since the subject was chosen with reference to an aspect of contemporary life. But it was not danced by the exaggerated projection of naturalistic observations, as our good mimic comedians might have done it. Rather, the dancers seemed to have arrived at their studiously boorish gestures by the simple negation of their training in gracefulness.

Lastly came "Errante," a symbolic piece, depicting asperities encountered by a brave, determined, and lonely woman on the path of life, and incidentally affording Tamara Geva an opportunity to do some remarkable management of an abnormally long green train. The entanglement of streamers, as she was confused by the love of two men, was effective both visually and allegorically—and, likewise, the shadow of the lover unattainably mounting the rope ladder was appealing, though the loose end of the ladder wiggled with movements disturbingly irrelevant to the rhythms of the music (somewhat



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the same sort of discordancy as one suffers when, in Wagner, Siegfried's horse clumps unsympathetically across the stage).

Repeatedly the audience registered its enthusiasm—and rightly, for they were being treated to a rare form of workmanship. Yet I do not feel that the American Ballet has wholly solved its "problems."

The dance was originally religious. In the era of primitive magic it was as "practical" as medicine or chemistry; for in the savage schema of causality such benign events as the abundance of crops and victory in war could only be brought about by their symbolic enactment in dance form. Even the Mass is but a highly ritualized development of dance steps. In the irreligious present this magical importance of the dance has largely been taken from it. Only among the Communists do we find evidence that something of its primitive magical function can be regained. At the recent Hanns Eisler concert, for instance, a towering woman in stark costume and challenge-like postures seemed to be coercing history mimetically by her many physical variants of the clenched fist.

But if the magical function of the dance is eliminated, what do you have left? You can have courtliness, which is a troublesome offering in that its extreme grace and formalism are thoughts out of season. You can have allegory, or symbolism, which makes in the end for a few basic patterns of pictorial interest, the *spectacle*, with all that it entails in the way of decadence. Or lastly, you can have realism, which practically destroys the ballet as such. Among these, I suspect that realism is the most fertile. For hoary precedent, we can go back to the origins of the dance here also, as savages are reported to have taken delight in the choric reproduction of their occupational habits, and in naturalistic mimicry of animals. "Alma Mater" was a step in this direction, but a feeble one.

The way in which the felicitous use of the body could most instruct us, it seems to me, would not be by the creation of abstract loveliness, for which we are too damned unfit, but by helping us build anew from the areas of mimetic expression in which we still have some spontaneous experience. It might help us regain the use of posture and gesture by ritualistically projecting the ways in which we do actually move and place ourselves. It must be very patient, and not get too far ahead of us who are mimetically ailing.

My dog is a dancer. Not that he can pirouette on his hind legs—for I could teach him no tricks. But in the surprising way he conjugates, let us say, the verb "to eat." For the present tense he uses, quite literally, the act of eating. But for the future tense, to say "I will eat," he sniffs at his plate, glances ill-naturedly at the cat, and salivates. And to express the perfect tense of this astoundingly irregular verb, to say "I have eaten," he picks himself a cool spot under the porch, curls up, and goes to sleep. Dancing may be linguistically as versatile as that. And Malinowsky has noted, in his study of the Trobriand Islanders, that their actual linguistic structure retains much of this quality. Perhaps the dance can illuminatingly bewilder our linguistic habits of mind, and tends ultimately to become mystical, because it is thus always living in the "eternal now," making its pasts and futures by non-logical leaps into the present tenses of other verbs. As such, it is a most vital art—which leads me to vote that we are extremely lucky to have the American Ballet just as it is.

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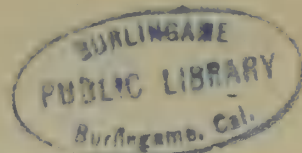
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The Nation

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THE WORLD'S first reaction to Hitler's bold rearmament program has been encouragingly moderate and statesmanlike. Great Britain has addressed a note of perfunctory protest asking whether the Reich was still willing to discuss such questions ■ the Eastern Locarno and a general armament pact. Having received an affirmative reply in record-breaking time, it is announced that Sir John Simon will make his trip to Berlin as planned. France is expected to file ■ formal protest, but is reported to be concentrating on plans for a new armament conference to which Germany would be admitted as an equal. While the seriousness of Germany's move is not discounted, there is ■ tendency everywhere to recognize it ■ a *fait accompli*. The main issue remains exactly what it was before Hitler made his dramatic gesture: Can Germany be brought into Europe's collective system of security, or must it be treated ■ a pariah among nations? Surrounded by an ever-tightening ring of hostile nations, Germany's own need for security has obviously increased. Whether the resurgence of nationalistic feeling brought about by the success of Hitler's coup will allow such action is, however, an open question. Unquestionably the danger of a competitive race in armaments has been increased. But as ■ reaction to this menace, there is the prospect of greatly increased cooperation between the

Soviet Union and the Western powers, ■ development which virtually assures peace in Europe as long as it can be maintained.

M. LITVINOV'S hint that military forces may soon be withdrawn from both sides of the Soviet-Manchoukuo frontier is welcome confirmation of the belief that the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway has removed the chief source of friction in the Far East. If war is finally averted in this area, credit must be given both to the skill of Soviet diplomacy and to the strength of the Red Army. Even in Tokyo it is admitted that the basic cause for the change in the Japanese attitude lies in the recognition of the virtual impregnability of the Soviet defenses in Siberia. Japan has particular reason to fear that in the event of war aerial bombardment would cause huge damage to its inflammable cities. Moreover, it has apparently recognized, somewhat belatedly, that even if it were the victor in such a contest the reward could scarcely equal the cost, while defeat would mean the destruction of the Japanese Empire. Since negotiations on the sale of the railway have been on the verge of completion for several months, it may be assumed that the improved outlook in the East is not to be attributed, even indirectly, to the new crisis in Europe. Nevertheless, the fact that there is no longer immediate danger of invasion by Japan should greatly strengthen Moscow in dealing with Hitler's latest challenge.

THE REVOLT of the Cuban people against Mendieta has been put down with a ruthlessness that surpasses even the notorious butchery of Machado. For a few hours it looked as if the general strike might succeed. Schools and government offices were closed, transportation was interrupted, and private business at a standstill. Then the full force of the army was called into action to break the strike. Workers were driven back to their jobs at the point of the bayonet; those who refused were arrested or, in some instances, shot in cold blood. Bodies have been found on the streets of Havana with as many as forty bullet wounds, apparent victims of the "law of flight." With all constitutional guarantees suspended, homes were raided and hundreds of arrests made of men suspected of sympathy with the strikers. For the first time in Cuba's history civilians are being tried by military court martial, where even the death sentence is not subject to review. The labor unions which participated in the strike have been dissolved and their funds seized by the government. Universities and industrial schools have been closed by presidential decree. As the result of these terrorist methods the American-picked Mendieta has unquestionably strengthened his position. At the same time, he has apparently succeeded in uniting all the divergent and even hostile factions which oppose him. It is difficult to believe that Mendieta will succeed as a dictator where Machado failed. The fact is that he probably could not hold office a week without the active support of the United States. For while it is to the credit of the Administration that no American troops were used in putting down the re-

volt, it is significant that Mendieta is the man whom we recognized with such unseemly haste, after refusing for four months to recognize his predecessor, and there has been no mention of withdrawing that recognition despite his admitted inability to maintain power by constitutional means.

THE WAGNER LABOR BILL is not arousing enough enthusiasm in the Senate to justify a prediction that it will pass, and we are informed that its chances are not favorable. The sudden about-face of Senator Wagner on the prevailing-wage clause in the work-relief bill looked as though it might be his contribution to a bargain with the Administration in return for its support of his labor bill. But no bargain has been made, and whatever hints of help the Senator has been given are neither binding nor substantial. The White House will not put its weight behind this bill, and is content to let itself appear friendly to it through Miss Perkins. Madam Secretary, however, tempered her advocacy by urging that the National Labor Relations Board, if continued, remain administratively under the Department of Labor, a principle contested by Chairman Biddle and ex-Chairman Garrison. The only reason we can see for not giving the board utter independence is the poor one that control over it increases the power of the Secretary. The one startling development in last week's Senate hearing was that William Green of the A. F. of L. sided with Miss Perkins on this point. This also looked like a possible deal for Administration support but it is not so regarded in Washington. The interpretation there is that the A. F. of L. dreams of having one of its officials named Secretary of Labor. This possibility is another argument for an independent board.

UNLESS THERE IS MORE behind the conflict between Governor Davey of Ohio and Relief Administrator Hopkins than appears on the surface, the public will wonder why the flag of political purity should have been run up only in Ohio. The charge against the Governor is that the funds for his campaign were raised by contributions solicited from business firms selling supplies to the state relief administration. The FERA has taken over the entire administration of relief in Ohio. The issue is a splendid one, and we are all on the side of Mr. Hopkins. But we wish to see it fought out everywhere. It goes to the root of political corruption in that parties have to raise funds somehow and as a rule receive them from persons who make donations in self-interest. The Ohio merchants and manufacturers who were to earn a presumably legitimate profit by selling supplies to the relief administration are no different from ninety-nine out of a hundred contributors to party funds in general, not even from wealthy nitwits who make handsome contributions in hopes of becoming ambassadors. If Mr. Hopkins had talked over the Ohio situation with that prince of realists, Mr. Farley, we imagine he would have been advised to be more interested in feeding the poor than in disinfecting campaign contributions. Mr. Hopkins in his press conference at Washington stressed the fact that he had not consulted Mr. Farley. We believe him. Governor Davey, outraged at having his morality in politics described as sinful, is trying to lure Mr. Hopkins to Ohio to defend a suit for criminal libel. If he cares much about purity he ought to go.

THE WAR between science and religion is an old story, but now science has a more newsy war on its hands. It is with agricultural production. Its first skirmish is now scenting the halls of Congress with gunpowder. The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture is the scientific battalion under attack. In drawing up a recommended dietary scheme for various incomes it had the impiety to suggest that as the means of a citizen increase he should cut down the relative amount of cereals in his diet and spend more on fruit and vegetables. The millers of America, already sensitive about the drift from carbohydrates in the nation's tastes, at once swarmed to the attack. They backed an amendment to the appropriation bill of the Department of Agriculture which provided that no money shall be paid to an employee who asserts "that it is harmful or undesirable to use any wholesome agricultural food commodity or any manufacture thereof." By the time the amendment reached the floor of the House the warriors of science had added a clause sanctioning assertions about balanced diets. The divine-right agriculturists fought to delete this but they lost. Science, however, was not strong enough to kill the absurd amendment altogether. The battle now shifts to the Senate, where the agriculturists hope to put a stop to the government's suggesting to people that white flour and other cereals are not good for them in any quantity they can buy and stuff down.

WE UNDERSTAND that in Racine, Wisconsin, every newsstand copy of *The Nation* of February 27 was bought up almost as soon as it appeared. We wish we could take this phenomenon as a sign of our popularity in the Land of the Progressives, but we have convincing reasons for believing that the copies were bought not only by eager readers but by certain important persons bent on thwarting eager readers. It was that issue which contained the sensational but true account by Hans Christian of the downfall and capture of Nick Bins, kidnapper of Communists, who was shown to have had the active help of the town officials in his work of running the reds out of Racine territory. According to the Federated Press, copies of that issue of *The Nation* are still available at the office of the *Racine Day*, the labor weekly. We extend our thanks to the *Day* for its co-operation; in case the supply runs short we can supply additional copies by return mail. Mr. Christian's article, by the way, closed with the following sentences: "A weighty file of evidence showing the need for a special prosecutor in the Bins affair was presented to Governor Philip La Follette by a committee of the League Against Fascism. He granted a long and courteous audience—and promised nothing." It is a sign of the widespread interest in Governor La Follette that we have received letters inquiring what, if anything, he has done in the case of Nick Bins. So far, we regret to say, we are unable to give a satisfactory answer.

THE MENTALITY of a section of American trade unionism is revealed by the action of the United Mine Workers in supporting Senator Guffey's bill to "stabilize" the bituminous-coal industry. To be sure, the bill appears to provide the machinery of government control in establishing a National Bituminous Coal Commission. In substance, however, it aims at cartelization, frank, complete, and unqualified. The bill authorizes a National Coal Producers'

Board to allocate maximum tonnage quotas to twenty-four separate districts. Several district coal producers' boards, in turn, allot quotas to each of the mines operating within their districts. No one can open a new mine or, indeed, enter the industry except upon a finding by the National Commission that "market requirements" justify such action in the public interest. Minimum f. o. b. coal prices, determined by "average production costs," are to be set by the district boards. The National Commission passes not upon minimum but upon maximum price schedules, as submitted to it by the district boards. The commission must at all times take care to establish prices which are sufficient to provide "a fair return" on the investment. To preserve to each district the ownership of its own markets, the various district boards may get together to "correlate" prices. In order to qualify for the benefits of the code, producers must observe a set of collective-bargaining requirements similar, in effect, to those of Section 7-a. Apparatus for the adjustment of labor relations is also to be established. Here, of course, is where the U. M. W. A. stakes its claim. For the sake of strengthening its position with respect to independent labor organizations on the one hand and anti-union operators on the other, Mr. Lewis's union is prepared to fasten a full-fledged monopoly upon the American consuming public. Bituminous coal is an industry which is no doubt sick from a surfeit of competition. But it does not follow that coal producers should be given monopolistic powers.

WE HAVE BEEN CONSCIOUS of the absence of such things as jobs, money, foreign trade, disarmament, peace, and visible house numbers, but it remained for the Daughters of the American Revolution (New Jersey Society) to direct our attention to the absence of flagpoles on federal buildings. Being fundamentalists, the ladies found a first cause: this distressing condition is the result of "insidious propaganda" which presumably has found its way into the brains of official architects, causing them to make "a change in the design of federal buildings, which have been recently erected with no provision for flagpoles." There ought to be a law, said the D. A. R., requiring all federal buildings to fly the American flag "every day in the year except on Sundays or in rainy or stormy weather." We should go much farther. We should make it mandatory for all official architects to graduate from the school for patriots recently projected by Colonel William A. Mitchell of West Point. At a dinner of the New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, the Colonel asked the establishment of a civilian college that would teach unquestioning patriotism along with academic subjects and immediately discharge all students with "any ideas to the contrary." Its trustees would be chosen from the various patriotic societies, and its purpose would be to counteract the sort of vicious organized propaganda that causes architects to leave flagpoles off public buildings. Meanwhile, until the first class can be graduated, we suggest that all D. A. R. members be equipped with flagpoles and required to run up a flag at sunrise every day.

FOLLOWING CHARGES by the American Association of University Professors that freedom of speech was a purely academic privilege at the University of Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania legislature has decided to lift the

American-renaissance lid of Andrew W. Mellon's Cathedral of Learning to see what makes it tick. The university gets its chief financial support from the Smoky City's steel and oil barons, but as it is not averse to accepting state aid also, it must explain the circumstances surrounding the resignation of Professor Ralph E. Turner and eighty-three other professors during the past five years. Chancellor John G. Bowman has explained that Professor Turner was forced to leave because he had criticized organized religion in the classroom. But the investigators for the A. A. U. P. learned otherwise. The Chancellor admitted, their report says, that Dr. Turner was not told that his contract would not be renewed until a month after the normal time for such action, because "the university was just starting another campaign for money to complete the Cathedral of Learning and the trustees did not want to be embarrassed by the undesirable publicity which they feared might be caused by Dr. Turner's dismissal." The report also finds it significant that it was not until Dr. Turner became active in the work of the Pennsylvania Security League, a liberal, pro-labor, pro-consumer organization seeking progressive legislation, that his position was jeopardized, and quotes Dr. Bowman as saying that Dr. Turner was one of Pitt's "ten best" teachers. The report points out that Dr. Bowman at no time mentioned religion to Dr. Turner, even when the latter asked point-blank why he had been fired. The testimony of scores of Pitt teachers finally impelled the lower house of the legislature to vote a five-man inquiry into conditions at the university, which may reveal many more interesting details.

BECAUSE THEY DID NOT OBEY an injunction ordering them to rescind their strike order at the Glen Alden Coal Company's shafts, forty officials of the United Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania and their relatives, including three women, have been sentenced to indeterminate jail terms for contempt of court in Wilkes-Barre. The court order is the climax of more than two years of bloody warfare in the anthracite fields. But like other uninspired attempts at arbitration, it has failed to end the strike or solve the difficult situation. Indeed, sentence had hardly been passed upon the union leaders when a fresh outbreak of dynamiting occurred in the Wilkes-Barre area, and a railroad bridge across the Susquehanna was badly damaged. The rebel union's answer to the Glen Alden injunction and the court's action is to broaden its activities, and it is now drumming up considerable support for a general strike in the anthracite region. From all indications in Wilkes-Barre it is well able to swing such a strike. If it succeeds in doing so, more than 30,000 angry miners will walk out—and with justification. The injunction itself, issued by Judge W. A. Valentine, is one of the most grossly unfair ever issued. To rescind the Glen Alden strike order, as the rebel chiefs have pointed out to the court, is beyond their powers. Moreover, the insurgent miners have had no official reply to their request for National Labor Board elections to determine whether they are actually a majority in the Wilkes-Barre district, as they claim. Such elections were vetoed by the Anthracite Conciliation Board, which for thirty years, the strikers charge, has been playing the game of the operators. If a general crisis is to be averted the federal government must act. The least it can do is investigate the union's charges against the Anthracite Conciliation Board.

Hitler Liquidates Versailles

ADOLF HITLER has administered the *coup de grâce* to what remained of the authority of the Versailles treaty. By a dramatic act he has officially announced what everybody knew was under way—the complete rearming of Germany—and has capped it by an impressive military parade down Unter den Linden. The master showman of Europe has not only thrilled the German people and fortified himself more strongly than ever by his announcement that Germany, by its own act, has struck off the chains of Versailles; he has administered a bitter dose of humiliation to the former Allies and victors. By their own words he has convicted them, exhibited anew their failure to live up to their own promises to disarm, and upon that basis justified the arming of the German nation in complete defiance of its treaty obligations. It is an act as bold as it is defiant. And it is a challenge to the Allies which destroys the world of illusion in which they have been living and compels them to decide what their attitude is to be toward a Germany far better armed and trained and far more militaristic than the pre-war empire.

Once more the mills of the gods have ground not so slowly but exceeding fine. The peace of vengeance, of arrogance, of hypocrisy, created by a little group of five men behind closed doors and offered to the Germans as a *fait accompli* which they had nothing to do but to sign, has avenged itself upon its makers. Today it is Germany which is on top. The successors of the Big Five or Four, excluding America, are face to face with the alternatives of accepting the new situation in Germany and encircling that country with an iron ring, or resorting to measures short of war which may lead to war. That they will choose the latter we cannot believe. A Clemenceau, a Foch, a Poincaré might have been tigerish enough to have attempted it; fortunately for the world their successors are not of their type. Indeed, as they contemplate the admitted fact that Hitler's rise really dates from the day of the illegal and uncalled-for French invasion of the Ruhr, they ought to realize pretty clearly just how far force gets them. But nothing can conceal from the world today the fact that the allied nations through their own blunders have been undone and humiliated by a simple defiance on the part of the country which was supposed to have been demilitarized, disarmed, and disinfected of its militaristic germs for all time.

So today the dictator has achieved what he was after. From the very beginning the Allies have behaved as if they were planning to help Hitler to intrench himself in the regard of the misguided German people. What assurance have they that Hitler will not go a step farther when the time is ripe and undo the territorial provisions of the Treaty of Versailles? So the little and weak men who now guide the destinies of France, England, and Belgium, together with Mussolini, must now take a decision fraught with the most vital consequences not only for Germany but for all Europe. If they accept Germany's new armament, which is to be larger and much more powerful than that of 1914, with even the youth of Germany in arms, then we have the picture of a Europe in the grip of ever-increasing armaments

and military preparations, which Stanley Baldwin has declared must lead inevitably to the bankruptcy of some countries and to a war which our civilization could not survive. The encirclement of Germany may easily come to pass. What will that accomplish? It means ultimately greater hate and suspicion and distrust. The one way out the Allied statesmen will not take. They will not confess their errors, their follies, and their stupidities and agree even now with Germany to a 50 per cent or 75 per cent reduction of armaments. If they did do this, they could not deny it if Hitler should then roar to the German people that he had compelled them to do what they had failed to do of their own free will.

So we have now the complete and final demonstration of the futility of the World War and its unparalleled slaughter; of the utter failure of force and violence and death by the million to change men's minds and philosophies. Who recalls Woodrow Wilson's thanksgiving for our victory, written on November 16, 1918? "God has in his good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a mere relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of right. Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations." Never was there a more pathetic, more mistaken interpretation of a great event. The war did not end in 1918, for it was not ended in the souls of Woodrow Wilson and the others who made the peace. It may persist many more than sixteen years to come unless sanity returns to the world. Hitler may, indeed, drive Stalin, and Ramsay MacDonald, and Flandin, and Mussolini into a tight embrace. They cannot guarantee peace today. They have learned nothing from the results of the application to the German people of what Mr. Wilson described as "force without stint."

Our readers will perhaps pardon us if we reprint certain words that appeared in our editorial columns of May 17, 1919, immediately after the publication of the now dead Treaty of Versailles:

Such is the treaty which is to end a war fought to overthrow autocracy and militarism, and to enthrone democracy and peace. . . . The heinousness of its offending, the calculating harshness of its demands and impositions, the gross repudiation of moral obligations and good faith which it involves, its gross injustice to the Allied peoples themselves and to their moral standing, become only the more apparent as its terms are studied. It is a peace of vengeance, not of justice. . . . What will be the fate of Germany if the treaty prevails is, however, quite the least important aspect of the matter; the great and startling question now is what will be the fate of democracy, of political and economic liberty, of morals and ideals. . . . The meaning of the treaty is obvious. After nearly five years of strenuous effort and high expectancy, the hopes of the peoples have been destroyed.

Let Hitler, let Mussolini, let Stalin testify to the correctness of those words, which bore the caption "The Madness of Versailles."

The Case of Mr. Strachey

THE legislation permitting deportation of radical aliens is so drawn as to allow the Commissioner of Immigration free play for all his metaphysical potentialities. For the law provides that he may deport an alien "who believes in . . . the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States." Commissioner MacCormack, in the case of John Strachey, now awaiting a hearing on deportation charges, does not know that he believes, specifically, in the overthrow of the government of the United States. All he knows is a single belief, from which leads a labyrinth of deductions. It begins with Strachey's acceptance of the desirability of communism, proceeds to communism being based on the class struggle, then to the class struggle ending in the seizure of power, this taking place in all capitalist states, hence (among others) in the United States, hence in John Strachey believing in the overthrow of the government of the United States by force or violence. Whether or not John Strachey believes specifically in the overthrow of the government of the United States is an issue which, so far as the Commissioner is concerned, need not arise. If he believes in communism, he is led through the labyrinthine postulates and becomes deportable under the law. The Commissioner supports his web of reasoning on two assertions by Mr. Strachey, one of these his phrase "We Communists," the other, "I am a peddler of Marxism, not of pink pills." The Commissioner dismisses as frivolous Mr. Strachey's distinction between being a Communist in theory and being a member of the party, a Communist in action. Yet the distinction is fundamental so far as the law is concerned. Many a man believes in the inevitability of the coming of communism (hence of revolutions), approves of it, and prefers not to take any illegal action to hasten its coming. The Commissioner, however, will not honor such a preference. If a man considers something inevitable and desirable, he treats him as though he were going to act illegally to assist it.

The labyrinthine method of judging non-democratic aliens sets up a queer legal principle. Let us see how it would apply to others than Mr. Strachey—for example, the fascists of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University. They are aliens, they are fascists. Fascism stands for the overthrow of democratic government, hence of all democratic government, hence of the government of the United States; fascism also believes in the use of violence; fascists, therefore, believe in the overthrow of the government of the United States by violence. The Italian professors are using the Casa Italiana as a center for making propaganda for fascism; they are in the same position as Mr. Strachey. Hence they should be deported. The cases are identical.

Let us, however, take another case, that of an Italian citizen who comes to these shores to spend money examining our scenery. He lives in harmony with his government; he accepts fascism. Since he accepts fascism, he believes in the overthrow of democratic government, hence all government, hence . . . and so on. He too must be deported. What is true of him is equally true of any good citizen of Germany, or of Russia. None of them can be allowed a visitor's visa, and Commissioner MacCormack must build around this

country the first layer of the first Chinese Wall in our history.

It appears as though Commissioner MacCormack fell into his metaphysical labyrinth not because the law makes it mandatory on him to be ridiculous but because a "red hunt" is in progress, and the men who are conducting it, notably Mr. Hearst, show strength. This is a pity, for Mr. MacCormack has, in a broad way, been anything but metaphysical and muddled in his administration as commissioner. He had the decency to put a stop to the abominable practice of using the weapon of arrest and deportation of aliens in an altogether unprincipled manner. He permitted Tom Mann, Henri Barbusse, and Emma Goldman to enter the country, the law then being the same as now.

We believe that under this law there is no case against Mr. Strachey without absurd mental contortions and still more absurd consequences. But we also believe there is no case for deporting aliens who do, in fact, belong to the Communist Party, which is another matter, since Mr. Strachey admittedly is not a party member. *The Nation* is all for the maintenance of the government against violence from the right or the left. But we do not believe it is in danger from the Communist Party. We are not taken in by the faked hysteria of red-hunters who pretend they are afraid that the government may be overthrown. What they fear is not revolution but a change in the economic order, since capitalism is creating more squalor in this country than unhappy people will long bear. And they are striving to suppress civil liberties before these liberties have been exercised to deprive them of economic advantage. We infinitely regret that Commissioner MacCormack and Miss Perkins, who must bear the ultimate responsibility for the arrest of Mr. Strachey, should have lent themselves to this campaign.

The PWA and Recovery

IF there is little enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt's four-billion-dollar government-works program, which is about to pass the Senate, the Administration has its own ineptness to thank for it. Public works as a means of achieving recovery have been hopelessly discredited, not by any weakness in the plan, but by the fact that it has never been tried. Throughout the Hoover Administration there was much talk of meeting the crisis by public-works expenditures, but the actual outlay at the depth of the depression was less than in normal years. With the inauguration of the New Deal we were assured that at last a large-scale government construction program would be started. When it dwindled down to a \$3,300,000,000 appropriation, we were disappointed, but we now learn that of this sum more than one-third—\$1,116,850,000—is as yet unspent and that \$247,000,000 is not obligated in any way. No excuses which the Administration offers can convince eleven million unemployed that there has not been gross inefficiency and incompetence. Perhaps the best proof is the contrast between the government's procrastination during the past two years and its relative efficiency in organizing similar large-scale activities during the World War.

One of the most important arguments for public works as against the dole is that in addition to increasing mass

purchasing power they create tangible assets—houses, roads, parks, and research projects—which contribute to the national well-being. Unfortunately, however, this claim cannot be made for many of the expenditures of the PWA. Included in the \$3,000,000,000 which has thus far been allotted are such items as \$400,000,000 for the army and navy, \$13,000,000 for the administration of the NRA, \$1,000,000 for a corporation to sell electrical appliances, \$830,000 to cover the administrative costs of the oil code, \$500,000 for the Alcohol Control Commission, and \$1,500,000 for the General Accountants Office. Several additional millions have been set aside to defray the expenses of the Federal Power Commission and other government agencies. In addition, there was the “made work” of the CWA, defensible as a relief project but indefensible as public works. Even where PWA money has apparently been expended for legitimate projects in various localities, it has frequently gone merely to finance activities which had previously been supported by the state or municipalities. Is it any wonder that apart from a few roads and bridges, and the ubiquitous post offices, public works have brought little of lasting value?

The most shameful failure of the works program has been in connection with housing. Much emphasis has been laid recently on the fact that 60 per cent of America's homes are unfit for human habitation, and much has been said about slum clearance and vast housing projects. Yet recently, when the funds of the FERA became exhausted pending action on the work-relief bill, it was found that \$93,000,000 of the original \$150,000,000 which had been appropriated for housing was still unused and could be diverted to the FERA. The great housing campaign which was to provide wage workers and low-salaried employees throughout the country with up-to-date dwellings at a moderate cost has thus far produced exactly 124 homes. Residential construction, public and private, is at present less than one-ninth of the average of so-called normal years. Even if the entire \$150,000,000 had been spent in one year, it would represent only about one-fourth of the amount normally expended for housing each year in New York City alone. That these meager expenditures have neither brought recovery nor added noticeably to our well-being is not surprising. The wonder is that we still expect recovery without being willing to pay its price.

Holding Companies Must Go!

THE proposal to abolish holding companies of public utilities is the democratic answer to the cold fact that some ten holding companies today control four-fifths of the operating companies and generating capacity of the country, and have charged enough for their services to finance the most top-heavy of all the superstructures of twentieth-century capitalism. The pressure of stockholder and business opinion now being brought to bear on Congress to defeat the proposal is a clear class appeal: it is a demand for the right to continue charging for necessary services more than they are worth in the interest of a small group of privileged persons. Even the argument that the “good” holding

companies should be spared in the interest of innocent stockholders does not bear the test in most cases. A good holding company is one whose assets are good. If its assets are good, they will be quite as good if they have to be distributed. Shareholders will not lose by such a distribution if it can be carried out in an orderly way, which the Wheeler-Rayburn bill permits. Only a few holding companies are of real public service, and the bill permits them to survive. These are the instances in which there is an ownership of companies over an extended geographic area where unified operation is essential and where state laws prevent amalgamation. But in most cases in which unified operation is desirable, amalgamation not only is possible but ought to be enforced.

The argument that holding companies have proved their value by providing necessary financing is being pressed at Washington. It is not sound as a generalization. The assets of the superstructure consist only in the operating company. It is the one earning unit. The credit of the operating company is naturally sound. That of the holding company, one, two, three, or even half a dozen strata removed from the operating unit, increases in unsoundness the farther removed it is from the operating property. For the architecture of holding companies has the operating company as a base, and on this are built the corporations, in some cases as many as nine. It stands to reason that the earning base is most deserving of credit; the superstructure is an extravagance.

We are not unmindful that one or two of the holding companies are not to be tarred with the same brush, say, as the Insull pyramid. But this is not vengeful legislation, meted out as punishment, hence to be applied with differing degrees of severity. Shareholders in inflated companies already have lost, we admit, but we see no way for the government to recoup their losses except at the expense of the public. Yet the companies, which have become deeply involved in the ownership of each other and are allied with other business, now are marshaling almost the full business community to bring pressure on Washington in the interest of shareholders. The principle involved is a simple one: public utilities receive monopolistic privileges from communities, occupy the public streets free of charge, and enjoy the rights of eminent domain. They stand in a unique relationship with the public. This is not a conflict of the public with private business, but the regulation of a quasi-public service. The need for it can be illustrated by numberless chapters of the most fantastic aggrandizement. Congress should contemplate Associated Gas and Electric (not to speak only of the Insulls). Here two men started in 1921 with \$10,000 cash, and without investing any further capital were able to collect dividends of \$2,131,622 in the years 1925-32, and gain control over assets estimated at \$640,000,000. The write-ups of this group came to more than \$115,000,000. Judge Healy, testifying before the House committee, called the holding-company system “more or less a parasite and excrescence on the actual operating companies of the country.” President Roosevelt fortunately is of the same mind, and we believe the public wants this legislation as much as any single defensive measure proposed to Congress by the Administration. It is a belated but effective attack on the most brazen of the outrages committed by finance capitalism in the name of “rugged individualism.”

Issues and Men

The Dance of Death

TOKYO, JANUARY 28.—The Japanese people, Admiral Mineo Osumi, Minister of the Navy, asserted in the House of Representatives today, must be prepared to see through any naval race that may eventuate, 'even if we are reduced to eating rice gruel.'"

"**MOSCOW, JANUARY 30.**—The personnel of the Red Army has been increased from 562,000 in 1932 to 940,000 in 1934. Showing the suddenness with which the Soviet Union's military establishment has been expanded, M. Tukachevsky revealed that the military budget for 1934 had originally been set at 1,665,000,000 rubles but that the actual expenditures had totaled 5,000,000,000 rubles. The military expenditures will be 6,500,000,000 rubles this year."

"**WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22.**—The War Department appropriation bill, carrying one of the largest annual outlays for strictly military purposes in America's peace-time history, was passed by the House today without a record vote. . . . The bill as adopted by the House after five days of debate appropriated for the department \$378,734,448 for the fiscal year 1936. Of this amount, \$318,699,488 was described by the Appropriations Committee as being for strictly military purposes. The military outlay, according to the committee, is the largest with one exception since enactment of the budget law in 1921."

"**LONDON, MARCH 4.**—The British government today announced a new defense policy. From this the only inference to be drawn is that it has no faith left in any of the various existing or contemplated pacts for the peace or security of either Europe or Asia. The new policy, presented in the House of Commons in the form of a White Paper signed only with Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald's initials, sounds the knell of arms-reduction programs for this country. It calls for increases in the army, navy, and air force. . . . 'Nor,' it says, 'is the increase in armaments confined to Germany. All over the world, in Russia, Japan, the United States, and elsewhere, armaments are being increased. We could not afford to overlook this, and so had to begin to meet our deficiencies.'"

"**LONDON, MARCH 6.**—The estimated expenditures of the British navy for 1935 will be £60,050,000, according to figures presented in the House of Commons today. . . . This is an increase over 1934 of £3,500,000, which, together with the increases for the army and the air force recorded yesterday and Monday, brings the aggregate of the proposed defense expenditures up to £124,250,000 for all three branches, or £10,539,000 more than in 1934."

"**TOKYO, MARCH 8.**—The House of Peers enacted the 1935-36 budget today, giving final approval to the demands of Japan's army and navy leaders for the largest military appropriations in the empire's history. . . . The budget totals 2,210,000,000 yen (about \$600,000,000). From this sum the army will receive 490,000,000 yen (about \$142,000,000) and the navy 530,000,000 yen (about \$154,000,000)."

"**WASHINGTON, MARCH 8.**—The Senate ended a three-day battle over armaments today by voting a near

record \$400,000,000 for the War Department, with authority to increase the standing army from 118,750 to 165,000."

"**PARIS, MARCH 12.**—A bill submitted to the Chamber of Deputies today by Francois Piétri, Minister of Marine, provides for the construction of two 35,000-ton battleships. One such vessel is to be laid down immediately, together with two destroyers, but the measure stipulates that the Minister of Marine may make all arrangements for construction of a second 35,000-ton vessel as soon as international treaties permit. . . . There has been some discussion here of the advisability of constructing such heavy ships, but in view of Germany's pocket battleships and Italy's laying down of 35,000-ton cruisers the French argue that it is other nations that took the lead and that France has been forced into building up to the limit to keep pace."

"**BERLIN, MARCH 13.**— . . . the first official admission by the German government that it possesses bombing planes was made today in the *Deutsche Diplomatische Politische Korrespondenz*. This organ justified the open violation of the Versailles treaty on the ground that since the former Allies had refused to conform to their obligations to disarm, there was nothing left for the Reich but to take its own measures for rearming. . . . After pointing out that Great Britain and Italy agreed to the principle of a German defensive air fleet eighteen months ago, the *Korrespondenz* said cynically: 'The fact that the premises on which Germany would have renounced bombing planes no longer exist today must be charged up against the other powers. This renunciation was to have applied for two years under an understanding contained in the MacDonald plan that bombing planes were to be abolished all around. Instead of that, Britain and France, as well as the Soviet Union, have drawn up a program in which the systematic modernization and increased capacity of bombing planes play a decisive role. The British White Paper has destroyed whatever still remained of air disarmament. . . .'"

"**MOSCOW, MARCH 14.**—Notice that an increase in 'defensive measures' would follow in Soviet Russia if Great Britain made concessions to what were called Germany's plans of aggression was served today in an authorized article in *Izvestia*, the government newspaper."

"**BERLIN, MARCH 16.**—Adolf Hitler denounced today the Versailles treaty and announced that Germany will immediately reintroduce conscription and build an army of 500,000 men. Conscription will also be applied to the air force and navy."

These quotations speak for themselves. The dance of death, which can have only one result, is now on. There is, however, still time to protest to the President against these mad American increases. I hope everyone who reads these lines will do so.

Isaiah Garrison Killard

A Cartoon by LOW



PRIME MINISTER ONANONANONAN: Rather a statesmanlike plan of mine, that to discourage trade with foreign tribes, what?

CHANCELLOR UPANUPANUPA: "Especially while allowing our own people insufficient spending power to increase the Home market. In this way, O Wise One, we will accord with the will of Nature, which is to do a freeze."

Contemporary Washington

I. Please Excuse Miss Perkins

By PAUL W. WARD

DAILY there flock to Washington hope-sodden liberals seeking to bolster their dwindling faith in the New Deal by a first-hand inspection of its machinery. They used to come asking such leading questions as "What's happened to Hopkins?" "What's happened to Richberg?" "What's happened to Tugwell?" Now—even before they have flicked the Baltimore and Ohio's cinders from their mustachios—they stammer: "What's happened to Frances Perkins?"

It is a question prompted by the almost openly fascist turn taken by the Administration's recent activities in the crucial field of labor relations, and the answer to it is: "Nothing has happened to Fannie; she's just the victim of her publicists."

That's not a fair answer, but it's all the question deserves, for the question is based on a whole series of false premises. Chief among them is the belief that Miss Perkins is the Administration's No. 1 adviser on labor policy. In fallaciousness that notion is equaled only by the corollary supposition that, if she really were Mr. Roosevelt's No. 1 labor counselor, things would be different.

In view of the prevalence of both notions within as well as beyond the capital's gates, a realistic appraisal of Miss Perkins and her New Deal role is in order. We begin with the picture of her set down at the New Dispensation's beginning by one of her publicists, who signed himself "Unofficial Observer." It is typical of all the word pictures that then were drawn and that contributed vitally to the New Deal myth by making her appointment seem another bold assault by Mr. Roosevelt on the citadels of entrenched wealth. Said "Unofficial Observer":

Under Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor is for the first time in history one of the most important members of our government. . . . For the first time, the Secretary of Labor is not a mere union labor leader but a wide-awake representative of the interests of all the workers. . . . She is one more phase of the nemesis which big business has been storing up for itself. . . . She is . . . one of the deepest thinkers and boldest strategists of the New Deal. In her the seed of the Puritans flowers again in its finest form, stripped of cant and bigotry, ready to battle to the end for human betterment and asking no reward save the sense of having served.

That picture looks ludicrous in the frame of subsequent events. As the New Deal enters its third year, Miss Perkins is one of the least important members of our government, and any contemporaneous portrait would have to depict her not as the indomitable champion of underprivileged masses but as the Perfect Secretary, with chiaroscuro implications that her motto is: "See what the boss in the back room will have."

The "boss" in this instance is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Before him it was Alfred Emanuel Smith. Frances Perkins, or "Fannie," as the reporters call her behind her

ramrod back, has gone through life clinging to the coat-tails of some superior officer, usually a man. Like a good secretary, she always leaves important matters for her boss to handle, and that is why, though she said when she took office she wanted to be "Secretary for Labor," she has ended by being only another secretary for Mr. Roosevelt. He concocts his own labor-relations policies out of his vast experience with the teeming toilers of Krum Elbow, the militant laborites of banks and law offices, and the Navy Department's class-conscious admirals. Sometimes he lets a Johnson, a Wolman, or a Richberg stir the brew. Occasionally he lets Fannie lick the pan.

Fannie is not a policy-maker and never has been one. She lacks the imagination. More especially, she lacks the courage. Despite her Woman Militant hats, she is a peace-at-any-price person except within the privacy of her own office, where she rules over the affairs of underlings with Draconian ruthlessness. In her the New Deal's chronic infection reaches an acute stage. She suffers from a middle-class mind. That—with her lack of any marrow-deep understanding of labor's problems—accounts for her willingness to assist Roosevelt in applying his Boy Scout technique to the class struggle. It accounts for her almost pathological abhorrence of publicity, her fear of conflict, the dreadful chicanery of the "social security" program she helped to engineer, and her untiring ability to rationalize and excuse the ever-increasing number of betrayals that her White House hero has meted out to labor.

Her position with respect to organized labor is like the position of many adults with respect to spinach: they appreciate the vegetable intellectually but have no stomach for it. All but a very few labor leaders find themselves unwelcome in Fannie's office. It once took William Green, A. F. of L. president, seven weeks to get an interview with her, whereas professors and social workers can get her ear at almost any time.

The chief trouble with the union chieftains—from Fannie's standpoint—is not that they fought her appointment but that they want things done. All they ask is a few more crumbs for their wishful followers, but to Fannie's middle-class mind their petitions sound like demands for a whole chain of bakeries. With the social workers and professors she can talk for hours about trends and forces and long-range views. No decision bigger than one to make a study of this or a survey of that is required when the professors call. Like Fannie, most of them are Fabians, committed to the inevitability of gradualism, except that in Fannie's case the phrase should be reversed to read "committed to the gradualism of inevitability." Fortunately for the union moguls, who are not Fabians, they have one person in the Labor Department who understands their problems and, in fact, understands those problems better than most of them do. That person is Assistant Secretary McGrady. Unfortunately for him, on the other hand, his

very understanding of those problems and of the militantly aggressive action for which they call makes him suspect with both sides—with his chief, Miss Perkins, who keeps him under close surveillance, and with his former chiefs, those little business men who run the A. F. of L.

The only other person in the department with a sound grasp of the realities of the labor situation is the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, Isador Lubin. He, however, is rendered ineffective in that respect by Fannie's social-worker penchant for reducing all problems to a questionnaire or a set of statistics. Satisfying her appetite for indices leaves him no time for more important matters. No one should complain of that, for Dr. Lubin was brought into the department for the sole purpose of maintaining Fannie's reputation for statistical virtue.

Though it gained her a Cabinet seat, that reputation was three parts statistical and only one part virtue, and Dr. Lubin is having a hard time maintaining it. The latter fact has not become generally apparent. Fannie won a halo by repeatedly puncturing the statistical balloons sent up by the Hoover Administration, and the halo still lingers in the public mind. When she, as New York State Industrial Commissioner, was doing that sharpshooting, her boss, Mr. Roosevelt, was not regarded as a serious prospect for the Presidency. Naturally, therefore, the public overlooked the fact that, while Fannie aimed the gun and provided the ammunition, it was Mr. Roosevelt who pulled the trigger. The charge was accurate but the force behind it was political.

The shooting stopped when Fannie became Secretary of Labor. No more does she go out of her pristine way to demonstrate the increasing ravages of unemployment in the United States and to blow to smithereens statistical evidence to the contrary. If she did, she would expose her boss's claim that the New Deal has reduced the ranks of the unemployed by 4,000,000. Dr. Lubin, a diligent as well as distinguished economist, is not so easily satisfied. He has done a remarkable job of regenerating the Bureau of Labor Statistics and would tackle the unemployment compilation if Fannie would grant him the necessary facilities. She is an ambitious bureaucrat, anxious to see her domain enlarged, but she also is a shrewdly cautious one who believes a slow growth attracts less attention and therefore is more permanent. Her ambition-dictated timidity—her fear of losing more than she might gain through a bold move—thus limits the effectiveness even of the bureau that lies closest to her heart.

Her particular kind of timidity is most manifest on those occasions when she sees the gentlemen of the press. She would rather not see them at all, but that would be even more dangerous, for they would complain to her boss, who prides himself on the good relations between his Administration and the newspapermen.

When the first steel-code hearings were held, Fannie delivered herself of a soul-scorching attack on the steel bosses. It had been written for her by William M. Leiserson, now chairman of the National Mediation Board, and Fannie had sat up most of the night committing it to memory. It was a mistake. It presented Fannie to the nation as a fiery crusader against Big Capital—Fannie, who never had been able to stoke her fires bright enough to be even a feminist—Fannie the dowager, mother of a debutante

daughter introduced to society at Pierre's in the 1934 season.

It was a perfectly natural mistake, too, for Fannie never had been up against Big Capital. She was shortly to learn the difference between the little garment manufacturers with whom she had dealt in New York and the Myron Taylors, Tom Girdlers, and Walter Chryslers with whom she has had to deal in Washington. She had counted upon the vast popularity and seemingly vast power of her White House hero to overwhelm these Visigoths of industry. When she found them smirking instead of awed, when she found that despite the halo over the White House the steel barons would not consent even to sit in the same room with spokesmen for organized labor, she was stunned. Before she recovered, first Johnson and then Richberg had shouldered her out of her rightful position as No. 1 laborite of the New Deal. She was content to have it so as long as the situation did not attract public attention. Furthermore, she was serenely confident that virtue ultimately would triumph and that these pretenders would be ousted from her throne.

When a strike threatened in the coal industry and industrial recovery seemed menaced, instead of insisting that the steel barons, at whom it was aimed, be broken to the yoke of Section 7-a, she let the White House break the workers to the yoke of the recovery mirage. In that moment the New Deal's promise to labor was sundered, but to Fannie the noise was as of a pin dropping. Complacently she watched Johnson and Roosevelt bring into being the first of the New Deal's strike-breaking agencies: the National Labor Board, headed by the sentimental Tammanyite, Senator Robert F. Wagner, who less than a year later was to prevent a showdown vote in the Senate on his own Labor Disputes bill.

That first of the New Deal's strike-breaking agencies was created without benefit of statute or executive order. It was supposed to enforce 7-a but in actuality it served quite different purposes. It gave the fat burghers of the A. F. of L. another excuse to postpone the sweaty job of real organization. It doped the workers into a false sense of security. It persuaded them to abandon or put off strikes—to lay down their only weapon—and trust to the board and its elections to enforce their rights. Only labor and pitifully weak employers obeyed its edicts. Its decisions were thwarted by court actions or ignored entirely by employers, as were the decisions of all the other New Deal strike-breaking agencies that have followed in its wake.

The Wagner board has long since been dissolved and in its place a whole group of boards has been set up. The only difference between them and their predecessor is that they are non-partisan rather than bi-partisan and have their roots in a joint resolution of the House and Senate, drafted in June, 1934, to hide the Administration's unwillingness to put teeth in Section 7-a. Chief among these new strike-breaking agencies is the National Labor Relations Board. Its first chairman, Lloyd K. Garrison, after handing down a notable decision in the Houde case, was overcome by the futility of the whole proceeding and went back to his University of Wisconsin Law School deanship. Fannie, who had selected him for the post, watched his departure sorrowfully.

Because she liked Garrison, she followed his recommen-

dation in naming a successor, only to find that in Francis Biddle she had caught a Tartar. Biddle soon discovered what Garrison had discovered, but Biddle didn't go home. Instead, he stayed and fought. First he fought off Fannie's grip on the NLRB, which she had tightened in the interim between Garrison's departure and Biddle's arrival. Then he fought the Justice Department until it finally consented to prosecute the Houde case. Later he fought Richberg, the nation's newspaper publishers, and the White House itself over the Jennings case. Biddle had Fannie on his side in this fight, but the publishers had Colonel Louis McHenry Howe in addition to their news and editorial columns, and the publishers won. To please them, Roosevelt—in a letter that cleverly misrepresented the facts of the situation—stripped the Biddle board of what little power it had. Two members of the board resigned but were persuaded to retract. Biddle himself hung on to fight for passage of the Wagner bill when its sponsor reintroduced it this year and to facilitate that process by proclaiming to the nation that, unless it were passed, his board and all the other boards might as well pack up and go home. In so doing, he again clashed with Fannie.

The biggest of all New Deal labor betrayals—biggest because it has been doubled and redoubled—has yet to be mentioned. It came as early as March, 1934, when a strike threatened in the automobile factories, backbone of American industry. The Wagner board, then still in existence, took hold of the situation. Next Johnson took hold of the Wagner board, having first persuaded the White House that this was quite too important a matter to intrust to Bob Wagner and his confreres. The automobile manufacturers thought so, too, and walked out of the Wagner board hearing. There ensued days and nights of hectic dickering, in the course of which neither Johnson nor Roosevelt was able to get the motor magnates into the same room with the workers' spokesmen. There was table-pounding—and in the White House—but it was not done by Johnson or Roosevelt. Nor was it done by the workers' spokesmen. The automobile manufacturers would have nothing to do with unions and little they cared what Mr. Roosevelt might do about it. What he did was to set Johnson to whittling out a face-saving device.

Roosevelt sprang it on the nation and its workers on the night of March 25, 1934. From his White House study he announced an "agreement." Ostensibly it was an agreement between the workers' representatives, the manufacturers, and the White House, but there were no signatories, and a few months ago, when the workers announced their withdrawal from the pact, they were informed by both the White House and the manufacturers that their withdrawal affected the agreement not a whit. This agreement—heralded by the New Deal messiah as a great "experiment in social engineering"—set up the bi-partisan Automobile Labor Board and under it granted the automobile manufacturers the special privilege of dealing with their workers on a proportional-representation basis instead of the majority-rule basis decreed for all other industries by the Wagner board and, later, by the Garrison and Biddle boards.

Although it was announced as an agreement between the two parties to the dispute, the workers' representatives in fact had not approved it. Word of the White House's announcement reached them through newspapermen, and

for several hours thereafter it looked as though the labor leaders would repudiate the President. Bill Green, caught as much unawares as they, had to labor and sweat and bring forth his best "Stand by Roosevelt" arguments to persuade the auto workers' representatives to keep silent and by their silence give consent. It was almost midnight when he won his battle, and he won it by only two votes. Some forty were cast.

At this point Fannie comes back into the picture. It did not fall to her lot to name the Automobile Labor Board; that was Johnson's task. His choice for chairman fell on one of her heroes, Dr. Leo Wolman, whom she had brought to Washington to head the NRA's Labor Advisory Board. Wolman is a misunderstood man. Like Fannie he is the victim of his publicists. A classical economist, he was mistaken for a radical labor sympathizer. The mistake was due to his cynical manner and to the fact that for a number of years he had served the Amalgamated Clothing Workers as an economist. The capital press corps had no way of knowing that, as such, Wolman was just the Amalgamated's hired man, and that its high command more than once had occasion to say: "Thank God, Leo, you don't make our settlements for us." For Leo, even then, had a way of seeing things from the employers' side of the fence.

So, because it was Fannie who brought Wolman into the New Deal limelight and the warm confidence of Roosevelt and Johnson, we have Fannie to thank for the fact that Wolman on March 29, 1934, moved to Detroit and began this nation's first venture in government-controlled unionism. He is schooling both the workers and the manufacturers, while saddling company unions on the former. He is teaching the manufacturers how to substitute Roberts' Rules of Order for their industrial police with no loss in efficiency and substantial gains to their bank accounts. He is teaching the workers the etiquette of collective bargaining à la New Deal—how to avoid offending the boss by asking for a raise and how to be similarly nice about hours. Between classes he issues statements informing the world there is no cause for skepticism, collective bargaining has won the hearts of Chrysler, Sloan, et al. At least this much is certainly true—their hearts have been won by Wolman.

He also has won the heart of Mr. Roosevelt, and if Roosevelt is pleased, you may be sure Fannie is pleased. Later, when opportunity offered, she tried to put over a similar set-up in the steel industry, and when the automobile code came up for renewal in January, 1935, she made no move to abolish the Wolman board, although not only the saurian leaders of the A. F. of L. but every enlightened critic of the labor movement was crying out against it. She contented herself with suggesting to Mr. Richberg that he suggest to Mr. Roosevelt certain changes in the code's hours provision. She was left entirely out of the subsequent negotiations, and when they were completed was furious, not over their disgraceful results but over the fact she had had to obtain those results from the press.

Under the circumstances we are forced to conclude that though Fannie had the chance to become "the greatest Secretary of Labor in history," she is at this writing only the greatest since Doak.

[The second article in Mr. Ward's series, *The NRA—Haven for the Cake-Eaters*, will appear in the issue of April 10.]

Anti-Semitism Revives in Germany

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, March 10

SHORTLY before the Saar plebiscite German Jews, and with them the whole of European Jewry, experienced a renewal of hope for the future. The air was full of rumors of coming changes for the better in the attitude of the Nazi regime toward the Jewish problem. The newspapers even talked of a mysterious "concordat" between the Nazis and the Jews. For the first time since the Nazis came to power Jewish anxiety was replaced by vague optimistic expectations.

That these expectations were based more on wish than on reality goes without saying. Even those who were most optimistic admit now that their mood was caused primarily by the atmosphere that preceded the plebiscite. The moment was unique in Germany and in the whole of Europe. It was felt everywhere that the Saar plebiscite was going to be a turning-point and that liberalism would emerge in Germany. The Nazis were obviously uneasy about the outcome of the voting. There were fears that the vote for the status quo would be large enough to show that at least an appreciable part of German public opinion disapproved of Brown Houses and concentration camps. Influenced by their anxiety about the Saar, the Nazis displayed a changed attitude toward the Catholics, toward former liberals, and even toward the Socialists. Why not also toward the Jews? The trend in Germany before January 13 was clearly toward moderation, and German Jews took hope from it.

There were in addition certain specific manifestations in German life which could be interpreted by the hopeful as the beginning of a change in the Jewish situation. Chief among these was the increasing definite disgust of a certain section of German public opinion with the vulgarity and sadistic brutality of Julius Streicher's anti-Semitic activity in Franconia. It would probably be too optimistic to claim that even this group was entirely free from anti-Semitism, but it recognized that anti-Semitism had its limits and that Julius Streicher had trampled on all principles of decency and civilized humanity. His daily outpourings of libels against the Jews, his cruel hounding of every German suspected of entering a Jewish shop or of speaking to a Jew, his unceasing harping on the "Jewish rape of the blond Aryan girls," all these clearly indicated a diseased mind, and the more decent Germans revolted against his influence.

Before the plebiscite the revolt found forceful expression in a series of articles in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and that the newspaper was not promptly suspended for publishing them was a further hopeful sign for the Jews. Another reason for encouragement was found in a series of decisions promulgated by the labor courts of Berlin and other cities limiting the right of German employers to dismiss Jewish employees because of their race. The Aryan paragraph, these courts have ruled, applies only to state institutions and not to private enterprises, and they have sought in various ways to enforce this view. Again and again they have brought judgments against employers who had dismissed Jewish employees, often accompanying the verdicts with

pungent remarks which proved that the spirit of Julius Streicher was not yet the spirit of the whole of Germany. "There is no boycott in Germany against Jewish men and women working for their living," a labor court in Augsburg declared on a recent occasion while ordering the reinstatement of a dismissed Jewish clerk. "Even the so-called silent boycott which some Nazis are conducting against Jewish shops is directed only against Jewish ownership and not against Jewish workers."

This effort to restrict the application of the Aryan paragraph has not been made by the labor courts alone. The German Ministry of Economics from the first difficult days of the Nazi regime has striven to keep it within legal limits. First under Herr Schmidt and now under Dr. Schacht this ministry has served as a counterbalance to the terroristic anti-Semitism of Julius Streicher. It is well to remember that Jewish business has been molested less than any other Jewish activity. It is the Jewish intellectual, professional, and labor elements that have been suppressed and cruelly persecuted in Germany. Jewish business has been tolerated from the beginning, and that toleration has been rather on the increase since Dr. Schacht assumed power. Less important than these social manifestations of a moderated anti-Semitism but a contributing cause for hope was the incident of a speech which was delivered by Hans Blank, a Nazi author of note. In this speech, reproduced in the influential *Europäische Revue* and in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the speaker first let drop the phrase "concordat with the German Jews"; it was eagerly picked up by the Jewish press in Germany and gave definite form to the hitherto vague Jewish hopes.

But the results of the plebiscite dealt a severe blow to nascent Jewish confidence. Nationalism had scored a great victory; the Nazi regime had had its strongest confirmation since the Hitler election in March, 1933. What need was there now for moderation or for liberal sentiments? Had not reaction been fully justified by success? Whatever misgivings may have existed about the wisdom of the strong-handed Nazi methods speedily disappeared. The Saar plebiscite was in truth a landmark in European politics, but it was one which marked the strengthening of reaction and of undiluted National Socialism in every walk of German life, including, of course, its relationship with the Jews.

No sooner were the results in the Saar made public than the Streicher press launched a new anti-Jewish drive which for bloodthirstiness, ferocity, and revolting obscenity surpasses anything that even Streicher himself ever thought of before. The basis of the campaign is the cry that international Jewry, with "the Jew, Max Braun" (who is not even of Jewish descent), conspired to tear the Saar from Germany, but that the plot was defeated by the faithful efforts of Streicher and his helpers. All the fifty thousand voters for the status quo are said to have been Jews or Jewish hirelings. All the Socialists, Communists, and emigrants who worked against Hitlerism in the Saar were Jews. An illustration of how low this press has descended in its present

anti-Semitic attack is provided by the so-called "Jewish advertisements" in Streicher's *Stürmer*, through which Jews are alleged to advertise their wants. One such advertisement states that a Jewish family "wants a blond Aryan girl to minister to the wants of a sexually mature Jewish youth of eleven." Another Jew advertises that he sells "good Jewish wine colored with human blood." A third announces "lessons in the Talmudic lore pertaining to homosexuality." Several weeks ago one might have seen in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* at least some protest against such indecencies, but that still small voice of German conscience, too, is silenced now. Instead of protesting, the *Angriff*, the official organ of the Nazi Minister of Culture and Propaganda, has joined the *Stürmer*, as has also the *Weltkampf*, mouthpiece of Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's personal adviser on racial policy, and a host of other Nazi newspapers.

Nor is the drive limited to shouting and to propaganda. The unofficial anti-Jewish boycott has been revived with a force not known since April, 1933. The Streicher campaign of hounding personally every German who has dealings with a Jew is being extended from Franconia to the whole of Bavaria and, indeed, to the entire Reich. The so-called "racial science," which is the Nazi name for anti-Semitism, has been made a compulsory course of study in all the public schools of Germany. The official textbooks impart to German children such scientific information as "Jews are like leeches on the body of other nations. They break a nation like a tree and then like parasites live on its sap." Herr Frick, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, in an interview given to the Hearst press, prophesied that the new Nazi constitution would deprive the Jews of their civil rights, for according to the Nazi program there can be

no German citizen of Jewish faith. Jews would be treated as aliens in Germany, where they have lived for over ten centuries. Herr Blank of "concordat" fame has delivered another speech on the Jewish question, this time to representative publishers in Berlin, in which he blamed them for not having cleared their industry of Jews as thoroughly as have other German industries and professions. In short, the Jews in Germany, after having been left for some time in comparative peace, are now facing a new anti-Semitic drive which has all the ferocity, pitilessness, and brutality of the persecution which two years ago aroused the indignation of the whole world.

And so a pathetic hope has ended in tragedy. But the tragedy carries a moral which, if it does not compensate for the pain and the disappointment of a people harassed for the last two years almost beyond endurance, nevertheless has to be learned. It will be observed that the blasting of Jewish hopes coincided with the shattering of the broader hope for the gradual liberalization of Germany which Europe entertained for a while. Thus it has been emphasized once more that the Jewish problem in Germany is inseparably bound up with the general social and political problem and that no change in the Jewish situation is possible apart from a change in Germany as a whole. It is because this truth has been overlooked in some Jewish quarters that there has been a tendency to chase the various will-o'-the-wisps which mislead Jewish opinion with the false hope of a possible "concordat" with the Nazis. The present revival of anti-Semitism dispels these illusions and clears the way for the recognition that not until the Nazi system is either ended or revolutionized can there be any real hope for German Jewry.

The Build-up of Basketball

By LEFT WING

THERE have been several first-rate sporting pieces in the metropolitan press recently, among others an unsigned dispatch from Florida by an Associated Press correspondent who gave an amazingly vivid account of Sir Malcolm Campbell's second attempt to break the world's speed record for automobiles in his Bluebird car; but first place should go to Everett B. Morris for his basketball article in the New York *Herald Tribune* of Sunday, February 17.

This was more than a mere reporting job; there was indignation in it. Mr. Morris has seen the growth of that extraordinary sport which for want of a better name is called basketball. He laid about him with commendable vigor, naming names and places and stating facts. To be sure, he refrained from placing the blame where it belongs, on the shoulders of the college authorities. Instead, he contented himself with chastising that nebulous person, the spectator. Or, as he termed him, "Mr. Average Citizen." But his article was so detailed and so accurate that it were unkind to cavil because he did not go far enough.

Basketball was invented in 1891 by one James A. Naismith, a Y. M. C. A. man attached to the college at Springfield, Massachusetts. Only a retainer of the Y could

possibly have invented such a fiendish pastime, a game which in forty short years has been responsible for as many brawls, lost tempers, broken relations, fights, arguments, and discussions as any branch of athletics. Most of us are ashamed of our mistakes and try to hide them, but the inventor, now Dr. Naismith, actually boasts of the fact that basketball is played in countries as remote as Latvia, Turkey, Arabia, Madagascar, Uruguay, Bulgaria, and Korea.

The game is simplicity itself. Two hoops hang in the air at each end of the court, and into these hoops the players endeavor to toss the ball. There are rules. Of course there are many rules. Orsen A. Kinney, a former Yale star and coach, remarked: "There are lots of rules. There have to be rules or there wouldn't be any game." We shall take up the rules later.

The good Doctor, having perpetrated basketball on the populace, got himself attached to the faculty of the University of Kansas, a fact which may explain the growth of the sport throughout the Middle West. Since the war the conference colleges have been making it a sort of winter rival to football, with crowds of 15,000 persons at the big games in the field houses and gymnasiums of Urbana, Ann Arbor, and Columbus. It has much in common with foot-

ball, although football is termed a "contact game" and basketball is not. A contact game simply means that if a player is killed, the event is taken as part of the afternoon's fun. No one to date has been killed playing basketball, but injuries are as numerous as in football.

Furthermore, football takes both players and spectators into the open air, whereas basketball is played in overheated gymnasiums or field houses, in a dusty, smoke-laden atmosphere conducive to anything except sport. For this reason, and also because hockey is a great winter game in the East, basketball has been more popular in the West than in the East; the Eastern Intercollegiate League has been organized and reorganized several times, with numerous changes in its make-up. This winter an alert sports writer named Ned Irish suddenly saw promotion possibilities in the game and managed to sell the idea to Colonel John R. Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden. "Go to it," said the Colonel, and Mr. Irish, tossing up his newspaper job, set to work.

Now it's obvious that a college basketball team has no more place in a professional sports arena like the Madison Square Garden than a Jew in Hitler's bathtub. The lure of cash was too strong, however, for most of the college athletic directors of the metropolis, and Mr. Irish's clever sales talk persuaded them the thing would be a success. It was a success, too, far more of one than either the promoter or his chief imagined. Five doubleheaders, that is, evenings with two basketball games between well-matched college teams, drew 64,000 spectators, an average of 13,000 a game, very nearly a sell-out for the Garden each night. The season of eight games attracted only a handful less than 100,000 paid admissions and a wry smile to the face of Colonel Kilpatrick.

While most of the local colleges were appearing before immense crowds in the Garden, the Eastern Intercollegiate League was having one of its best seasons, with a close race for the title between Pennsylvania and Columbia. But Mr. Morris was distressed to discover that the sportsmanship, both on the floor and in the crowd, was by no means admirable. He mentions West Point and Annapolis as the only places where jeering and hooting at the opposing team is not tolerated from the stands and says:

Supposedly intelligent college boys behave at basketball games in a manner that would bring blushes to the cheeks of the bleacher-seat rooters in a professional baseball park. The undergraduates, to say nothing of the alumni, who ought to know better, jeer and boo every decision of the officials that goes against their team. They scream derision at adversaries who miss easy shots, howl like sandlot baseball zealots trying to rattle an opposing pitcher, in short, behave like rowdies.

Basketball is a no-contact sport. Supposedly. Let Mr. Morris describe the scene at Morningside Heights, where the good Dr. Butler believes in intercollegiate sport as promoting good fellowship among the participants:

When Penn and Columbia were fighting for the Eastern League leadership it looked as though they were playing football most of the time. Eventually players' tempers got out of control, fists began to fly, and the game developed into a brawl. The spectators, who had been howling incessantly and growing more excited over the spectacle, swarmed on to the floor and joined the melee. Unfortunately Dr. Butler could not be present. He was

addressing some kind of peace conference in London on the evening of this game. When the two college teams met last week in the play-off for the league title, both camps of warriors were afraid to intrust themselves to the mercies of the other's supporters, and the ludicrous spectacle resulted of their being obliged to face each other in the Rutgers gymnasium in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on neutral ground.

Basketball, because it is played indoors where spectators are seated on the floor close to the players, soon arouses partisan passions in the rabble, and the college rabble is no different from any other rabble. The difficulty is increased by the rules, which are in the same state of flux and change as the football rules and are open to any interpretation you choose to give them. Since basketball is presumably a no-contact game, murder is supposed to be forbidden. But in New York it is allowed if done in a nice, gentlemanly way. Knowing that fact, several Western teams due to appear in the Garden actually brought along their own officials to help the local authorities.

Before long other promoters, quick to observe how the game had caught on with the Garden following in Manhattan, began pushing it in smaller centers, openly buying up college players and even playing them under their own names, an act of frankness for which they deserve the thanks of us all. In the meanwhile a growing professional basketball league has come into being with teams in several Eastern cities. Apparently it is only a question of time when the Messrs. Irish and Kilpatrick will get their Hibernian noses together and instal a regular team in the Garden. Why should a professional promoter divide with the colleges when it is just as easy to keep all the gravy for his own stockholders? Those who know the Colonel say he is rather slow at figures. But he cannot be so slow as to muff that one. Basketball, more of a college game than either baseball or football ever was, seems destined to follow its elder brothers into the professional ranks.

College athletics today is in the control of thoroughly venal men who give lip service to the conventions and then spend their time grabbing money wherever they can find it. They have no hesitation about selling the boys up the river and allowing them to perform for the crowds in ball parks or sports arenas or wherever they can attract a gate. They have attempted to carry water on both shoulders, calling their intercollegiate sport program amateur and making it professional in everything but name, with paid athletes, games played before enormous throngs, and a professional atmosphere surrounding the whole thing. In fact, the only difference is that the profits go to the college athletic association instead of to a baseball magnate or the stockholders of Madison Square Garden.

Professional sport has a place in modern life; so has college sport. But the latter has no place in the halls of the promoter, nor is there any sense in considering football, basketball, or most collegiate athletic activities as amateur athletics. The municipal authorities, by their decision to tax Baker Field and other college sports arenas in the vicinity, show they realize this perfectly. The colleges stage a show for money, and they ought to be willing to compete with the theaters, the movies, and other attractions. Nor should they object when the crowd demands its money's worth, like any crowd that pays its way at the gates. The American genius for calling something by another name

to make it more palatable to the public is nowhere more evident than in college sport. An old schoolmaster of mine, who has lived in the atmosphere of schools and colleges for fifty years, said recently: "The United States has standards of value in only two things, money and athletics." If he had said money *in* athletics he would have been right.

In the Driftway

IT has been pretty well demonstrated that the American tradition is one of violence, as might be expected in a country whose history has consisted of two great phases of exploitation. Subduing the wilderness and the Indians required a quick trigger and an unquavering heart; subduing natural resources and keeping workingmen under control required even more subtle varieties of violence, and the American genius has not been found wanting in this respect. Yet the Drifter, never having been in the direct path of either the geographical or the industrial exploiters, is sadly out of line with the violent tradition. He grew up thinking it was disgraceful to be arrested. He is afraid of cops, and looks forward to the barricades in no very eager or belligerent mood. He resents his weak-kneed objection either to hitting or being hit over the head. And he is only partly convinced by the testimony of a labor organizer, who assures him from long experience that even a working revolutionist does not anticipate a battle with any pleasure but that the fear departs as soon as the shooting begins.

* * * * *

THE Drifter finds much more comfort in the thought that the generation now growing up will probably never be assailed by his puny fears. And he has had some rather impressive evidence that it won't. He recently found himself in a group which had been taking an active part in the Ohrbach strike. That picket line on Union Square became a sort of literary rendezvous where on any Saturday afternoon one might meet most of America's promising left-wing writers and their friends. (The change in both air and conversation must have been upsetting to those accustomed to viewing the revolution from the smoky and remote recesses of the literary tea.) The children were picketing too, and it was the mother of one of these children who told the Drifter a comforting story. Her son was one of a group of high-school students who joined the picket line one Saturday afternoon and in accordance with the usual procedure were picked up by the police for violating a particularly vicious anti-picketing injunction. The boy was held at the police station for several hours. Toward supper time one of his friends called up his home to inquire about him. "Did he get arrested?" "Yes," answered his mother. "Gee, that's swell," came the eager voice over the wire. "We knew he'd make it!" When, some days later, the mother suggested that it might be possible through a family friend to prevent his having to appear in court to answer charges, the boy was outraged. And it was clear that his anger was aroused not so much because of the suggestion of "fixing" as because of the public opinion he cared most about. What would the other kids say if he spoiled his police record after having achieved the distinction of being arrested?

TO be sure, not all the youth of America is as clear and certain and ready for the revolution. And on this score too the Drifter has convincing evidence in a letter written by a very young girl which has recently come into his hands.

I thought you might be interested to know that there is a growing Communist movement in the "younger generation." And also I don't know a single young person who isn't for the New Deal and Roosevelt.

Sometimes I get so mad at what some capitalists are doing to hinder Roosevelt that I seriously consider communism. But my cousin sent me a beautiful fur neck-piece for Christmas which makes me feel like a millionaire, so if I had my choice between being a Communist leader and a millionaire I'd probably choose to be a millionaire.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Great Human Figure

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You have suggested that I should write for the next issue of your magazine a short statement on what have been Justice Holmes's chief contributions to the law. To give this subject anything like adequate treatment at the present time is impossible nor could it well be done in any space at your disposal. Indeed, the extent and value of any individual's contribution to law is always difficult to measure. As Justice Holmes himself said in one of his speeches, "The glory of lawyers, like that of men of science, is more corporate than individual. Our labor is an endless organic process. The organism whose being is recorded and protected by the law is the undying body of society." Moreover, the value of any individual's contribution can only be judged with justice when sufficient time has elapsed for it to be viewed with the detachment and perspective that is beyond the reach of any contemporary. Nevertheless, it is right and proper that at this time in a magazine such as yours some mention should be made of Justice Holmes's work.

Some things we can say with reasonable confidence. He was one of the leaders in the use of the historical method in the study of law and the application of legal doctrines. He showed that, in his own words:

The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political theories, intuitions of public policy, avowed or unconscious, even with the prejudice which judges share with their fellow-men, have had a great deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed. The law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries, and it cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics.

What is here stated is now generally accepted, but in 1881, when the Justice's book on the common law appeared, this was not so. The application of these principles not only in the Justice's legal writings and his teaching at Harvard but afterwards in his judgments in the court of Massachusetts and the Supreme Court of the United States have been of infinite value in the development of the law. This value has been the greater because of the vitality and vigor of his style, which give his legal writings a foremost place among the classics of our law.

In that important class of cases which involve the relations of the courts to the legislative and other branches of the government, the Justice's wisdom and moderation have had

■ notable influence. Our system of constitutional law gives to our courts unusual powers. By giving to them the last word in the interpretation of the Constitution, it makes them over ■ large and necessarily indeterminate field the highest authority in the states and in the nation. Powers so great can only survive if exercised with careful restraint. As was said by Chief Justice Marshall, "No questions can be brought before ■ judicial tribunal of greater delicacy than those which involve the constitutionality of legislative acts." Justice Holmes always showed ■ great sense of that delicacy to which Marshall here refers. No one was less disposed to enlarge the judicial power beyond its proper bounds. He had a rare power of detachment and an ability to deal with the constitutionality of statutes when they came before him without regard to his personal opinion of the wisdom or value of the policy which they embodied. Throughout his judicial career he realized that "in construing the Constitution [we] . . . should remember that it is ■ frame of government for men of opposite opinions and for the future, and therefore not hastily import into it our own views, or unexpressed limitations derived merely from the practice of the past."

There is nothing new in these principles; they have been asserted by the courts ever since our government was founded. In practice there has been, and is always, danger of their being forgotten. Every law embodies some of the passions and prejudices of the time and is correspondingly shocking to other passions and prejudices. The peculiar service of Justice Holmes was in their consistent application by him and in their illustration through his historical sense of what lay behind both constitutions and legislative acts.

Throughout his career the Justice had a deep conception of the value of liberty of thought, of speech, and of action, and made plain that these things lie at the basis of our institutions. "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate." In a period in the world's history in which there is ■ marked trend away from the principles of liberalism upon which our government was founded, the value of such clear and vigorous expression of the old tradition is beyond dispute.

No one of these three services to the law was radical in its nature. There has been too great a disposition to emphasize Justice Holmes's dissenting opinions and to refer to him as "the great dissenter." He was never what the New Englanders call "a come-outer," ■ man whose passion it is to destroy existing institutions and attack existing faiths. On the contrary, he had little faith in the value of sudden change. He has himself stated his fundamental political creed:

I believe that the wholesale social regeneration which ■ many now seem to expect, if it can be helped by conscious, coordinated human effort, cannot be affected appreciably by tinkering with the institution of property, but only by taking in hand life and trying to build ■ race. That would be my starting-point for an ideal for the law.

Elsewhere he has spoken of an increase in civilization rather than ■ change in law as the most probable basis for any solid improvements.

Holding such views it was natural that his faith should lie in ■ wise development of what existed rather than in destruction. In time he will be recognized not as the dissenter but as an affirmant of existing institutions and one of the great conservative forces of his age.

Perhaps, however, Justice Holmes's greatest contribution both to his profession and his state and country has been his personality. His name will survive because he has been a great human figure more than by reason of the legal questions in

the decision of which he has had ■ part. The controversies which excite the passions of one generation are often forgotten in the next. The men who dealt with them at once nobly and faithfully remain to inspire succeeding generations. We know little and care less about the details of the Italian wars in which Bayard fought for France, but he will always remain the type of the high-minded and gallant soldier. The religious quarrels which were the chief interest of Hampton's and Falkland's time are hard for us to understand; much of the eighteenth-century thought that occupied Adams and Jefferson is to us unreal, but these men stand as types of high-minded and courageous statesmanship. Justice Holmes's greatest service as a lawyer was that he showed to all men that the law need not be a dreary competition of sordid interests and that "a man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere."

Boston, March 12

ARTHUR D. HILL

The Name of Carl Schurz

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Friends of German Democracy have learned through the newspapers of the protest signed by relatives and friends against the objectionable use of the name of Carl Schurz. Our association strongly condemns the use of his name by institutions controlled by ■ clique which is subservient to the tyrants and demagogues who rule Germany at the present time, men whom Carl Schurz, who fought in 1848 for freedom and democracy, would have combated to the bitter end.

The present policies of these institutions cannot be reconciled with the ideals and aims for which Carl Schurz fought all his life, and it is with the warmest sympathy that we join in the protest and demand that the name of ■ man whose memory is sacred to us be no longer used to shield institutions that further oppression.

New York, March 7

HENRY HILBERS, President
KARL KLUGE, Secretary

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a well-known London journalist who has given special attention to international Jewish problems.

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of "Dynamite," "Laughing in the Jungle," and "The Native's Return," has just published his first novel, "Grandsons."

HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist, is president of the American Newspaper Guild.

MARK VAN DOREN published last winter two new books, "A Winter Diary, and Other Poems" and "The Transients," a novel.

CARL VAN DOREN, critic and editor, published last year an anthology of "Modern American Prose."

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University and coauthor of "Modern Fiction."

FLORENCE CODMAN is head of the publishing house of Arrow Editions.

ANITA BRENNER, a student of Spanish affairs, contributes reviews and articles to various magazines.

MARY MCCARTHY frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

Labor and Industry

The Illinois Miners' War Goes On

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Springfield, Illinois

ON arriving in Springfield, which besides being the state capital is also the bituminous coal center of Illinois, I was told that the two-hundredth bombing in the bitter three-cornered struggle which began in 1932, involving two labor organizations—the old United Mine Workers and the insurgent Progressive Miners of America—and the coal operators, had occurred a week or two before. The night before my arrival, as I read in the local papers, a guard at the Woodside mine of the Peabody Coal Company had been killed in a shooting fray in which he had engaged with a number of P. M. A. "strikers," who with 13,000 other miners have been on "strike" against the companies and the U. M. W. now for thirty-three months. The Woodside mine guard was the thirty-fourth person to die in this war. The number of wounded runs into hundreds.

Thirty-odd bombings and about a dozen killings have occurred in Christian County alone, not far from Springfield, where fighting of one sort or another has been almost uninterrupted for three years, and where just now the hostilities are especially intense. Lately fourteen bombings were perpetrated on the Chicago and Illinois Midland and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads, which handle coal mined by men in the United Mine Workers' unions, while the fifteenth bomb was discovered in the nick of time only a week or so before my visit to the region. Whole strings of coal cars and separate cars carrying coal and other freight have been blown off the tracks, and in two or three cases the tracks have been torn up. Twenty-odd freight cars have been totally demolished. Not long ago a railroad trestle at Crandall, near Springfield, was wrecked.

In a number of these recent cases it was established that the bombers employed stronger stuff than the ordinary blasting powder used in coal mines, and some of the "jobs" have been characterized by the authorities as "thorough, brainy pieces of work." The wiring and timing were perfect. No lives were endangered, but over \$150,000 worth of property damage resulted. Now, in consequence of these blow-ups, railroad bridges for scores of miles through Christian and adjacent counties are guarded night and day by armed men, and at night powerful electric lights glare under them. Driving about in the region I was reminded of Macedonia, where in 1933, when I was there, the Yugoslav government had a gendarme posted every mile or so along the Belgrade-Saloniki railway, fearing attacks by the *komitadji* from the Bulgarian border.

The coal and rail companies of Illinois take other precautions, but trains, tracks, bridges, trestles, and cars on sidings go up anyhow. To date no one has been arrested for these bombings. Early in the year the local authorities sent a special committee to Washington to confer about the situation with Attorney General Cummings, who a few weeks ago sent to Illinois a crew of federal labor-trouble agents with instructions to get the dynamiters. So far the government sleuths have been unsuccessful, and the betting

is they will continue to be so, although the Springfield newspapers are predicting arrests.

A year ago the Sangamon County authorities organized a "secret six" committee, patterned after the famous anti-crime group in Chicago, with the special task of finding out who was responsible for the bombings in that county. The committee received too much publicity; their names became known, and they gave up the work. It was too dangerous.

Governor Henry Horner, a former judge and a well-intentioned middle-of-the-roader, took a hand in the mine situation immediately after assuming office on January 1, 1933. He wanted the United Mine Workers and the Progressive Miners to get together and settle their differences. He got nowhere, except in bad with both sides, one of which—the Progressives—denounced him in their official organ as a dirty Jew; and I am told he is sorry he ever tried to tackle the mess. In his recent message to the Illinois General Assembly he urged the Solons to "settle the mine war." He made no specific recommendations as to how they could do that. The Solons, on the other hand, if they come from any of the coal districts, are elected with the support of either the U. M. W. or the P. M. A., depending on which faction dominates the district, and so in all probability they will do nothing at all about it.

Several articles dealing with the fight between the U. M. W., bossed by the autocratic, strong-willed, and very capable John L. Lewis, and the insurgent miners, who call themselves progressives, have appeared in various liberal magazines in the past three years, and there is no use of going into the details here. All these articles were favorable to the cause of the progressives, and not unnaturally so, for the P. M. A. movement was a spontaneous revolt against the tyrannical Lewis machine, which has wiped out nearly every trace of democracy within the organization. Many of the writers, however, were blindly partial to the P. M. A. They did not seem to realize that the right-wing faction within the P. M. A., which has been dominating the organization for the past two years, is worse than the Lewis machine in nearly every respect—worse, that is, from the viewpoint of the immediate interests of labor. It is intellectually and otherwise as corrupt as the bureaucracy of the old organization, stupidly anti-Semitic, and not nearly as effective in bargaining with the companies, and for nearly two years now it has been engaged in a fierce struggle with the left wing in the organization, which consists of a small group of exceptionally intelligent and honest young workers. In my opinion, it is impossible to sympathize completely with either the Lewis gang or the P. M. A. as a whole.

Nobody in Springfield or elsewhere in the region appears to know or is able to prove who or which faction, if either, is responsible for the outrages. Six months ago a terrific dynamite explosion wrecked the airshaft and the surface fan-house of one of the Peabody mines near Springfield, whose long and deep pit runs directly under the state Capitol, while about three hundred men were below working

under a U. M. W. contract. When the "job" was pulled, over twenty-five topmen and several mine guards worked or stood near the scene. None of them had seen anyone around who should not have been there. John L. Lewis, seeing a chance for favorable publicity, promptly issued a statement in which he practically accused his rival organization not only of blowing up the shaft, but of intention to kill the miners below, and acting for the international executive board of the U. M. W. he announced a \$10,000 reward for the apprehension of the dynamiters. Some of the right-wing P. M. A. leaders hinted at the time that the coal company needed a new airshaft and had it and the fan-house blown up to collect insurance with which to build a new one. They posted an offer of a \$1,000 reward for the arrest of two former Peabody mine bosses who some time before had been caught red-handed bombing the homes of P. M. A. members in Taylorville and had been permitted to escape. One P. M. A. left-winger with whom I talked was of the opinion that the dynamiting probably had been a "job" jointly organized by representatives of the company and the U. M. W., and perpetrated as a publicity stunt to deal a blow at the growing P. M. A. influence in that district.

Charges, hints, rumors are flying back and forth. The *Progressive Miner*, P. M. A.'s organ, founded by the left-winger Gerry Allard in 1932 but now for some time under right-wing control, once accused the left-wingers of being responsible for the bombings. The radicals denied the accusation. As a rule, however, the P. M. A. big shots blame either the U. M. W. or the companies, most often the latter. The U. M. W., in turn, condemns the P. M. A. The company agents denounce organized labor as a whole. The public in general is inclined to blame all three sides. A prominent citizen of Springfield whom I asked about these outbursts of violence inclined to the belief that most of them were caused by the agents of the companies with the aim of forcing the State of Illinois to authorize the establishment of a police body similar to the old coal-and-iron cops in Pennsylvania. Most of the radical laborites incline to this view, too.

The editor of the Taylorville *Breeze-Courier*, a Republican sheet, recently indulged in editorial humor over the bombings as follows:

The probabilities are that the insurance companies are footing the bills, and the members of the rival coal miners' organizations are kept busy refilling the orders delayed and injured by the blasts. Again, the bombings are making much work for the railroad shopmen, and it seems like some of the ideas of Secretary Wallace in agriculture are being applied to our industries.

What next in the Illinois coal fields? In all likelihood more of the same thing; more bombings and shootings and general social jitters, which are but loud, sensational outward manifestations of the dreadful socio-economic situation of coal-mine labor and the rapid financial decay of the soft-coal industry. Around 25,000 miners in Illinois are unemployed, though about half of these, being insurgents against the U. M. W., prefer to call themselves "strikers." They really are jobless, either because the companies have no work to give them or because the U. M. W. union bosses do not allow them to work.

To me one encouraging thing in the situation is that the left-wingers of the P. M. A.—boys like Pat Ansboury, Gerry Allard, John Battuello, and Joe Burrell—are beginning to work up again considerable influence among the P. M. A. membership and a little even among the U. M. W. Lately they captured the control of Local Union No. 1 of the P. M. A., at Gillespie, which has the numerical strength of 2,300. They consider themselves the only element in the region that can bring the struggle between the two unions to an end and unite the miners of the state. They advocate, as the initial step toward unity, that the two unions combine in demanding for the employed miners a thirty-hour work week and a \$6 basic wage scale. They are allied with the local branch of the Workers Party of the United States.

POSTSCRIPT

This article was written nearly a month ago. Since then—on February 24, to be exact—another train dynamiting has occurred, the fifteenth in the recent series of outrages. An expertly timed dynamite bomb set in the middle of the tracks of the Chicago and Midland Railroad at Andrew Station, eight miles from Springfield, blew up the one gasoline car of a twenty-three-car freight train, and the flames then destroyed ten other cars. There was only one coal car in the train. No one was hurt.

Bill Green

By HEYWOOD BROWN

I WISH to pin a few posies on a man whose name is generally slapped about in the pages of this publication. Indeed, William Green is invariably hailed in the radical and liberal press as the very symbol of arch-conservatism in the labor movement. Sometimes this charge is made upon specific citation and again it is merely a general accusation. Critics either for or against are often inclined to cover too much territory. My praise of William Green will cover those phases of his activities with which I am personally familiar.

And it is only fair and just to say that from the beginning his support of the American Newspaper Guild has been warm and wide and immediate. That has not

been true of a number of local leaders, particularly in New Jersey. Their attitude has been the conventional one that the Guild as an independent union had not the slightest right to expect aid, comfort, or even sympathy from A. F. of L. members. In several instances in New Jersey there has been actual hostility on the part of labor officials toward the strike being conducted by the Guild against the Newark *Ledger*.

In every case where such a situation has arisen William Green has been ready and eager to go on record in support of the Guild. He has invariably recognized a community of interest. The last occasion was notable. When Vice-Chancellor Berry issued his sweeping and drastic injunction

I sent a copy of it to President Green and said that I thought he might be interested in it since it embraced a few features never before known in anti-labor injunctions. While there was in this case wide sympathy on the part of New Jersey labor, there was also a good deal of timidity. At one meeting of the Essex Trades Council a speaker was stopped short in his criticism of Vice-Chancellor Berry when a fellow-delegate remarked, "Remember you might get ninety days in jail." William Green did not pull his punches. He wrote to me and said:

"This injunction reflects the judicial and mental attitude of Vice-Chancellor Berry toward labor and toward strikes in which laboring people are forced to engage. I am indeed interested in this injunction. It should not be respected or obeyed. I would not hesitate to violate that part of it which seeks to deny workers the exercise of free assemblage and free speech. I am of the opinion that this injunction is violative of the constitutional rights of all classes of people. Even a court is not justified in using its power and authority to interfere with the civil and legal rights of the masses of the people. I am willing to join with your groups in protesting against this injunction."

Copies of William Green's letter were sent to the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* but neither printed a line of it. But it was still more extraordinary to find that some local A. F. of L. leaders were also anxious to censor their own president. An anti-injunction meeting was scheduled in Newark for March 13 under the auspices of the State Federation and the Essex Trades Council. The meeting was called long before Vice-Chancel-

lor Berry issued his injunction. Since it was an open and not a delegate meeting I asked permission to be included among the list of speakers. This was refused.

I went to the meeting anyway with no intention of making a speech but merely for the purpose of asking permission to read William Green's letter. I was informed at the door that I would not be allowed to do this. However, I managed to get the ear of Joseph Cozzolino, one of the speakers, and he promised to read the letter. He did so, but he carefully avoided mentioning the Guild. Earlier in his speech he had said that the Guild strike was "a controversial subject." "I will not say to whom this letter is addressed," remarked Mr. Cozzolino before reading Green's communication, and he also carefully left off the sentence in which Mr. Green expressed his willingness to join with the Guild groups in their fight against the injunction.

Naturally I sought the floor to add these two small points which Mr. Cozzolino had forgotten but the chairman banged the gavel right under my nose and said, "The meeting is adjourned."

Of course, we held a second meeting right on the heels of the first one and more than half the audience remained. And this group of workers did take their cue from President William Green and not only passed a unanimous resolution of support for the Guild but organized an impromptu picket line to walk around the Newark *Ledger* building.

William Green may not be a radical labor leader but he has courage and he has convictions and he is well to the left of some of the straw bosses in his organization.

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Not a Dove

He Sent Forth a Raven. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE novels of Miss Roberts, with the one exception of "Jingling in the Wind," have been distinguished among other things by a certain style. This style has been an extraordinarily sensitive record of the way somebody—usually a woman—sees, hears, and touches the external world. The external world does not exist for Miss Roberts's women, and perhaps for Miss Roberts, as it does for the majority of persons; which accounts not only for the difficulty presented by her books but, since she writes finely, for the delicate air they have of revealing some special sort of truth. One of her heroines, indeed, believes so little in the existence of any world at all that she makes a bible out of Bishop Berkeley; with the result that "The Great Meadow" becomes all one document in solipsism, all one exercise in the subtlest puzzles of perception. Even when Miss Roberts keeps her secret better than that she whispers it clearly enough to those who can hear the sound her books make. This sound comes to the reader through the substantial filter of a style which has been perfectly adapted to the expression of doubt. The senses are there and operating, but operating with a strange impotence and an attractive perversity, so that we see what we might have expected to hear, hear what we might have expected to see, and feel everything with that kind of super-touch which we attribute to the blind—running our fingers over faces and landscapes as the heroine of "The Buried Treasure" runs hers, in a highly indicative passage, over the sleeping body of her husband. Miss Roberts's women, in a word, have been prisoners in a personal world, a world into which the noises of this other one penetrate fantastically and bewilderingly.

It is not surprising then that the chief personage in the present novel should be represented as confined to his house and condemned to know the rest of life by hearsay. Stoner Drake, vowing at his wife's death never to set foot on the green earth again, keeps his vow; and keeps it under the handicaps which Miss Roberts would of course set up. For the women, Martha and Jocelle, through whom Drake sees and hears the world are anything but a transparent medium. When Jocelle was a little girl "a faint haze of things known and unknown spread around her. Those things which she could never bring together into a pattern of thought were left unrelated, floating in a fog." Well, Miss Roberts brings her up that way, too; and so all goes on as it should go on, through mists and veils.

Yet here, as in the exception among Miss Roberts's novels which was noted at the start, an attempt is made to record the large, the indubitably solid world. This time it is the world of the great war, and it comes to the fine ears of Miss Roberts's people with such a ruthless crash of sound that the recording instrument can scarcely endure the strain. It is as if lightning had struck some child's receiving set. Miss Roberts's only resort, in the absence of any ability to indicate the sheer volume of this catastrophe, is to set her people talking wildly—not loudly, but wildly. A mad chorus of three men—Drake himself, the carpenter Dickon, and the preacher Briggs—philosophizes and mythologizes in broken sentences of weird power while Martha plays Cassandra in an upstairs chamber. The novel all but goes to pieces in the eloquence of these men, as it had gone to pieces, incidentally, for Martha in her prime; when the hearing of too much from Stoner Drake had rendered her deaf. It seems a question, therefore, whether Miss Roberts should attempt such subjects as world wars, since

they obviously are too much for her. Yet the answer is not easy. Perhaps she should—say, in every fifth novel. For in making the attempt, and failing, she reminds us of her own best work and of how brilliantly it is done; and she does after all say something about the world we live in, if it is only that the truth concerning it cannot possibly be spoken.

MARK VAN DOREN

One America

Grandsons. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THERE are many Americas, and Louis Adamic's is only one of them. The America of farms and villages hardly appears in his new book, which deals with an industrial America inhabited by nomads: immigrants not yet settled anywhere or older Americans uprooted by the headless scramble of the times. Of the three grandsons, one is a labor leader, one a racketeer, one a jittery newspaperman, but each of them is a logical outgrowth of the conditions which their first American ancestor had to face. He was a Yugoslav from Mr. Adamic's own Carniola and was killed in the Haymarket riot in Chicago, an innocent victim of the bomb. He is the family hero, precisely as an ancestor killed in the Indian wars might be for a family in one of the other Americas, or a victim of the Gold Rush in yet another. His grandson Jack Gale, the labor leader, carries on the simple, solid faith which the older man perhaps hardly knew he held, and Jack Gale is murdered in a brutal war. Andy Gale, the racketeering grandson, has learned violence in Chicago and, as a lieutenant of Capone, employs it in Los Angeles, where he too is murdered. Peter Gale, the chief figure in the novel, has been gassed and wounded on the Meuse-Argonne front, and spends the years of his recovery in making his intellectual and emotional way back to a kind of proletarian status. His progress is the story.

Mr. Adamic is not a skilful novelist, and he still writes clumsily, but he has had the tact to make use of an excellent method which derives from that of his earlier narratives. He writes as if he himself had actually met Peter Gale in France, had lost sight of him for years after the war, and had then become so close a friend that he could watch, almost at first hand, the steps in Peter's growth. In the first part of the book Mr. Adamic sometimes gets too much in the way of his story, like the hand of a man negligently operating a magic lantern. Only after a hundred pages does Peter Gale begin to live, in all the moving torment of his doubts. His whole family comes to life with him. His racketeering brother, who does not in the least understand Peter but who loves him with a savage loyalty, is more tangible and dramatic than Peter; so is his cousin Jack, who has a clear vision of a plain duty and will not turn back from it at whatever cost. But the progress of a mind has its drama too, and the ins and outs of Peter's conflict make exciting fiction—as well as stirring history. "Grandsons" is more than a biography of Peter Gale. It is a chronicle of his whole family and of what America has made of them.

One of the technical devices of the book is brilliant. Peter is supposed to be writing the book which in the end Mr. Adamic writes for him, or about him and his kinsmen. The book within the book would never have been as good as "Grandsons." Peter is too much involved, too close to the other persons in the story, too deeply troubled. If he is genuinely articulate at all, it is only when he describes the outward looks of America—a landscape, the color and texture of a city. And even on those occasions he seems now and then to be speaking

with Louis Adamic's voice rather than with his own. His book is only the central theme which Mr. Adamic enlarges and interprets. That interpretation is at once critical and affectionate. For Mr. Adamic is a devoted American, particularly sensitive to the physical splendor of America and eager to hope great things for it. But he has doctrines about it as well. Once he shared the attitude of H. L. Mencken and regarded the country as an uproarious circus. Now he sees America as a sprawling empire of chaos, in which all the men wander like shadows. Emerson said much the same thing long ago: "America is formless, has no terrible and no beautiful condensation." Emerson was not sure that America could survive. Louis Adamic is not sure. Can it be that each of them has thought of only one of the Americas? And that there is, somehow, a meaning and a durability in all the Americas taken together which no one of them can be seen by any one philosopher to have?

CARL VAN DOREN

Men on the Bottom

Waiting for Nothing. By Tom Kromer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

TOM KROMER is a good native West Virginian, a working-class boy whose mother wanted the kids to get an education so they wouldn't have to worry about the factory's closing down. The father was coal miner first and then glass-blower till cancer killed him at forty-four, and the mother took his place in the factory. Tom Kromer paid for his three years of college by work in the factory and proof-reading on newspapers. Then he taught in a country school; a glance at statistics will remind us what has happened to rural schools and teachers during the depression. He started hitch-hiking after a job, took to the freights, found no jobs in Kansas or California or New York, found only a jail for vagrants in Washington, and went back home about the time that "people started laughing at you for asking for work." Except for fifteen months in a CCC camp and a few months at odd jobs done for room and board, he has slept and eaten in missions and in jungles, begged on the streets and at house doors, and for three or four years "used every racket known to stiffs to get by." He made notes in the language of the stiffs on the margins of mission tracts or on Bull Durham papers, and once in a while picked words out on a typewriter. Perhaps that was when he shared a dollar-a-week room with his writer friend Karl, who earned two dollars a week carrying garbage out of a restaurant and couldn't sell his stories of starving babies, and his painter friend, Werner, who couldn't keep the hungry look out of the eyes of the people he painted. Kromer thought they might have sold their stuff if they had been willing to take the hungry look out of the eyes of their people, but they said that would have been sacrilege to art. "I do not understand such talk as this." But no eyes could have a hungrier look than those of Tom Kromer's stiffs.

There are twelve episodes, autobiographical except for trifling changes in the sequence of events—episodes grim, repellent, touching, humorous, ribald, tragic. Worse than box-cars, jungles, jails, and flop-houses are the missions, where buttons turn up in the stew; where even such a stew can't be had without the torture and boredom of a sermon—"The trouble with you dear men is that you are away from the blessed saving power of Jesus"—where the only way to sleep without scratching is to spread newspapers over the filthy bunk and hope that if the lice try to crawl out to the edge to reach their victim, they may fall to the floor and break their necks.

Karl and Werner are the only people in the book who even mention revolution. And Kromer sees nothing, or says

he sees nothing, in that: "When a stiff's gut's empty, he hasn't the guts to start anything. When his gut is full, he doesn't see any use in raising hell." No red peril in these stiffs. But one remembers Gorki's tramps, his men on the bottom, who, it is said, were later recruited into the Black Hundreds, instruments of the organized mob violence and pogroms of the most vicious reaction.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

"The Name Is Sound and Smoke"

Of Time and the River. By Thomas Wolfe. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THOMAS WOLFE is what may best be described as a great natural, a man in whom the compulsion to write is so diversely conditioned and magnified that few of the usual criteria seem adequate or necessary for his measure. The profusion of his talent is obvious; he has a magic treasure of language; the size of his narrative load could break the pens of several lesser men; the force of his emotions and the strength of his conviction of the importance of his story arrest attention by their magnitude and urgency alone. Since he is a giant not much is gained by pointing out that so far—this is the second book in a series of six—his material is solely autobiographical; that there is so much of it there is no room for improvisation, no need to make things up; and that its weight is so pressing that there is no leisure for storing, sorting, and labeling. What he writes occurs in no sequence of his planning but as he remembers it. For he is, he tells us, "suspended in a spell of time and memory." The ordinary concerns of style do not affect him, for he uses not one style but many. He gives a cock-of-the-wilderness shout, or chants a dirge to his father, or raises an anthem to America, and begins his book with as flat and factual a sentence as ever Cooper used. Whether he is rhetorical or lyrical, rhapsodical or cheaply journalistic, depends on the way he feels, and it is his feelings, the reflections of the author's temperament, that link the sequences together and fuse the styles into a whole. How great this naturalism is depends ultimately on how convincing and significant Mr. Wolfe can make these feelings which shape and govern it.

In "Look Homeward Angel" a sentiment of grandeur turned Altamont into a dwelling of superhuman creatures. Old Gant was no ordinary stone-cutter with a love for the bottle and oratory. His carousals were bacchanalian, and Eliza's land grabbings were an Olympian obsession. Ben died a hero, and there was no incongruity that people so violently human in their character and deeds should tread like gods, because Mr. Wolfe's wonder of life made a logical inflation. In this book Gene, their youngest son, is beset by a truly Gantian madness, a fury—Mr. Wolfe uses the figure of Orestes—that drives him from home to Harvard, New York, and Europe for five years of wandering in a search for all knowledge, an effort to read all the books ever printed, to encompass life wholly within himself. He must watch his father's slow, tortured death from cancer, scorn Harvard's famed class in dramatic writing, take the measure of the Jewish students in New York and of the wealthy Hudson River families, follow the expected pattern of an American student in Europe, all the time his inner fury driving him relentlessly. He is "caught in the Faustian web," "haunted by the dream of time." All the while he is conducting vast cosmic explorations. A sense of mystery clouds the universe; time becomes an irreducible "magic of now and forever"; vast indefinable emotions surge through him. Only the earth remains certain, only America, "that is the sound and silencer of forever," seems constant.

Just once after Gant dies and Gene leaves Eliza for good does he meet a figure of Altamont proportions. Bascom is Eliza's brother and receives Mr. Wolfe's relish for the originals of the older generation. The eccentric old man stalks like a gorgeous grotesque. Except for the clear, gentle glimpse of the French peasant in the railroad carriage, no character escapes satiric treatment. Mr. Wolfe's attitude toward his characters has changed. These people contain none of the remembered glamor of Mr. Flood and Dr. McGuire, who are parts of the fabric of his mind and body; they are only milestones, something to experience and go beyond on this frenzied search for "certitude and love." They are not whole characters but cartoons outlined by the threads of the web in which Mr. Wolfe becomes lost.

He is lost in a murky film, in a tangled gossamer of his own emotions. His feelings have got the better of him. Time and again they destroy the truth of his vision. American earth in October can be "a cry, a space, an ecstasy," but not even the magic of Mr. Wolfe's language can transform a World Series ball game into anything as "single, strange, and beautiful as all life, all living, and man's destiny." The exciting animism he believes in at sight of the South Station in Boston, a skyscraper, a de luxe ocean liner is unacceptably exaggerated. His sense of the repeated mystery of every pretty woman he sees, of the deep secrecy included in hospitals and battlefields is puerile. When the darkness of time never loses its allure, when sentiments—too frequent to count—flood over him, leave him engulfed, wordless, overwhelmed but always highly satisfied with them, the suspicion is confirmed. He is mired in the Faustian fallacy. "Feeling is all in all," Faust exclaims, "the name is smoke and fury." The balance of the intellect is out-cast. Yet this same balance is Mr. Wolfe's greatest need. It is needed to cut the unnecessary volume of his words, to define and so assure for himself and his reader the why and wherefore of his feelings.

Grounded in this confusion is an admirable and sympathetic talent. Mr. Wolfe is a poet and a realist, supersensitive, receptive, generous, passionate. His scope is enormous and he does possess a faculty to temper the simple, inevitable course of his father's dying, mixing humor, horror, and love into tragedy. He can unobtrusively intimate the scrap of wisdom behind Miss Potter's farce as well as he can convey the torment of Gene's efforts to find himself, the faith of youth in its own high destiny. No more vitalizing talent has appeared in America this century. It still sprawls under the impact of its bulk and fresh immediacy, but there is as yet no reason to suppose that it does not contain its own corrective.

FLORENCE CODMAN

A Novel That Is Not Fiction

Lean Men. By Ralph Bates. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

WHEN a man sits down to write a story with scrupulous honesty of fact and emotion, he undertakes a fearful job. When, moreover, he has two stories to tell, one personal and another social, involving many men, a whole city, and a whole people, he faces problems of craftsmanship which few precedents can help him to solve. This technical difficulty explains most of the defects in Ralph Bates's strange story "Lean Men." Apparently also it was not quite clear to the author that he had two stories to tell, and that he faced a problem of form, the same problem Dos Passos has wrestled with and Werfel thought to solve when he cast "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" as a romantic epic. Furthermore, Bates was groping toward the thing that nearly every writer with his eyes on today and his social sympathies with tomorrow

wants to achieve, and that is writing cut so close to the pattern of actual events and living people that the line between it and good history blurs.

Because Bates has solved none of these problems his book is very hard to read. It is the story of a man pulled in two directions—toward the literary-artistic world in England and toward the workers' world in Barcelona. It is also the story of the workers of Barcelona during the two or three years of struggle leading up to the overthrow of Alfonso. I know of no writing about modern Spain as authentic and as moving as some of Bates's stories of strikes, or of meetings, or of some individual worker's problems within this setting. There is, for example, a poet with many other jobs to do: on the docks, earning a living; in the meeting club, for political purposes; in his home, studying and thinking hard to acquire intellectual tools and to clear his mind of trash. He and the other characters in the book are shown in their normal routine, rather than, as usual in labor novels, at some dramatic peak in labor history.

There is a good deal of clumsy and monotonous writing in the book, and the story itself is unresolved and unsatisfactory, for the author apparently did not think through its implications, social, political, or aesthetic. Somehow or other the Spanish republic arises when the most advanced workers in Barcelona are unprepared for it; it catches them by surprise, and they are not sure, if Bates's own mind is a fair sample, of just what has happened and what they may expect next, and what they can do to gain the power for which they are struggling. The "I" of the book, presumably Bates himself, is a Communist organizer, appallingly naive and confused. The implications of the situation greatly resemble the tragic impasse Malraux described for China in "Man's Fate." In "Lean Men" it appears only as the raw material of tragedy. Indeed, the book is richest as raw material, which the reader must shape and clear into drama himself. That fact makes it hard to read; yet its honesty, its strange, uncomfortable simplicity reveal the promise of a fine writer. "Lean Men" is worth the time of other writers at least, and of people with enough sympathy to temper an inevitable impatience.

ANITA BRENNER

Two Novels About Musicians

No Quarter Given. By Paul Horgan. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Cast Down the Laurel. By Arnold Gingrich. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ARNOLD GINGRICH, *Esquire's* live-wire editor, has recently put forth a rather bad novel which invites comparison with Paul Horgan's "No Quarter Given," an ineffectual novel published earlier in the season. The comparison is only superficial: the books are alike in that they both deal with music and musicians and, in a general way, with the problems of the artist, but in method, in taste, in intellect, in style they are immensely dissimilar. "Cast Down the Laurel," the Gingrich opus, is a cheap, slick, machine-made job, while "No Quarter Given" is a serious novel, overwritten, clumsy, undigested, but aspiring.

Gingrich's hero is Karel Telec, a musical perfectionist, who found his best performances so discrepant with the music his mind played for him that he forsook the concert stage at the height of his career to found a music school in a Middle Western town. There he deteriorated, infected others with his aesthetic malady, and at last died. This story is told in three ways. First, there is a rough, jumbled account of the real Telec set down by an advertising man who knew him,

for the use of a novelist friend; then comes the novel the friend wrote; and finally there are the advertising man's sardonic comments upon the novel. Now the novel itself, which occupies the bulk of the book, is unreal, melodramatic, and excessively vulgar, and all the face-saving apologies which Mr. Gingrich voices through his character, the advertising man, cannot make it any better. If these apologies are sincere—and not, as I suspect, mere polite deprecation—Mr. Gingrich should have spared us "Apollo's Young Widow." We are all quite willing to believe that a man can write a bad book; we should have taken Mr. Gingrich's word for it; 158 pages of evidence were quite unnecessary.

Considered together with "Cast Down the Laurel," "No Quarter Given" seems better than it is. Mr. Gingrich is a smart literary salesman, and he gives no indication that he will ever be anything else. Mr. Horgan, on the other hand, can write. Formless and inconclusive as his novel is, it displays talent which may, in some future novel, be pared and sharpened into brilliance. At the moment Mr. Horgan's methods are too often oblique, his perceptions too often clouded, for his novel to impinge on the reader with that poignant sense of reality which its author intends it to have. For the greater part of the book the characters seem to be cased in semi-opaque glass. Occasionally an episode breaks through, to stand out in such intense relief that the rest of the book is cast into shadow. Thus, in the life of Edmund Abbey, whose story Mr. Horgan tells, it is not his early death in New Mexico, not his unsatisfactory marriage, not his career in music, not his desperate dying love affair, that are important and memorable. When the novel is finished two scenes remain clear, and both are incidents out of his boyhood: the drowning of a boy at a summer camp, and an appendectomy performed without anaesthesia in a cabin in the Canadian woods. In the same way, major characters are so blurred as to be nearly invisible, and people of secondary plot importance eclipse them altogether. Edmund Abbey and his mistress, Maggie Michaelis, are dissected, analyzed, endlessly discussed, yet never perfectly understood or completely projected, while a precocious adolescent boy and an old Mexican woman are dealt with in a more summary but far more incisive fashion. If Mr. Horgan can learn to direct his talent, to canalize his forces, his next novel may have a clear and powerful unity. Here he has been the victim of a capricious genius which has pulled his book sadly askew.

MARY MCCARTHY

Notes on Fiction

Light from Arcturus. By Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

This pleasant, unremarkable novel centers about three world's fairs. In 1876 Julia Hauser was spending a placid, unromantic honeymoon at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, finding in the fair itself the gaiety, richness, and adventure which her marriage lacked. For seventeen years thereafter, while she bore children and watched her husband prosper in a flat Nebraska town, Julia was homesick for the fair and for comparatively cosmopolitan Chicago, until the great Chicago fair of 1893 became the very lodestone of her life. To go to the fair, to immerse herself and her children in its multifarious activity, Julia exerted all the force of a soft but inflexible will. Her husband, perplexed and kindly, was wrenched away from a thriving produce business in a growing Middle Western town, and the family went to the fair. The change drained Max Hauser's pocket-book, broke his spirit, and ruined his life, but the children were happy, and his wife lived to be a gay and nimble grandmother at the 1933 fair. Miss Walker

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tells this simple tale with understanding, spirit, and a decent regard for the rules of English syntax. It is not an important or striking novel, but it is unpretentious and often charming.

The Doctor's Son. By John O'Hara. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

No one who has read "Appointment in Samarra" need trouble to investigate "The Doctor's Son," John O'Hara's new collection of short stories. Nothing is said in any of the stories which was not conveyed, either directly or by implication, in that best-selling novel. Those who are not already familiar with Mr. O'Hara's work will discover in "The Doctor's Son" the happy colloquialism, the superficial bite, the easy irony, the inverted sentimentality, that have made Mr. O'Hara a literary personality, if nothing else. They may find, too, in the midst of the author's verbal posturing, a frequent, curious mingling of snobbery and covert self-pity, which suggests that Mr. O'Hara could, with more grace, have carried his private frustrations to a psychologist. At any rate, it is to be hoped that Mr. O'Hara will refrain from publishing another volume until he has had a new set of experiences or a miraculous broadening of spirit.

Land of Promise. By Leo Lania. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Had Leo Lania's novel, "Land of Promise," been published here a year ago, it might well have created a considerable stir. Now, however, the professionally tender-hearted American public has grown weary of the woes of German Jews, and novels which deal with the Jewish problem are out of fashion. Consequently, Mr. Lania's book has had but small notice, and this is a pity since it excels a number of its popular forerunners, which did little more than pose the problem in its crudest symbolic terms. "Land of Promise" has to do with Jews, deluded Jews of all classes, from the little refugees to whom Germany was a haven from war-time pogroms in the Ukraine to the Jewish financiers and moneyed intellectuals who fancied that their wealth protected them from race persecution. In the end, however, all differences are leveled. With the collapse of Social Democracy, Jews in ghettos and Jews in villas together fall victim to a single-minded Nazi violence. Mr. Lania's novel is not wholly good: it is sometimes hysterical, sometimes immature; occasionally it seems to be no novel but a medley of ill-assorted prose styles. Yet its sense of character, its vigor and variety entitle it to a larger public than it has reached.

Odin Grows Up. By Olav Duun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The Storm. By Olav Duun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

In "Odin Grows Up" and "The Storm" we have the final third of Olav Duun's six-volume saga, "The People of Juvik." And it is none too soon. When a chronicle of fictitious characters becomes so involved in generations and abounding descendants as to require a family tree planted firmly in the front of the book for reference, it is time to consider whether so much fictitious complication is worth while. When whole volumes follow each other like serial instalments, with synopses of their predecessors for necessitous foreword, sprouting interest is nipped in the leaf. Whatever may be true of this Norwegian saga in the original—we must be tender with authors of translated works—no sustained picture of Norwegian temper and life shines through the English version. To one who has had the exhilarating experience of sitting with an Archer translation of Ibsen in hand while an exasperated Norwegian friend translated freely from the original text, there are pages in plenty throughout this English rendering

of the saga of Juvik which make for contemplative pause. They seem streaked—as Archer streaked Ibsen—with English sentimentality superimposed on Norse irony.

Hacienda. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harrison of Paris. Numbered edition limited to 895 copies. \$3.

A trio of Russians, business-managed by an American, making a Mexican movie is the "entirely fictional" situation that Katherine Anne Porter uses in her story "Hacienda." It is a tale like a rapier—cool, gleaming, edged. Dangerous, too, because many people will think they recognize the people and the events. The persons skewered by Miss Porter are the weak and brutal foreign business man and the native demagogue, his ally fundamentally, who calls himself a revolutionary in order to prevent revolution and trade upon it. The novel is the story of a feudal estate crumbling, giving off fantastic phosphorescences and a deadly smell. But Kennerly, the business man, is symbolic of another, historically later, decadence. Vigorous people creating art against that background are painful and disturbing, and this is the mood of Miss Porter's story. The shortness of the book is unsatisfactory, for the material and the implications—and the manner—are not slight at all. Indeed, "Hacienda" ought to be the first, or the last, chapter of a memorable novel. But it is worth reading as it stands.

Drama Man's Fate

"**P**ANIC,"* Archibald MacLeish's poetic drama of the depression, was given three performances at the Imperial Theater last week. Mr. MacLeish, of course, is regarded with grave suspicion by the more orthodox radicals, and it is not likely that the present play will serve to mollify those who accuse him of doctrinal ambiguities. His banker, symbol of the reigning order, finally succumbs to fear and to fate, but the concluding chorus of forgotten men has obviously a dramatic rather than a didactic function. Those exasperated partisans who are equally impatient with intellectual doubts and artistic detachment will continue to ask whether he is with them or against them, and "Panic" will serve only to add more fuel to the fires of an already flaming controversy.

The explanation is, I think, that the author remains more a poet than a teacher. By that I do not mean that he uses detachment or impartiality as a dramatic or rhetorical device; that he presents "both sides" because he thinks that by so doing he increases the technical effectiveness of his play. What I do mean is simply that he, as a poet, is more moved by an emotional realization of the situation itself than by any intellectual conviction concerning the way in which it could or should be met. The apparent collapse of a long-established order has become, willy-nilly, the thing of which he, as a poet, is most acutely aware. It is, if you will, the subject which cursed spite has imposed upon him. But that does not change the fact that his awareness is still primarily the awareness of a poet. What he broods upon is the situation itself; his chief object is to penetrate its emotional meaning; and if he seeks at times to understand it intellectually also, that is primarily in order that he may feel it more acutely.

The ultimate result of this fact is to make "Panic" a play which is far more "classic" than "revolutionary." The group scenes which alternate with the scenes in the banker's office are really choruses; the theme, like the theme of the most typical Greek tragedies, is doom; even the central character is a classical hero—the strong man whom fate overtakes

* "Panic." By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

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because even the strongest man is not strong enough to resist that. Man, says the play, has met many dooms at many times—war, pestilence, and famine. These he has learned to conquer or at least to understand; and by understanding he has stripped them of that special kind of terror which only the unknown and the ununderstood can have. But time and the gods were only biding their hour, and a new doom has been pronounced. No one knows where it comes from, no one knows exactly what it is, and so no one knows how it may be resisted. Banks close, chimneys cease to smoke, farms lie idle. No one wills it and no one knows how the onrushing paralysis is to be arrested. The banker first blusters and then cowers beside the inexorably clicking tape; in the streets the fear-stricken crowd either thrills to the names of the great or is hypnotized by the words of the proletarian prophet who sees an apocalyptic vision of the new day. But time and fate are bigger than either, and it will be time and fate, not bankers or proletarians, who will decide what the end shall be:

Blight—not on the grain!
Drouth—not in the springs!
Rot—not from the rain!

What shadow hidden or
Unseen hand in our midst
Ceaselessly touches our faces?

Mr. MacLeish's verse, as the quotation will illustrate, is firm and strong. It is also rather surprisingly speakable and the whole drama is somberly impressive. Yet, for all that, it is not likely to be appreciated unless the persistent intention is understood and accepted. No cause, I think, is promoted; nothing could be farther from winning any justification on the basis of the theory that art is a weapon. The play deals, to be sure, with what are sometimes invidiously described as "important" topics. Its theme is society, and "economic conditions" constitute at least a considerable part of its subject matter. Yet its end is not action but realization, and the moral is not Marxian but Aeschylean: man's fate is still on the lap of the gods.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films Studio Idyl

FOR those who cherish the notion that King Vidor is to be taken seriously as a director, one of the few really serious Hollywood directors, "The Wedding Night" is going to be a hard case to defend. Like most of this director's other pictures, the film at the Rivoli is, to be sure, rather more pretentious than the average Hollywood production. As the suggestion was made in "The Big Parade" that modern warfare has its unpleasant features, in "The Crowd" that economic pressure can be the cause of marital maladjustments, and in "Our Daily Bread" that social and economic conditions throughout the country have reached a crisis, so here the thought is thrown out that the real solution for the distinguished neuroses of our pent-house novelists is a return to the soil. A member of the lost generation suffering from a dissipating talent and a grasping wife, the writer in the story makes his way back to Connecticut and there almost immediately recovers his inspiration in the person of the young daughter of a neighboring Polish farmer. Of course there is the difficulty that he is a married man, but on top of this it turns out that the girl is betrothed to a young farmer of her own race, and the conflict is only resolved after a great deal of chauvinistic American speech-making and a thoroughgoing American slugging-match. It is in

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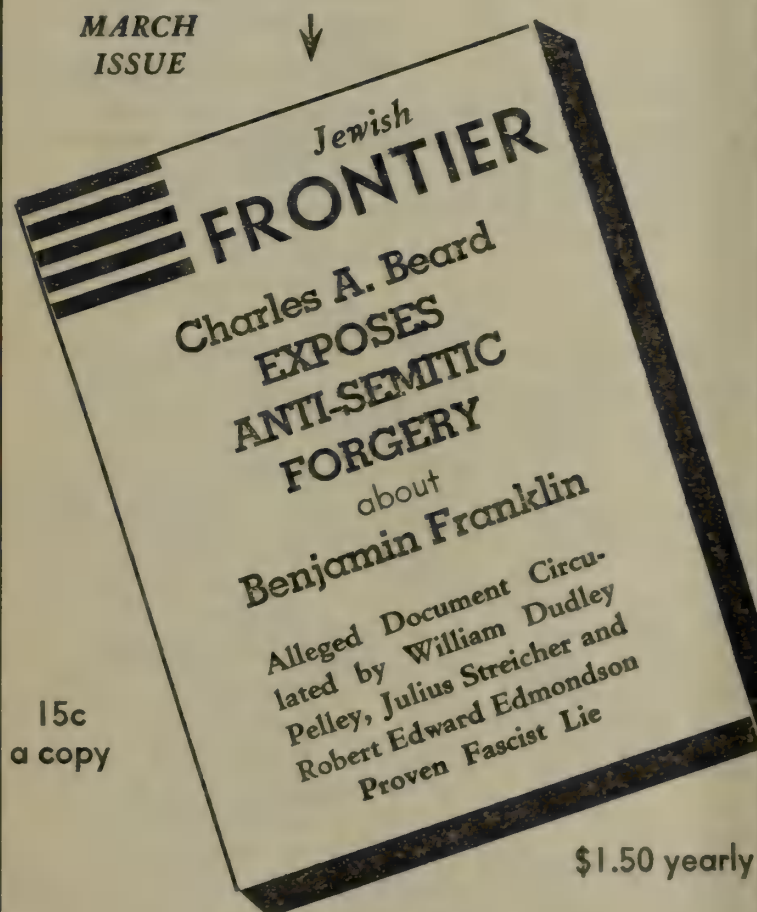
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the course of the latter that the Dorothea of the idyl falls downstairs and brings both herself and an embarrassing moral situation to an end. While it is true that such a theme and subject are not in themselves entirely incapable of interesting treatment, it must be admitted that they offer almost insuperable difficulties to both director and audience. For the audience it is naturally a little hard to stifle recollections of the old stock-company tradition of the traveling man and the milkmaid. (At least one New York audience was unable to refrain from some quite audible titters and snickering in certain scenes.) And for the director it is perhaps the acid test in sincerity. What is required, of course, is a realistic simplicity of treatment that will correspond at every step to the fundamental simplicity of the theme. Unfortunately, such undeviating honesty of treatment is no more attained in the present picture than in any of the other pictures that King Vidor has made in recent years. The lone cow in the milking scene no more succeeds in making it a tragic idyl of country life than the celebrated manure pile in "The Big Parade" made that film an eloquent indictment of war. The pastoral note registers distinctly tinny on the sound-truck; and the tragedy blanches under the Klieg lights. Nor has Mr. Vidor's task been lightened by a cast which includes Gary Cooper and Anna Sten in the principal roles. Mr. Cooper continues to be one of those players who can endow even the most casual remark, such as "I want to sit down" or "It's snowing outside," with a preternatural phoni-ness. And it is now clear that it is a mistaken kindness to regard Anna Sten's frozen make-up as the outward sign of an inward Chekhovian restraint. In short, the picture represents a "compromise between Mr. Vidor, the realist, and Mr. Goldwyn, the romantic," as one of the newspaper critics puts it. But for the benefit of those who believe that such compromises are rarely "satisfying" this prefatory adjective is left out of the description.

Of the two French-language films which have come to town the rendering of "Liliom" (Cameo) by the exiled German director Fritz Lang is the superior. Despite the triteness of the backgrounds, the insufficient stylization of the heaven scenes, and the sluggish tempo of the second half, the pictures take on distinction through Charles Boyer's consistently honest playing and Lang's admirable direction. "La Crise Est Finie" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse) is an attempt to inject a little spurious optimism into the cinema market by relating the antics of a theatrical troupe which comes to Paris and storms the town with a musical show directed against the depression. By a monotonous repetition of the title throughout, the director has hoped to induce a mesmeric state in which these antics will be found entertaining and the theme convincing. Except for a few crass comedy bits here and there, they do not succeed. "Roberta" (Radio City Music Hall), the only musical film to which this column has exposed itself in recent weeks, owes all of its entertainment value, which is considerable, to the personality and dancing talents of Fred Astaire. For the sake of his incomparable feet the interruptions of the Alice Duer Miller romance, including the parade of fashion models and white Russian émigrés in Paris, may be quite easily endured.

WILLIAM TROY

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SEX TECHNIQUE

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AFTER MORE THAN TWO MONTHS of haggling and dispute, the Administration's social-security bill is to be reported out with drastic revisions. Some of the changes are in the right direction, but the majority only serve to weaken the bill still further. The most commendable alteration is a provision outlawing segregated company unemployment reserves, and requiring the states to adopt a system of pooled reserves in order to obtain federal aid. This constitutes a definite rejection of the so-called Wisconsin Plan, and will necessitate a complete reorganization of that state's unemployment-insurance system. But it was necessary if state legislation is to possess even a modicum of uniformity. On the other hand, the revised bill provides for an increase in the contributory old-age annuity tax, and permits states to choose whether or not the contributions for unemployment insurance are to be deducted from wages. Farmers, domestics, casual laborers, employees of non-profit institutions, and seasonal workers are to be "exempted" from the compulsory features of both unemployment and old-age protection. Thus in addition to the eleven million now unemployed, for whom no provision is made, the bill will exclude precisely those workers whose need for security is the greatest. Moreover, since more than half of the state legislatures have already adjourned until 1937, it is evident that the scheme cannot possibly come into oper-

ation in most states until 1939 or 1940. The one exception is New York, where the Assembly has passed an unemployment-insurance bill which is slightly more liberal than that drawn up by the Administration. If it becomes law in its present form, unemployment benefits of from \$5 to \$15 a week for a maximum of 15 weeks will be available in 1938 to workers of two years' standing. The purpose of the bill, according to its sponsor, Assemblyman Kilgrew, "is not to provide luxury, nor place unemployment at a premium," but to assure the worker and his family "enough income to maintain a roof over his head and to buy food and clothes." We leave it to Mr. Kilgrew to tell us how this is to be done on an average of less than \$12 a week per family.

THE EFFECT of the European war scare on Washington has been to spur the formulation of a new doctrine of neutrality. Army and navy sentiment at present favors the complete abandonment of the freedom of the seas and the withdrawal of all protection of war-time trade under the American flag. This is isolationism carried to its logical finality, and the idea is believed to have the provisional backing of the President. The State Department is not willing to go so far, and would involve neutrality with at least some measure of consultation with other governments. The army and navy doctrine at present is that our defensive activities should be restricted to an arc drawn from Alaska through Hawaii to the Panama Canal zone, that we should limit our potential interests to Central America, and at the same time build up a powerful army, navy, and air force. This is the abandonment of the defense of the Philippines and the curtailment of our interests in the Pacific. The inconsistency of maintaining a strong army and navy which will not have to protect American interests in Asia or war-time trade under the American flag does not occur to our militarists. But their moderation in not wishing to map out a wider field of responsibility is a sign of the times. The mood in Washington is to keep us out of war at all cost, now that war looms nearer. It also is to put up a great show of strength. If we continue with this contradictory policy it will take years before we are ready to maintain peace by the more civilized and economical system of collective action.

HUEY LONG demonstrated how little he cared about the freedom of the press when he passed a bill taxing the advertising revenue of Louisiana newspapers. It was not a money-raising device but a characteristic Long stratagem, at once punishing his enemies and giving him power over their economic existence. The tax was to be only 2 per cent, but it was much more, a death-dealing weapon. It could be raised to 10 or even 100 per cent, which Huey knew. The newspapers at once attacked the constitutionality of the law and they have won their case before a special federal court of three judges. Much has been heard of late from publishers about the freedom of the press, which the public has been told depends on the right to fire reporters and engage children to peddle newspapers. The Louisiana decision is a victory for a free press in realms of reality, and is of

historic importance. The right to tax the press is the right to destroy it, and as such it has not been exercised in Anglo-Saxon countries since the middle of the last century in England. Then the tax on newspapers was conspicuously applied to keep journalism from criticizing the government. Huey Long revived the practice because he was defied by the press in his last campaign. It was his practical application of fascism, and it should be noted by those who believe that Huey is a democrat merely because he says so.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S decision to remove all restrictions on the planting of spring wheat comes as welcome news both to the consumer and the farmer. For the consumer it offers hope that bread, at least, will not skyrocket out of reach of the average wage-earner, while the farmer who is fortunate enough to live outside the drought-ridden area is given an opportunity to earn an honest dollar through the production of a commodity which is sorely needed by the community. The fact that benefit payments are to be continued despite the abolition of crop-restriction indicates, however, that the United States is still a long way from a solution of its agricultural problem. The essentials of that problem may be stated quite simply. Owing to the high level of domestic costs—the result of our extremely high tariff—American farmers have gradually found it more and more difficult to dispose of their surplus crops on the markets of the world. Of this problem there are only two genuine solutions. If we are to have an efficient use of our man power and natural resources, we must either (1) lower our costs of production so as to regain the foreign markets, or (2) reorganize our entire domestic economy in such a way as to shift hundreds of thousands of marginal farmers into some more profitable enterprise. The effect of the AAA subsidy runs counter to both of these solutions. It raises domestic prices to such a height that the farmer can no longer dispose of his surplus abroad, and yet it keeps marginal producers on the land by paying them not to produce—except when crops are bad. By the combined efforts of man and nature we have made gigantic strides toward eliminating the plenty from the troublesome paradox of "poverty in the midst of plenty," but in so doing we have merely extended the area of poverty.

DICTATORSHIP has been established in Haiti. President Sténio Vincent has removed the Senate majority of eleven which had opposed his policies. By his orders a docile majority of the Chamber of Deputies has picked eleven other senators. The *modus operandi* of this coup d'état was as follows: A nation-wide "plebiscite" was called by Vincent to express approval or disapproval of the policies expounded by him in a recent public address. These included the purchase by the Haitian government of the Banque d'Haiti from the National City Bank of New York, and the creation of a monopoly for the export of bananas. As the purpose and manner of this "grande consultation nationale" was clearly foreseen by every thinking Haitian, the Senate majority declared that this method of securing legislation was wholly unconstitutional, and that it would not be bound thereby. The referendum, indeed, proved the crudest and most barefaced fraud. In conducting it Vincent took a leaf out of the United States marine corps book. When in 1917 our military desired a new constitution, prepared in

Washington, for Haiti, they dissolved the duly elected Haitian Congress for refusing to vote it, and then conducted a plebiscite for its ratification. At that time Sténio Vincent—a patriot fighting for the freedom of his people—protested against this illegality. The marines used ballots of two colors, marked respectively *oui* and *non*, and there was an obvious scarcity of the latter; in many polling places they were literally not available. The Haitian referendum of February 10, 1935, used the same technique. The result was announced as 454,357 *oui's* against 1,172 *non's*—a ratio of 400 to one!

A PRESIDENTIAL DECREE thereupon declared that since the eleven senators had placed their will above that of the people, and since their attitude constituted a rebellion against the popular sovereignty, they could be considered as having resigned, and the Chamber of Deputies was called upon to choose eleven other senators to replace the "rebels." This was done. Thus the legislative branch in Haiti has become a rubber stamp, thanks to the force supplied by the efficient Garde, trained by United States marines. The eleven senators are men of proved courage, men who more than any others embody the brains and character in Haitian public life. They opposed Vincent's measures partly because of intrinsic objections to the projects themselves, partly because they foresaw his now manifest objective of overthrowing representative government and, contrary to express constitutional provisions, perpetuating himself in office when his term expires in 1936. The tragic aspect of this whole indecent business is its needlessness. The opposition to Vincent has been wholly parliamentary, analogous to the opposition in the United States Senate to some of the Administration's measures. Haiti, having recovered its independence and its own civil government, had every prospect for an orderly, civilized administration, for contentment and peace. Vincent, who for years was enlisted in seeking these objectives, has now destroyed the possibility of their realization. He has headed his country into a course which is pathetically predictable. The civil liberties which he has already largely suppressed will become extinct. And if official violence breeds resentment, retaliation, and chaos, the blame will belong to Sténio Vincent.

FORMER PRESIDENT HOOVER'S message to the thinkers and statesmen of the California Republican Assembly—the opening blast in the attempted return to power of the Republican Party—was almost as remarkable as his best-seller, "The Challenge to Liberty." The seer of Palo Alto again pleaded for "maintaining and perfecting our system of orderly individual liberty under constitutionally conducted government," for "effective reforms of abuses in business and finance . . . through regulation and not through bureaucratic dictation or government operation," and against "regimentation and socialism." He was against "violation of the foundations of human liberty," but he came out flat-footedly for "common sense" and also for the American home. At the age of sixty-one, after four years in the White House and two years of heavy thinking in the solitude of his study, Mr. Hoover is more convinced than ever that "the family and the home, whether farmer, worker, or business man [note the impartiality] . . . is the unit of American life. It is the moral and spiritual as well as the economic

unit," and from it issue all the "spiritual blessings of the nation." We congratulate Mr. Hoover for holding steadfastly to his ideas.

DR. CHARLES A. BEARD appeared in a new guise in Washington when he effectively muckraked the bankers before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, as representative of the Independent Bondholders' Committee. The historian brought such grave charges that Senator Dieterich, for one, was shocked and urged him to moderate his accusations. But being a scientist, Dr. Beard had his proof in his pocket, and Senator Dieterich had to subside. Dr. Beard told how the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway in the first year of the depression began closing its shops and laying off men under instructions from its New York bankers that expenses must be cut at whatever cost to show a profit of \$6.41 a share for 1930. It was necessary to show such large earnings, said Dr. Beard, because the people in control of the railway were engaged in speculative ventures on the Stock Exchange and money had to be raised from the investing public to finance these ventures. In vain the president of the road sent pleading letters to New York, saying that the reduction in operating expenses was reducing upkeep beyond the point of safety. As many as twenty-five broken rails a day were being found on the road. The bankers had their way.

ANOTHER AMAZING CHARGE brought by Dr. Beard was that Speyer and Company, bankers for the same road, had bought a million dollars' worth of shares in another railroad in 1929, by the next year had lost \$600,000 in the deal, and thereupon discovered that they had bought the shares on the account of the St. Louis and San Francisco, which was required to bear the loss. This fact was finally established this year, said Dr. Beard, when officials of the St. Louis and San Francisco admitted they had known nothing of their "purchase" until told of their loss. Under Morgan control, he declared, the Missouri Pacific's funds were used to gamble in its own shares, and the railroad lost millions. More recently railroads, he said, were receiving loans from the RFC which they then passed on to their bankers, who, under the law, are unable to borrow from that agency. The connection between railroads and their bankers was supposedly severed by law shortly before the war, but Dr. Beard told how the bankers had kept control by appointing nominees to represent them on railroad boards. There is enough material in these charges alone to justify the investigation into the connection between railroads and bankers called for in Senator Wheeler's resolution.

WE ARE GLAD to report that the bill passed by the Arkansas Assembly making sedition a felony and making almost any liberal activity seditious was not passed by the Senate. And since the legislature has now adjourned, the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and its friends are for the time being free of the threat of legal repression. Illegal repression, however, continues unabated. On March 15, in an Arkansas town bearing the happy name of Birdsong, Norman Thomas was manhandled by a mob of planters, forcibly prevented from addressing a meeting of unhappy share-croppers, and with his party escorted out of the county.

Since then, one of the union leaders has been warned to leave his home county within twenty-four hours and two others have been threatened with lynching, while a preacher who has dared to befriend the share-croppers has been arrested and his home fired upon by a gang of planter vigilantes. Meanwhile reports of the misery of the Southern tenant farmer come in from every side. The report of the Committee on Minority Groups in the Economic Recovery, financed by the Rosenwald Fund, after a year's study in the Southern states, is particularly striking. Against an average of 42 per cent for the entire country, runs the report, 58 per cent of the farms in the cotton states are worked by tenants; the committee finds that these tenants exist on a lower economic level than the European peasant; and it foresees as inevitable the complete reformation of the South's land-tenure system. In passing, the report has this to say of the government's present ironic contribution to the share-cropper's fate:

The furnishing of tenants with seed and tools and food and clothing at the traditional margin of from 20 to 30 per cent above cash prices has taken on a new aspect since it has become possible for landowners to secure their needed funds from the Farm Credit Administration. . . . As a result the government finds itself an involuntary, if not unsuspecting, partner in usury.

ALTHOUGH THE NEW BELGIAN CABINET, headed by Paul van Zeeland, has made no definite statement regarding the belga, financial circles are predicting that the first defection from the gold bloc will occur within the next few months. Dependent on the export of manufactured products, Belgium has paid a heavier price for the maintenance of currency stability than any other country. Its index of business activity is among the lowest in Europe, and has shown no improvement in the past twelve months. In order to prevent speculation induced by the increasing sentiment for devaluation, the government has already technically abandoned the gold standard by imposing drastic restrictions on the purchase of gold and on foreign exchange. For the time being the belga is maintained at its former parity with the aid of French support, but it is not believed that either the French or the Belgians would make any real sacrifice to preserve this parity against a serious attack. If the belga is devaluated, the Swiss franc and the Netherlands florin will almost certainly follow, leaving only France with an undefiled monetary system. Whether the collapse of the gold bloc will have a beneficial or detrimental effect on world economic conditions depends entirely on the reaction of the United States and Great Britain. It will offer an exceptional opportunity for the international stabilization agreement which has so long been needed, but unless statesmanship revives in this country it is more likely merely to be the opening gun of a disastrous currency war.

THE NATION is glad to announce that Charles Angoff has joined the editorial board. Mr. Angoff's work as editor of the *American Mercury*—a position he resigned after the recent sale of the magazine—is known to many of *The Nation's* readers. His courage and liveliness and critical vigor have formed an exciting element in contemporary journalism and will be of continuing value in the editorial conduct of *The Nation*.

Europe Must Choose

MORE than a week has passed since Hitler's unilateral action on German rearmament was first announced to a panicky world. Much has occurred during this period. England, France, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia have taken steps to strengthen their defenses against the menace of a rearmed Germany. Mussolini has increased his standing army until it is almost as large as that proposed by Hitler. The Soviet Union has announced that if war must come, it is ready to meet the steel of the German invader. France and Italy have protested against the violation of the Versailles treaty, and have had their protests rejected with undiplomatic bluntness. An appeal has been made to the Council of the League under Article XI of the Covenant, which may yet cause Germany some embarrassment. Even Poland has evinced its displeasure at the Reich's move. But apart from an encouraging evidence of unity of action, the powers appear as uncertain how best to meet Hitler's bold challenge as they were on the day of its announcement. Final decision has definitely been put off until the coming conference at Stresa, which will not take place until after the exploratory visit of Simon to Berlin and Eden's visits to Moscow, Warsaw, and Prague.

Confronted by the fact of German rearmament, the powers have only three possible courses of action open to them. The first is a preventive war launched before the Reich has an opportunity to complete its military preparations. This, fortunately, appears to have been ruled out. The recent peace polls in France and Great Britain have revealed strong popular opposition to military measures of any kind. Nor is Germany in its present state of preparation likely to provoke hostilities if they can be avoided. War, if it is to come within the next year, will be the result of a series of diplomatic blunders rather than the outcome of the deliberate will of any nation.

The second alternative is to extend and develop the present system of alliances so as to encircle Germany with a *cordon sanitaire*. This involves bringing the Soviet Union into a close working understanding with France, Italy, and Great Britain, and strengthening the ties between these powers and the Little Entente, the other Balkan nations, and the Baltic states. While this course obviously carries with it certain risks, it offers a fair chance for security as long as the agreements remain binding. For the past two years French diplomacy has been heading in this direction. Italy and the Soviet Union have stood shoulder to shoulder with France in the present crisis. The Little Entente has apparently come into line, and it is unlikely that trouble will develop with the Baltic states. With regard to England, however, much anxiety exists. While Britain's policy has always been against allowing any one country military supremacy in Europe, particularly if it was a potential naval rival, the British are somewhat like the Americans in their distrust of "entangling alliances."

The uncertainty of Britain's position illustrates the fundamental weakness of the policy of encirclement. It can succeed only if there is continued unified action by the

leading powers. The overwhelming strength of the anti-German forces threatens ultimately to defeat these tactics. Just as a small disciplined majority in Congress is likely to be more effective than a large unwieldy majority such as the Democrats now possess, so a bloc containing all but one of the great powers of Europe is constantly threatened with disintegration and decay. A further danger involved in the isolation of Germany is that it would strengthen Hitler in his contention that the Reich is menaced on every side by hostile states. Resentment against the injustice of the world's attitude toward Germany set the stage for Hitler; perpetuation of that attitude will merely assure to him the opportunity of playing the hero's role indefinitely.

A final possibility is that the powers may accept German rearmament as a *fait accompli* and seek to establish a system of European security based on full equality for the Reich. This was unquestionably the motive which inspired Simon's visit to Berlin in the face of disapproval on the part of France and Italy. Whether the British Foreign Minister's tactics are ultimately successful depends almost entirely on the true nature of Nazi policy. If rearmament is to be merely a prelude to the war of expansion outlined in "Mein Kampf," neither pacts of collective security nor other measures will avert war. On the other hand, if equality is the Reich's only aim, it is obvious that it has more to gain than any other country from the creation of effective machinery for the preservation of peace.

If Hitler had determined to stir up as many hornet's nests as possible, he could scarcely have done better in his first day's conversation with Sir John Simon. By virtually admitting that German rearmament is directed against the Soviet Union and refusing to sign a pact of mutual assistance to which the Soviets are a party, he has gone out of his way to intensify bitterness both in Moscow and Paris. His refusal to guarantee the independence of Austria is a direct slap at Italy, while his long discourse on the unjust treatment of Nazis in Memel can only serve to alienate the Baltic states and cause further apprehension in Russia. Of course much of this may be in the nature of bargaining, and we shall doubtless see Hitler taking some of the steps which he now opposes. But it at least suggests that he has not given up the idea of expansion toward the East. Meanwhile he is playing a dangerous game in the hope of widening the breach between Great Britain and the other powers. Should he succeed in wresting even a minor concession from Simon on any of the preceding points, he will not only have broken the iron ring with which France has encircled Germany, but will have simultaneously destroyed all hopes for collective security. Only a firm united front of all the powers can make Hitler see the precariousness of his position, and drive him, however unwillingly, to accept the principle of the proposed non-aggression pacts. The attempt to bring Germany back into the League and to establish an Eastern Locarno and a defensive air pact may fail, but if it does, the instruments of security may be readily transformed into weapons for defense. But from the path which leads to war there is no turning.

Abolishing War Profits

WE unreservedly subscribe to the principles underlying the plan presented by John T. Flynn to the Senate Munitions Committee for taking the profits out of war. The merit of the plan is that it does what it sets out to do. It cannot equalize the payment of the soldier who falls or is wounded at the front with the sacrifices exacted of the nation he defends. But it makes certain that the sacrifices of life and health are equaled as far as possible by patriotism on the economic plane. The profits permitted to business would be 3 per cent. The highest personal income would be \$10,000. The generation which waged the war would pay for it as it fought, by handing over all profits above 3 per cent to the government and by taxing all incomes from \$1,000 up to the maximum income of \$10,000. This means that the nation would take a vow of poverty for as long as its youth served on the battlefield. We can conceive of no more fitting code of conduct for a country to adopt in peace time as its guide in any future war. Half the money spent by us in the last war, we are told, went into inflated prices, and most of the gains went to those for whom war was a heyday of prosperity. It is to the credit of all who have served on the Hurley committee and with Bernard M. Baruch in studying this problem that they agree on the necessity of limitation of profits and measures to fix prices. The American Legion too has pressed for legislation which will enable the government to draft wealth as well as lives in time of war. But most of the measures proposed, in our opinion, do not go to the root of the question. The Hurley committee was content to limit the tax on profits to 95 per cent of the excess over a three-year peace-time average. The McSwain bill curiously omits any excess profits tax whatever on the plea that the Committee on Military Affairs has no jurisdiction to raise revenues. Instead, the committee piously recommends a 100 per cent tax on profits "shown to be due to war-time conditions." This bill, the Hurley recommendations, and the Baruch plan are more concerned with preventing price rocketing and inflation than with the explicit task of making the nation pay for a war as it goes and of equalizing as far as possible the sacrifices of those who fight with the cost to those who stay at home. As to the McSwain bill, we call attention to a faint odor of fascism in its language. Its provisions are not applicable (save in Section 1) to war or a war emergency only but, in Section 3, to "the event of war or a national emergency declared by Congress to exist." And in Sections 4, 5, and 6, to "the period of any war or emergency declared by Congress"—which would make it a useful law for an American Hitler to clap into service.

The Flynn plan goes farther than the other plans in giving the government control over industry. It provides for a draft of plant management in industry, so that a plant official becomes an officer in the army and is removable, the only guaranty the government can have of his full cooperation. The plan is no less effective than the others in preventing inflation, since it also would fix prices, and it would in addition close commodity exchanges and enable allocations to be made to essential processors. But its principal merit lies in its forthright assumption that the way to take

profit out of war is not to tax excess profits but simply to take profits out of war. Any other arrangement is a compromise, an attempt to say how much profit can respectably and justifiably be earned during the supreme national act of self-defense.

That the Nye committee should sponsor such principles, that the President should indicate his general approval of them, that Congress should be in a mood to consider them seriously, perhaps even to place them on the statute book, is an indication of the revulsion this country feels for the philosophy of Eugene G. Grace and for its memory of the scramble for wealth during the World War. A law based on the Flynn plan would make certain that business men would become our leading pacifists in future international crises, since a war would eclipse their activities and turn them into economic soldiers at genuinely patriotic wages. A measure like this, coming at a time when the faith in world peace is running out, is a most presentable aspect of our otherwise confused national expression. As a country we may be building a navy far beyond our needs and establishing an army and air force that are extravagances, but we are sincere in the determination that no American shall ever grow rich again out of a war. We hope the President will throw his full weight behind the Munitions Committee bill when it is introduced. It might become the most notable achievement of the Roosevelt era.

Fascist Victory at Columbia

ON another page of this issue appear four letters which form a startling instalment of *The Nation's* serial story on Fascism at Columbia University. Our more faithful readers will recall that at the close of the last chapter the fascist control of the Casa Italiana was implicitly admitted by its director, Giuseppe Prezzolini, when he refused to join the Graduate Club of Italian Studies in its invitation to Professor Salvemini of Harvard to speak at the Casa. The club responded promptly and effectively by withdrawing from the Casa and renewing the invitation. The sequel, dramatically told in the letters printed this week, records a fascist victory, a sort of march on Rome by the fascist cohorts. The fascists have, in short, recaptured the Graduate Club, rescinded the invitation to Dr. Salvemini, and forced the resignation of the members and officers who stood for free speech at the Casa.

The facts are worth brief review. First we have the amazing letter from the Graduate Club informing Professor Salvemini that "the members of the Executive Council . . . by a majority vote, have decided to withdraw our invitation to speak to us," basing this decision on Professor Salvemini's action in permitting *The Nation* to publish his earlier correspondence with the club. This letter is explained by a second communication to Professor Salvemini signed by Messrs. Grilli, Luciani, and McAvoy of the Executive Council of the club, stating that Mrs. Maria Piccirilli, an instructor at Vassar College and a corresponding member of the Graduate Club, had called together the other members of the club for the twofold purpose of protesting the Execu-

tive Council's decision to withdraw from the Casa and withdrawing the invitation to Professor Salvemini.

Who is Mrs. Piccirilli? Why should an instructor at Vassar have been interested in reversing decisions already made by the Italian Graduate Club at Columbia? A possible clue presents itself. In Dr. Butler's defense of the Casa and the Italian Department, published in *The Nation* for November 14, 1934, he asserted that the department had been instrumental in getting appointments in other institutions for "outstanding scholars" without regard to the fact "that they might have publicly made anti-fascist declarations. One scholar, in particular, who was appointed not long ago to a professorship elsewhere on the recommendation of our department was a signer of Senator Croce's well-known manifesto." Is Professor Ferrando, head of the Italian Department at Vassar, the scholar referred to? Professor Ferrando was a signer of Croce's manifesto and is said to be an anti-fascist. If Professor Ferrando received the recommendation of the Columbia department, may he not have felt impelled to come to the aid of the Casa in its hour of need and send his subordinate, Mrs. Piccirilli, to New York to act as agent for the Casa authorities? It is worthy of note that three members of the Executive Council of the club resigned after having voted the action to withdraw the invitation to Professor Salvemini. These men apparently lacked the courage to affix their signatures to their discourteous letter, which, indeed, carries no signature.

The Nation's original article on Fascism at Columbia University brought definite charges of repression against the Casa Italiana and the Italian Department. We repeat those charges now. They were denied by President Butler, but we have been able to puncture holes in his defense from every quarter. He asserted, for example, that Professor Arthur Livingston was transferred from the Italian to the French Department "for budgetary reasons only." We brought out the fact that he had been transferred after Count Facchetti-Guiglia had denounced him publicly as an anti-fascist and asserted that no money for the Casa would be donated by Italian Americans sympathetic to fascism until Professor Livingston's connection with the Casa and the Italian Department should be severed. Professor Livingston is the leading American scholar, translator, and critic in the field of Italian culture. Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, according to Dr. Butler, "was invited by the director of the Casa Italiana in person to speak at the Casa, but was compelled to decline to do so." Signor Ferrero in a letter to *The Nation* stated that he had "never been asked to give a lecture at the Casa Italiana." Here we have not only discrimination but deliberate falsehood on the part of Dr. Butler's informants, Professors Prezzolini and Bigongiari. Finally we have the case of Professor Salvemini to refute Dr. Butler's assertion that no "teacher, student, or visitor is discriminated against because of his political opinions."

We reiterate that there is systematic discrimination at the Casa Italiana against teachers, students, and visitors who are known to have anti-fascist sympathies. *The Nation* does not ask that there be no expression of fascist views at the Casa. We do demand that in accord with time-honored American principles completely free discussion of all aspects of fascism be permitted at the Casa. Such discussion is obviously impossible so long as agents of the Fascist government remain in control of the Casa.

Goodby Leviathan

SO the old Leviathan, originally the Vaterland of the Hamburg-American Line, which made her debut just before the war, is finally to be abandoned. Her end will awaken many memories in the minds of the thousands still alive who voyaged on her to and from the battlefields of France. But it was the fate of this superb vessel to spend relatively little time on the ocean. She had made only three Atlantic crossings when in 1914 she received the code message ordering her to tie up at a Hoboken pier. Ever since the war, despite the fact that the government spent \$8,000,000 to recondition her and refit her as a passenger ship in addition to the huge sums spent to make a transport out of her and repair the damage done to her engines by her German crew, her voyages have been few, fitful, and unprofitable. Last summer she made five transatlantic trips and lost more than \$500,000 in doing so. Her successor will not be another gigantic liner but a third cabin ship to alternate with the Manhattan and the Washington of the United States Lines.

For the day of the immense ship is done. That may seem a rash statement in view of the fact that in May the new and gigantic Normandie of the French Line will arrive in New York in faster time than the ocean has ever before been crossed from France to the United States, and that the Cunard-White Star liner Queen Mary is soon to be put into operation. Yet we have a strong feeling that the day of these giant liners is done, that they will never be able to pay for themselves. They may do so in the summer months if and when prosperity is restored. But the long winter months mean huge losses—the larger the ship the larger the losses. In the case of the Normandie and the Queen Mary one of the compelling motives of their construction has been national pride and the desire to win for their owners the blue ribbon of the seas—obviously not a motive based on economic needs. Again, there are many ship captains who believe it will be unsafe to build longer ships, and unwise to ask one man to assume a greater responsibility for a ship than he now has to carry.

But, after all, it is the financial side which is compelling, and there is little hope that many people will be found ready to pay the large sums asked for the luxurious suites of the largest liners. It is an open secret that the Bremen and Europa are no longer doing well. They are probably carrying relatively more passengers than other ships, with the exception of the most popular English vessels, but their third-class cabins are empty, and the few in the first cabin do not suffice for the ship's expenses. These great liners are not built to carry freight; indeed, they seek only gold shipments or other merchandise which calls for prompt delivery and pays high rates. They are in harbor usually for so short a time that they could not possibly load and discharge much cargo. The result is that they are more dependent upon passenger traffic than liners have been heretofore, and naturally they suffer more immediately when, because of bad times, the number of voyagers decreases and passenger rates have to be lowered. This bears the more severely upon fast ships than upon slow ones since high speed is purchased at a disproportionate cost.

Issues and Men

Propaganda and the President

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S outburst in behalf of the Utility Holding Companies bill rang with indignation at the propaganda methods used by the executives of the companies to bring pressure to bear on Congress. He used these words:

I have watched the use of investors' money to make the investor believe that the efforts of the government to protect him are designed to defraud him. I have seen much of the propaganda prepared against such legislation—even down to mimeographed sheets of instructions for propaganda to exploit the most far-fetched and fallacious fears. I have seen enough to be as unimpressed by it as I was by the similar effort to stir up the country against the Securities Exchange bill last spring.

He then properly set forth what he feels is the truth about the bill and why he believes that it will surround "the necessary reorganization" with safeguards which will in fact protect the investor. But I am not concerned today with the right and wrong of the utility-bill controversy. What interests me is this old question of propaganda, the question of when it is legitimate and when it is not.

It is true that a great many of the letters which are pouring in on the President and Congress have been stimulated. That is always the case when the interests of a great many people are affected by legislation. One of the oldest, most conservative banks in New York, and about the cleanest, broke its long record of never dipping into public matters by appealing to its depositors to write to Washington in protest against this bill, sending to each a one-sided and partisan, if not misleading, article by David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent. The new American Federation of Utility Investors has naturally bombarded every Senator and Congressman and the White House, for that is what it was created for. I have before me "A Plea for Justice," signed by its president, Hugh S. Magill, who declared that the federation speaks "on behalf of ten million American citizens and American institutions that have invested their savings in public-utility securities." I have gone through this plea, and, while I should challenge some of the statements in it, it does not seem to me that there is anything in it that is improper, or beyond the rights of stockholders. It winds up with an appeal to secure four signatures to the petition on the inclosed postcard. The petition is a very weak one, urging the Congress to "stop government competition with the utility industry," and it will have no effect, but this, too, is quite within the rights of the stockholders. Nor does the fact that Mr. Magill has stimulated the stockholders to sign seem to me to vitiate the value of the protest. Every petition which goes to Congress has been engineered by some enthusiast who has the time or the means to write to others asking them to sign. I cannot see that the President has a just cause for criticism of this method unless the propaganda is based on false statements or misconceptions.

If there are misconceptions, then they ought to be

cleared up, as the President has sought to do as stated above. If the propaganda is based upon deliberate falsehoods, the thing to do is to bring that out as quickly as possible; certainly falsehoods in the propaganda will be detected by the Congressmen and Senators in charge of this legislation. Again, the fact that stockholders are petitioning should not weigh with the legislators. The former obviously have a financial interest and can sign as stockholders if they wish. An independent and free Congressman or Senator will know how to act toward interested parties. It is when propaganda becomes underhand, is lacking in frankness or deliberately resorts to deceit, that it becomes a menace and entirely censurable. One of the best examples of this was the action of public-utility corporations in hiring college professors to attack the drift toward municipal ownership and operation of public utilities without letting it be known that these professors were in their pay.

One of the difficulties of the situation is that the public has so few ways of making its opinions felt in Washington. In lecturing around the country I am constantly asked at the conclusion of an address: "What can we as individuals do to remedy the conditions you have described?" I can only answer that they must utilize the few means the public has of publishing its wishes—such as the historic use of mass-meetings, letters to the newspapers, letters to Congressmen and Senators, and protest parades. Obviously we need a method of obtaining clear-cut information concerning the will of the country. That is why Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson both advocated the referendum. I have before me the results of an extraordinarily interesting volunteer referendum which has just been taken in England by the League of Nations' Union. At the beginning of March there were returns of more than two million votes cast in 314 towns and villages. Everyone over eighteen was asked to vote, and the average in the country was 49.4 per cent of the inhabitants, some constituencies polling more than 70 per cent. This ballot, which showed that 97 per cent of the voters were in favor of the League of Nations, 93 per cent in favor of applying economic sanctions to recalcitrant nations, and 72 per cent for military sanctions, is certainly a cross-section large enough to enable the British government to estimate public opinion on this issue.

Failing volunteer efforts like this, or official referendum machinery, we shall continue to have propaganda of the present kind. The President surely does not desire to deprive the people of the right to protest against his legislation. He is concerned, we believe, only that the source and motives of the protest shall be known and the motives themselves be honorable and just, even if the petitioners are biased by a financial stake in the issue.

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



SALUTE OF HONOUR.

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LOW

The Cuban Terror

By RAMON GRAU SAN MARTIN

Miami, March 21

CUBA is at this moment in a state of veritable chaos, maintained and intensified by a regime of terror. All the noble aspirations and longings for progress of the Cuban people are being checkmated by the violent imposition of a usurping government, treacherous to national sovereignty, sold out to private interest, whose disorderly administration has renewed the old practices of graft and fraud which were fought and stamped out by the revolution directing Cuba's destinies from September 10, 1933, to January 15, 1934.

The sequence of scandals bursting into bloom during the present government's term of office has provoked the most vigorous protest and repudiation from the people. Instead of lending an ear and looking into the causes of this dissent, the government is trying to silence it by violence. It meets the reasoned and legitimate demands of public opinion with rifle and machine-gun fire, misusing the weapons of war, which should be in the hands of government agents to protect national principles and interest, never to assassinate with impunity citizens who claim their rights, reveal their opinions, or endeavor to act for the common benefit.

Military jurisdiction out of all bounds is the supreme law which has ruled since the present government assumed power. We must recall that the deciding factor which led to my final resignation from the office of President of the Republic in January, 1934—aside from the perturbing influence of illegitimate interests and the handiwork of Mr. Caffery—was my refusal to grant an extension of military jurisdiction, repeatedly requested by the head of the army, which would have prevented the ordinary courts of justice from judging common crimes committed by the military. One of the first laws enacted by the present government extended military jurisdiction to cover all sorts of misdeeds committed by members of the armed forces. This has resulted in an interminable series of unpunished crimes and assassinations. Its culminating point has now been reached in the bloody tyranny which today rides roughshod over all rights.

Under these conditions and subject to a military dictatorship which has taken over all the attributes of civil power, the government desires to hold elections. It would be impossible for any citizen not in accord with the ideas of the ruling power to go to the polls, since he would have no material guaranties whatsoever. The declaration of various civic and political organizations that they refused to partake in elections under such auspices has aroused the government's ire, and it is carrying on a virulent persecution of the directing elements of these organizations—professional associations, labor syndicates, and independent associations.

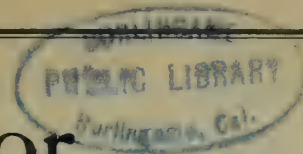
The general strike movement which is now being throttled by force had its inception in the protest of elementary school teachers against governmental neglect of education, which was so flagrant that pupils had no benches to sit on and lacked the supplies indispensable for the most elementary school activities. This strike was backed by

normal schools, institutes, industrial technical schools, private colleges, and, finally, by the university, which endeavored to mediate between the administration and the salient groups of civic organizations in an effort to solve the most urgent national problems. As the government's response to this disinterested and patriotic gesture, the army raided the university and occupied it, forcing the dean and professors as well as the students to abandon the university grounds and all the university's dependencies, including the hospital annex, which is the largest in the republic.

This onslaught on law and culture provoked various organizations and responsible groups among the people to express their protest in a peaceful strike, which gradually extended to all representative labor unions and even to the various departments of government, where the employees refused, with unprecedented unanimity, to continue working for such a government. It is well to observe that this strike never had an extremist social character. Its sole purpose was to manifest the popular repudiation of the violent acts of the government, which boastingly proclaimed its determination to repress by force any expression of resistance.

In conformity with this program the government has repealed the constitutional precepts of its rule, adopted under oath by all officials, including the armed forces, which had assumed the title of "constitutional army and navy." The only basic law which remains in force is a decree sentencing to either prison or death, with no opportunity for appeal, all citizens suspected of action or opinion in opposition to the ruling power. All those who wish to occupy the vacant offices in the government are supplied with firearms, and they are further authorized to use them indiscriminately and without responsibility. The army, navy, and police persecute and hunt unarmed citizens in the streets; irregular forces of miscreants also employed by the government join them in the hunt. These groups of rascals, armed with rifles and machine-guns, break into homes and drag out unarmed citizens to assassinate them in the streets. At times such raids are directed against several members of the same family, as in the case of the youth Armando Feito, who was taken from his residence on the Malecon together with his father-in-law; the bodies of both were found the next morning, riddled with bullets, in one of the avenues of suburban Miramar.

Enrique Fernandez, formerly Subsecretary of the Interior, a prominent member of the Autentico Party, a man of great culture and socially prominent, was arrested while driving to the home of a well-known public official. Mr. Fernandez was a whole-hearted devotee of peace and harmony among the components of Cuban society and was seeking a truce between the government and the opposition; he was actually on his way to see the official in question to discuss the possibility of reaching an agreement which would prevent further bloodshed. His family and friends, learning of his arrest, were reassured by the highest authorities, who told them that although arrested he would be set free at an early date. A few hours later his bullet-ridden



body was identified in the Marianao morgue, in a pile of other bodies. His identity was casually established by a newspaper reporter. The automobile which he had used was found the next day close to the Country Club lake; in it was the dead body of the chauffeur who had driven him. Every daybreak discloses other bodies strewn through different parts of the city and suburbs.

In all this bloody conflict, notwithstanding the large number of victims, there has not been a single fight. The onslaught of the armed forces, equipped with modern weapons, has been directed against a people disarmed and

unable to resist the terror to which it has been subjected.

The full significance of these facts, the flagrant injustice which they represent, and the great responsibility which devolves upon the government are clearly established when it is realized that the popular protest against which the terror is directed has been essentially civic and peaceful, originating in a complaint against the neglect of public schools. With equal justification it might have arisen from the flagrant neglect of sanitation and indeed of all other essential public services. Only the War Department is generously pampered by the present government.

Harlem Runs Wild

BY CLAUDE McKAY

New York, March 25

DOCILE Harlem went on a rampage last week, smashing stores and looting them and piling up destruction of thousands of dollars worth of goods.

But the mass riot in Harlem was not a race riot. A few whites were jostled by colored people in the melee, but there was no manifest hostility between colored and white as such. All night until dawn on the Tuesday of the outbreak white persons, singly and in groups, walked the streets of Harlem without being molested. The action of the police was commendable in the highest degree. The looting was brazen and daring, but the police were restrained. In extreme cases, when they fired, it was into the air. Their restraint saved Harlem from becoming a shambles.

The outbreak was spontaneous. It was directed against the stores exclusively. One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth Street is Harlem's main street and the theatrical and shopping center of the colored thousands. Anything that starts there will flash through Harlem as quick as lightning. The alleged beating of a kid caught stealing a trifle in one of the stores merely served to explode the smoldering discontent of the colored people against the Harlem merchants.

It would be too sweeping to assert that radicals incited the Harlem mass to riot and pillage. The Young Liberators seized an opportune moment, but the explosion on Tuesday was not the result of Communist propaganda. There were, indeed, months of propaganda in it. But the propagandists are eager to dissociate themselves from Communists. Proudly they declare that they have agitated only in the American constitutional way for fair play for colored Harlem.

Colored people all over the world are notoriously the most exploitable material, and colored Harlem is no exception. The population is gullible to an extreme. And apparently the people are exploited so flagrantly because they invite and take it. It is their gullibility that gives to Harlem so much of its charm, its air of insouciance and gaiety. But the façade of the Harlem masses' happy-go-lucky and hand-to-mouth existence has been badly broken by the depression. A considerable part of the population can no longer cling even to the hand-to-mouth margin.

Wherever an ethnologically related group of people is exploited by others, the exploiters often operate on the principle of granting certain concessions as sops. In Harlem the exploiting group is overwhelmingly white. And it gives

no sops. And so for the past two years colored agitators have exhorted the colored consumers to organize and demand of the white merchants a new deal: that they should employ Negroes as clerks in the colored community. These agitators are crude men, theoretically. They have little understanding of and little interest in the American labor movement, even from the most conservative trade-union angle. They address their audience mainly on the streets. Their following is not so big as that of the cultists and occultists. But it is far larger than that of the Communists.

One of the agitators is outstanding and picturesque. He dresses in turban and gorgeous robe. He has a bigger following than his rivals. He calls himself Sufi Abdul Hamid. His organization is the Negro Industrial and Clerical Alliance. It was the first to start picketing the stores of Harlem demanding clerical employment for colored persons. Sufi Hamid achieved a little success. A few of the smaller Harlem stores engaged colored clerks. But on 125th Street the merchants steadfastly refused to employ colored clerical help. The time came when the Negro Industrial and Clerical Alliance felt strong enough to picket the big stores on 125th Street. At first the movement got scant sympathy from influential Negroes and the Harlem intelligentsia as a whole. Physically and mentally, Sufi Hamid is a different type. He does not belong. And moreover he used to excoriate the colored newspapers, pointing out that they would not support his demands on the bigger Harlem stores because they were carrying the stores' little ads.

Harlem was excited by the continued picketing and the resultant "incidents." Sufi Hamid won his first big support last spring when one of the most popular young men in Harlem, the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., assistant pastor of the Abyssinian Church—the largest in Harlem—went on the picket line on 125th Street. This gesture set all Harlem talking and thinking and made the headlines of the local newspapers. It prompted the formation of a Citizens' League for Fair Play. The league was indorsed and supported by sixty-two organizations, among which were eighteen of the leading churches of Harlem. And at last the local press conceded some support.

One of the big stores capitulated and took on a number of colored clerks. The picketing of other stores was continued. And soon business was not so good as it used to be on 125th Street.

In the midst of the campaign Sufi Hamid was arrested. Some time before his arrest a committee of Jewish Minute Men had visited the Mayor and complained about an anti-Semitic movement among the colored people and the activities of a black Hitler in Harlem. The *Day* and the *Bulletin*, Jewish newspapers, devoted columns to the Harlem Hitler and anti-Semitism among Negroes. The articles were translated and printed in the Harlem newspapers under big headlines denouncing the black Hitler and his work.

On October 13 of last year Sufi Hamid was brought before the courts charged with disorderly conduct and using invective against the Jews. The witnesses against him were the chairman of the Minute Men and other persons more or less connected with the merchants. After hearing the evidence and the defense, the judge decided that the evidence was biased and discharged Sufi Hamid. Meanwhile Sufi Hamid had withdrawn from the Citizens' League for Fair Play. He had to move from his headquarters and his immediate following was greatly diminished. An all-white Harlem Merchants' Association came into existence. Dissension divided the Citizens' League; the prominent members denounced Sufi Hamid and his organization.

In an interview last October Sufi Hamid told me that he had never styled himself the black Hitler. He said that once when he visited a store to ask for the employment of colored clerks, the proprietor remarked, "We are fighting Hitler in Germany." Sufi said that he replied, "There is no Hitler in Harlem." He went on to say that although he was a Moslem he had never entertained any prejudices against Jews as Jews. He was an Egyptian and in Egypt the relations between Moslem and Jew were happier than in any other country. He was opposed to Hitlerism, for he had

read Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf," and knew Hitler's attitude and ideas about all colored peoples. Sufi Hamid said that the merchants of Harlem spread the rumor of anti-Semitism among the colored people because they did not want to face the issue of giving them a square deal.

The Citizens' League continued picketing, and some stores capitulated. But the Leaguers began quarreling among themselves as to whether the clerks employed should be light-skinned or dark-skinned. Meanwhile the united white Harlem Merchants' Association was fighting back. In November the picketing committee was enjoined from picketing by Supreme Court Justice Samuel Rosenman. The court ruled that the Citizens' League was not a labor organization. It was the first time that such a case had come before the courts of New York. The chairman of the picketing committee remarked that "the decision would make trouble in Harlem."

One by one the colored clerks who had been employed in 125th Street stores lost their places. When inquiries were made as to the cause, the managements gave the excuse of slack business. The clerks had no organization behind them. Of the grapevine intrigue and treachery that contributed to the débâcle of the movement, who can give the facts? They are as obscure and inscrutable as the composite mind of the Negro race itself. So the masses of Harlem remain disunited and helpless, while their would-be leaders wrangle and scheme and denounce one another to the whites. Each one is ambitious to wear the piebald mantle of Marcus Garvey.

On Tuesday the crowds went crazy like the remnants of a defeated, abandoned, and hungry army. Their rioting was the gesture of despair of a bewildered, baffled, and disillusioned people.

Sidney Hillman Turns Architect

Washington, March 25

SIDNEY HILLMAN is an arch-realist, and probably would rather be so described than by any other term of praise. He is one of the few labor leaders who accepted without grumbling what help the Administration could render unions which, like his garment workers, were strong enough to help themselves. He has been realistic in seeing that the President could not give more to labor as a whole than labor was mature enough to receive. The garment workers were strong and intrenched. They could seize the opportunity opened by the NRA. And they have prospered, improved their hours and pay, and greatly extended their membership, gains which could not have been won otherwise. So when other labor leaders have been angry with the White House over the "betrayal" of labor principles, Hillman has never been as wroth as they. Labor, he knows, cannot expect the President to win its battles. If it is not strong enough, not coherent enough, not modern enough, to walk through the doors the President is opening, that is its fault, says Hillman quietly, not the President's.

Hillman, on the board of the NRA, with this arch-realist outlook, was ideally situated to be the architect of a new labor situation, one in which labor expects less than it did from the White House but obtains more than it has

been receiving, and one in which labor undertakes to transform its organization to fit the needs of the present day. Architect Hillman drew his blueprints, and last week he saw ground broken for his undertaking. It was Hillman who won for the Wagner labor-disputes bill the support of the Administration; who established diplomatic relations between John L. Lewis and Donald Richberg, so that labor received the President's viceroy as the new chairman of the NLRB almost as though he were its own nominee; who began the discussions which may lead to the evolution of a labor organization which can cooperate with the government in place of the American Federation of Labor. This is the background of the appointment of Richberg, of the reception of Green and Lewis at the White House, of the President's sudden though still unofficial sponsorship of the Wagner bill, of the scene in which Lewis consented to be photographed with Richberg (whom he has been all but blaspheming in word and speech for weeks), though he declined to shake hands with him, saying: "Let's not carry things too far."

These are, or at least ought to be, momentous events. Peace between labor and the White House, if made on the minimum terms like these, would have an enormous influence on the immediate future. The effective working of the Wagner bill would at once change the character of the NRA

from an instrument to legalize business domination to something at least partially balanced by economic power for workers. It would wipe out of existence the Automobile Labor Board, and bring the automobile industry into line with other industries in having to establish fair labor practice. If passed as written it would put an end to company unionism, and sweep away this future foothold for fascism. It would give labor the opportunity to battle for a fairer share of industrial income.

These admittedly are vistas, architectural vistas, like the trees and boulevards on architects' drawings. They are not presented here as accomplished facts. But the facts, though few, are important. The Administration is sponsoring a bill which will contain at least some of the main provisions of the Wagner bill. Labor has buried the hatchet with Richberg and has an additional member on the NIRB. This member, Philip Murray of the United Mine Workers, is from an industrial, not a craft, union. Informal discussions are under way about the advisability of forming some organization of industrial unions, or one led by industrial unionists or by men with the outlook of industrial unionism, to cooperate with the government. Further facts are that labor, through the NIRB, is to have ready access to the White House, and that Miss Perkins will for the time being cease to be the channel of communication. It is a queer situation, no doubt, which sidetracks Miss Perkins and restores Richberg to the tolerance of labor. But there it is. Things had gone so far in Washington that peace of any sort between the President and organized labor is queer.

A fact not known is how much the President feels committed to the Wagner bill, or how much of it he will consent to sponsor. Will he subscribe to the outlawing of company unions? It is hard to believe. One such element of doubt suffices to cast a haze over the whole development. It is logical, to be sure, to expect at this time a move by the President to conciliate labor and so to extricate himself from the almost reactionary position which he has come to occupy. But this is not written as a prediction that the victory of labor is won or even that it will be substantial. It simply records that something has begun which can turn into victory. It depends on Sidney Hillman being as good a builder as he is an architect. Vistas as depicted on architectural drawings never look like the ultimate realities. The trees never are so neat, the streets so wide. Hillman would be the last to pretend that they are. But he would rather build just as long as there is to be some vista, than to stand about doing nothing but whine. He can argue tellingly that without cooperation with the White House labor has no outlook whatever. And nobody has been able to meet that argument.

It is a measure of the intelligence of Senator King from Utah that he should have baited Sidney Hillman for his Russian origin and tried to brand him as a radical in the very days when he was proving himself the soberest realist in the labor movement. Hillman was before the Senate committee which is to draft the bill extending the NRA. Senator King, apparently primed by the representative of clothing manufacturers who had sweated their labor before the NRA was launched, took Hillman for a ride. If King had known as much about the labor movement as he knows, let us say, about the dialects of India, he would not have made an exhibition of his unfitness to legislate on such matters.

With the active support of labor the NRA can pre-

sumably be saved, and the President will have made a beginning on the salvage of his legislative program. He is sure to rescue old-age pensions if not the full security program, which is producing headaches on the Hill because of its complexities. Congress will get around to other key measures one at a time—holding companies, railroad organizations, reform of the Federal Reserve system, the food and drug act—but it will not be driven to anything by the White House. Congress is now like a school with the teachers gone, left in charge of senior scholars. The work-relief bill could only pass by attaching the Thomas silver amendment to it, a devastating compromise accepted by Administration leaders in the hope that it could be defeated in conference. The choice was between accepting inflationist support and facing the opposition of Huey Long, due to return to Washington today. The ruse reveals the complete disorganization on the Hill, where the power to give and take is vested in the inflationists and the one man, Huey Long.

The inflationists won a sensational victory in the House on the bonus, an even more sweeping victory than had been predicted. Without going here into the old issue of whether the bonus should be paid, the passage of the Patman bill, and indeed of most of the bonus legislation, reveals a queer blind spot in American politicians and all legionaries to a simple economic fact. This is that time changes money value. A sum collectable in ten years is worth more in ten years than it is today. To pay a debt today at its face value in ten years is to pay more than is owed. The bonus advocate sees the face value of his certificate and cannot understand that the due date in any way is a dimension of the face value. The same kind of ignorance was always complicating the discussion of war debts and reparations, different sums being really identical in value if the time factor was considered. The Patman bill will pay the ultimate value of the certificates now. The Tydings-Andrews bill would have exchanged certificates for negotiable bonds which could be sold whenever the owners chose, at their real value at the time. There would have been no increase in debt since only the debt would ultimately be paid, and the veteran, if cash in hand was worth more to him than accrued value, could have his cash. This is such a simple, accurate, and fair solution of the bonus problem that one wonders why earlier Presidents did not hit upon it. President Roosevelt approved of it, but he did not, as he might have done, expound it to the public. Fifteen minutes from him on the radio, and the bonus issue might have been cleared away to nearly everyone's satisfaction. Now the House votes to pay the future value of certificates today, in other words, to pay more than the government ever contracted to pay. Never was ignorance of a simple economic truth more munificently rewarded.

The real reason that the Patman bill was preferred to the Tydings-Andrews and Vinton bills was its inflationary feature, in that it pays the two billions in greenbacks. It thus also avoids increasing the public debt, and the value will be taken instead from the whole economy of the country—an invisible tax on the community which will hurt but not anger the payers. If the inflationists are correct in believing we have too little currency in circulation, the tax would not even hurt. Two billions is not a big inflation, and in itself would not be ruinous. But few measures ever have combined false principles with bad economics more neatly than the Patman bill.

R. G. S.

The Soviet-American Break

By LOUIS FISCHER

Washington

THE recent rupture of Soviet-American debt negotiations was caused by a disagreement on one point—the length of the term for which United States credits would be granted to the Soviet Union. The total amount of money that Moscow was to pay America had been established. Soviet counter-claims for damage done by American military invaders of Russian soil in 1918-19 were subtracted from American private and public claims for pre-revolutionary loans and the like, and the result, roughly \$100,000,000, the Kremlin agreed to pay. Washington approved the Soviet principle whereby this debt settlement would be effected as follows: A certain sum of American money would be made available to the Russians. The Russians would pay not the normal rate of interest, say 5 per cent, but 8 per cent, and the 3 per cent difference, which would amount to several million dollars a year, would be used to retire the old debt. The Soviets did not care how this retirement took place. It was understood that the United States Treasury would use almost all the money accruing from the extra interest to satisfy, not itself—it is not interested in small sums nowadays—but the claims of private creditors, like the National City Bank, the International Harvester Company, and others.

The size of the sum to be offered the Soviet government had not been definitely determined. It was somewhere between \$100,000,000 and \$200,000,000, and a compromise was considered an easy matter. But for how many years? This was the rock on which the debt conference broke. When President Roosevelt talked with Litvinov in the White House in November, 1933, he promised the commissar a loan. The word "loan" was actually written into a document which Maxim Litvinov has in Moscow. Mr. Roosevelt, it is reported, feels piqued and bitter because he was misunderstood. He did not mean a loan, it is declared; he meant credits. "A loan is a long-term affair; a credit is opened for a lesser number of years. But he said "loan," and the fault therefore is his, not Litvinov's. To a Russian "loan" signifies a large sum of money granted for thirty or forty years which you can spend how and where you please. Having given the Soviet Foreign Minister this impression, the President rushed away to Warm Springs. Mr. Morgenthau was too preoccupied to pay much attention to the affair, and when Ambassador Troyanovsky arrived, the White House and the State Department were "sore" because Moscow wanted to take them at their word.

Now the business of diplomacy is to bridge seemingly unbridgeable gaps. I am convinced that the Soviet government is prepared to spend in the United States all the money it borrows here. That makes the distinction between a loan and a credit much smaller. Washington is prepared to give a credit for no less than five years and probably more. The Russians demand at least fifteen years. They maintain that they will buy railroad locomotives, railroad signaling apparatus, and oil-boring machinery with the funds they borrow in this country, and they submit that even when big

American railroads buy locomotives and the like, the banks often give them fifteen-year credits. The Soviet government has an even more cogent reason for asking long-term credits. France, England, Germany, and other countries also have claims on Russia for pre-revolutionary indebtedness. If the Soviets pay us, these nations will insist on equally favored treatment. The Bolsheviks will reply: "But America is giving us credits." Thereupon Paris and London and Berlin might offer Moscow credits, too, and the Kremlin would have more credits than it needs or can repay. The Soviet government, consequently, seeks credits in America so large, at such low rates of interest, and for such long terms that they cannot be duplicated in Europe. If it obtains them, Moscow can resist other demands for debt settlements.

The gulf between the Kremlin and the State Department, then, is the difference between five, six, or seven and fifteen years. One asks, therefore, whether this difference, which involves no deep principle and which does not defy solution, warranted Secretary Hull in dismissing Troyanovsky after four and a half minutes on January 31 and thus disrupting the negotiations. One asks who was the great statesman who withdrew our consul general, naval attaché, and aviation attaché from Moscow as reprisals for the Bolsheviks' refusal to accept terms which they felt were to their economic disadvantage. The State Department, of course, insists that these acts were not reprisals. They were that and worse. They reflect the ill-humor, pettiness, and pique of our diplomacy. The Russians had not refused to pay; we were in the midst of negotiations with them and considerable progress had been registered. Do we think that the Soviet Union is a puny little boy whom rich Uncle Sam can rap on the knuckles for misbehaving in class? How different is the attitude of England and France to Moscow these days! Moscow is consulted, and a note from Moscow molds the talks with Hitler. Moscow is visited, and Moscow's attitude on the Eastern pact is a paramount issue in a European settlement. The provincial United States State Department, however, treats the Soviet Union as though it were Panama or Albania.

Here is the clue to the barrenness of Soviet-American relations since recognition. In America, and in the U. S. S. R., recognition gave rise to a number of misleading conceptions. Americans believed that the Soviet economic situation would force the Russians to buy from us and accept credits on our terms. The Bolsheviks, on the other hand, believed that the economic depression in the United States would make our government anxious to foster foreign trade; credits and loans, they expected, would accordingly flow free and fast. Both the Americans and the Russians were wrong. The Bolsheviks are cutting their imports and exports; they are becoming industrially more self-sufficient. They have an active foreign trade balance, they have large quantities of freshly mined gold, their current business debts abroad are almost entirely paid up, and they can settle in cash and immediately for a considerable number of large purchases. They are in an independent mood.

But the Roosevelt Administration is dealing in billions. Domestic expenditure is heavy, and the country is in the mood of "To hell with Europe." Economic nationalism is having its sad and expensive day. While it lasts, trade with Russia looks less attractive than the Bolshevik representatives had mistakenly imagined it would. Strange that Cordell Hull, who, I imagine, is an opponent of economic nationalism, should serve as its clearest expression vis-a-vis Soviet Russia.

With regard to the Far Eastern situation similar misunderstandings have intervened. At the time negotiations began, Americans believed that Japan was pressing Russia hard, that the Russians would be so grateful for the benefits which recognition gave them in the Far East that they would eat out of their hand, and that in the event of a Soviet-Japanese War the United States, having diplomatic relations with both belligerents, could ultimately assume the role of peace-maker and arbiter in the Pacific just as it did in 1904; Franklin Roosevelt would follow Theodore Roosevelt and bring Moscow and Tokyo to a second Portsmouth with similar benefits to our Far Eastern interests.

Here, too, however, the situation has changed radically. Russo-Japanese conditions have taken a striking turn for the better since November, 1933, when the White House recognized the Kremlin. The Chinese Eastern Railway has been eliminated as a source of irritation. The Bolsheviks have concentrated a mighty and well-equipped army on their Siberian frontier. The Russian air force has been described as the best in the world. Certainly the huge bombers in and near Vladivostok deter the Japanese from inviting Soviet counter-attacks on their dense, paper-house cities. The line of Japanese expansion seems to be down into China, where there is little resistance, and not into Siberia, where they would be involved in a lengthy and costly war in which they might be defeated. It seems that Moscow and Tokyo are making peace with each other. For these reasons Moscow is not now so willing to pay a high price for American diplomatic collaboration as it was in 1933 or the years just preceding.

I think that this mutual enhanced indifference explains how a small divergence of views on credits disrupted debt negotiations which could soon have been brought to a successful conclusion. But the negotiations can easily be resumed when Ambassador Bullitt returns to Moscow. Big issues apart, business remains business, and Moscow can place large orders with American heavy industries which have hitherto shown least sign of improvement. The manufacturers of complicated machinery, automatic lathes, and locomotives could give employment to some of their unemployed capital and men if the Soviet-American diplomatic impasse were opened.

There is one other possibility. James L. Garvin, the editor of the influential London *Observer*, is politically a conservative and emotionally a liberal—this is the worst kind of combination for a friendly stand on the Soviet question—yet he has been advocating Anglo-American-Soviet cooperation in the Far East in behalf of China. England has taken the initiative in asking Washington to participate in a loan which would prevent the complete submission of China to Japan. Our reaction has been vague but not completely cold.

On this point it is difficult to understand President

Roosevelt. He is called a "big-navy man." The big navy, it seems, is being built chiefly for the Pacific. The way it is being built, with airplane carriers and huge battleships, does not suggest that its chief use will be to protect California. If new keels are being laid and planned just because the President likes ships we ought to know it (and even then a navy creates a demand for work for that navy), but if they are being laid with an eye to Japan, then our Russian policy is pretty silly. British cooperation with America in the Pacific is not enough. In any event, to estrange Russia while the Pacific muddle remains unsettled is not the height of wisdom.

Meanwhile, even the temporary break in the Soviet-American debt negotiations has given the American enemies of the Soviet regime an opportunity to urge the withdrawal of diplomatic recognition, which is impossible, and the rupture of relations, which would be a serious blow to world peace. I know that the State Department decries this agitation and has tried to stop it; it complicates the department's task. Yet who but the officials of the State Department are to blame?

In times like these, when war clouds gather, two nations wedded to peace should not allow a minor issue to estrange them. With the balance between war and peace so delicate, that is a luxury they cannot afford.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is in receipt of some interesting information about the prefabricated house now on exhibition at the Grand Central Palace. This dwelling, which can be ordered, erected, and finished in every detail, even to food in the refrigerator, in the space of two weeks, is undoubtedly a milestone in building construction. The day has not yet come when a modern office building, with tenants already installed, can be commanded overnight, but undoubtedly it will come. Meanwhile it is profitable to notice the equipment without which the new model house now on exhibition is not considered to be complete.

* * * * *

THERE is, of course, plumbing, heating, and electricity. The only remarkable thing about the inclusion of these as necessary equipment is that we no longer think it remarkable. There was a time when "plumbing" was not included in the house at all, but remained in the back yard; when lighting fixtures were part of the furniture, and were taken away when the furniture was removed; and when heating was furnished by the exertions of those able to wield an ax and saw, but not until well after the house was built. The new house includes an electric clock, a radio, and various other electric gadgets including a toaster and a coffee pot; a floor mop and a broom; even a kitchen apron, although this has been condemned as unsanitary. Naturally there is an electric dishwasher; almost as naturally the rooms are air-conditioned. Some of the materials out of which the house is fabricated are so new they have not yet been given names.

INCURABLY a maker of comparisons, the Drifter recalls a story told him by a venerable lady many years ago. As a little girl she remembered having been taken to a "raising"—which is to say, the erection, by all the neighbors and himself, of a prospective householder's new home. It was a nice May day, she said, and the first thing the women did was to set up boards on trestles out under the trees. They had baskets and baskets full of lunch, and they sat out on the grass or on piles of new lumber and mended, while the children raced around and the men hammered. She said she particularly remembered the sound of their hammers, because it made a tune that went on in her head. In the middle of the day they all ate lunch—she forgot what the food was but she said there must have been doughnuts because her mother made famous ones and always contributed them to any neighborhood festival—and the men were very jolly and hot and there was a fresh smell of new wood and the apple trees were just beginning to bloom. And then after dinner the hammer tune began again, and went on till almost dark, and suddenly she heard a great shout and she ran out from wherever she had been playing, and the men were all laughing and waving their hats, and the house was "raised"—that is, the heavy timbers were sawed and fitted and in place and it was now in a state for the owner to go on building it himself with the help of his two grown sons.

* * * * *

THIS pleasant episode does not, of course, prove that community effort, including doughnuts, is the only proper way to build a house. There is undoubtedly something to be said for ordering them ready-made, and the heating and lighting systems in the old houses will not bear comparison, for comfort, with those in the new. The Drifter merely wonders what will be the next step. Some time ago, in *The Nation*, Douglas Haskell discussed a house that not only was prefabricated but could be moved about from place to place, an extraordinary departure from the old idea that property was fixed. But the Drifter can imagine a step still more revolutionary. It has been generally supposed for a long time that a house should be big enough for several persons. The snail proves the contrary. It may be that eventually we shall all carry our houses, completely air-conditioned and indirectly lighted, around on our backs. And wherever we go we shall be welcome, for we shall be at home, which will be admirable for a

DRIFTER

Correspondence

Revolt in the Middle West

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Louis Adamic's revealing articles in recent issues of *The Nation* on the La Follettes and the Progressive movement in Wisconsin had only one defect: in his admiration for the La Follette brothers Mr. Adamic tended to overlook the people of Wisconsin. As a participant in a movement which is attempting to make the Progressive and Farmer-Labor parties of Wisconsin and Minnesota the nucleus of a nation-wide third-party movement, pledged to the idea inherent in the first words of the Wisconsin Progressive platform, "Our economic

system has failed," I can testify to the force of the "Wisconsin idea" and the La Follette leadership. But the brothers would be the first to admit their impotence without the power of an intelligent rank-and-file public opinion behind them. Derived as much from the socialist thought of the North Dakota Non-partisan League as from the philosophy of the elder La Follette, the intelligence and strength of this Middle West revolt against the status quo are perhaps the most hopeful things in America today.

"In the spring of 1934 various farmer, labor, farmer-labor, and simply progressive groups," as Mr. Adamic says, began to demand third-party action in Wisconsin. As a matter of fact the agitation began long before that time, somewhat to the embarrassment of the La Follette brothers, who were far from convinced that they ought to leave the Republican Party. The Wisconsin Federation of Labor had long been demanding a Farmer-Labor Party modeled on the Minnesota party. The strikes and other militant action of the more vocal farmers had turned their thoughts toward independent political action on a national scale, and there was a demand in the Farmers' Holiday Association and the Wisconsin Milk Pool for a break with the discredited old parties. Socialists and Socialist sympathizers in Milwaukee were to be found in a potential alliance with the more militant Progressives, looking for a way to galvanize the Progressive movement into a really radical party.

As early as September, 1933, individuals from certain of these groups were in Chicago forming the Farmer-Labor Political Federation of the United States, to push third-party action in every state and nationally. Thomas R. Amlie, fresh from a term in Congress (he was reelected to the House in the Progressive landslide in 1934), became chairman of the federation, and in that capacity he stumped Wisconsin during the fall and winter months, meeting everywhere with a ready and growing response to his spoken and written plea that Wisconsin should step out in front with a new party.

Phil, meanwhile, like a good general who cannot afford to leave half his army behind, watched with a sympathetic eye in Madison, as the advance guard explored the new party territory. On the eve of the conference of his forces that was called for March 3, 1934, he was still doubtful of the strength of the sentiment, and William T. Evjue, editor of the *Progressive*, expressed the view of the soberer leaders that the time was not yet ripe for a shift to a new party. But the enthusiastic three-to-one vote for the shift clinched matters. And then, having received his mandate, Phil threw every ounce of energy into the new party movement.

The same cautious generalship marked the later conventions and the drawing up of the party platform. Phil brought up the doubtful stragglers at the cost of a good deal of dissatisfaction from those out in front, who wanted a rank-and-file-controlled Farmer-Labor Party on the Minnesota model, and a platform that frankly stated the objectives of a "cooperative commonwealth" in place of capitalism. He gladly accepted though he did not promote the Farmer-Labor and Progressive League proposed by the radicals as a membership organization.

I believe these facts should be known to those *Nation* readers who feel the hope of the future lies in such leaders as the La Follette brothers in Wisconsin, Olson in Minnesota, and other "radical" progressives of the rising Middle West type. It is because of the growing demand by a desperate electorate, which is also politically highly literate, that this spreading movement is hopeful. Without such a demand, growing out of a tradition of militant progressivism, such leadership as Phil's would not have the promise that it does.

New York, March 8

ALFRED M. BINGHAM,

Secretary, Farmer-Labor Political Federation

A Fascist Victory at the Casa

[On January 30 *The Nation* printed several letters exchanged by Professor Salvemini of Harvard and the Graduate Club of Italian Studies at Columbia. This correspondence comprised, first, a letter from the club inviting Professor Salvemini to speak on the subject of Italian Nationalism from 1870 to the World War. It carefully explained that the invitation was not caused by *The Nation's* charges of fascism in the Italian Department, but was a part of the planned program for the year. It was sent from the Casa Italiana. Professor Salvemini replied that owing to the attitude of Professor Prezzolini, director of the Casa, he would not care to make an engagement to speak there without a written invitation from Prezzolini himself. A brief reply from the club stated, "We regret that Professor Prezzolini will not satisfy the conditions laid down in your letter." But a fuller letter, dated about three weeks later, announced that as the result of Prezzolini's refusal the Graduate Club of Italian Studies had decided to sever all connection with the Casa Italiana and would henceforth hold its meetings elsewhere; and in its new independent status it renewed its invitation to Dr. Salvemini to speak at a meeting arranged in cooperation with the Graduate History Club.

Further developments are revealed in the letters that follow. Again we are indebted to Professor Salvemini for the texts and the permission to print them. Our comment on the situation they reveal will be found in the editorial pages of this issue. It has just been announced that Professor Salvemini agreed to address the Graduate History Club on Monday, April 1.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

PROFESSOR GAETANO SALVEMINI

DEAR SIR:

In view of the fact that you have taken the liberty to submit our private correspondence to *The Nation* for publication without our permission, the members of the Executive Council of this club, by a majority vote, have decided to withdraw our invitation to speak to us.

GRADUATE CLUB OF ITALIAN STUDIES

Columbia University, February 6

DEAR PROFESSOR SALVEMINI:

In a letter dated January 9 the Graduate Club of Italian Studies, after deciding to hold all its future meetings outside the Casa Italiana, renewed its invitation to you. This action was decided upon by a unanimous vote of the members of the Executive Council of the club who were present at the meeting that authorized the sending of the letter.

You have just received another letter from the club withdrawing its invitation on the ground that you have "taken the liberty to submit our private correspondence to *The Nation* for publication." You must be puzzled (to put it mildly) as to how this last letter could have been sent by a club which had previously declared its position as an organization of "liberal American students interested in the study of Italian culture" to be "clear and unequivocal."

Immediately after the publication of the correspondence in *The Nation*, other members of the Graduate Club were invited to the home of Mrs. Maria Piccirilli, an instructor at Vassar College. This gathering was called for a twofold purpose: (1) to protest the Executive Council's decision to withdraw from the Casa; (2) to withdraw the invitation issued to you. Those present at Mrs. Piccirilli's home decided to make their views known to the Executive Council at an official meeting, which was then called.

At this meeting three members of the Executive Council

concurred with the views of the other club members and voted to withdraw the invitation which they had previously voted to extend to you. The undersigned, also members of the Executive Council, strongly condemn this action. Two of them voted against it and the third was not present at the meeting in question.

Since under the circumstances it is impossible for us to welcome you as members of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies, we look forward to your forthcoming address before the Graduate History Club.

New York, February 8

MARCEL F. GRILLI
CLIFFORD T. McAVOY
VINCENT LUCIANI

DEAR MR. GRILLI:

Many thanks to you, Mr. McAvoy, and Mr. Luciani for your kind letter.

Yes, I did receive a letter signed "The Graduate Club of Italian Studies," which made me realize that documents emanating from that organization are meant to remain clandestine as if their authors were ashamed of them. The letter did not bear any personal signature, but the printed letter-head gave your name as that of the secretary of the club. Now I gather that you had resigned from that office and that therefore the anonymous authors of the letter made an improper use of your name. I am sure that they, and those who pull the strings behind the scenes, will not remain anonymous to their superior authorities in Rome, and will therefore receive an appropriate reward for their laudable zeal.

Cambridge, Mass., February 15

G. SALVEMINI

MY DEAR MRS. PICCIRILLI:

The Executive Council of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies, at a meeting on December 27, 1934, decided to hold all future meetings outside of the Casa Italiana. This action was taken by authority of the club's constitution, which states that "all matters of policy concerning the Graduate Club of Italian Studies are to be determined by the Executive Council." A quorum of the council consisting of five of the seven members was present and unanimously voted this action.

At a meeting of the Executive Council held on February 5 three members resigned as members of the council. These three men, as you know, had previously voted to withdraw the club's invitation to Professor Gaetano Salvemini to speak to them outside the Casa Italiana, on the ground that Professor Salvemini had made public the club's private correspondence.

We, the undersigned, did not resign from the council at that time. We were quite aware that the other members of the Graduate Club, under your leadership, wished us to resign in order that they might elect a new Executive Council which would repudiate our constitutional action of declaring the Graduate Club to be independent of the Casa Italiana. We refused to resign because we felt that we were morally bound to uphold an action which had been decided upon for the sole purpose of clarifying our position as free American citizens who were not in the least interested in loyalty to any foreign government. We likewise felt that the attitude of the other members was not a free expression of their sincere views but a result of fear of reprisals in the form of withholding of degrees, fellowships, scholarships, and teaching positions. Such a fear may not have been justifiable; it was nevertheless present and expressed by certain of the members.

We now learn that the group of which you are chairman, totally disregarding the constitutional decision of the Executive Council referred to above, held a meeting at the Casa Italiana on March 2, and that in announcing this meeting you made use of the name of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies.

Since we consider this action to be highly arbitrary, and

completely opposed to American democratic principles, we hereby resign as members of the Executive Council and as members of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies.

We are sending copies of this letter to all interested parties.

New York, March 4

MARCEL F. GRILLI

VINCENT LUCIANI

CLIFFORD T. McAVOY

Adult Education

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

When the Emergency Education Program was first started at the end of 1933, the men in the key positions immediately recognized its possibilities, and "adult education" became the slogan. But, of course, in this country nothing can prove its value unless it can prove it by figures. And so the rule was invented that no class should be continued if its average attendance fell below ten.

We teachers are paid a dollar an hour for instruction and are allowed one additional hour on full pay for preparation. That no doubt sounds quite decent. I get ten dollars a week and work to the limit of my capacity seven days a week. Fortunately German, which I teach, is my native tongue and I know it well. If I did not, it would be too bad for my students. For I need all my time and strength in keeping up attendance and have neither a second nor an erg left for preparing a lesson in the sense of increasing my own knowledge. There is continuous letter writing, calling over the telephone, interviewing people, coaching privately newly entering students, reading individually to blind students, preparing extra material for less brilliant students. In spite

of all this I am hardly able to satisfy attendance requirements. For my classes in "advanced" German are among the "high-brow" classes.

True the Director of the EEP in Berkeley, Mr. A. B. Campbell, handles the situation with the utmost tact, and gives us all possible cooperation in securing students. But the authorities apparently do not appreciate that it is one thing to get a student and another to retain one, let alone ten. The teaching process suffers tremendously from the fact that new students must continuously be accommodated; one is hardly able to advance. This makes the few superior and thus far faithful students drop out after some months, and the circle becomes literally a vicious circle.

We teachers are subjected to all kinds of humiliations and overwork on account of the attendance rules. And the adult population is deprived of any instruction above the "recreational" level. I should like to teach mathematics but cannot attempt it because I have been warned that I would not even find the five to ten students whom I can report now in my German classes. I saw a class on First Aid advertised. When I went there to enrol I was told that the class did not materialize for lack of a sufficient number of students.

Now that the university has raised its semester fee and shut out auditors, it would be particularly desirable to have the Emergency Education Program accommodate that contingent of the adult population which craves not merely a pastime but real intellectual improvement. No such thing is possible unless the classical maxim is accepted: "Tres faciunt collegium." If I teach calculus to one person have I not done as much for the intellectual growth of the community as the bridge teacher who "entertains" two score?

Berkeley, Cal., February 28

IRENE FREUDER

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS: SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

- Section I. Bride and Groom
- Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
- Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
- Section IV. Married Courtship
- Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

- Female Sex Organs, Side View
 - The Internal Sex Organs
 - The External Sex Organs
 - Female Sex Organs, Front View
 - Entrance to Female Genital Parts
 - Male Sex Organs, Side View
 - Male Sex Organs, Front View
 - Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views.
- (Detailed explanations accompany charts.)

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Labor and Industry

The Menace of "Made Work"

By RICHARD A. LESTER

DURING the first months of the present Administration *The Nation* vigorously protested "against the folly of turning civil-service employees out into the ranks of the unemployed in order to save money with which to hire other unemployed for new, unorganized, and often useless work." Such absurd blood-letting in the name of economy was correctly entitled "boneheaded economy," since it merely meant the "creation of one army of unemployed in order to employ another."

In time the federal government practically ceased this stupid practice. But the states, and more especially the cities and counties, have continued to discharge faithful employees and to let others take over their employment in the name of relief. In this way much "made work" has merely made more unemployment. Such displacement of regulars by the needy unemployed, as Representative Bacon pointed out in the hearings on the President's new four-billion-dollar works bill, has been stimulated by the activities of the CWA, the PWA, and other federal spending agencies. Encouraged by federal and state subsidies for public work, local politicians have cut items in their budgets to the very bone and then whittled away on the bone.

The Governor's Commission on Unemployment Relief in New York stated in its preliminary report: "The investigations of the commission have already revealed that there is a tendency on the part of several local governments to transfer a part of their normal functions to work relief—thus shifting a considerable part of the cost to state and federal governments." Not only in New York but all over the country, in city after city, government functions formerly paid for by local appropriation are now performed by relief clients. In hundreds of cities and towns federal and state funds have been used for snow removal, garbage and ash collection, street and building repair and construction, routine office and clerical work, and work on sewer and water systems—at "savings" amounting to thousands of dollars in each instance, savings made possible by federal spending. For example, we find the CWA administrator in Idaho asserting that as a result of CWA operations some counties will find it unnecessary to levy for road purposes for the next five years.

Why haven't the authorities put a stop to this absurd practice of robbing Peter to pay unemployed Paul relief wages? Why haven't they established clear-cut criteria for determining whether the expansion of work that they are forcing in one line will cause contraction somewhere else? In Germany measures have been adopted to check the increase of unemployment resulting from made work, but here we have simply left the matter to the biased judgment of local officials. When confronted with the results of their inertia, our state and federal authorities react like ostriches. In this connection a paragraph from a three-page report by an official in a state work-relief bureau may be quoted:

When the 1933 budgets for the various municipalities were made up, they appear to have been slashed in various

parts with the deliberate intent to use relief labor in place of what would normally be done by regular municipal employees. We are constantly reiterating to the municipal and other officials with whom we come in contact that normal functions of municipal government should not be carried out by relief labor, but all our preaching in this connection appears to have been without avail.

Nothing has been done about this report. It is collecting dust in the Relief Administration's files. In the meantime throughout the state more municipal work has been earmarked for the unemployed on relief.

When a local CWA director asked his state headquarters for specific instructions regarding policy in cases where the municipalities were attempting to shift the burden of their normal activities to the CWA, he received the following reply:

Our policy in this matter would be one of non-interference with any such procedure. . . . We can take no action other than point out to the municipality that the services supplied by us are merely on a temporary basis.

There would be some excuse for such an attitude if the facts were not known. But they are; they are patent and indisputable. An analysis of the expenditures of certain New York cities and counties during 1932, the first year of work relief in that state, clearly indicates that budget items have been cut in direct proportion to the amount of relief work performed in those lines. Ratios of budget reduction in items of controllable expense have been calculated. They show that the five cities and seven counties spending the highest per capita amounts on work relief cut expenditures on "public works" items—highways, parks, and the like, upon which most of the relief clients are usually employed—about 30 per cent more than they reduced expenditures for other controllable items. The same calculations for those cities and counties spending the least per capita on work relief show that there was no disproportionate reduction for these items of controllable expense.

There would also be some excuse for hesitancy and delay if there were not a fund of past experience, both foreign and domestic, to warn us of the dangers inherent in wholesale public employment for the unemployed. These dangers have been frequently exposed, many writers having harped on the fact that widespread relief work disrupts public enterprise and displaces public employees. I should like to quote extensively from the English Poor Law Reports and the writings of the Webbs on this matter, but I shall confine myself to one excerpt. As a result of repeated attempts in England from 1886 until 1905 to relieve unemployment by made work,

. . . it came to be recognized, even among the workmen, that it was impossible, in this artificial manufacture of municipal work, to avoid anticipating the ordinary employment of the permanently engaged staff of laborers, or that of the contractors, so that the very employment of the unemployed was creating, for the future, even more unemployment.

The English found that this tendency to displace regular employees by relief workmen was accelerated when wage rates lower than so-called prevailing rates were paid for relief employment. This fact also should be a warning to those who may administer the President's new four-billion-dollar program, with its suggested \$50-a-month "security payments."

The President, his aides, and the Republican opposition in all their public utterances seem unduly anxious to avoid offending "private enterprise." In his annual message the President laid down the principle that "the projects undertaken should be selected and planned so as to compete as little as possible with private enterprise." This is dropping the bone to bark at a shadow. The real danger, which is generally overlooked, is the effect of such a program on future public appropriations and employment. And when the President enunciates the further "principle" that projects using "a large percentage of direct labor" should be selected, one can feel pretty sure that employment for the "employables" on relief will mean a corresponding loss of employment for those who normally earn a livelihood from the expenditures of our cities, villages, towns, and counties.

Just as the CWA was practically another name for work relief, this new four-billion-dollar public-works program is likely to turn out to be little more than the CWA all over again, unless the work is expanded to include production of goods that these unemployed so sorely need and not confined solely to normal "public works." As we have observed, the more emergency employment is concentrated on certain types of projects and limited to certain locations, the more displacement will occur. Those who are accustomed to look to public appropriations for their living are certain to suffer if the 3,750,000 "employables" now on the relief rolls are put to work on public property, where from one and a half to four million relief clients have been working for the past year and a half. The relief authorities will be assisting the "employables" on relief not only at public expense but at the expense of the two million regular state and local employees and the one million others who, I estimate, normally receive at least a part of their sustenance from the public purse, working either on contracts let for non-federal public work or on occasional odd jobs such as snow removal.

The Brass Knuckles of the Neutrals

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE courts, the cops, and all the agencies of government are supposedly neutral during strike activities. At least that is the theory. But it is at best the neutrality of a Pilate of Judea. The police will stay out of the picture only if the armed guards and thugs of the company concerned can carry on the terror for themselves. By some most curious misapprehension "strike violence" in the public mind is associated with the acts of the workers. The press plays up this great delusion. But even the most casual inquiry will show that in the vast majority of cases violence is begun by the employer and carried out by him to the bitter end.

A case in point is the strike against the National Biscuit Company. This is being waged on several fronts, but I will confine myself to the activities along Tenth Avenue and Fifteenth Street in the city of New York. For a period of half an hour or more all the blocks surrounding the plant suddenly become company property at about half-past four in the afternoon. Tenth Avenue was once a public thoroughfare, but now that estate is denied to it because of the needs of the National Biscuit Company. You may be the most disinterested person in the world and yet you will not be allowed to walk by the plant at the time the strike-breakers are coming out. If you assert your rights the police are prepared to play tough. It is even reported that passersby at times have been herded into stores or restaurants and kept there until the sacred strike-breakers had been whisked away from any risk of contaminating conversation.

Trucks of the company bearing "loyal workers" speed in and out of the district in defiance of red lights and with no regard for other vehicles. The National Biscuit Company by the mere impertinence of squatter sovereignty has reached out and seized a strip of Manhattan to make a moat for itself. And since it is dealing with natives who are sup-

posedly more civilized than their predecessors the Indians, no beads or wampum figure in the transaction. "We need four or five streets," says the N. B. C., and calmly reaches out and takes them.

This procedure should give pause to those who think that the police and the militia and the regulars should always be called out in labor disputes "to protect property." I venture to ask, "Whose property rights?" Just as the employer is the great violator in the matter of instigating and maintaining terror, so he is in the matter of scrapping property rights when the pressure is on him. The boss he is an absent-minded beggar, and he becomes just a bit confused as to where his property line begins and ends. Give him the cops and a few national guardsmen and he will carve himself a new empire out of his neighbors' porches and back yards. I do not speak in fantasy. Some of the fiercest rioting in Toledo last summer occurred at points at least half a mile away from the Autolite plant. Once the militia came in, the majors and the colonels began to behave as if they were engaged in warfare with a foreign foe. They were not content to defend the physical property assigned to them, but never turned in happily at night unless they could issue a communique announcing the extension of their lines. The city was not under martial law, but peaceful residents of the whole section where the plant was situated had an excellent chance of waking up in the morning to find their lawns reeking with the gas bombs of the troops. For blocks around houses were made uninhabitable simply because an overzealous militia contingent was apparently bent on the capture of the entire city of Toledo. The property rights of the small home-owners and storekeepers never received a moment's consideration, because the rights of a large manufacturer obliterated them.

In Gary, Indiana, I found that the United States Steel

If you are interested

in asking yourself, "What major issues lie behind the current statement that 'our thoughts and acts are determined by our interests'?"

in considering how our notion as to what *action* is, are affected by our vocabulary, so that a slight difference in vocabulary may lead to ■ radical difference in our choice of means

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in reviewing some of the laboratory experiments which have been done with words, how words can be *weighted* or *neutralized*, how they can be subjected to the "cracking" processes of the verbal chemist, how their meanings can be blasted apart like molecules and new synthetic substances can be made of the fragmentation

in noting that the very nature of "reality" is altered by vocabulary with something ■ "real" as ■ automobile being little other than a set of terms externally projected—and when you jump out of the way of said automobile, you are avoiding the onrush of a great big heavy dictionary

in hearing suggestions as to why modern science tends to take ■ ■ mystical cast

in glimpsing possible important parallels between contemporary issues and medievalism

in having even the most practical forms of activity treated as problems in *communication*, matters of *justification* and *appeal*

in observing the main confusions that lie at the very roots of the ethical impulse, and the bearing which these confusions have upon matters of ambition, competition, and coöperation.

in studying what are the *psychological* equivalents of relativism in *physics*, and of that concern with *interchangeability of parts* which probably began in earnest with Gutenberg's invention of movable type

in tackling a book which the author has condensed into one-half its original length, thereby denying you the luxury of hasty and incautious reading

in working out a *usable attitude* towards the present (with its natural accompaniments, ■ philosophy of the past and the future) and with ■ view to deciding what forms your "resignation" must take you should be interested in "Permanence and Change," by Kenneth Burke (The New Republic, \$1.)

Kenneth Burke is not a professional philosopher. He is ■ writer of stories and criticism, who found that the perplexities of the day impelled him to move his questionings on from one point to another. The result of this obstinacy might be called philosophy. The author calls it "metabiology," since he is impelled to situate the basis of certainty in the organic structure of life itself. But, if you prefer, simply think of the book as a "psychological fiction," in which such thinkers as Bentham, Marx, Darwin, Freud, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Bergson, Veb- len, Dewey and the many brands of modern artist are allowed to speak their parts.

Naturally in a treatment of 352 pages, his book is not exhaustive. But we think you will find it provocative—and on these grounds ■ ■ recommend it to your attention.

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Corporation very frankly assumed imperial rights over the entire city. About the only place you could stand unmolested by company cops was on the outbound platform of the railroad station. When big business screams for guns and tanks and cavalry "to protect property rights," it means of course its own, and heaven help the rights of any little fellow who gets in the line of the drive.

It seems to me that among the neglected rights is the right of the veteran employee to his job. When a man has been working over a stretch of time upon ■ job I think he should have some edge of ownership in that bench and that pay envelope. Harsh names are used deservedly about workers who break strikes. The man who takes another's job is a far more despicable thief than the one who takes another's watch or wallet. But this is the sort of rogue the police are called in to protect.

Neutrality in labor disputes means the use of militia and police to foment violence and rob the whole community of civil rights. Neutrality means the issuing of court injunctions which deprive the striker of every lawful device which he may use to win his point. It was my impression that the document issued recently by Vice-Chancellor Berry in New Jersey was the most drastic on record. Senator Wagner examined the paper and told me that he had seen a more punishing one once in Pennsylvania. This restrained the strikers from praying publicly for the sake of their cause. Most anti-labor injunctions are not like that. They leave the worker with a prayer.



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And Tomorrow

Pylon. By William Faulkner. Smith and Haas. \$2.50.

FOR his central observer or "reverberator" in this new novel Mr. Faulkner has chosen a character that is like a grotesque caricature of the typical hero of the post-war generation of poets and novelists. From one of the chapter-headings, Lovesong of J. A. Prufrock, it is apparent that Mr. Faulkner himself would have us make some such ironic connection. The unnamed reporter in the story is the bedraggled heir of the pallid Laforguan celibate of the early Eliot, the masochistic intellectuals of Aldous Huxley, and the sterile *aficionados* of Ernest Hemingway. The outward and visible sign of his impotence is his almost ghostly physical fragility: "a scarecrow in a winter field," "a paper sack of empty beer bottles in the street," "a dandelion burr moving where there is no wind." From such comparisons it should also be plain that he is being made to serve as the whipping-boy for Mr. Faulkner's whole generation. He is, or has been, the image which that generation has found staring back at itself every morning in the mirror. And the mirror must somehow and in some way be broken.

Although the image is not once and for all shattered in Mr. Faulkner's novel, it is at least temporarily dissolved in the blinding light of a rather new and certainly stirring expression of human indifference to the discomforts of living and the menace of death. On an aviation field outside New Orleans, while the Mardi Gras is at its height in that city, the half-crazy reporter, "patron saint of all waifs," picks up with a group of barnstorming aerial performers, consisting of the pilot Schumann, his wife, a parachute jumper, and a small child of undetermined parentage. There is also Jiggs, the mechanic, whose eyes are like electric bulbs and whose legs are like a polo pony's. For the reporter these people "ain't human like us . . . crash one and it ain't even blood when you haul him out: it's cylinder oil the same as in the crankcase." They are in every sense the inhabitants of another element: the bright emissaries of a vacuum "beyond flesh and time." Yet the enchanted reporter shelters them, lets them rob him, and in his inchoate fashion falls in love with the woman. It is through his efforts also that Schumann secures the ramshackle plane with which the flier hopes to win a two-thousand-dollar prize, but in which he is doomed to mark his last pylon. Disaster and savage disillusion are not to be escaped; and the reporter's story ends with a scattering of discarded purple patches on a city-room floor.

Of course it is a familiar romanticism which causes Mr. Faulkner to turn to what is for our time the most spectacular expression of the perennial instinct of flight. These reckless nomads of the air are not essentially different from the graceful toreadors that court death so beautifully in the pages of Hemingway. (And it may be remarked that they are presented with the same remoteness and opaqueness: none of them is quite so real as the sensibility for which they exist with such charm and fascination.) Admiration of their careless intrepidity does not drown the burden: "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow; not only not to hope, not even to wait: just to endure." If the novel still manages to be much the best that Faulkner has yet written, therefore, it is not because this writer has at last discovered a permanent balm for his generation. It is not because one can point to any growth in a philosophical sense, any modification or enlargement of his theme. It is rather that in this book he has found an almost ideal subject for the presentation of his

theme. By writing about fliers and flying machines he has indeed made his subject indistinguishable from the theme of flight into the life of action, which has been one of the three or four dominating themes in contemporary fiction. And he has given to the treatment of that theme an interest and power which one had believed that it was no longer capable of sustaining.

WILLIAM TROY

Scared and Confused Liberals

Farewell to Revolution. By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

Deliver Us from Dictators! By Robert C. Brooks. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.50.

WHATEVER the weaknesses of liberalism as a creed, liberalism as a temper might still make solid contributions to our confused era by weighing the claims and counter-claims of Tories and radicals with something like dispassionate calm. All great social conflicts are aggravated because the conservatives obscure the realities of the conflict with moral pretensions and the radicals give themselves to unjustified utopian illusions. To strip the former of their pretensions and puncture the illusions of the latter is not an impossible task for the best of the liberal spirits, even though it must be granted that there is no locus between contending factions broad enough or high enough to guarantee that complete immunity from party prejudice which liberals affect to achieve.

I thought at first that Mr. Martin might have written the kind of book that would be in the spirit of such a liberalism. Indeed, he has a chapter on the romanticism of radicals which quite correctly points out that men who are intent upon building a new civilization have a tendency to promise paradise when the best they can deliver is an economic and political organization more adequate to the needs of a new era. But the book soon degenerates into a diatribe against every conceivable sort of revolutionist and reveals the author to be either too confused or too apprehensive in the face of possible revolutionary cataclysms to perform the task of the true liberal.

The thesis that revolutions are futile is established partly by pointing to unsuccessful revolutions and partly by tracing the ambiguous consequences of successful ones. The revolts of the slaves in antiquity and of the serfs in the Middle Ages are the author's chief examples of unsuccessful revolutions. Successful revolutions are condemned because they did not achieve all they hoped for, or because they were attended by social confusion, or because the "masses" took them out of the hands of their moderate leaders, or because the masses were disappointed when they failed to do this.

The decay of the Roman Empire is attributed to the revolution which destroyed the republic, a rather simple reading of Roman history. The Cromwellian revolution is discredited because it failed to achieve what was accomplished at the end of the same century without bloodshed when William and Mary came to the throne. The Commonwealth and the constitution of 1688 are treated as isolated events in the history of seventeenth-century England with little suggestion that the first event may have contributed to the second. Nor does Mr. Martin make the tedious observation that Charles lost his head because he refused to yield any of the royal prerogatives which the constitution of 1688 definitely abolished.

Some of Mr. Martin's historical analyses suggest that revolutions are sometimes inevitable, however costly and dangerous, when old political and economic forces refuse to yield to new forces in society. The bourgeois revolutions of the

eighteenth and nineteenth century are curiously misinterpreted in order to obscure this obvious point. On the whole, though not with complete consistency, the odium of revolutions is placed upon the advancing, and not on the intrenched, forces of society. The fascist revolutions of Italy and Germany are thrown in the lap of radicalism by the simple dictum that "they are not counter-revolutionary in any historical sense of the word," because by counter-revolution "is meant Catholic legitimist reaction."

Incidentally the same tendency to obscure inconvenient facts with words is apparent in the treatment of the American revolutionary war. The author is too patriotic to carry his thesis through in regard to the American Revolution, and therefore solves his problem by asking the question: "Was this a revolution in the true sense of the word or was it primarily a war for national independence?"

Since the Protestant Reformation was a revolution by the author's definition, he is forced by the sweeping character of his general indictment to discredit it. The deed is done with the words:

When we compare, for standards of culture and liberty and the joy of living, the modern Protestant nations with modern Catholic France or Austria, or search for spiritual advantages of the Protestant states of Germany over Catholic states, there is little to be said for any gains which may have been achieved by the Reformation. Certainly Protestant England is or was more advanced than Catholic Spain but—the advantages are largely material and are the result of the Industrial Revolution.

There is indeed no clear gain in Protestantism over Catholicism, but these comparisons are puerile. Catholic France? Was there not a revolution in France which reduced Catholicism to a subordinate role in French life? The comparison between Austria and Germany must have been prompted by a preference for Vienna over Berlin. The chance of pointing out that England never had a Reformation in the Continental sense is missed.

The whole book reveals the glaring weakness of a certain type of liberalism, namely, ignorance of and indifference to the basic economic and political conditions of the good life. Romantic radicals are wrong in expecting to solve every problem of life through a political and economic reorganization, but their error is certainly no greater than the one contained in these words:

Our happiness is less dependent upon external forms of social organization than upon the advancement of knowledge and the prevalence of the spirit of culture and good-will among mankind. Almost any social system could be made to work by good men.

Mr. Martin's argument is as ridiculous as would be a plea to a denizen of a leaky and unstable shack not to bother about such "external forms" of his life as the roof and the foundation of his house but to give himself to the cultivation of culture and good-will within. In short, this book has almost persuaded one timid "intellectual," who believes in democracy as a necessary form of social control upon power but is not certain that democracy as a method of arbitrating conflict will always suffice in a crisis, to forget his scruples and be a revolutionist.

Robert Brooks's book "Deliver Us from Dictators!" is prompted by the same mood as "Farewell to Revolution," and it deals with dictatorship with the same lack of interest in, and insight into, the economic and social forces which make for the destruction of democracy in our era. Pages are spent in analyzing and excoriating the dishonesties of contemporary dictators. The measure of its penetration may be gauged by a sentence in a chapter which estimates the chances of fascism in America:

Finally it must be observed that Franklin Roosevelt isn't the type [to be a dictator]. He is sane, has a sense of humor, he is free from demagoguery and Napoleonic ambitions. Unfortunately for the would-be fascists of America they lack the sort of leader demanded by that sort of cause.

If democracy had no other than these defenders its doom were sealed.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

In Behalf of the Consumer

Partners in Plunder. By J. B. Matthews and R. E. Shallcross. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

The Popular Practice of Fraud. By T. Swann Harding. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

"PARTNERS IN PLUNDER," the most recent work to come from the erudite Consumers' Research school, is a confused attempt to hook the popularity of "debunkery," so successful in "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," to some school of current social and political thought. That the book fails in this is not for want of effort on the part of the authors. They have crammed its pages with "facts" and dragged in social interpretations by the ears. Their basic weakness is one that has consistently characterized this school, the inability to discriminate between rackets and genuine social movements. They merely berate business for its fascist tendencies and leave the reader in a haze of doubt about possible alternatives. Apparently the authors can do nothing but cling to themselves and retire to a safe storm cellar when the cyclone of fascism, which they so clearly foresee, sweeps all before it.

In "The Popular Practice of Fraud" Mr. Harding has also diligently compiled a record of chicanery in American business that stands as an indictment of the profit motive. In addition he takes some thumping whacks at Consumers' Research:

In some cases the standards of comparison used by Consumers' Research appear, even to experts, to be too refined. It expects too much of human nature. [Messrs. Matthews and Shallcross refuse to expect anything but the worst of human nature.] It hopes to attain an unnecessarily refined degree of consumer protection. In other cases facts appear, perhaps unconsciously, to have been distorted or misrepresented, and there is an atmosphere of strong animus amounting almost to a persecution complex about the organization and its staff. An apparent endeavor is made to have consumers believe that this organization alone affords them any protection from the criminal rapacity of producers, and that all other agencies delude and betray them.

Where are we consumers to look? The experts are competing against each other for the privilege of fiddling while we consumers burn.

Both these books display a deep interest in their subject, but both refuse to face its social implications. "The Popular Practice of Fraud" is better organized and more readable, perhaps because it is not attempting to justify and rationalize the social position of a research organization. It pounds out its subject in page after page, covering the ground with what seems to be meticulous accuracy and completeness. It avoids discussing the problem of fraud in relation to other social ills, perhaps happily. Mr. Harding says: "It is not the purpose of this book to argue for or against any fundamental reconstruction of the social and economic system. The case is merely presented from the point of view of prevalent commercial practice." Mr. Harding pins his faith on "a law demanding truth in advertising" and nothing more.

With the exception of Mr. Harding's faith in the law,

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EDITED BY ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

*Translated by Arthur Livingston and Andrew Bongiorno
with the advice and active cooperation of James Harvey Rogers*

In preparation for twelve years, this translation makes available to America a work whose significance has no parallel in modern times. It gives a fundamental exposition of the relation of sentiment to thinking, and of sentiment and thinking to conduct in life. It discloses the respective shares which thought and sentiment, the rational and the non-rational, have had in human history. It clarifies the individual's relations to religion, politics, ethical principles, and the role of sentiment and thought in each of those relations. It is essentially for those whose minds control their reactions to society. For them it explains what forces Socialism, Communism, Democracy, Fascism really represent. Do they rest merely on a sentimental basis? Can they be removed from the field of sentiment and discussed scientifically? These and many other questions of universal interest this book answers. It is, in short, the most profound and comprehensive analysis of the modern world; its implications, so far-reaching for all aspects of human life, are fundamental for the problems of today.

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all three authors sidestep the question of what can be done. They overlook the possibility that consumers—workers, farmers, and professional people—may organize in their own defense. Mr. Harding frankly calls such efforts, carried on by a rapidly growing cooperative movement, reformist in nature. Matthews and Shallcross apparently view the tendency with open contempt as a fascist development. They overlook the fact that the cooperative movement has a direct relation to the labor movement in all industrial countries and that a great weakness in this country has been the lack of a strong cooperative movement. They also fail to understand that cooperation is the logical organizational “bridge” of practical understanding and action between city worker-consumers and farmers.

Perhaps these authors have ignored this movement because they see fraud and chicanery for the most part as a question of quality. They have made no effort to explain the great social fraud of prices and wages. These affect consumers as much as if not more than questions of quality. The tremendous social tragedy of sweating men at machines, working at subsistence levels, toiling night and day (those who are employed at all) to produce consumers' goods of dubious value (at least not what they might be), for which they themselves as consumers pay prices based on a tribute to profit, is lost sight of in the novelty of petty deception.

Neither “Partners in Plunder” nor “The Popular Practice of Fraud” can be considered a very profound contribution to a solution of the problem of consumers. They will both prove amusing to the mentally unemployed intelligentsia.

JOSEPH P. KELLEY

Not to Be Classified

Poems, et Cetera. By David Greenhood. San Francisco: Helen and Bruce Gentry. \$2.

ANYONE who reads the magazines today must be aware that a large body of current American literature is being advertised under the heading of various movements. This tendency has of course become evident in poetry. In the name of “regionalism,” “the New Deal,” and “communism” we have been confronted by three indisputably bad books of verse: “The Man with the Bull-Tongue Plough,” “American Song,” and “Upsurge.” Meanwhile actual poems are being written by men whose work escapes the conventional means of classification. A partial list reveals the names of Hal Saunders White, Louis Grudin, John Wheelright, James Agee, Winfield Scott, Robert Fitzgerald, Ernest Walsh (a posthumous volume), and now David Greenhood. These poets do not constitute a group in themselves, nor can their aesthetic be reduced to a common denominator; whatever set of doctrines each may approach, each starts his journey from a highly personalized vantage-point, and each contributes poetry of serious intention.

I would say that the present book of thirty-two pages is the product of rigorous selection, and that the poet's own standard of excellence is very high. One fine sonnet, *All Doom That Was*, is made to stand for half a hundred sonnets; note the directness and simplicity of the sestet:

The record of the blue firmament in me,
Of my blue Spring bewildered into tears,
Is but a hope that this dear poetry
Itself can almost be what it endears.
I give a sad luxuriant substitute
In this for her whole world where love is mute.

Throughout the book the same economy is used and with it the same withdrawal of “poetic” pretensions; in their stead is a personal observation, as though the poet were writing a

letter to a friend. The prose poem, *Life of a Hunter*, is characteristic; and there the symbolic reference to a deer is made to represent an entire range of experience; it is a testament wherein the virtues of sincerity are revealed:

... and I am left wasting the air I breathe.
Damn these deer! They are the cause of all sorrow.

HORACE GREGORY

Sun Yat-sen

Sun Yat-sen, His Life and Its Meaning. A Critical Biography. By Lyon Sharman. The John Day Company. \$3.50.

MRS. SHARMAN would be the first to admit that a definitive biography of Sun Yat-sen has still to be written. But as she very clearly points out, it will not be written until the uncritical hero-worship with which Sun Yat-sen is still regarded in China has given way to an atmosphere in which the student of modern history can function unfettered by social and political censorship. In the meantime, her study stands out as the most successful attempt in the English language to interpret the life and teachings of the so-called father of the Chinese Revolution—and in view of the limitations on Chinese scholarship in this direction it doubtless outranks existing Chinese-language biographies.

Mrs. Sharman has not been able to write a definitive biography for a number of reasons. There is a complete lack of reliable critical Chinese studies, and living Chinese who knew and worked with Sun Yat-sen are reluctant to reveal the full contents of their minds. Earlier foreign biographies are woefully inadequate from a scholarly point of view, and many of them are biased by adulation of their subject or by a desire to make his teachings conform with a particular school of thought, whether it be Protestantism, Catholicism, or republicanism. For the latter reason much of the source material is also unreliable: first-hand accounts of episodes in Sun's life by missionaries were weighted toward their supposed Christian content; Americans, Englishmen, Japanese, and Russians reported events from their own economic and political biases. And the greatest difficulty of all arises from the inconsistencies and incompleteness of the written records left by Sun Yat-sen himself.

With such handicaps as these, the wonder is that Mrs. Sharman has written so successful an account. Her approach to the task and her method of reasoning are clearly stated. She was motivated by an irresistible urge to understand modern China, and the key to this understanding she concluded was Sun Yat-sen's life. Fully aware of the difficulties involved, for years she persistently collected data and by all the means at the disposal of a biographer of a modern figure strove to separate the true from the false. No incident or thought process of Sun Yat-sen's life was accepted uncritically. Where verification of facts was impossible, Mrs. Sharman frankly says so. At a dozen points in the book she warns the reader to be skeptical of some episode or the interpretation she places on it; frequently she points out problems on which further investigation is needed before the truth can be set forth.

The figure that emerges from the pages of this biography will not be pleasing to the Sun Yat-sen cult. At one point Mrs. Sharman, addressing herself directly to his uncritical worshipers, says: “But let us not dehumanize him by attributing to him a superhumanly clear and highly inspired prophetic vision. His was a pedestrian and stumbling progress. Slowly he made his way in spite of intellectual limitation, crude intrigue, bad judgment, faulty coordinations, and wild misreckonings of the human equation. Yet in all Sun Yat-sen's unrealized plans the core was an indisputably laudable ideal.” Mrs. Sharman reveals him as a leader of persuasive personality,

a gifted though undramatic speaker, author of broad plans and programs in which practical details were often conspicuously lacking and in which there was little originality, not shrewd or a great thinker, credulous to an extreme, intellectually inconsistent, essentially a propagandist for borrowed ideas, unable to work with others unless he held autocratic powers of command, totally unskilled in group functioning, a fearless discarding of tradition and adopter of new ideas, an egoist—but withal a man convinced he was born with a mission, the mission as he conceived it being sufficiently correlated to Chinese trends to explain his position of leadership.

With reference to one premise of her study the reviewer is skeptical. Mrs. Sharman correctly points out in the preface that Sun Yat-sen's life can be understood only as an integral part of Chinese development in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. She accordingly devotes much attention to describing this setting. But Mrs. Sharman's conception of Chinese development is confined to its human aspects as distinguished from its environmental and technological ones, and she is therefore led to picturing the Chinese setting largely in terms of political personalities. She says: "To me all that has happened in China has been wrought out of human endeavor and human resistance. . . . Gigantic as China's modern movements are, transcending our frail powers of analysis and understanding, the country's development, I still must believe, is in the hands of her citizens." And this postulate of the individual as the core of history leads Mrs. Sharman in the final analysis to find the essential weakness of Sun Yat-sen and of all the Chinese republican attempts at reconstruction in their incapacity for cooperative group functioning in the modern sense. Such a basis of reasoning hardly serves to explain Chinese separatist movements, the forces of imperialism, or the current Soviet movement, let alone the bankruptcy of the current phase of Kuomintang policy. The principles of Marxism certainly deserve a conspicuous place in any attempt to interpret China or the role of any individual in Chinese history.

With this exception—and it is important or trivial according to the individual's conception of historical processes—and with due recognition of the handicaps under which she worked, Mrs. Sharman has written an excellent critical biography of Sun Yat-sen. It is the best biography so far produced. It will inevitably be taken into serious consideration in any further attempts to estimate the outstanding figure of the Chinese political revolution.

FREDERICK V. FIELD

A Bell with Many Echoes

Wheels and Butterflies. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

M R. YEATS'S title for this volume of one-act plays with prefaces is drawn from the couplet which serves as its motto: "To garret or cellar a wheel I send, but every butterfly to a friend." Garrets and cellars are the intellectual coteries, now absorbed by politics; to them these plays are intended to convey hints of the author's mystical philosophy of history, in which the wheel symbolizes the Great Year of the soul's eternal gyration from consciousness to unconsciousness, from subjectivity to objectivity, and return. To others, perhaps he wishes to say, they will be charming trifles with no hidden significance.

The plays, which are in prose except for occasional songs, make agreeable reading; they should also be pleasant to witness as performed by the Abbey Players. Along with the verbal beauty of all Yeats's writings, they seem, if one may judge from the printed page, to have somewhat greater dramatic qualities than most of his previous plays.

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In *The Words Upon the Window-Pane* the spirit of Swift breaks into a séance to reveal, in impassioned dialogues with Vanessa and Stella, his reasons for refusing to marry. Fighting the Waves, its author says modestly, is merely a libretto for dancing, masks by the Dutch sculptor Van Krop, and music by Antheil, whose score is appended. The most recent of the plays and also the weightiest is *The Resurrection*, which presents Mr. Yeats's version of what happened to the souls of Hebrew and Greek at the beginning of the Christian cycle. *The Cat and the Moon* is a slight affair based on the old allegory of the lame man and the blind man.

The prefaces are of equal interest with the plays. In his exquisite and subtly irritant prose, which itself moves in gyres, Mr. Yeats makes sly comments and prophecies on such matters as nationalism, Irish history, the revolt of the masses, the contemporary arts, and the value of myth-making. "I must speak," he writes, "of things that come out of the common consciousness, where everything is like a bell with many echoes." He sees the modern mind beginning to yearn for its opposite: "Perhaps now that the abstract intellect has split the mind into categories, the body into cubes, we may be about to turn back towards the unconscious, the whole, the miraculous; according to a Chinese sage darkness begins at midday."

If the Irish seer resembles in some respects those soothsayers and diviners with whom the true prophets wished not to be confused, one often seems also to detect the authentic voice of Yahweh, speaking, it is true, in accents rather suaver than of wont. Most of Mr. Yeats's readers will consider his intuitions sounder than the cabalistic doctrines with which he supports them. He may not be able to tell us much of wars and dynasties to come, but he has many suggestive things to say about the direction in which the contemporary consciousness is being drawn, by a fascination not unmixed with horror, to seek its appropriate mask and image.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Shorter Notices

Hamlet. Edited by John Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

Mr. Wilson, proceeding now without his collaborator, the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, adds the fifteenth and most important volume to a famous edition of Shakespeare which has been going forward since 1921 under the auspices of the Cambridge University Press. The material for a textual introduction to this play was so voluminous that Mr. Wilson recently treated it in two separate volumes called "The Manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'"; and he has so much to



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say about the play as a play that he is soon to publish a work called "What Happens in 'Hamlet.'" The present work is then but the middle one of three which Mr. Wilson will have devoted to Shakespeare's masterpiece. Already it seems safe to say that the three works considered as a whole will be the most ambitious contribution yet made by any scholar to the literature of "Hamlet." Not only is the text cleared up here at numerous difficult and hitherto obscure points, Mr. Wilson's notes being both copious and practical; but his Introduction, and indeed his management of the whole task, reveals him as the freshest commentator upon "Hamlet" that this century has had. For in addition to an immense learning he has a very unusual store of common sense, along with a mind which knows both by nature and by training how to behave in the presence of a great piece of writing. This is not to deny that some of his findings will meet with disagreement. The perfect editor is not the editor with whom most students will easily agree. He is rather what Mr. Wilson tends to be: always informed, always brilliant, always interesting, and always respectful of the poem which has provided him with his occupation.

The World Went Mad. By John Brophy. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

In "The World Went Mad" Mr. Brophy has portrayed something of the confusion attendant on the war years. The method employed in the writing of the novel—interrelated sketches, throw-backs and throw-forwards, independent and dependent pen-portraits—is chaotic and lacking in discipline. This method is effective in one sense—it throws the reader back into the flow and wash of the hysterical atmosphere of war—but at no time do we feel a mutual relation of method and story; the sense of confusion is conveyed, surely, but it is a confusion belonging to the author. The feeling of loss is derived less from the story before us than from our belief that had he employed another manner in the telling, we should have another story and a better one.

Drama Case History

THE special audience of the Theater Union seemed to like very much its latest offering "Black Pit" (Civic Repertory Theater). I doubt, however, that this piece will have for the general public anything like the appeal of the two previous plays, and the reason is simple: Albert Maltz's drama of stool pigeons and strikes has far less to offer those of us who do not attend the theater primarily for the purpose of studying the problems of labor. By any standards "The Sailors of Cattaro" was a well-written play, and the cruder "Stevedore" had at least a large measure of simple melodramatic excitement. "Black Pit," however, for all its earnestness of purpose and its competent, workman-like writing, is quite uninspired. It proceeds carefully, logically, and not intemperately upon its way. Though frankly partisan of course, it neither loads the dice nor paints its villains blacker than there is need to paint them. But it rises to no great heights of excitement and it remains for the most part respectably pedestrian. In other words, "Black Pit" satisfies the requirements of the formula for "social drama" without accomplishing that something more without which the fulfillment of any formula is rather less than enough.

The scene is a West Virginia coal mine, and the story follows the outlines of what is doubtless a fairly typical series of events. A young Slovak miner is railroaded to prison for

LOOK OUT

for Marsh City—that's Lame Hank Pugh's. Look out for Greenville—that's old Seth Healey's. He'll be walking the tops and be dressed like a 'bo, so you'll never know by his looks he's a bull. But he'll have a gun on his hip and a hose-length in his hand, and two deputies coming down both the sides; your best bet then is to stay right still. You can't get away and he'll pot you if you try. So give him what you got and God help you if you're broke. When he lifts up that hose-line just cover up your eyes and don't try any back-fightin' when it comes down—*smash*. God help you if you run and God help you if you fight; God help you if you're broke and God help you if you're black.

Look out for Greenville, it's right above Boykin, and it's Seth Healey's town. Look out for Lima, too—that's in Ohio. And look out for Springfield, the one in Missouri. Look out for Denver and Denver Jack Duncan. Look out for Tulsa, look out for Joplin. Look out for Chicago—look out for Fort Wayne—look out for St. Paul, look out for Dallas—look out—look out—look out—LOOK OUT!

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a bit of sabotage which he happens not to have committed. On his return he finds himself placed on the black list and without hope of a job unless he will consent to act as informer for the boss. Being an ardent unionist, he refuses; but events are too much for him, and when it becomes a question of getting a company doctor for his young wife on the point of childbirth he gives in. Mentally he has resolved that he will not actually betray his comrades, but he finds it impossible to escape the trap which has been set, and the name of the chief union agitator is wrung from him. Then comes the strike, and the discovery of his double-dealing. His comrades turn away and his crippled brother pronounces his doom; there is nothing left except flight and shame. The wife and the baby will stay behind. Some day the child will grow into a man better able to realize that the worker can gain nothing unless he puts his class above his own personal welfare. And some day the whistle just sounding as the curtain descends will not be pulled by bosses. Miners like those who are now answering its call will have hold of the cord.

At the bottom of Mr. Maltz's drama there obviously lies the conflict between honor and love. It has served playwrights for some hundreds of years, and there is probably no reason why it should not serve them for some centuries more. But it cannot reach its maximum dramatic effectiveness unless the elements are more or less evenly matched, unless one feels the tug of emotion against the tug of duty; and it is precisely the defect of the present play that the persons are not real enough to give much weight to the purely human side of their struggle. It would not be fair to say that they are mere puppets; they are, as a matter of fact, far more credible than the characters in a great many revolutionary dramas. Yet the fact remains that the author is primarily interested in his cause. He seems to make almost unwillingly a concession to necessity when he bothers at all about the personality of the individuals who are important to him only because they happen to be protagonists in the struggle between capital and labor. The inevitable result is not only that the play must remain rather more a sermon than anything else, but also that the

very conflict in the breast of the protagonist is stated without being made very real. My own opinion is that the revolutionary dramatist must ultimately learn to do one of two things: either he must find some way of writing plays in which the elements of character, personality, and concern for the fate of the individual are entirely left out or, if he finds that impossible, he must learn to have in them an interest as deep and real as the interest of the dramatists for whom they have been the chief concern.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

RAMON GRAU SAN MARTIN was President of Cuba from September, 1933, to January, 1934.

CLAUDE MCKAY is the author of "Home to Harlem" and "Banana Bottom."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in this country. He has just published a new book, "Soviet Journey."

RICHARD A. LESTER is a member of the Department of Economics at Princeton University.

HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist of the *World-Telegram*, is the president of the American Newspaper Guild.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary and author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

JOSEPH P. KELLEY is editor of the *Consumers' Defender*, published by Cooperative Distributors.

HORACE GREGORY has recently published a new book of poems, "Chorus for Survival."

FREDERICK V. FIELD is the secretary of the American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and articles to various periodicals.

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THE MOSCOW CONVERSATIONS have done much to dispel the gloom which had hung over Europe since the failure of the Simon-Hitler discussions of the previous week. No definite agreement was reached because none was intended. But the fact that the representatives of Great Britain and the USSR were both ready to recognize the necessity of strengthening the collective system of security is of utmost importance. The views of the Soviet Union have long been known. More than any other country it has urged regional pacts of mutual assistance as a safeguard of peace, and has stressed the necessity for united action by all the powers against the threat of German aggression. The British position, on the other hand, has been extremely uncertain. Moscow had feared that Hitler's opposition to an Eastern Locarno would cause the British to waver in support of that plan. It is now clear that Hitler's intransigence has had the opposite effect of driving Britain to recognize, somewhat belatedly, the urgency of collective action, even to the extent of isolating Germany if necessary. The British will not be a party to an Eastern pact. Moscow has not asked that. But if they throw the weight of their diplomatic support behind this proposal they can make it very difficult for Germany to hold out against it. One vital interpretation appears to have been given at Moscow by Capt. Eden, subject to approval by the British

cabinet. If Germany attacks Russia, the British will not regard a French attack on Germany as a violation of the Locarno pact. With this assurance Franco-Russian co-operation becomes a reality, of the greatest service to peace. There will be no war in Europe so long as Britain, France and the Soviet Union stand together.

ANTHONY EDEN'S visit to Warsaw will have more immediate bearing on the possibility of establishing an Eastern Locarno than his historic visit to Moscow. Poland is loath to enter such a system, not only because Hitler does not want it to, but even more because it has committed itself to playing a buffer state role, relying for its independence on the rivalry between Russia and Germany. To join the encirclement of Germany will limit this independence and bring it back into the French system. Capt. Eden's task then is to demonstrate to Poland that there is more safety in the collective system than in playing on the innate rivalry between fascist Germany and communist Russia. The argument will not be convincing unless the British envoy is able, as he will not yet be able, to say that the collective system is sure of Britain's unqualified cooperation. The Poles are not to be had otherwise. They are too large already and too poor to cherish immediate ambitions of expansion. They need peace as much as any country in Europe. But they do not wish to join a collective system which is not going to be so overwhelmingly strong as to insure peace. Otherwise the next war would be fought in Poland, and might end in still another partition. An Eastern Locarno for the sweet sake of France is no longer of interest to Poland, particularly not if the collective system is not going to prevent war. And there always is the distant future, when Poland may be strong enough to feel like expanding eastwards under the auspices of Germany.

THE DECISION of the Supreme Court in the Scottsboro case will go down in history along with Lincoln's emancipation proclamation as a milestone in the struggle for racial equality in the United States. It is a complete vindication for those who have felt from the beginning that the case involved a principle far deeper than the unjust conviction of seven Negro boys. If the decision can be enforced, it will mean that the established tradition of keeping Negroes subjected by legal terrorism will have to be abandoned. In any case, it will mean that the type of race hysteria which brought about the arrest and conviction of the Scottsboro boys will occur with much less frequency than before, and that when it occurs there will be legal recourse for the defendants. And it may not be too much to hope that provision for Negroes to serve on juries may be a step towards the granting of full legal rights. That the battle against mob rule has not yet been won, however, is clearly demonstrated by the conviction at Sacramento on the same day as the Supreme Court's decision of eight young radicals on a trumped-up charge of "conspiracy." Substitute California for Alabama and replace racial prejudice by anti-red

hysteria, and the parallel between the conduct of the two trials is complete. The defendants' sole crime, like that of Herndon and other Negroes who have been railroaded to jail, was that of attempting to organize the underprivileged in the struggle for better living conditions. The fight for justice in the courts must go on until not only the South but California recognize that they are parts of the Union.

DEPORTATION PROCEEDINGS against John Strachey have been dropped and he has returned to Great Britain without any light whatever having fallen on the exceedingly dark question whether an alien entering our portals is entitled to believe in communism. The ostensible reason for dropping the proceedings was that Mr. Strachey was leaving anyway. But this is not even adroit deception. The immigration authorities when they arrested him knew he was to leave the country at the end of March. They also knew when they dropped the proceedings that he was willing to remain here and fight the deportation charges to the Supreme Court if need be. In fact, they were facing the awkward necessity of having to renew his visum for the ultimate privilege of deporting him. The heavenly irony of this may have been too much for the usually sensible Col. MacCormack, and he obviously seized on a device which saved him from being both absurd and in danger of losing his case, as he well might have done. But the public is entitled now to ask for an intelligible concise statement of what a visiting alien is allowed to believe in this country. If it is to be a deportable offense simply to believe in the desirability of communism, Col. MacCormack should not be relieved of the hateful necessity of saying so. If not, he should be spared no syllable of the censure he deserves for arresting Mr. Strachey.

THE TRUCE by which the United Mine Workers and the Appalachian coal operators agree to extend their present wage contracts until June 16, seriously reduces the possibility of another nation-wide wave of strikes during the Spring months. It was of course improbable that the Lewis leadership would call a walkout. More than any other A. F. of L. union, the U. M. W. A. stands committed to the code device, to arbitration by labor boards, and to legislative panaceas like the Guffey bill. But the mere possibility of a bituminous coal strike served to stimulate labor unrest in many other industries. To outward appearances at least, the A. F. of L. is preparing for walkouts in the automobile and rubber manufacturing industries. No doubt the A. F. of L. leaders in both industries are under heavy pressure from their rank-and-file membership. But the leaders themselves are timid. Already automobile production is in the process of tapering off from its seasonal peak, and it would be difficult to carry through walkouts in Detroit and Akron in the face of a reduction in output and employment. Moreover, the A. F. of L. has come to terms once more with the Administration. Advanced to an equal rank with management on the NLRB, and lured on by rumors of Presidential support for the Labor Relations Bill, the A. F. of L. is not likely to resort to militant action. Realists might say that the best way of hastening enactment of the Wagner Bill would be by walkouts in the mass-production industries, but Realpolitik is beyond the powers of Mr. Green.

IN COTTON TEXTILES, however, forces are at work which may soon lead to an explosion similar to that of September, 1934. Despite the Textile Labor Relations Board, a multitude of discrimination cases have not yet been adjusted, and stretchout complaints continue to flow in. The cotton textile employers have reverted to the policy of liquidating inventories by curtailing output. Minimum wages under the full 40 hours per week which the code sanctions, are low enough: \$13 in the North and \$12 in the South. Thanks to the recent 25 per cent curtailment order, workers will be restricted to a thirty-hour week, and minimum earnings will fall to \$10 and \$9. It was the impact of production curtailment upon weekly earnings which brought on the great but short-lived textile strike of 1934. The next strike, if it comes, will be attributable to exactly the same kind of impact. The chances are that such a strike will be widespread and prolonged; for the workers have had many months to assimilate the lessons of last fall's defeat.

DUE TO AN UNUSUAL LAPSE in Washington reporting, several days passed before it became known that the Senate in voting for the work-relief bill adopted an amendment which may lead to the destruction of the AAA and to a policy of wholesale dumping of agricultural products abroad. This is the George amendment, authorizing the President to use relief funds to pay farmers what they now receive from processing taxes, which could be suspended for a year, and also to use relief funds to subsidize exports of farm products. The Washington newspaper offices are badly understaffed, so the delay in explaining the amendment cannot be censured, but it demonstrates how easy it is getting to slip things over in the capital. The purpose of the George amendment is to suspend the processing tax, in the hope that once it is removed the public will never accept it again. Then the basis of the AAA would be destroyed and agriculture could return to its good old freedom. Under the influence of Mr. Peek even the AAA itself is toying with the idea of subsidized dumping, though Mr. Wallace wisely remarks that foreign countries would at once protect themselves by quotas and further restrictions. And these would continue the suffocation of world trade in general. While the AAA itself is not sound, it should not be supplanted by a folly ten times more mad.

THE NEW NRA, according to the terms of the bill introduced for its continuation at the behest of the Administration, will be too much like the old one to satisfy anyone hoping that its failures had taught the New Dealers any profound lessons. The only sign of education revealed is in the language of the bill, which has been carefully edited to conform with the rulings of the Supreme Court. Simplifications are introduced, the number of codes will be reduced, control over intrastate commerce will not be attempted, and the President is given authority to impose codes when industries fail to formulate their own. But the terms of the bill are kept so vague, as Paul Ward points out in his article on the NRA in this issue, that evasion and delay can continue to be the weapons of industry in circumventing such social merit as remains in the plan. Even a vague law could be applied for the good of the country if the spirit were there to do it. And a more

precise law has no meaning if the President does not care to use it. Either the NRA becomes an organ for the government of business, or it will continue to be a convenient device by which business men may sanctify practices which otherwise would trouble their consciences.

MILO RENO, the belligerent leader of the Farmers' Holiday Association, is set upon testing the possibility of uniting our leading demagogues. He has invited Father Coughlin, Senator Long, Dr. Townsend, and Governor Olson to address his association on May 7 at Des Moines. Coughlin, Long, and Olson have accepted, Dr. Townsend begging off because the occasion was "too political." Coughlin and Long so far have not spoken from the same platform though the orange blossoms for a joint appearance already have been supplied by General Johnson. It seems to us much too early for the demagogues to be pooling their forces. Long certainly will not care to invite Protestant opposition in aligning himself openly with Father Coughlin, and the radio priest must feel that he is quite effective for the present in his solo role as a future Hitler. Next year, if the depression deepens, circumstances might well create a union, and then it would be more than a novelty. We do not like to see Governor Olson in this company, but we think a meeting which he addresses along with Reno, Coughlin, and Long will be both spectacular and foreboding. We note in passing that William Allen White has issued a warning to the Republican party that the country will go fascist behind its demagogues unless the G. O. P. becomes imbued with a genuinely progressive faith. It sounds to us more like straight prophecy than the postulation of an alternative.

THE IMPORTANCE of constant vigilance and organized mass action for the protection of civil rights has never been more dramatically demonstrated than in the case of Manuel Fonseca, Cuban teacher, who was saved from execution by a last-minute change of heart on the part of the Cuban military authorities. Fonseca had been condemned to death by a military court-martial on the charge, which he denied, of possessing explosives in his home. The sentence was to have been carried out on the morning of March 30, no appeal being allowed from the decision of the military court. On the afternoon of March 29 the Cuban cabinet met, having been deluged with protests from all parts of the world, and amended the law under which Fonseca had been convicted, with provision that the change should apply retroactively. But it was not until within an hour of the time set for the execution that the army leaders finally agreed to commute Fonseca's sentence to life imprisonment. In explaining this action Colonel Pedrosa, chief of the Fifth Military District of Havana, made no mention of the cabinet's modification of the law, but attributed it to "thousands of telegrams . . . asking that the execution be stayed." Fonseca has been saved, but scores of other Cubans face summary trial on charges of revolutionary activity. Included among these is Dr. Herminio Portell Vila, distinguished scholar and Cuban delegate to the Montevideo Conference. Dr. Portell Vila was tried in the Urgency Court and found "not guilty" in five minutes. Despite his acquittal he has not been released but is being held for a second trial on April 5 when a large group of

alleged conspirators, members of the ABC, Young Cuba, and Communist parties, will be brought before the court. This procedure is manifestly unfair to Portell Vila who has never been a member of any political group.

IN ARKANSAS night-riding planters are threatening the very lives of miserable share-croppers whose living has already been taken away. It is a primitive and sordid war that seems scarcely to belong to modern times. In Washington, meanwhile, in the spacious offices of the New Deal such enlightened gentlemen as Henry Wallace and Chester Davis continue to ignore a crisis which the AAA itself helped to precipitate. On another page of this issue, John Herling gives a first-hand report of conditions in Arkansas. We are even more interested in an earlier first-hand report which was made at public expense by Mrs. Mary Connor Myers who spent several weeks investigating the plight of the share-cropper for the Department of Agriculture. That report has never been published. Technically, the Department of Agriculture may have the right to suppress it. Morally it has no such right in a situation involving the lives and livelihood of thousands of citizens whose only hope of justice seems to lie in an appeal to public opinion outside their own benighted area. The nature of Mrs. Myers's findings is already known. She is reported to have said that cotton-belt conditions are worse than those of war-torn Belgium and, further, that she could hardly eat her meals at night after interviewing hungry families all day. We challenge Secretary Wallace to publish Mrs. Myers's report; and we urge our readers to reinforce our demand with letters and telegrams.

IN HONOR of the visiting British diplomats, a Soviet orchestra at the Academic Theatre in Moscow played "God Save the King" followed by the "Internationale." We can think of nothing calculated to give a greater sense of security to King George V, first cousin to the late Czar.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA has banished hurdy-gurdys and all street musicians and also flower push-carts, on the theory that he wants no more "begging" on the streets of New York. The Mayor is an advanced social thinker, but in this case he has brought forth nonsense. Hurdy-gurdy music is certainly not of the quality of the Philharmonic Orchestra, at whose concerts the Mayor is often seen, but surely it has a place in the life of any great city. It adds a flip to the reveries of the pedestrian and to the day-dreams of the young, and a people occasionally humming "O Sole Mio" and "The Pearl Fishers" is surely to be preferred to a people humming "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," or not humming at all. It is a fact, seldom noted by musicologists, that hurdy-gurdy music is generally of a relatively high order. The proprietors of barrel-organs are an aristocratic race, and they play the cream of musical lore. On the few occasions when they condescend to Broadway music it is of the better quality. Instead of banishing hurdy-gurdys from the streets, Mayor La Guardia should help them multiply. And the same with flower push-carts. These add color and a certain grand irresponsibility to the life of a community. New York, with its massive buildings and bridges and paved roads, has science enough. It needs more poetry—more songs and flowers—and we hope that the Mayor will consult his heart and good sense, and rescind his ill-considered order.

The Problem of Neutrality

CONGRESS, under the pressure of the European crisis, is naturally in a hurry to formulate a new policy of American neutrality. The Nye Committee has added this task to its many services and we sympathize with its determination to make sure we shall not be embroiled in another ruinous European war. Pacifists will wish to capitalize the isolationist sentiment of the country. They want to make sure we are not drawn into war by commercial and banking interests. They want to challenge the sincerity of militarists, who build a huge navy and air force, and announce at the same time that they are interested only in peace. There is some virtue in the argument that if peace is what we want, the way to get it is to withdraw from contact with the outside world, supply no money or goods to outside countries in times of crises, and reduce our own fighting forces. We are geographically invulnerable. We need never fight unless in defense of interests beyond our shores.

The bills under consideration by the Nye Committee would prohibit the supply of munitions to all belligerents and loans to all foreign governments or their nationals while they are at war. Significantly they would declare all trade in contraband with belligerents to be at the senders' risk, subject to claims for compensation at the end of the war. And a further measure would warn Americans traveling into danger zones that they do so without the protection of their government. Had these bills been on the statute books in 1914 we probably would not have entered the World War.

But we see a flaw in the argument that isolation is the best way of keeping the peace. It applies only if we abandon membership in the world, which is hardly possible and certainly not desirable. Any great war would ultimately affect interests which we are incapable of denying. The genuine guaranty of peace for ourselves is peace for the world at large. The principle of collective action is the only real safeguard. Admittedly, this is an unpropitious moment to make this assertion. The unsound beginning of a collective system in the League has been ruined, and it may take years to replace it with a sound one. The menace of Hitler's rearmament, however, may drive reluctant powers like Italy and Britain into a new system more realistic, hence more imposing, than the League, and at an earlier time than once seemed likely. And if such a system arises, or if there is hope of its arising, America should be free to cooperate, and should not greet it with the neutrality of utter absence.

For our part we do not care to belong to a peace system of international military sanctions. We do not believe that peace can be maintained by continually increasing the cost and horror of war, by making sure that every war will be a world war. It is not to be guaranteed by frightening people, at least not for all time. It depends on the world finding a civilized way of settling international disputes. As individuals have had to take to the law instead of their shotguns, states must come to agree to live according to a body of principles in their own and in the common interest. They will not do so because they are "good" nations, and war is "bad." They will do it out of intelligent self-interest.

The peaceful settlement of disputes depends on collec-

tive world opinion. There must be machinery and there must be understanding of the machinery. The Supreme Court functions without sanctions, and we hope that the machinery of a collective system will ultimately work without them. But a nation cannot belong to such a system, attempting to settle international disputes without war, and at the same time announce in advance its utter isolation in event the machinery breaks down. For a similar withdrawal by all nations would as much as anything produce the breakdown. If nation "A" refuses to live up to the principles of peaceable settlement, and nation "B" was attacked, we might well wish to rush to the aid, by money, munitions, and goods, of nation "B." Not to do so might assure the victory of "A" over "B" and over the principles on which peace is built. That is precisely what is risked by the text of the measures under consideration by the Nye Committee. They make neutrality mandatory. They lay down the law of equal treatment of all belligerents. It can be stressed that there is at present no collective system, and all that is intended is to stay out of an evil war which hangs over Europe. But there is a collective system in the making, and while it is far from complete, we see every reason for encouraging it. Europe is pouring out its last riches for armaments, Hitler is defying the minor application of a collective system in eastern Europe, and Japan is forcing its dominion over Asia. We too want the United States to be neutral in a war forged on Hitler's anvil, or arising from Japan's penetration of Asia. We do not want our profiteers to get rich from our own war or anyone else's, since such riches turn ultimately to ashes. But we feel that the Nye bills are not as desirable as at first flush they appear. They are based on abandonment of the real principle of peace, and we prefer to keep this principle alive particularly at this time. A doctrine of neutrality adopted today, simply because a Hitler threatens Europe, will bind us effectively when, perhaps, Hitler will not be a threat, and when the weight and importance of American cooperation can count in establishing a genuine peace system.

The Nye drafts might be made more flexible by giving the President discretion in determining whether we shall assist a belligerent. Or they might specify that we should refrain, after consultation, from enforcing our right as a neutral to trade with a state which had been designated the aggressor by the League of Nations. What we oppose is a legalization of the principle that if we refuse to fight in a war we also must refuse to help one side. If ever there was a curtailment of desirable sovereignty it lies in a blank refusal to permit the United States to help a nation which, without our help, might go under. One virtue of a collective system is that it implies help, and so would make possible the maintenance of small defensive equipments. A nation should not be penalized for its reliance on its neighbors if it has lived up to its international obligations. At the same time we are just as anxious as the Nye committee that any help we give to a belligerent nation shall not involve us in fighting, and we endorse the principle that our own trade in contraband shall not be protected by our navy.

Democratizing Health

IN voting to support compulsory health insurance just two weeks and a day after a special meeting of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association in Chicago had reaffirmed opposition to it in all its forms, the California Medical Association has given a spectacular rebuff to the conservative leadership of organized medicine. It is the first time in this country—perhaps in the world—that an important medical group has taken such a stand and it will do something to relieve the profession in this country from the stigma of short-sighted obstructionism from which it has long suffered.

The California vote was in fact a rebuff to state as well as national officialdom. It was a successful rebellion by the rank and file of the profession that burst through the restraints of the usual do-nothing leadership. The House of Delegates voted in direct opposition to the recommendations of its own committee—save for one committeeman, Dr. Rodney A. Yoell of San Francisco. The insurgent movement was led by a delegation from San Francisco, where the cause of health insurance has been pushed publicly for twenty years by such leaders as Chester H. Rowell of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and Dr. Philip King Brown. From the public's viewpoint it is especially significant that the House of Delegates not only endorsed the idea of legislation but set up a committee with power to act in offering "its full aid and cooperation" to a committee of the California Senate which has been studying the question for the past two years. The association's position should make it possible for California legislation to avoid the mistakes and delays which have characterized the beginning of health-insurance systems abroad.

The economic causes of the California revolt were revealed in an extensive survey carried out by the state association prior to the vote. The report revealed the enormous pressure for change which has been compounded of hard times and slow payments. Preliminary tabulations from that study show only too clearly the background of need from which the demand for health insurance arises both from the public and the rank and file of the profession. The survey indicates that half the families of the State had annual incomes of less than \$1,200 in 1933, while less than 3 per cent had as much as \$5,000. What care people were getting depended in large part not on their need for it but on their incomes. In spite of all the efforts of public and private charity and the personal gift of services to the poor by physicians, less than half the people in the under-\$1,200 families were getting the medical attention they needed. For each higher income group, the percentage getting needed care was higher, until for those with \$5,000 or more it reached 92 per cent. Other aspects of the picture were the low level of doctors' incomes, the overcrowding of public hospitals, the emptiness of hospitals which had to rely on paying patients. In 1929 about 10 per cent of the doctors had net incomes of less than \$2,000 and nearly half had \$5,000 or more. In 1933, a third were under \$2,000 and only a quarter passed the \$5,000 mark.

The technical staff of the survey, headed by Professor Paul Dodd of the University of California at Los Angeles, and the advisory council of members of the faculties of six

leading universities, united in recommending a comprehensive plan of health insurance mandatory for employed persons with less than \$3,000 a year, and voluntary for certain groups at that income level who for administrative reasons could hardly be included at the start of a compulsory plan—agricultural and domestic workers, employees in establishments with less than three workers, and the like. For once an official body followed the recommendations of its technicians. The action of the House of Delegates specified the principles they believed essential in legislation, including the universally accepted axiom that the patient should have free choice of physician and hospital. They declared also, "The medical profession shall determine the scope, extent, standards, quality, compensation paid for, and all other matters and things related to the medical and medical auxiliary services rendered under the systems." No one can doubt the wisdom of leaving in the hands of the doctors responsibility for professional standards and procedures. Payment to physicians, however, is an actuarial matter; the profession must be consulted as to the amount that is fair and will attract the kind of doctors everyone wants to have, but final determination could no more be left to the profession than could teachers' salaries, for example, be left to educators' associations.

Planned Hunger

THE history of relief in the United States during the past five years has been one of transition from anarchy to planning. In the early days of the depression we were told that private charity was the "American way" of handling destitution. As the crisis deepened this source of funds practically dried up, leaving the burden of support on the federal and state governments. Relief became America's foremost business enterprise, the chief source of support for one-sixth of our entire population. It has been coordinated, standardized—at least in part—and placed under the supervision of the state and national governments. In other words, it has been "planned," and no one would now dream of going back to the rugged individualism of 1930-31.

Yet, despite this record of progress, relief today is still far below the minimum standards of health and decency set by charity organizations. What this means in terms of living conditions for millions of American men, women, and children is graphically portrayed in the report of Mayor LaGuardia's Committee on Unemployment Relief. Since New York's relief standards have been among the highest in the country, the conditions revealed by this survey are distinctly above the average for the United States as a whole. In New York, as elsewhere, the need for relief has greatly increased in the past twelve months. Unemployment has remained practically stationary at about one million—one-third of those normally employed—but the number of families in want has risen by over 50 per cent. Only about one-half of the 666,000 families affected by unemployment are on relief. The remainder constitute a reservoir from which new cases will continually be drawn.

Contrary to the popular impression, the amount of assistance given each family has declined as the needs have

risen. Although relief expenditures have increased from \$58,000,000 in 1932 to \$159,000,000 in 1934, the monthly outlay per family has dropped from \$51.36 to \$42.15. This decrease has been caused partly by the larger proportion of families placed on home rather than work relief, but it is indicative of a reduction in relief standards. The committee revealed, for example, that in only one of the thirty-four precincts of the city was the food allowance adequate for the maintenance of health standards—the allotment for each person in a family of five being but 8 cents per meal. Malnutrition among school children has increased from 13.4 per cent in 1929 to 18.1 per cent in 1934.

Even where the food allowance has approached the amount set by private charity, families have frequently been forced to use part of this sum to meet the deficiency in the rent allowance. The maximum amount granted for rent by the relief authorities is \$25 a month, while the average rents in most localities are from \$30 to \$40 monthly. And even at these levels most of the quarters available, particularly for larger families, are unfit for human habitation. An investigation of the homes of 2,201 families on relief revealed that almost half of the houses lacked ordinary sanitary facilities, and that in one-quarter of the homes there were more than the 2 persons per room permitted by the private charities. Clothing allowances have been even more miserly. In February and March, 1934, a total of \$11 per family was allotted for the purchase of clothing, but from the beginning of April until the following January the total disbursements for this purpose were less than \$4 per family. For job seekers this has been a tremendous handicap, and in families containing school children it has necessitated an additional drain on the sorely needed food allowance. Nothing is given from relief funds for household supplies, moving expenditures, or recreation, while the total appropriation for personal incidentals, carfare, newspapers, toilet articles, and so forth is 25 cents a family for a week. For all items, including food, clothing, housing, and other necessities, the home-relief budget for a family of five was only \$12.40 a week, as contrasted with a minimum of \$20.70 fixed by the various charity organizations.

Meager though this allowance is, it is princely compared to that received in many other parts of the country. The average weekly earnings of men employed on work-relief projects in the United States has declined from \$12.27 in April, 1934, to \$8.83 in the third week of January, 1935, and was less than \$5 in ten of the forty-eight states. Kentucky occupied an unenviable position at the bottom of the list with an average of \$3.96 a week. For general relief, excluding work-relief, the average for the United States as a whole was \$6.66 a week, with Kentucky once more in the lowest rank with the munificent sum of \$2.45 a week for each family!

The relief standards of this country continue to be a disgrace to our civilization. While the amount paid seems high in comparison to the assistance given in certain European countries, nowhere has relief been so haphazard, so unequal, and so meager in terms of the resources of the country. After five years of experimentation, first with private charity, and then with organized relief, only one conclusion is possible: The problem of insecurity can only be met by a national scheme of unemployment and old-age insurance which will pay benefits which are at least sufficient

to cover the basic necessities of life. There is only one plan before Congress today which even approaches that standard—the Workers Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill (H. R. 2827).

A Modest Proposal

WHETHER we like it or not the inhabitants of the United States are growing steadily older. In 1900 slightly over 4 per cent of our population was sixty-five or more, but by 1930 this proportion had increased by about 35 per cent to 5.4. The figures were compiled by President Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security, and according to its findings we may expect that by 1970 one person in ten will be sixty-five or more.

Even if we can accept these calculations as accurate, it is evident that Mr. Shaw's world of Ancients is still a long way off, but it does seem a pity that old people should be growing in numbers just at the time when we know least what to do with those we already have. The Greeks, for example, would have been delighted: to them age was practically synonymous with wisdom and the supply of old men seems to have fallen far short of the demand made by young ones who wanted to listen. To us, on the other hand, neither "senator" nor "presbyterian" suggests especially respectful thoughts, and old age, like so many other things which used to be considered delightful, has become mainly "a problem." Considered from the standpoint of economics, rich old men are primarily creatures whose refusal to die intensifies the process in the course of which wealth tends to accumulate in the hands of a few, and poor old men are primarily non-producers who have to be looked after. "Grandfather" no longer suggests a delightful patriarch with children clambering upon his knee but merely someone who is pretty likely to starve unless he is properly insured.

Mr. Roosevelt's committee was, of course, chiefly interested in investigating the practicality of pensions for the aged. Its figures were so discouraging that a great many persons took the opportunity to dismiss as plainly foolish all schemes of social security, but few seem to have gone on to suggest what seems to us the only logical alternative. If the aged are not to be provided for, then obviously they must be got rid of some how or other. Doctors will have to be warned to cease their pernicious efforts to lengthen the span of human life, and some provision will have to be made for disposing of those persons who persist in living on in a society which is finding less and less work for older men.

Certain civilizations more primitive than the Greek resemble ours in regarding the aged as primarily a problem, and one African tribe is said to have solved the difficulty by an institution which the enemies of insurance may well ponder. Every spring this enlightened tribe conducts its useless members to a sacred tree, from whose branches they are compelled to hang by the arms. The vigorous men then dance about in a circle singing a song which says, "When the fruit is ripe, it will fall"; and when it does the warriors apply ceremonial clubs to the skulls of their parents and grandfathers. The method seems somewhat drastic, but it is reported that the aging look forward philosophically to their natural end.

Issues and Men

Must We Fight Japan?

THE title given to a new book by Nathaniel Peffer is "Must We Fight in Asia?" He answers his own question in the affirmative. There is no help for it; it is manifest destiny. We are reaching out for new fields for trade, and we have had our eye on the Pacific ever since 1849, when we began to lay covetous eyes upon the Philippine Islands, and ever since President Millard Fillmore explained to Congress that the reason for our being the first to recognize the independence of the Hawaiian Islands was that "they lie in the course of the great trade which must at no distant day be carried on between the western coast of North America and eastern Asia. . . ."

America, Mr. Peffer says, "is in the Far East irrevocably," if only because it has committed itself to "a perilous position in the most turbulent quarter of the globe," because of its attitude on Manchoukuo. Therefore he comes to the decision that "sooner or later America must yield, Japan must yield, or they must go to war. America accepts the fact that Manchuria has become Manchoukuo, a Japanese colony; or Japan rescinds Manchoukuo's independence and returns the territory to China—or America and Japan fight." He asserts that if we go to war with Japan, after a long struggle we shall come out of it in possession of Manchoukuo, as the Spanish War left us in possession of the Philippines, and thereafter we shall be an Asiatic power. He calls upon America to prepare for the inevitable.

Mr. Peffer admits that we have only slight trade interests in the Pacific, our mercantile investments in Asia being only \$200,000,000, a sum we should spend within two weeks after the declaration of war. He admits also that Americans don't want to fight in Asia, but says that is of no importance because indifference or hostility to the war could easily be overcome by government propaganda. "No people," he writes, "can resist the compulsions of propaganda created and disseminated by a government or compact ruling group which knows what it wants and has command of the channels of opinion." So the outcome seems to him plain and inevitable. I do not deny either the gravity of the situation or the truth of what he says as to the power of a President—who is not even the whole government—to put us into war. McKinley put us into the needless Spanish War, *after* Spain had surrendered on every important point, by concealing the surrender from Congress and the people. The President has usurped the power of Congress to declare war, and by his appeals to public opinion, to a blind patriotism, and to loyalty to the flag can swing the country as he wishes.

So Mr. Roosevelt, single-handed, can put us into war with Japan if he so desires. Already he is moving in that direction. The building of a huge army air base in the Hawaiian Islands—aimed only at Japan, of course; the holding of fleet maneuvers, the largest ever undertaken in time of peace, off the Aleutian Islands; the announcement that we are to increase our fortifications in the Pacific—all these must have an immediate and powerful effect upon the

Japanese. These facts, plus our refusal to let them arm to an equality with us, plus the increase of our navy to 110,000 officers and men, plus our building up to treaty limits, are all the material the Japanese jingoes and militarists need to frighten and arouse their own people: "Don't you see how the United States is planning war upon us?" If this policy continues, war with Japan will come.

But must it be? Must war come? There is no "must" about it. It need never be. The American people do not want it; they have burned their fingers too badly too recently. They have learned that victors gain nothing by their victory. They can stop the drift into war if they will. There is no such thing as a manifest destiny driving us to seek enlarged markets in China, for we are deliberately cutting off our world markets everywhere—we have just thrown away marked trade advantages in South America, and actually handed them over to Japan through our political arrogance, our invasions of foreign soil, our high tariffs, our refusal to consider Latin American needs and business conditions. We could win infinitely greater markets by simply lowering our tariffs and deliberately setting ourselves to regain and enlarge the markets we had prior to the recent economic disaster. The chief difficulty is simply that the American people no longer have any control of the war-making power. I have complete faith in their pacifist intentions, but they cannot voice their desires in the matter; they lack the referendum and the initiative, urged by both Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Of course the militarists say that we can't have a referendum when the enemy is landing on our shores, but as every one of our foreign wars has been of our own seeking, and was a long time in coming on, we could in each case have obtained the views of the people. It is idle to say that a nation which created the draft machine of 1917 overnight cannot create the necessary machinery for a vote on war in no time at all. The only trouble is that we don't do it.

Yet I have tested many audiences in the last two years in many parts of the country on this proposal, and have invariably received enthusiastic applause. Isn't it time to start such a movement? Of course meanwhile we can use the time-honored methods of making our opinion against war with Japan felt. We can use our common sense in discussing the matter, and we can let the White House and the Navy Department know how we feel about it. These establishments, like our Members of Congress, are extremely sensitive to public opinion. A friend of mine wrote a vigorous protest to the Navy Department and got an early reply. Twenty thousand letters of protest would make the whole department sit up and take notice. If we do nothing at all, we, too, shall contribute to the drift into war with Japan.

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



CAUSE PRECEDES EFFECT

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Patriotism Dons the Black Shirt

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

TWICE in eighteen years, once during the war, once after it, this country has seen a concerted attack on civil liberties such as is being made today. The first post-war campaign, like the present one, came in a period of economic depression, and then as prosperity returned, it frittered away. These depression experiences point the lesson that civil liberties are not the foundation of our civilization but luxuries conceded by those in economic and political control only when they feel secure. The basis of our civilization is primarily economic, and our minor cultural privileges are not fundamental rights, capable of surviving a threat of economic change. American democracy—historic Americanism—is weaker than the new Americanism of modern capitalism and nationalism.

The present campaign against civil liberties, like the preceding one, is waged under the banner of patriotism. Advocates of change in the economic order are depicted as enemies of Americanism. Undemocratic legislation is urged to persecute them. They are hounded by unofficial espionage, beaten by hired thugs, openly attacked by "patriotic" mobs. This sort of patriotism is not loyalty to a democratic system but the defense of a social order by non-democratic means. At the same time it fosters the new nationalism, which is anti-cultural and anti-intellectual in quality. In both these expressions patriotism dons the black shirt.

In saying this, I am not implying that respectable Mr. A of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, in snooping about to find what teachers in the Cleveland schools are "pink," and in submitting their names to the school board for dismissal, recognizes himself as a fascist. Nor does he consider himself a fascist in sending spies into the local unions to identify dissenting laborers so that they can be hounded out of town. Earnest Mr. B of Arkansas, who rouses an armed crowd to drive out of town the men who are organizing starving share-croppers into a union, is not a conscious disciple of Hitler. But that is only because these men do not know what fascism is. What they read about it concerns fascism in foreign countries. And they know they are not black-shirted members of a saluting army like Mussolini's or brown-shirted storm troopers like Hitler's. They do not understand that democracy is a system of peaceful change, and that unless the conflicts of society can be fought out by free criticism, free ballot, and change of the Constitution, democracy dies.

The present fight on civil liberties in the legislative field falls under five heads. The most important attack is expressed in the bill sponsored by the American Legion and the Elks, which would take the Communist Party and other parties of the extreme left from the ballot. Next in importance is the demand for oaths of loyalty from teachers and students. Then come the bills which would send to prison for a long term anyone "advocating" the overthrow of the government by force and violence, and punish with the same severity the publication or dissemination of such advocacy. A further group of bills would suppress radical propaganda among the armed forces of the government.

Finally come the laws closing our frontiers to foreign propagandists of all kinds.

The entire batch of bills is phrased to suppress only those who advocate the violent overthrow of the government. And the chief argument for them is the innocent "Why not?" But a truer question is: "Why?" The government already is amply provided with defense against overthrow. No overwhelming threat of subversion has been made. True, ideas of economic change are abroad. True, a small number who recommend change belong to the Communist Party, which believes in the class struggle and teaches that capitalism will never yield its powers without a violent struggle. But this is no menace to the government. The Communist Party has perhaps 30,000 members, and if it has 300,000 close sympathizers, that would be less than one-third of one per cent of the population. Anyway, the method of repression is a dangerous one. If the extreme parties are driven underground, experience teaches that they increase in dangerousness.

The pressing question as to these laws is: "Why?" And here the answer falls into two parts. The economic order has again depressed the nation to a lower standard of life, increased its misery, and created a cry for change. The cry is not for violent change, simply change. And those who stand for the present economic order can best resist change if they can suppress civil liberties. The other part of the answer is to be found in the rise of the new nationalism. One of its facets is hostility to international fellowship and cooperation coupled with belief in armed isolation. From another aspect it is anti-individual and anti-intellectual. If they are translated into terms of American conditions there is no difference between this nationalism and Hitler's or Mussolini's. Ours has not yet evolved so far; we still have to hear the open avowal that the individual must subordinate himself for the sake of "cultural" benefits, such as discipline and national unity. It strikes a Thank God attitude that Americans are better, wiser, and more trustworthy than foreigners.

It is a temptation for some Marxists to ascribe all this patriotism to economic motives, and say it is only a disguise to assist the fight for economic control. Not everyone can agree. If nationalism is only economic in origin, why should something very much like it be found in Communist Russia? But it is not necessary to decide whether anti-intellectualism or the defense of the economic system is the motivation of patriots. In most cases it is one or the other, sometimes both. The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, the Elks, and the Legion are probably being simply anti-intellectual, without seeing that they play into the hands of monopolistic capitalism. The chambers of commerce are grimly holding on to their economic power and do not find it unnatural to be anti-intellectual. Both are purely fascist motives, the chief point to be noted here.

Let us look at the legislative attack on civil liberties, first, at the oath of loyalty by teachers. Launching this campaign in 1931, the D. A. R. announced:

The departure from American ideals under the guise of liberalism, internationalism, advanced thought, and radical theories has progressed sufficiently to arouse the concern of those who believe that nationalism is synonymous with loyalty to country, and that in the adherence of youth to this ideal lies the future of America.

That campaign led to the passage of six loyalty laws; bills were vetoed in Delaware and New Mexico, and defeated in Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York. The present campaign has increased to fifteen the states which require loyalty oaths from teachers; these are California, Colorado, Delaware, Indiana, Michigan, Montana, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, and West Virginia.

The language of the oath in some states is in itself not patently restrictive. It exacts "respect for the flag, reverence for law and order, and undivided allegiance to the government of the United States." Here again the question "Why require this oath?" must rank before the question "Why not?" The reply is readily given; teachers are radical and are spreading radical doctrine. No doubt some are doing just that. But one could be radical and spread radical doctrine without violating the oath in any way if literally interpreted. The real answer is that the oath will not be so interpreted. The local school board will decide what radical views are consistent with the oath. In most communities a platonic approval of a system of society in which production is socially controlled would debar a teacher. Innocent as it sounds, this oath delivers up the teacher to the prejudices of the school board.

The proposed oath in Illinois (Senate 65) forbids the use of state funds by any institution which "permits any member of its staff in a classroom or elsewhere to encourage opposition or resistance by force or other unlawful means to the authority or the execution of any law of the state of Illinois or the United States." What is "to encourage opposition and resistance"? Whatever the authorities of Illinois choose to consider it. An Iowa proposal goes even farther (House 160): "It shall be unlawful for any such person [teacher] to teach or advocate publicly or privately any political, economic, or social doctrine or theory, the design, intent, or object of which is opposed to or destructive of the constitutional system of representative government of the United States." The bill does allow for study of such systems. But their very advocacy in private would be forbidden to teachers, who would become a class of intellectual slaves. The Illinois and Iowa drafts reveal the intent behind all this kind of legislation. It has the dual purpose of serving finance capitalism and nationalism. If youth is to mature believing in the existing order and in an anti-intellectual group supremacy, it must be trained young. Mussolini and Hitler know the precept. Now it is being applied here. Nothing is more profoundly anti-democratic, and yet the campaign for these laws has not swept up any great storm of protest, none at least strong enough to demonstrate the virility of the American's belief in liberty.

The bill sponsored by the Elks and the American Legion, which would keep the Communist Party off the ballot, has been passed in Arkansas, Delaware, Indiana, and Tennessee. It was introduced and killed in Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Nevada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Vermont, Washington, and Wyoming. At this

writing its fate has not been determined in California, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and West Virginia. The texts of the bills vary in detail but follow this general pattern:

No political party shall be recognized and given a place on the ballot which advocates the overthrow by force or violence, or which advocates or carries on a program of sedition or of treason by radio, speech, or the press, of our local, state, or national government. No political party shall be permitted on the ballot until it has filed an affidavit by its officers, under oath, that it does not advocate the overthrow of local, state, or national government by force or violence, and that it is not affiliated in any way with any political party or organization, or subdivisions of organizations, which does advocate such a policy by radio, speech, or press.

This language does not define "sedition" and "treason." Its vagueness makes it possible for political parties of the right to keep all left-wing parties off the ballot, which, of course, is its real purpose.

Typical of the gag legislation before Congress is the Kramer bill (HR 4313), which has the support of the Committee on Un-American Activities, and will probably be given preference over a dozen or more similar measures. Its friends hint that this is the bill the Administration favors, but as yet there is no sign that the White House has joined the anti-intellectual red-hunt. This bill makes punishable by a fine of \$10,000, by a sentence of ten years, or both, the following "criminals":

Whoever by word of mouth or in writing advocates, advises, or teaches the duty, necessity, desirability, or propriety of overthrowing or overturning the government. . . .

Whoever, with intent to overthrow or overturn the government . . . , by force or violence or any unlawful means, prints, publishes, edits, issues, or knowingly circulates, sells, distributes, or publicly displays any book, paper, document, or written or printed matter in any form containing or advocating, advising, or teaching the doctrine that the government . . . should be overthrown or overturned by force, violence, or by any unlawful means. . . .

Whoever openly, wilfully, or deliberately justifies or defends by word of mouth or in writing the assassination or unlawful killing or assaulting of any officer . . . because of his official character or act, or openly, wilfully, or deliberately justifies or defends any other crime with intent to teach, spread, or advocate the propriety, desirability, or necessity of overthrowing the government. . . .

Whoever organizes or helps to organize, or becomes a member of, or affiliates with any society, group, or assembly of persons formed to teach or advocate the overthrow or overturn of the government. . . .

The government is already adequately protected against any activity against its authority. The purpose of this bill is chiefly to prevent the expression of opinion, and it is so sweeping and general that it would become a crime to avow the belief in the desirability of any change if this change could be construed as entailing violence. It could be used against almost any radical political doctrine, and quite as well against almost any political action by labor. So this bill strikes the keynote of the fascist defense of the present economic system.

It is flanked by another measure which would make the armed forces of the government safe for use in industrial

warfare. This is the McCormack bill (HR 5845), which provides a fine of \$1,000 or imprisonment for two years for anyone who "advises, counsels, urges, or solicits any member of the military or naval forces of the United States, including reserves, to disobey the laws or regulations governing such forces; or whoever publishes or distributes any book, pamphlet, paper, print, article, letter, or other writing" which gives such advice. The act also permits the seizure of such literature "from any house or place in which it may be found, or from any person in whose possession it may be." The purpose of this bill is to safeguard the army and navy from Communist propaganda. But its equally obvious purpose is to make sure of the trustworthiness of the army in industrial disputes. The bill would make it a crime to advise a soldier not to shoot down fellow-citizens in civil disorders. Even a letter written by a mother to her son containing such humane advice would expose her to a two-year prison sentence.

The last word in anti-foreign agitation is spoken in the Dickstein bill (HR 5839). This provides for the shortening or termination of the lawful stay in this country "of every alien not admitted for permanent residence who while in the United States engages in the promotion or dissemination of propaganda instigated from foreign sources or who while in the United States engages in political activities." For blanket vagueness the language of this bill surely establishes a new record. What is propaganda? Would not a priest from Rome, teaching Catholicism, be deportable? Would not the visiting official, say, of the British League of Nations Union, advocating our entry into the League or a treaty of cooperation with Great Britain? Would not any emissary, soliciting funds and members for some Euro-

pean cultural movement? And what is political activity? A foreigner asking a question at a political meeting could be driven out of the country. Under this bill no distinguished foreign statesman could speak in public in this country unless he confined himself to non-political topics.

The lot of these bills would place the strait-jacket on all political and economic non-conformity, and would remove the nation into the most complete quarantine maintained by any country on the globe save Tibet. One might continue for pages to cite equally astonishing bills before Congress and state legislatures. There was a bill, for instance, before the Connecticut lower house (Mead, House 377) which went so far as to prohibit the preparation of *pictures* "which so advocate, encourage, or favor the overthrow or change in the form of the government of the United States." Presumably motion pictures were meant, but Assemblyman Mead was taking no chances. He included everything, down to the last subversive picture postcard and snapshot.

Not all this legislation will pass, and it is not being cited as proof that Congress and the state legislatures have gone as fascist as certain men in them. But it does show that there is a pattern in fascist action, and that in this country the pattern is being logically developed. Hardly an industrial community in the country can fail to supply its local counterpart to this legislative campaign. The two fit together into a whole; there is the local ferment of legions, Elks, chambers of commerce, and there is the drive against labor "agitators"—who usually are branded as aliens or Communists, whatever their citizenship or creed. And there is the national campaign for laws to curb economic and political unorthodoxy, whatever its nature. On such a foundation is the fascist state built.

NRA—Haven for Cake-Eaters

By PAUL W. WARD

LIKE one of those classic tales of pistolings that polka-dot newspaper files, the story of the NRA, if briefly told, would end with the quotation, "I didn't know it was loaded"; and the person quoted would be Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Nowhere in the New Deal's shufflings has the irresponsibility of his ministry been more manifest than in its adventure in industrial self-levitation under the Blue Eagle's wing.

Here was an attempt completely to reshape the industrial and commercial structure of a nation. Here was an undertaking that for good or ill was to affect the lives of every man, woman, and child in the United States from the delivery room to the grave. Roosevelt started it with less care and forethought than go into the arrangements for a society horse show or a heavy-weight championship fight. The result was a \$55,000,000 bingo party. Wages that were to have been raised were not raised. Hours that were to have been cut were not cut. Prices that were to have stayed put soared instead. Even the Administration's claim that child labor was abolished will not bear close scrutiny.

The worst of it all is that for this mess of pottage the nation has paid a potentially enormous price. Almost every sort of device ever conceived by business men for mulcting

the public—including the government and, in the long run, themselves—was given legal sanction under the NRA in trade for a shabby set of wage and hour provisions, and it is improbable that these grants will ever be rescinded. Their possessors—little business men as well as big—are prepared to fight for them as they never were prepared to fight before, and it is unlikely that Congress will deny its owners. Furthermore, the new NRA bill—secretly handed to Congressional leaders by the Administration six weeks ago and just last week forced out into the open—promises only the feeblest sort of counter-offensive. It is a more carefully drawn document than the original NRA, but like the original it remains a measure of, by, and for the New Cake-Eaters. I refer not to the slick-haired gentlemen of the Valentino era but to that legion of business men and labor leaders who, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Krutch, "hope for a better world but recoil at the idea of a totally different one." They want to have their capitalistic cake and eat it, too.

The Administration's bill is just another recipe for that inedible confection. It lays down no hard and fast rules for fixing wage and hour provisions in codes so that the worker, in truth, may gain something near to his just share

of the wealth he produces. Similarly it lays down no hard and fast limitations upon the NRA's right to grant to industry price- and production-control privileges that take away from the worker what little he gets from the wage and hour provisions of the codes. These still would be drawn and redrawn by the horse-trading processes that produced the present code structure. Provision is made for a mandatory imposition of codes on industries refusing to submit "satisfactory" codes of their own, but "satisfactory" is nowhere clearly defined, and, more important, unlimited time is given to an industry to make up its mind to be whatever "satisfactory" means.

Because the bill probably will be passed, and because, as indicated, it leaves the form and substance of future codes to the wisdom, bona fides, and discretion of the Administration, it is important to examine how these have functioned in the past. The outlook is not a hopeful one. But for that matter neither was the outlook very hopeful when the present NRA was devised. Having begun his regime by closing and hurriedly reopening the nation's banks, Roosevelt looked around for easier ills to doctor and his eye lit on commerce and industry, then in the act of purging themselves to death. He ordered up an anti-purge and left it to Drs. Swope, Johnson, Richberg, Frankfurter, et al. to write the prescription. What they compounded was the National Industrial Recovery Act, a *mélange* of half-baked assumptions. It assumed the truthfulness of the sweatshop owner's chant: "I'd be glad to pay higher wages if my competitors would do the same thing." It made the equally naive assumption that there is such a thing as "fair competition."

Drawn to the homeopathic doctrine that "like should be cured by like" ("similia similibus curantur"), it was designed to "cure" the pains that the Black thirty-hour-week bill, then before Congress, was giving employers and to save the patient by aggravating his disease. Moreover, had its administrators carried out the homeopathic doctrine of "the smaller the dose the greater the effect," little harm probably would have been done. But its administrators were allopaths, and, as such, Roosevelt rolled the full prescription into one big pill, coated it with pale pink language, convinced Congress of its purity, and then tossed the pill to General Hugh S. Johnson, who, veterinarian-like, proceeded to blow it down the populace's collective throat.

What was the reaction? Well, the eventual reaction was the present bad case of chronic appendicitis in a body politic being kept alive by blood transfusions in the form of FERA and AAA doles. But the initial reaction was hot flushes in the patient and stertorous breathing by the attending interne, Dr. Johnson. In time the hot flushes subsided but the interne's breathing only grew louder. For what followed, the interne has been ready, even eager, to accept the blame, but it does not belong to him, for Dr. Roosevelt was the physician in charge, and as his assistant, Dr. Richberg, last month told the Senate Finance Committee, he made all the major decisions. It may seem at first a little unfair thus to shift the entire blame to Dr. Roosevelt, who, of course, had many other patients to attend and had to trust some interne with the case in question. But the fact remains that Dr. Roosevelt chose Johnson for the job and shared his choice's attitude that, since the patient was in a charity ward, experimentation was in order. The fact also remains that "Go ahead, Hugh" was the prescription

Dr. Roosevelt left each time he visited the patient and found his interne engaged in another desperate experiment.

What followed—if an abrupt shift from medical to theatrical lingo is permissible at this point—was a species of horse opera starring the literary cavalryman, General Johnson. For a supporting cast that twentieth-century Pyrrhus gathered around himself one of the grandest collections of broken-down sales managers, market analysts, merchandising consultants, efficiency experts, and stock jobbers ever assembled at one place since the birth of Business Psychology. To end the *dramatis personae* at that point would be unjust, for the cast also included a few principals who had long-term contracts with big business and joined Johnson's show merely as protective agents for its angels, their employers. To the list there should be added, too, a horde of enthusiastic youths fresh sprung from academic cloisters and a squadron of liberal economists, lawyers, and statisticians, eager, like the baccalaureates, to give their all for the Blue Eagle's then seemingly sacred tail feathers. For spear carriers Johnson had the usual army corps of stenographers, filing clerks, and doormen that Congressmen produce from their elbow tips whenever a new federal agency is formed with jobs to offer.

The play has undergone but slight revisions in its two-year run but there have been many changes in the cast. Most of the aforementioned protective agents, having found there's nothing in the NRA that menaces big business, have ceased spying and gone back to their citadels. The enthusiastic juveniles have lost their enthusiasm and changed places with the spear carriers. Some of the liberal economists, lawyers, and statisticians are still doggedly giving their all, but the others have merely given up. Those who fared best were the second-rate business executives whom the depression had tossed on to the scrap heap until Johnson came along and made New Dealers of them. By judiciously placed favors in the code-making process a number of them were able to grab off creamy jobs as code-authority executives. This particular type of cast desertion became so marked at one point that Johnson had to announce that none of the persons privy to the NRA mystery could return to the Blue Eagle's holy precincts in person or by mail to lobby in the interest of his new employers. Forthwith the outgoing stream became a rivulet.

With that crew of first-aid merchants Johnson began the task of "treating a smallpox epidemic a pimple at a time," as Oscar Ameringer once bluffly described the code-making agony to a high NRA official. It would have made no difference in the resulting code structure, however, had Johnson surrounded himself with self-lubricating geniuses, for Johnson—the world's champion extrovert and probably the most unstable personality that ever swaggered, roared, and boomed across the national scene—was the law, the codes, and the code-making process. If there is any connection at all between personality and pedigree there must appear in the family tree of this blood-sweating behemoth of New Deal Holy Writ the names of Smedley Butler, "Coin" Harvey, Theodore Roosevelt I, Roger Babson, Don Quixote, Matt Woll, Aimee McPherson, Uriah Heep, and Sitting Bull. The codes he produced read like astral writings of all nine, and Johnson produced 90 per cent of the codes.

They were incredible documents produced by an incredible person in an incredible way. Advisory boards—one of

industrialists, one of labor leaders, and one of those nebulous entities called "consumers' representatives"—were set up to aid in the formulation of the codes, but Johnson paid little or no attention to them. As a matter of fact, he had little trouble with the Gerard Swopes and Henry Dennisons of the Industrial Advisory Board, and the Labor Advisory Board, headed by Dr. Leo Wolman, was only a thorn in his lion's paw. So weak was labor organization in most industries that the labor advisers could speak with authority on only a few codes. Johnson disregarded this thunder on his left in connection with all the other codes to such an extent that Bill Green later protested in open meeting that many codes had gone through the mill marked "approved by the Labor Advisory Board" on the authority of Wolman alone. In the long run, however, the labor advisers were just another gang of horse traders. The trouble was that with two exceptions—Sidney Hillman and John Lewis—there were no David Harums in their midst.

It was the Research and Planning Division and the Consumers' Advisory Board that gave Johnson heartburn. The Research Division was supposed to provide the scientific touch, but to Johnson, the kindergarten economist, that touch was leprous. He dismissed both groups—sole NRA outposts of the Brain Trust—as "theorists" and "academicians" whenever they disagreed with his thesis that what for decades had been prussic acid so far as business and the commonweal were concerned somehow had been transmuted into aqua vitae on March 4, 1933. Johnson in those days agreed with Henry Ford that "history is bunk." He aligned himself on the side of the angels—and the canons of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Beside Johnson posed the India-rubber advocate, Mr. Richberg, with his starry-eyed gaze switching from the Supreme Court bench to the White House and back again with the rapidity of a Neon sign, while the American Iron and Steel Institute applied its Flit guns to the "ants of conscience in his pants."

So it was that, with the always obliging Mr. Richberg writing the accompanying legal patter, Johnson wrote the codes. Only one large industry came forward with a rush to be codified and that was a very sick one, the cotton-textile industry. The story of its code is the story of all the codes. It is, furthermore, a particularly choice example, not only because it was NRA Code No. 1 but also because it has been hymned ever since by both Roosevelt and Johnson as proof positive of the NRA's merits. As a matter of fact, the New Deal ended so far as the NRA was concerned the day this code was signed. One of the best codes drafted, the textile code nullified every one of the promises implicit in the NRA.

Hours were to be cut so that the industry would have to hire more workers, and wages were to be boosted so that the workers' weekly pay envelopes would be no thinner as a result of the slash in working time. You will recall the Rooseveltian promise that purchasing power was to be increased and the Johnsonian promise that the NRA was not and never would be a mere share-the-work movement. Well, in Code No. 1 hours were fixed at a maximum of forty a week, which is several hours more than the industry has at any time since been able to average. Minimum wages were fixed at \$12 a week in the South and \$13 a week in the North, and here again there was a catch. The public, told that no industry deserved to exist that could not pay a "decent liv-

ing wage," had been led to expect that a minimum wage meant a minimum wage and, therefore, no textile worker thenceforth was to find less than \$12 or \$13 in his weekly pay envelope. But that wasn't what the textile code said. It prescribed payment of a minimum wage "at the rate of" \$12 or \$13 a week, which, coupled with the rise in living costs and the fact that the industry was not able to provide forty hours of work a week, accounts for the Bureau of Labor Statistics' subsequent report that "in the North the purchasing power of the average worker was 15 per cent less in August, 1934, than in August, 1933; in the South it was at least 25 per cent less." The bureau also found that contrary to Johnsonian promises there had been a narrowing of the spread between minimum and maximum wages in the industry, a narrowing facilitated by tricky language in the code and "interpretations" thereof issued by the code authority.

Why, then, was this industry so anxious to be codified? The answer is that textile prices were wobbling on rock bottom and the industry saw a chance to prop them up by inducing an artificial shortage of supply. It had a well-organized trade association that had been striving toward the same goal for years but had been unable to attain it because it had no punitive powers to wield against the industry's rugged individualists. In the NRA it thought it saw the whip it needed. Its visual acuity was nearly perfect. In response to the mill barons' panting petitions, Johnson decreed that thenceforth no mill should be permitted to run its looms and spindles more than eighty hours a week. Implicit in that decree, which Roosevelt blithely countersigned, was a decision that the men, women, and children of this land have all the shirts and dresses and rompers and sheets and overalls they need—or rather that they just don't need them if they haven't got a price sufficient to pay for dividends on all the watered stock and obsolescent equipment in the textile industry.

The Consumers' Advisory Board screamed, but Johnson was deaf. The Research and Planning Division was more "practical." Through some process of algebraic magic that would put Einstein to shame, it discovered the public welfare required that textile mills operate their machinery not eighty but ninety hours a week. The industry, however, wanted eighty hours and that's what it got, for Johnson, when the bosses spoke, was only a Caspar Milquetoast with a bull voice. Thus began the elaborate network of production-cutting and price-boosting artifices that Johnson, with official sanction from the White House, wrote into codes in trade for wage and hour promises so qualified by geographical, sex, population, and classification differentials and exemptions as to be almost meaningless.

So numerous were these restraint-of-trade devices in the codes that, as the Consumers' Advisory Board once asserted, the NRA in its attempt to stabilize profits has come perilously near to stabilizing poverty. The picture has only two amusing parts. One is the fact that in all but a few instances these devices didn't work; they produced only a new class of bootleggers. The other is that, though they don't work, the business men of America love them still and insist upon their retention, hoping some day to make them function. The romantic Mr. Richberg, peeping over Mr. Roosevelt's shoulder, cheers them on.

Later, when prices sagged despite the eighty-hour pro-

vision, the textile tycoons got from Johnson one of those "emergency" decrees that fell in torrents from the NRA heaven whenever business men sent up their rain prayers. This particular decree, with Roosevelt again signing on the dotted line, temporarily sliced textile machine operations to sixty hours a week. It was granted, as were all the comparable devices in other codes, without the faintest attempt to apply social controls. And now, six months after Johnson's departure from the holy order of the Blue Eagle, that sixty-hour limitation has again been imposed and for the same reason. In the seven-man board that has just succeeded the five-man board that succeeded Johnson, the spirit of the latter-day cake-eaters, you see, is still dominant. With the exception of Dr. Walton Hale Hamilton and Dr. Leon C. Marshall, all its members are New Deal Pagliacci, watching the Roosevelt myth disintegrating about them and singing through their tears: "The show must go on."

Though they talk lyrically of striking production- and

price-control provisions from the codes and improving their employment provisions generally after June 16, they know in their hearts that they will have to fight, and that Roosevelt will spike their guns just as he spiked the cannon of the five-man board on the automobile, cigarette, and telegraph codes. They have just seen the Administration dodge its only opportunity for a Supreme Court test of the NRA's constitutionality before Congress acts upon extension of the measure. In addition, they have seen America's *Führer* unflinchingly accept two reports—one from the NRA and the other from the Federal Trade Commission—saying, in effect, that the steel industry was more powerful than the government and that he dared not move to break up price-fixing in that industry even though its practices are bleeding millions in excessive prices exacted from his beloved navy.

[The third article of Mr. Ward's series on Contemporary Washington, *Roper Builds the Perfect Lobby*, will appear in the issue of April 24.]

Socialism on a Platter

By CARLETON BEALS

MEXICO is a land of millionaire Socialists. It is a land of knight-errant Marxian capitalists. It is a land where the owners of luxurious gambling dens make throbbing speeches in behalf of the proletariat. It is a land where suburban Croesuses living in fairy-like palaces damn monstrous clericalism and the harsh exploitation of human toil. It is the only country in the world where a group of powerful and wealthy political leaders in control of the government constantly express radical proletarian doctrines in Marxian clichés. The *nouveaux riches* of the revolution—those who have risen to power through several decades of bloody civil strife and who now flaunt their wealth in tasteless ostentation and the most vulgar pursuits, men who have become enterprising industrialists, owners of vast estates, managers of luxurious gambling dens, promoters of banks, and high and honored officials—are precisely the ones who insist that Mexico destroy the church, inculcate Socialist doctrines among the youth, fight foreign capital, and reinstate the radical agrarian program which was temporarily sidetracked in 1927 by the blandishments of Ambassador Morrow.

This group of collectivist idealists, which, with the aid of Plutarco Elías Calles, controls the destinies of our neighbor country, has created for itself one of the luxurious paradises of this continent. In benign Cuernavaca, a place of eternal spring set proudly on the southern slopes of the Sierra Madre and overlooking a great valley, the successful chiefs of the Mexican revolution have laid out lovely gardens and winding boulevards, along which they have constructed their palatial homes. Nearby are the fashionable De la Selva gambling hall and dance cabaret and a new country club, also fitted up with faro and roulette tables. In the country club hangs an oil painting of Calles, first chief of the revolution, decked out in golf togs and wielding a putter. Out on the greens, so softly glowing under the Southern light, the creators of Mexico's new liberty trudge from hole to hole attended by soldiers as caddies; soldiers care for their

private gardens; soldiers guard their possessions and their lives; soldiers scour the mountain road that leads to the capital as a precaution against bandits. Cuernavaca has become a fabulous show place. Maliciously the public has named the main boulevard "the street of Ali Baba and his forty thieves." This is a blow below the belt at men who are constantly devising new laws to protect the proletariat.

One impressive home is that of former President Abelardo Rodríguez, reputed to be one of the half-dozen wealthiest men in Mexico and perhaps on this continent. He has built his castle in the midst of long sloping lawns surrounded by a majestic dentated wall. He is one of Mexico's new and puissant entrepreneurs. But wealth has not dried up his great humanitarian instincts. Where else in the world would the president of a country belonging to his class put his name to a statement, as he did only a few months ago, that the only way to end war is for the workers and peasants to become sufficiently well-organized to refuse to obey the unworthy commands of their rulers? Not so many years ago Rodríguez was himself a poor workman leading a miners' strike. Not so long ago he was languishing in a Díaz prison. Obviously he could not forget such sufferings. While in office he decreed, with much socialist rhetoric, a universal minimum wage of a peso and a half a day (75 cents in gold exchange, 42 cents in actual exchange). Immediately afterward he announced that since the government had so clearly demonstrated its friendliness to the workers there was no further excuse for strikes; they would be considered anti-patriotic and seditious. Two chauffeurs, leaders in a Mexico City taxi strike, were packed off to the Islas Marías penal colony without benefit of trial to join comrades in a like predicament. Rodríguez merely insisted on gratitude for his great sacrifices in behalf of the working class.

Not long ago a financial intimate of the former President brought into existence local fascist "Gold Shirts." But the chiefs of the revolution soon saw the mistake and put

an end to the incipient hoodlumism. In their place the erratic Oriental revolutionist and despot of Tabasco, Garrido Canabal, organized with government aid a national corps of Red Shirts to safeguard the gains of the proletariat. And Calles recently popped out of his golf paradise to visit his vast sugar estates in Tamaulipas and denounce the greedy industrialists of Monterey and their infamous treatment of their workers, though probably the wage scale in that city is higher than on Calles's own estates—some of which are worked by soldiers paid for by the government—and higher than almost anywhere else in the republic.

The inconsistencies multiply. The government maintains an enlightened crime-prevention bureau, but the high "proletarian" officials have erected a Foreign Club, at a cost of a million and a quarter pesos, which until recently closed was the most luxurious gambling joint this side of Monte Carlo, corrupting all Mexico City, draining poor employees of their wages, subverting honest cashiers, causing embezzlements and desperate suicides. In another quarter of the city the government is erecting an enormous monument to the revolution. Local wags have been asking which is the real monument, the dome at the foot of the Avenida Juárez or the Foreign Club? See what impetus the latter has given to revolutionary art, is the humorous comment. It is extremely adorned with frescoes. These may be vulgar, and pornographic, but they are in the modernistic vein.

In answer to this wasteful ostentation in a city flowing with ill-gained wealth, flooded with guzzling tourists, and prosperous in defiance of a world in depression, sinister rumblings come from the hinterland. According to the public admission of the national deputies, the church is plotting a new revolt. Once more the peasants are taking their rifles out of their thatched roofs. The workers, who have been slipping out from under the wing of the official National Revolutionary Party into more militant unions, are demanding that the government make good its promises.

Calles, his ear close to the ground, is beating the church harder and damning the unworthy capitalists. More frequently now he unburdens himself of a speech to the effect that the nation's youth must be rescued from the clutches of clericalism and inculcated with revolutionary doctrines. Here, too, the contradictions are in evidence. Many officials who are trying to destroy the church rush to have their children baptized and christened; invariably they marry in the church with great social éclat; Calles's own offspring are no exception. During the recent church strike high officials busy arresting Catholics were sponsoring secret bootleg masses for their families and friends.

Socialist instruction has been made obligatory in the schools. What for? To make misfits for a capitalist society? Who will teach the new doctrines? There are not half a dozen real Marxian scholars in all Mexico, and several of these have been persecuted. Socialists, Communists, labor leaders are to be found in the Islas Marías prison, sent there without trial. The instruction proposed "will fight to form a concept of solidarity necessary for the progressive socialization of the means of economic production." Yet in practice the government has rapidly been receding from such socialization. In agriculture it has attempted to change from a policy of collectivism to that of the inalienable family patrimony—see Article V, Clauses 50, 51, 58, and 60 of the agrarian code. "Surely," editorial-

izes *Excelsior*, "will it not seem strange, at least to the peasants, that on the one hand the law...guarantees them a right while on the other it attempts to inculcate in them the concept that that right should be abolished?" Will the new instruction in the public schools teach that the flamboyant Babylonian resort of Cuernavaca should be collectivized as a fittingly beautiful popular resort?

An impressive monument to all the foregoing inconsistencies is the new National Theater, opened last September 29—an edifice which cost nearly ten million dollars. This vast marble structure in the spirit of the Paris Grand Opera was begun by Dictator Porfirio Díaz in the palmy foreign-loan days of 1904. Despite its impressive bulk, it is the most hideous public building in Mexico. Díaz had no illusions about the proletariat, and the theater accommodates less than two thousand spectators; it was designed for the social elite, not the mob.

What should a revolution do with such a marble palace? The government has been obliged to complete it in accordance with the original plans, except that for the proposed Carrara native Querétaro marble has been substituted, and the edifice has been topped with a lewd pinkish-bronze dome. Today, thirty years after it was begun, it is at last ready for use. What use? It is the white elephant of two confused epochs.

The barons of the revolution, anxious to prove they have no desire to monopolize the good things of life, have decreed that it be made a cultural center for the workers and peasants. Incongruities have promptly multiplied. The impressive half-million-dollar glass-mosaic Tiffany curtain is scarcely proletarian art. The paintings transferred from the decrepit San Carlos Museum to grace the new marble halls are bourgeois and ecclesiastic. Revolutionary frescoes had to be provided for proper proletarian balance. Diego Rivera, with his customary keen flare for personal publicity, is repainting, in an even less appropriate setting, the magnificent mural which was destroyed at Rockefeller Center. Clemente Orozco is straining furiously to paint something melodramatic, mystic, and revolutionary. Further to carry out the noble proletarian ideal, one wing has been utilized for a fashionable private-concession restaurant and cabaret.

Nothing could have been more ludicrous than the hair-pulling between radicals and conservatives over the opening program. The final choice was even more ridiculous than the controversy. It consisted of a symphony number specially written around a revolutionary agrarian song by the modernistic musician Carlos Chávez, buttressed by the remnants of the Pavlova ballet made up of exiled white Russians. Local proletarians were given an opportunity to pay eight pesos a seat to see a decadent court art. Of course it would have been bolshevistic, not socialistic, to have secured fresh significant talent from revolutionary Russia. Revolutionary doctrines were further enforced by the presentation of Ruiz de Alarcon's medieval "Suspicious Truth," a play in stilted blank verse depicting the court life of Philip III. The only thing everybody was fully agreed on was that the national anthem should be sung: "Mexicans, at the cry of war..." No one seemed to find it paradoxical that a workers' and peasants' cultural center should be inaugurated by a function at which full dress was obligatory.

The government now finds itself saddled with a mag-

nificent edifice that requires an annual overhead of 350,000 pesos. This necessitates charging at least eight pesos a seat for each function. The proletarian receiving Rodríguez's minimum wage must starve nearly a whole week to attend a single performance. Naturally, to fill the place the government must provide commensurately elegant entertainment, not based upon educational value for the proletariat but designed to please the sophisticated, urban, bourgeois audience.

Between such vicious spectacles as the Foreign Club and such idiocies as the new National Theater, the authentic artistic manifestations of the revolution wither away. The original afflatus in painting which produced, among others, Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros, has dried up at its source. Tourists are now bringing about the rapid commercialization and resultant deterioration of the handicrafts. Writers are equally frustrated. The government allows a few scurrilous scandal sheets to flourish, but anything serious or fundamental is suppressed. Arbitrary control is maintained over the large dailies. For instance, direct orders from a high government office prohibited any criticism of the Foreign Club. Direct orders of this sort are the rule. Hence writers who might derive some amusement from the present scene remain in the blind alley of scribbling stale blood-and-thunder chronicles of Villa and Zapata.

Thus the new wealthy industrialists and officials of Mexico continue to hand out socialism on a silver platter, a peculiarly Mexican brand of socialism, exceedingly voluble and very Fabian. But as the good suburbanites followed by their soldier caddies go swinging their golf clubs over the links of the Cuernavaca Country Club they must have painful moments of doubt. The contradictions jostle one another so vigorously and patently. The forces involved are so explosive. The whole situation is so charged with dynamite. Even the National Revolutionary Party is threatened with a dangerous split. The near future in Mexico is not at all clear.

The new regime of President Lázaro Cárdenas is at the moment stable enough. But General Cárdenas, a man who has never amassed a fortune and who has announced startling reforms, will, if he is sincere, undoubtedly crystallize the two contradictory groups within the official party into definite opposition. The retired group, including former President Rodríguez, had been endeavoring to abandon the radical slogans, concentrate upon nationalistic fanfare, and safeguard their enormous vested interests. Cárdenas, of the left wing and influenced by a militant wave of popular radicalism now sweeping all southern Mexico, has been emphasizing both nationalistic and proletarian doctrines, plus anti-clericalism. A prominent backer of his in Chiapas has even announced that the Mexican revolution, whatever that is, must be carried to the peoples of Central America. Cárdenas is patently an opportunist, but he has already shelved many powerful politicians who have had access to the honey-jar for more than a decade. Thus far he has shown surprising independence.

The issues involved are clouded by the church struggle and by the political intrigues looking toward future control when Calles will no longer be able to handle the situation. If an open schism develops it may very likely mean the end of Calles's domination over the country. That will have consequences which no one can at present foresee.

In the Driftway

NOW that the spring-and-sweepstakes season is with us once more, the Drifter is offering himself his annual congratulations on not having bought a ticket. There is, of course, something less than a single chance in a million that he would be among the winners. But even that hazard is too great. He can see the headlines now: "Drifter Wins Irish Stakes; \$47,658.79 to One Who Never Had an Extra Nickel Before; Will Go Back to Work Tomorrow." Then there would be the picture of the Drifter sitting at his desk, typewriter in hand; the description of his ancestors, his early life, favorite color, pets, preoccupations; Why I Bought the Ticket; and Why I Registered It Under the Pseudonym of "Peaches."

THE worst part of it might very well be that he would actually go back to work on the day after attaining a fortune. All his instincts would be against it. He has never particularly liked work, although his job has been agreeable enough as jobs go; he has always welcomed a holiday, and has invariably looked forward to Sunday, his hankering for the day of rest beginning at about eight o'clock on Monday morning. In short, he has resembled the man who, when asked by the kind old lady if he wanted a job, answered: "Well, no, ma'am. Not if I can get anything else to do." But once a sweepstakes winner, or the heir of an unknown uncle, the pressure of public opinion might be too much for him. Every heir is expected as a matter of course to protest that the new wealth will make no difference in his life. He will just keep right on sweeping out the cellar at Mr. Finkelbaum's place and will put the money in the bank against a rainy day. In books, to be sure, there are stories about heirs who were driven daft by their sudden good fortune, and who ran through the money in six weeks, squandering it on Wine, Women, and Gold-plated Steam Yachts. But this does not happen in real life. The Drifter, with all the will in the world to do a little squandering, would probably spend the rest of his days worrying for fear he would lose his bank-book.

NOT long ago the Drifter undertook to explain, in very simple language, our modern system of money and credit to a boy of nine. The child listened respectfully to a discourse on what money is, and how governments must exchange goods or their money does not mean anything, and why France and England do not feel obligated any longer to pay their debts to the United States, and a number of other abstruse matters that the Drifter himself did not understand very well. He explained that a very few persons are extremely rich, a somewhat larger number are moderately well off, and incomparably the largest part of mankind is in a state ranging from honest poverty to destitution. When he had finished, the boy thought it over for a while. Then he said: "Why wouldn't it be better if there just wasn't any money, and everybody could get enough to eat and clothes to wear and a bed to sleep in from the government by working for it?" The Drifter indicated that some such scheme, only slightly less drastic, was being tried out in certain parts

of the earth and projected for others. The boy had one thought to add: "I think people would probably have a better time without any money," he said.

* * *

THIS is precisely the Drifter's case. He is sure he would have a better time if he could think of some way to live without even the money he has. Although he would reserve the right to grumble about it, he would be willing to continue working every day, secure in the knowledge that he and every one of his fellow-citizens would be fed, clothed, and sheltered. He honestly believes he would prefer this to winning several dozen sweepstakes or inheriting any number of millions. He will doubtless not see such a world; but there is just a chance that the nine-year-old boy may.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On Reorganizing the NRA

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In connection with your recent comment on the NRA it seems to me that there is a lack of general understanding of some simple but fundamental concepts regarding it. The Senate hearings have been full of such a mass of controversial detail that it is difficult to relate the present discussion to the national problem. To clarify my own thoughts on the subject, I have tried to bring them into focus.

Breakdown of public confidence in the NRA came from a combination of three interrelated factors which resulted from the attempt to organize a new and highly complex social-industrial order on the spur of the moment. The first centers in the general problem of compliance. Under the NRA, when public opinion demanded compliance, consumer interest was high. There was a general resemblance in the make-up and organization of compliance boards to the old draft boards, and the problem in general was similar—that of applying general regulations to particular local individuals. The soundness of this form of organization springs from the local economic interest in provisions affecting hours, wages, and child labor. Wherever compliance broke down, consumer interest collapsed. There were two general aspects of failure to get compliance: (1) unfortunate selection of compliance-board personnel, (2) failure of regional and national headquarters to support decisions of good boards, and keep them advised of progress in Washington. Thus the breakdown resulted directly from unfortunate favoritism in some cases and, more important, from the disillusionment of high-minded local leaders when they realized the futility of their painstaking work.

The second reason for breakdown is reflected in the general charge that the NRA has set up a bureaucracy which is not only irksome, cumbersome, and ineffective, but in some respects resembles a racket. The alleged stifling of small enterprises, the complications of price agreements, and dissatisfaction over special considerations have combined to dampen the enthusiasm of the ordinary business man. The third reason centers in the labor-relations problem and the conviction that Administration promises made in Section 7-a have not been kept.

If public interest is to be reawakened there must, as you say, be courage and leadership, and it must be along these three lines. But first we must examine our whole industrial problem in the light of mechanization and its consequent displacement of workers. From this we must determine a policy,

and until we have it, all other forms of planning are merely temporizing expedients.

We are definitely confronted with the alternatives of the policy of the annual wage or that of reduction in hours, as expressed in the thirty-hour week. But these two lines of thought are quite divergent. We must think through the implications of an industrial order based on an annual-wage program, particularly as to the probability of its creating an "economy of abundance," with a consequent lowering of prices and readjustment of fixed capital. The other solution, the "thirty-hour week," is opposite in its effect, tending toward maintaining and raising existing hourly rates, restricting production, and maintaining or increasing the price level of industrial goods.

Assuming that this broad investigation is under way and that its implications are appreciated, we can proceed to attack the mechanics of the NRA itself. To reawaken consumer interest, let us restore enforcement of hours, wages, and child-labor provisions to local authorities, preferably through properly selected voluntary boards or through proposed labor-merchants relations courts. This is essentially a local or community problem. To regain support of business men, let us simplify and consolidate codes, eliminate price provisions except for some of the necessities of life, abolish code authorities, revitalize trade-practice agreements under Federal Trade Commission control, and scrap those in codes.

The worker's interest in the NRA can be revived only by honest and effective enforcement of wages and hours provisions in codes. And it undoubtedly will come if, as now seems probable, the Wagner labor-disputes bill is passed.

Washington, March 25

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Mr. Sifton Still Pickets

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation's* editorial of February 6 on Picketing Playwrights, you said that "during the present and preceding seven seasons" the Theater Guild had produced twenty-seven plays by American writers and that "eight of these were by dramatists whom the Guild was introducing for the first time to a New York audience."

In my letter of February 27 I used the time limit and the method of counting by plays employed in the editorial. My count was twenty-three American plays, of which three were "by dramatists whom the Guild was introducing for the first time to a New York audience."

Joseph Wood Krutch, in his letter of March 13, takes in an extra season in order to make the editorial's figures stick—going back to the eight preceding seasons and the present season—and so brings in S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man." Instead of counting plays, as was done in the editorial and in my letter, he counts playwrights—each collaborator separately. Being still one shy of the desired total of eight, he drags in Arthur Guiterman, although the Guild lists Molière as the author of "The School for Husbands." (Had the Guild listed Guiterman as the author, it would have had to list his collaborator, Lawrence Langner, thereby violating an old Guild tradition that plays by Guild directors shall never be produced by the Guild.)

Sometimes when a small-town pool shark finds that his ball is frozen to another, he casually moves it half an inch and thereby gets a clear shot to the corner pocket.

As the saying goes, No dice, Mr. Krutch!

New York, March 14

PAUL SIFTON

[Mr. Krutch in his letter does count dramatists rather than dramas. His count is based upon the record of the last eight seasons exclusive of the present one, but the question of whether or not that means "eight seasons and the present season" is purely academic since there were no "new playwrights" this season. We see nothing wrong in counting Mr. Guiterman, whose "School for Husbands" is more than a mere translation. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

CARLETON BEALS has spent the greater part of the past fifteen years in Mexico and South America. He is the author of "Mexican Maze," "Banana Gold," "Porfirio Díaz," and, most recently, "Fire on the Andes."

HEYWOOD BROWN, the well-known columnist of the *World-Telegram*, is president of the American Newspaper Guild.

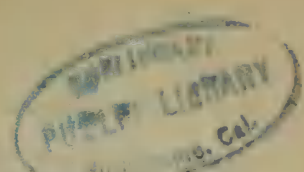
CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of a biography of Samuel Butler.

R. P. BLACKMUR contributes reviews and criticism to various literary periodicals.

MARY MCCARTHY frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

EDA LOU WALTON, a native of the Southwest, is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

Labor and Industry



Field Notes from Arkansas

By JOHN HERLING

New York, March 29

HERE are three telegrams which came from northeastern Arkansas on successive days.

W. H. Stultz president of union warned to leave Poinsett County within twenty-four hours by band of vigilantes. Stultz and Pickering arrested on charge of accusing two planters of shooting up Brookins's home. Brookins escaped armed band who riddled his home with bullets. Housekeeper and child saved by hiding under bed. Brookins safe in hiding. Six carloads of planters waited for Mitchell Kester and Paramount News man near Tyronza all day Tuesday. Desperate reign of terror beginning. Bring all pressure to bear on all possible government agencies. Only U. S. intervention will prevent violence. Carpenter reports Stultz and family safe; also advises that the roads are not safe for us to travel.

Inform us time arrival. McKinney threatens lynching. Advise McKinney remain city. Wired Costigan Congressional investigation. Meeting union hall broken up by officers last night. Stultz forced flee after open death threats. . . . Roads unsafe Buck Mitchell travel. . . .

Negro member almost beaten to death on Chapman Dewey plantation. Armed band shot into Carpenter's home last night. Member Ollie Bell given twenty-four-hour notice to leave Marked Tree. Automobiles with armed men drove all night around Stultz's home. Thirty armed planters' deputies try break up meeting of eight hundred union men at Wynne. Carpenter's son Francis driven off highway and injured. Deputies stop J. O. Green, organizer, from getting on bus en route Memphis. Entire population terrorized.

The names in the telegrams are the names of brave men in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union under attack by the armed planters and their representatives in northeastern Arkansas in the counties of Poinsett, Mississippi, and Crittenden. The president of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, W. H. Stultz, is an Arkansas share-cropper. Before share-cropping in Arkansas he tried to eke out the same kind of a living in Tennessee. His wife and six children and all their belongings were thrown out on the road last December because he joined the union. He is the elected leader of more than six thousand share-cropper families organized into the union. Long and lean, quiet and self-effacing, except when it is necessary to talk back to planters who for months now have tried to beat him down, Stultz leads his committee, collecting affidavits as to evictions which are mounting daily, and maintaining the union morale. He does not deliver long speeches. He wants to get goin', wants to sign them up. He is a former school teacher. He was told to get the hell out of Marked Tree, union center in Poinsett County, and informed by two planters—their names are Frazier of Tyronza and Bradsher of Marked Tree—that they would see to it that "his brains were blown out and his body thrown into the St. Francis

River." Last November Bill Stultz was put in jail and kept there for forty-five days for signing share-croppers into the union. The charge was "interfering with labor."

Ed Pickering, now arrested in Arkansas, was one of the three share-croppers in the delegation which came north to tell organized labor and sympathetic persons about their union. He is an agricultural worker, whose wages average 60 cents a day, and is president of the Post, Arkansas, local of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

Thirty-two bullet holes were found in the walls of the shack belonging to A. B. Brookins, sixty-five-year-old Negro preacher, song leader of the union. The attack on his home was made at 2 o'clock in the morning by carloads of planters' deputies. Mr. Brookins led his people in song in a tightly packed union hall at Marked Tree the night Norman Thomas spoke there two weeks ago. Men, women, and children were crushed together, so that the walls of the hall seemed too frail to stand the strain. Kerosene lamps gave an insufficient, smelly light, while Brookins's hands were weaving shadows against the wall as he led their song: "Though we are evicted we shall not be moved, Just like a tree planted by the water, We shall not be moved." Brookins was jailed along with Stultz last November on the same charge—interfering with labor.

Howard Kester and H. L. Mitchell are field organizers. Mitchell, son of a share-cropper, has lived in Poinsett County eight years. When he began the campaign for the union last spring, he was run out of a small pressing and dry-cleaning business he owned. Thus far the planters have been afraid to touch him. He organizes the defense when share-croppers are arrested. He arranges for bail, if possible locally, and now that local resources have been exhausted he tries to reach people in the North and Middle West. He sends out appeals for relief, distributes it, patches up differences when they occur. He has moved his family to Memphis, forty miles away, as threats were being made against them in his absence. He has sought desperately to get the governor of the state to do something about relief, about evictions, about preserving order in Poinsett County, where the nights are being made hideous by the night-riding planters and their deputies. Mitchell is a marked man. Norman Thomas and Mitchell went to see Governor Futrell two weeks ago. "You can't go around preaching social equality in the state of Arkansas, nor economic equality either," the governor declared.

Kester, with Mitchell, works insanely long hours. While the terror goes on he sees to it that evicted families are somehow taken care of. When I was there two weeks ago, we came upon an evicted family along the road from Marked Tree to Lepanto. Two wagons filled with riding bosses and a sheriff's deputy hurried off as we approached. Five children from four to seventeen years of age and the family belongings had been left on a mound of dirt beside the ditch. The family had a good American name, McCul-

lough. There were three rusty bed springs, two small tables, three broken chairs, a four-cap pug stove, one mattress, two shuck beds, three or four plates, two china cups and saucers, two knives and forks. In a crate were two small hogs and some chickens, which the family had to fight hard to take with them. Why were they evicted? They were thrown out of their miserable shack first, because they belonged to the union, second, because the father of the family was charged with having stolen two eggs (he had been beaten up for this alleged crime by the riding bosses), third, because the summer before their fourteen-year-old daughter had been carried off for three weeks and raped by at least two of the riding bosses on the Howington plantation. The McCullough family tried to recover their daughter, attempted to have some kind of action taken in the courts against the riding bosses. That was unpardonable. Who had ever heard of a share-cropper getting the law on a riding boss for the rape of his child?

They showed me the relief they had just received for the month: one twenty-four-pound bag of flour, one twenty-four-pound bag of meal, eight cans of evaporated milk, five tins of beef, some sowbelly, "with the tits still on it," as they describe it. This was all, they were told, for the month. Howard Kester has charged discrimination against union members by the relief administration in the state. The state head of relief is W. R. Dyess, himself a planter from Mississippi County, one of the worst areas in Arkansas. In response to these charges, Mr. Dyess announced he was going to investigate his own administration. Kester has asked Harry L. Hopkins to intervene but so far he has had no response.

The lawyer for the union, C. T. Carpenter, has lived in Arkansas a good part of his life. He takes Jeffersonian

democracy seriously. He believes in the Bill of Rights. He believes that the union has a right to exist. In becoming its attorney, in defending Ward Rodgers in the "anarchy" case and the barratry cases, and in exposing other trumped up charges, he has earned the enmity of the planters and business men upon whom a lawyer must depend for a living. His practice is shattered; his home is attacked; his life is threatened. He fights on, a bulwark of strength for share-croppers.

The planters who drove Norman Thomas, Howard Kester, H. L. Mitchell, and myself from Birdsong in the middle of March were drunk and armed. They shoved us around, sought to find some excuse in a gesture from one of us to start shooting. This was three days after the Governor had said the union couldn't get away with preaching social and economic equality. An Associated Press man who was with us at Birdsong, trying to preserve the impartial attitude of the news gatherer, stuck his hand out and introduced himself to the leader of the gang. "Go on, you son of a bitch," he was told, "get the hell out of Mississippi County."

An appeal taken against evictions in the Supreme Court of the state was lost on March 25. The contract between the federal government and the plantation owners was declared to be without respect to the share-cropper. He and his family, the court said, were free to go or stay. They are therefore evicted, it appears. President Roosevelt has turned over all protests made to him by Norman Thomas, by the union, by hundreds of organizations, to Henry Wallace, who turns them over to Chester Davis, who refused to intervene in a situation directly caused by the policies of the AAA as described some weeks ago in *The Nation* by Professor Amberson.

White Collar Into Plume

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE Newark *Ledger* strike began on November 17 and ended on March 28 with a substantial victory for the Guild. I do not think that anybody can question the success of the settlement achieved by the white-collar union even though it did not gain its entire list of objectives. There may be some criticism of the fact that the fate of eight employees, who were originally discharged, was left to arbitration, but any agreement which provides for the return of all strikers and the discharge of strike-breakers deserves to stand as a labor triumph.

This is particularly true in the case of a battle which lasted approximately eighteen weeks. It is almost axiomatic that strikes are won in a brief time or not at all. The employer in most disputes is better equipped with the sinews of war, and it is extremely difficult to maintain morale through the long grind in which the worker must watch his slight resources dwindle into nothing and then begin to mount as debts.

In Newark it was necessary to urge striking Guild members not even to accept wholly honorable jobs which several could have found on other papers. In order to maintain a strike it was necessary to have strikers. Another difficulty lay in the fact that save for a very short period

it was impossible to cripple the *Ledger* to a point where it could not appear. Indeed, even if the Guild possessed this power, such a result might have been harmful rather than otherwise. After all, there was no desire to ruin the property. There had to be a place to which the strikers could return after winning. Moreover, even a curtailment in the paper's regular appearances would have threatened the jobs of union printers, stereotypers, press men, and photo-engravers. And naturally the good will of organized labor was vital to the Guild in its strike.

Looking back on it all it seems to me that the local leadership of the Newark Guild under Crozier, Ring, and the rest was highly efficient. Strikers always ask for public sympathy but in certain instances it is not of very much help to them if it can be gained. The general public, for instance, cannot help steel workers by resolving to buy no steel rails during the course of the dispute. But in Newark an effective part of the public could and did stop buying the *Ledger* while the hostilities were on. This was the constant factor in the attack of the Guild.

Picketing, of course, played its part, particularly under the plan of Peters, but it seemed to me that its chief usefulness lay in keeping up the morale of Guild members. An

injunction which gravely restricted this activity for almost three weeks did not gravely affect the pressure of the public. As a matter of fact, the injunction turned out to be the most useful thing which could have happened. It advertised the fact that the strike was still on and that it was hurting the circulation and revenues of the paper. Up to that time the publisher had been maintaining that the Guild activities were helpful to the *Ledger* rather than otherwise. Marlen Pew, of *Editor and Publisher*, who stresses his passion for accuracy, fell for this particular dodge, hook, line, and sinker.

The night the injunction came out all the strikers and a number of kibitzers, including your correspondent, wanted to go to jail. One of the strikers suggested that all the *Ledger* men go to jail, refuse bail, and remain in prison till the strike was won. Abe Isserman, the highly efficient counsel for the Newark strikers, hailed this as infantile romanticism and put his foot down against it. Mr. Isserman, also, kept me out of jail in the days which followed. He didn't object to my going, but it was his wise notion that it would be harmful rather than otherwise if it savored of being a stunt. However, he did give me one assignment which I chose to regard as perilous even though I never had the chance to carry it out. When the first hearing on the temporary injunction was held, Isserman and Morris Ernst both advised me to appear as counsel in my own behalf.

"Be perfectly polite to the Vice-Chancellor," ran my legal instruction, "but criticize the whole policy of anti-labor injunctions as severely as you can."

"The judge," I suggested, "could just reach down and slap me for contempt, couldn't he?"

"He might."

"Well, what's the most I could get?" I asked with pardonable curiosity.

"There isn't any limit," said the lawyer. "The longest sentence in New Jersey that I can remember was three and a half years but that was complicated with embezzlement. Ninety days would be possible but thirty would be about right."

"If that happens while I'm acting as my own counsel, have I ■ right to say, 'Your Honor, I now think I'd like to get myself another lawyer'?"

But the issue never came up. I had myself set for an intense and earnest plea, polite but biting, when the question of an adjournment arose. "Please let's go ahead with it now," I pleaded when we lawyers for the defense went into a huddle. I was overborne by weight of counsel. On the following Tuesday I trained again for the ordeal. This time things moved so fast and so favorably that allied counsel didn't want to have me talk at all. At the very end I was ordered, "Get up and make ■ few humorous remarks."

It all ended with counselor and court laughing at each other's gags. And I, who had been eager to play Hamlet, ended up doing Falstaff as usual. However, this must be set down among the minor tragedies. The strike itself had a happy ending, and P. W. Chappell, the federal mediator, forced me to nibble a few of my words in which I had maintained that no good thing could come out of Washington. The principle remains the same, however. The strength of a labor group remains within its own hands. No sort of legislation will work for weak unions. "Them as has gets."

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96-96J

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Books, Drama, Films

"Rollo's Wild Oat"

The Curtain Falls. By Joseph Verner Reed. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

CLARE KUMMER once wrote a play called "Rollo's Wild Oat." Its hero was a mild young man whose only indiscretion arose out of his desire to act in "Hamlet," and without meaning any disrespect, I must confess that Joseph Verner Reed's account of his experiences on Broadway makes me think of Rollo. Mr. Reed was a baa-lamb ready for the fleecing, and he ought to thank whatever gods may be that he fell into the hands of Kenneth Macgowan, who may have helped him lose his money but who at least lost it honestly.

Mr. Reed liked the theater and he did not like Wall Street, to which he was destined by birth and position. Had he been less well-endowed with the world's goods he would probably have contented himself with an encyclopedic grasp of the kind of information retailed in the columns headed "Broadway Notes," but since he had more money than he knew what to do with he decided to go back stage. Like most rich people he wanted very much to be loved for himself alone, and accordingly he made desperate efforts to get a job which he would be paid for. Being signally unsuccessful in that effort, he finally succumbed to the inevitable and financed the firm of Macgowan and Reed. The firm produced a number of plays—all of them respectable and at least two of them very good indeed—which somehow consistently failed to make money, and it was finally dissolved. Then, after a few more discouraging experiences, Mr. Reed came to a conclusion which seems to an outsider to have cost rather more than was absolutely necessary. He realized that he had no very insistent desire to produce plays, that he had thoughtlessly mistaken a spectator's delight in the theater for a vocational "call," and that it was, after all, more fun as well as a good deal cheaper to pay even speculators' prices for a pair of tickets than to foot the bills of production.

Considering what his wild oat cost him, Mr. Reed writes with admirable good humor. There is also something so engagingly guileless about the whole tale that it makes very entertaining reading. He remained to the end essentially an amateur, but he had purchased at a considerable price a great deal more inside knowledge than the amateur usually has. The result is that he can give a fresher picture of the reckless and wasteful methods of the theater than can be achieved by those who are thoroughly inured to them. Incidentally he draws portraits of Jane Cowl and Mary Ellis that are very nearly masterpieces of devastation without malice, and in the case of the second he evokes a vision of sharp claws and flying fur which is quite unforgettable. But perhaps, after all, the best thing about the book is the proof it adduces of a fact upon which I have long insisted—namely, that those who diagnose the theater's ills as "commercialism" pay it an undeserved compliment. Whatever its methods may be they are certainly not "business-like," and if the typical producer in the throes of production is proceeding on the lines of efficient commercial enterprise, then a drunken sailor is calculating and miserly.

Apparently Mr. Reed realizes that things might have been worse—artistically at least. His firm was responsible for "Spring Time for Henry," one of the funniest farces of a decade and one which ran for twenty-four weeks even if, for unexplained reasons, it "made practically no money for Macgowan and Reed." It was also responsible for "Children of Dark-

ness," which lasted only a short time and added its contribution to the year's deficit of \$81,000. Mr. Reed professes to have been almost satisfied when he read some time later George Jean Nathan's opinion that "Children of Darkness" was one of the two not completely contemptible plays of the year. A more positive way of saying the same thing would be to announce that it is probably the best comedy ever written by an American.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

First Gentleman of France

Francis the First. By Francis Hackett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

AT the beginning of this brilliant study of Francis I, Mr. Hackett pays his respects to "the power historians who rule out the human being." Francis alone was nothing, he says; you can see his like any day on a Parisian boulevard with a blonde girl at his side, but "as the head of a European state with millions in his power, his intrinsic character becomes too important in its tiniest details to be veiled." That character grew out of the French tradition, which is Latin but not profoundly Roman like the Italian (Machiavelli never could understand the frivolity of the French), and this kinship and the nearness to Italy were among the factors that made the approach of Francis to his problems different from those of his contemporary Henry VIII. For one thing he did not marry his mistresses. Some of his problems, of course, were different. The French Parlement, for instance, could be stepped on with ease. Francis was temperamentally as well as locally close to the Italian Renaissance, in his passion for magnificence, his interest in every art. He could "think in stone," as the magnificent chateaux testify that rose one by one at his will "as candles are lit on an altar." As the cultural Renaissance died in Italy it was born again at his court. This book is not only a study of Francis, but of France and Europe in his time, in which all aspects converge in the terrific struggle for power, the birth throes of the modern state, between dynasties and nations, churches and states, popes, princes, and parliaments, great forces crossing, recrossing, everything fed into the ceaseless mill—love, friendship, motherhood, children, wealth, youth, integrity, life. This fundamental conflict is the warp as personality is the woof of this splendid tapestry, personality vividly conceived, subtly conditioned. And personality arises not only in Francis but in those who molded him, his mother and sister first of all, in a great frame of French tradition, and those who express for us the age—Luther, Erasmus, Calvin, Rabelais, Machiavelli, and Leonardo already somewhat ghostlike.

We are introduced first to France before Francis is born, a web of dynastic intrigues, in which various spiders watch each other warily, the greater gradually gobbling up the lesser, by marriage, war, murder, trickery. Babies are betrothed in their cradles to mature men, cripples forced on the strong so there shall be no offspring, pacts cemented and broken. The death of a child causes shudders of joy in a remote province, for now the child of another house draws nearer to the throne. Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis, came to the house of her husband, Jean D'Angoulême, a child of eleven, and was kindly received by his mistress and three illegitimate children. He died, having given her Francis and Marguerite, and now she became a spider in her turn, the concentrated mother of a male of destiny. She lived only for him, watching, intriguing, trembling, "brimming with management." And Marguerite too lived only for him, making two loveless mar-

riages for his advantage, loving him a shade too much, subordinating her finer soul. He was woman-made, spoiled, vigorous, unscrupulous, charming, relying always on his power to seduce in politics as well as elsewhere, until stronger action became necessary, when he stopped at nothing.

He had to have Milan and he poured the wealth of France into the war. There was never enough money; it had to be squeezed out of the ground, out of estates, churches, and taxes on food and other necessities, endlessly multiplied. At first it was all glory and intoxication, but after the losing fight with Charles for the empire and his imprisonment after Pavia, his personal disintegration, exemplified by handing his young children over to Spain as hostages, became hideous. He was orthodox again for wholly unorthodox reasons, so that the Sorbonne, after a lull, became active in the persecution of heretics. He needed the church then and would not interfere, even though Marguerite still timidly pulled at his sleeve in attempted intercession. She had been successful before, but now the current was too strong. Had she not been the King's sister she herself might have suffered for her tolerance and her interest in forbidden doctrine. Still she remained subject to him in devotion and love, seeing him, in spite of everything, great and good.

In the end the great lover and fighter, the first gentleman of France, had become a seedy old gallant. "Le vieux galant s'en va," they said, as he lay dying. But he had tightened absolutism on France, and what he had been and what he had done would persist for centuries.

There are certain passages that remain with one like a thing experienced. Such are the ride into Paris of young Francis, newly crowned; the description of Chambord; the scattered pages that make up the portrait of Marguerite; the fleeting glimpse of young Calvin, the fallow, sickly boy, rising at four for a long day of study, floggings, and prayers in the dirty old seminary at Paris that Erasmus had hated; but most striking of all, the contrasting portraits of Erasmus and Machiavelli. This is great writing. Of larger episodes there is the profoundly typical story of the Constable of Bourbon, driven to treachery by well-grounded fear of treachery against himself, the rather weary shamefacedness of the "Ladies' Peace," and much else. The splendid pithy prose, the brief masterpieces of characterization, the vivid present sense of place and mood make this book a well of pure enjoyment, a book to be returned to and cherished.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The Imagination Crowned

Coleridge on Imagination. By I. A. Richards. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

THERE is a sense in which every forward movement of the mind is saltatory, a leap in the dark, and another in which it seems no more than the exhilarating rediscovery of the commonplace. Which quality seems dominant depends on whether your interest is dramatic or speculative, whether you use a technique of intuitive perception or a technique of logical manipulation; but both qualities will be inextricably present in work approaching the first order. In Mr. Richards's study of the imagination it is the exhibited rediscovery that Coleridge meant what he said and that the meaning is literally inexhaustible which represents the speculative quality; and it is Mr. Richards's repeated declaration of faith in the poetic imagination as man's chief coordinating instrument that gives the book its passionate quality of importance.

The doctrine is simple and requires only a preliminary willingness to make it acceptable. Coleridge defined the pri-

mary imagination as the agent of all perception; the secondary imagination, which was an echo of the primary, was that faculty which recreated the perceptions and made them vital. When imagination is operating, the mind is growing, latent possibilities are called up, and the parts of a meaning mutually modify each other and make a new meaning, which is inexhaustible. The notion of fancy was introduced by Coleridge, and is so used by Mr. Richards, to represent those operations of the mind which reassemble perceptions without modification or growth. Imagination is thus the animating power, the coadunating, gestatory power to bring knowledge into being.

There will be few perhaps besides poets and serious readers of poetry who can turn to poetry as the principal source of order and value. Yet Mr. Richards's plea is best addressed to those who will never hear it, to those absolutists who use poetry either as a persuasive prop for dogma already prejudiced or as an escape for the mind from the burden of intelligence. Mr. Richards's imagination is above all rational, and has as an end in view the discovery and realization of human values, and not their prediction or their denial. He has exaggerated the bearings of his concept and made it paramount beyond practical possibility, but no more so than rational concepts of God or state or physics have often been made. It is only by such exaggeration that the emphasis of proportion may be secured. The objections of T. S. Eliot that poetry cannot be substituted for religion and of Max Eastman to the endless thread of psychological dialectic in which Mr. Richards winds his theory, though sound, hardly matter if we consider that Mr. Richards is merely working his concepts for all they are worth. Rather than argue where justice lies, I prefer to suggest in illustration by what acts of imaginative attention the reader may do Mr. Richards justice for himself.

In discussing the types of response to nature, he sets passages from Wordsworth and Hardy beside one another "as a short way of stating the most comprehensive problem of philosophy."

But in doing so [he goes on], in making this use of them, we wrench both passages from their original and proper functions. The study of this wrenching, of the translation of imaginative acts into doctrines, is that mode of tracing the sources of philosophy in "facts of mind," which, in Coleridge's view of 1801, was to make the theory of poetry "supersede all the books of metaphysics and all the books of morals too."

From the argument on the relation between poetry and myth I take two sentences:

Without his mythologies man is only a cruel animal without a soul—for a soul is a central part of his governing mythology—he is a congeries of possibilities without order and without aim. . . . If we try to take more from the myth than we put into it we violate the order of our lives.

Lastly, I extract these sentences written against A. E. Housman's assertion that Blake's "Hear the Voice of the Bard!" contains only embryo ideas:

Is it not equally likely that the ideas from which this poem derives its mysterious grandeur are not less but more fully developed as we receive them in the poem? I would suggest seriously that in the greater poems of great poets the ideas there brought into being in the mind are completer, not less complete; and that the process which extricates them by abstraction denatures them rather than develops them. . . . In the poem they are autonomous, sanctioned by their acceptability to the whole being of the reader. Out of the poem, they are doctrine merely, and a temptation to dispute.

The book as a whole is only a chapter in Mr. Richards's long approach to the uses of language and the meaning of poetry. The approach is multiple and repetitive; and this all the more necessarily because—as he has amply demonstrated here and elsewhere—even the best-trained readers read ill and ignorantly. And it is natural that at many minor points of argument and statement correction, expansion, and modification may seem necessary; but we ought certainly to make sure we understand the general conceptions before we cavil at the details. Mr. Richards has reordered an important conception of imagination, and crowned it. We have only, to get the most out of Mr. Richards, to remember and bring to bear, for pressure and modification, all those other forms of imagination that do not bring their meanings home in words. The conjunction will, I think, make Mr. Richards the more, not the less, valuable. "Until you understand a man's ignorance," said Coleridge, "presume yourself ignorant of his understanding."

R. P. BLACKMUR

Claudius as Emperor

Claudius the God. By Robert Graves. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

IN a review of "I, Claudius" written last June, I expressed a sincere regret that Mr. Graves had chosen to end his autobiography of the stammering emperor with his accession to power in the year 41 A. D. I was more than regretful; I was curious. The Claudius who appeared in that volume was a thoroughly consistent character, a sensible, kind-hearted liberal whose foolish face and body concealed a shrewd and lively intelligence. How, I wondered, would Mr. Graves explain the Claudius who lived to rule Rome for thirteen years, the silly tool of a vicious wife, the dupe of his freedmen, and the victim of his niece? Mr. Graves has now written a sequel which carries Claudius from his accession to his death, but I am still curious, and regretful, too. The disintegration of the emperor remains inexplicable, and the exuberant live Romans of the earlier volume have altogether ossified in "Claudius the God." It was pleasanter to speculate on the sequel Mr. Graves might have written than to read the one he actually wrote.

It must be admitted that Mr. Graves was here faced with no simple problem. To interpret a sudden shift of character, a complete reversal of attitude, is always difficult, and in the case of Claudius time has doubtless obliterated many details which might once have been illuminating. Yet Mr. Graves, in attempting the sequel, has set himself the problem, and one has every right to demand that he come to grips with it. This he shows himself incapable of doing. More often than not he is evasive, concerning himself more with events than with character. While in Rome Messalina's influence waxes and Claudius's rule grows steadily more despotic, Mr. Graves carefully focuses his story on Judea, on Parthia, Alexandria, Germany, or Britain. These ostrich-like tactics have had the unfortunate effect of destroying what little unity the book might otherwise have possessed. The reader's mind is clogged with masses of irrelevant detail; his attention is only too successfully distracted from Claudius. When at last Mr. Graves is brought face to face with the question of Messalina and her power over Claudius, he takes refuge in an explanation that reeks of French bedroom farce. Messalina, whose real sins were at least on the grand scale, is reduced to a charming, adulterous young wife, while Claudius plays the doddering cuckold who can be lulled with a kiss and a smile while the lover hides under the bed.

Mr. Graves's treatment of the infamous Messalina is

characteristic of his approach to all his people and to his story as a whole. Herod Agrippa, a wily Jewish king with Messianic delusions, becomes a wisecracking young scamp in the modern style, and Nero is treated as a foppish, extravagant boy. Unable to understand his characters on their own terms, Mr. Graves debases them until their vices and virtues are petty enough to be dealt with in an easy, ironical manner. In "I, Claudius" there were melodrama and wit and grandeur and horror. In "Claudius the God" only the wit remains, and it has been a little blunted.

MARY MCCARTHY

In Soviet Asia

Changing Asia. By Egon Erwin Kisch. English Version by Rita Reil. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

FOR those who think of the Soviet Union as "Russia" this book will be an endless series of surprises. Deep in the heart of Central Asia—in the land of the Tajiks, Uzbeks, Kirghiz, and Kazaks—there is little trace of Russia, its customs, culture, or speech; but of Soviet influence, as Mr. Kisch has so brilliantly shown, there is enough to furnish material for a striking volume. Like all authentic books on the Soviet Union, "Changing Asia" is a study of contrasts, of the gulf between the old and the new, between the most backward portion of the Orient and the most advanced sector of the Occident. One finds districts which for filth and dilapidation are comparable only to the slums of Tunis or the Negro villages of the northern Sahara. Yet side by side with this squalor are women's clubs, modern nurseries, gynecological clinics, medical schools, moving-picture studios, technical schools, modern factories, and well-equipped workers' clubs.

Behind these contrasts lies one of the most absorbing social dramas in history. Within a period of less than half a generation—much of this region was not finally attached to the Soviet Union until 1922—an entire people has emerged, or is in process of emerging, from medievalism into the full current of modern Soviet life. Prior to the revolution the population of this sector was entirely Mohammedan. Polygamy was universal among those who could afford it; women, without exception, were veiled and isolated in the *ichkari*. At least 95 per cent of the men and practically all women were illiterate. Syphilis, malaria, and epidemic diseases took their annual toll of tens of thousands of the population. Shopkeeping, farming, and rug-making—the prevailing occupations—were carried on under the most primitive conditions.

The old has not completely been abolished. But except in the most isolated sections women have been freed from their age-old bondage. Even in backward regions of the Pamir more than 80 per cent of the boys and 15 per cent of the girls are now in school, while their elders are in special classes for the illiterate. Preventable diseases have been cut to a small fraction of their former incidence. Modern factories have been built, irrigation projects opened, and vast gains made in technical development. The story is commonplace enough to one familiar with the Soviet Union, yet in the hands of Mr. Kisch it is not a recital of statistics but the tale of a social cataclysm transforming the lives of men and women.

His story of Khassiyad Mirkulan, a young Tajik woman, in a sense epitomizes the new life of all women. Khassiyad Mirkulan was born at Chustpap in 1904. When she was eight years old she was veiled; at fourteen she was married—a relatively advanced age because of the poverty of the family. After six months her husband died, and a year later she was sent as a servant to the house of an Ishan, a miracle man. One day when she was out hunting frogs for the Ishan's youngest wife, who was ill, she chanced to encounter a demon-

stration in celebration of March 8—International Women's Day. At the invitation of one of the leaders, she was persuaded, with many misgivings, to enter a local school, where she saw her first bathtub, slept in her first bed, and received the first rudiments of formal education. The years that followed could be paralleled by the experience of tens of thousands of young Soviet women: school, marriage, the university, political activity, which led in her case to the position of vice-chairman of the city soviet, and finally a position in remote Garm, where she is in charge of the work for the liberation of women. "Changing Asia" deals with only a small sector of the Soviet Union, but is so vivid and so authentic that one is inclined to recommend it to those who have time to read only one book on "Russia."

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Western

Riding the Mustang Trail. By Forrester Blake. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

MUSTANGS are wild horses, shaggy, small, and more unmanageable than wild cattle. About every forty years these horses, in herds with their chosen leaders, become so numerous in New Mexico that they threaten to destroy the cattle ranges. Then cow punchers are paid two-fifty a head to round them up and drive them out. Two or three years ago Forrester Blake, known to his friends as "Pat," joined in one of these round-ups—the last, perhaps, ever to occur, for today the Western ranges are fenced and the cattle companies are smaller and much poorer than in the good old days. Together with four other cow punchers he organized an outfit, collected his herd, and drove the little horses four hundred miles into Oklahoma, to be sold for seven or eight dollars apiece. And then, because he is a natural-born writer, he wrote it all down.

His book is one of the most authentic and best-written accounts of the true West to be published in years. Mr. Blake has the country in his bones. He knows it as it really is; he delights in its austere and dangerous beauty. Without indulging in melodrama, without growing mystical about it, as so many Eastern writers do, he gives the reader more excitement, more feeling for the scene, than most of our so-called Western writers put together. Here are stories of rattlesnakes, of terrific drought, of horses lost in quicksand, of stampedes, of night herding, of strange characters that will make your hair stand on end. And every story is true.

Pat Blake is only twenty-two now; he was not more than twenty when he wrote this book. He loves more than anything in the world the open country, its men, its outlandish variety of weather and event. He talks in the Western idiom. Fortunately his college education has not made him less colloquial. He gives back speech and incident exactly as he heard and saw them. His outfit was one of the most absurd ever to cross the mountains and the plains. The "chuck wagon" was a Chevrolet car on the point of going to pieces. There was only one trained cow pony for five men, one "slicker," or raincoat, insufficient bedding, no money to speak of. It was this company that covered four hundred miles of unknown trails with a herd of wild and completely unpredictable animals and arrived at its destination. Even the old-timer with a stomach ulcer who almost died on the way got there. Pat himself was the green-horn among these men, but he learned.

Unforgettable scenes and incidents fill these pages. The mad and unsuccessful shooting of a locoed horse that refused to die even with several bullets in its brain; the stampede into a barbed-wire fence when horses with wide open gashes across chest and spine fled across the prairies into the mountains;



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A Symphonic Synthesis

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Mr. Blake has almost completed another book about a cow camp as it exists today. He is full of books, he says, and one believes him, for he is absorbed in giving us the West in its absolute reality. His style is his own but perhaps it is not a style at all. Pat, in other words, is a "natural," if that much-abused word can be employed to describe a writer who must write even as he must eat.

EDA LOU WALTON

Films

On a Classic

AMONG the more gratifying phenomena of the current season has been the growing recognition of "It Happened One Night," the Frank Capra production of last year, as one of the few potential classics of the recent cinema. Having been selected as the best American picture of the year by the National Board of Review and other organizations, and having earned for its director and players a handsome collection of gold medals, it is at the moment in its third week of revival at a New York playhouse—a tribute usually reserved for certain films of Chaplin and certain cartoons by Walt Disney. What is perhaps most gratifying about all this is that it has come about without any of the usual ventilation of superlatives which attends the birth of a masterpiece in the American screen world. Nothing in the subject, the personnel, the surrounding circumstances of this particular film offered the least pretext for the beating of the big drum. There had been a whole succession of pictures based on the picaresque aspects of the cross-country bus; neither Claudette Colbert nor Clark Gable was a reigning favorite with the great popular public; and Frank Capra was merely one of several better than average Hollywood directors. In brief, the wholly spontaneous response with which the picture was received could be traced to no novelty or originality in its component elements. A second viewing of it at the Little Carnegie confirms this truth at the same time that it enforces the realization of how difficult it is, at the present stage of motion-picture production and appreciation, to determine what it is precisely which makes a good photoplay. It is true that the story, which is a mixture of both farcical and realistic situations, is exceptionally well put together from almost every point of view. It is developed with the galloping pace that good farce requires, and the timing of individual scenes is invariably well managed. But here it is hard to distinguish between the work of the script-writers and the work of the director, who is perhaps even more responsible for maintaining an unerring accuracy of tempo throughout. And is it quite fair to ignore what the players may be contributing to the same effect? Although neither Miss Colbert nor Mr. Gable had demonstrated any particular comic talent before this picture, their playing here is at every step exactly in tune with the mood of the occasion. As for the content of the film, which may possibly be distinguished from the treatment, one can remark only that it is authentically indigenous without being in any way novel or striking. An honest documentation of familiar American actualities becomes, in a Hollywood film, more absorbing than intrigue in Monte Carlo or pig-sticking in Bengal. Also one might point out that the manner in which this material is utilized for comic purposes strikes a nice balance between pure farce and serious

social satire. The result of the balance is something less tiresome than the first, and less precarious to the comic intention than the second. But the effort to fix and label the particular quality which separates this film from the dozen or more substantially like it in recent years is bound to end only in an admission of critical humiliation. A good photoplay, like a good book or a good piece of music, remains always something of a miracle—in the least sentimental sense of that word. Beyond a certain point the mind is forced to bow down before its own inability to unravel and put together again *all* the parts of the shining and imponderable whole with which it is dealing.

The Balderston-Unger adaptation of Dickens's unfinished "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" turns out to be much the most successful of the several recent efforts to reconstruct the mood and atmosphere of early Victorian England. Under the expert direction of the veteran Stuart Walker, this tale of moral degeneration and crime in a cathedral close is made into one of the most consistently harrowing films of the season. It is worth seeing if only for those scenes in which Claude Rains, as the depraved choirmaster, exhibits once again his unsurpassed talents for the more satanic type of role. Another "thriller" of almost equal merit, "The Man Who Knew Too Much," has just arrived from the British studios. Uniformly well acted by a cast that includes Edna Best, Nova Pilbeam, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (the child murderer in Fritz Lang's "M"), it manages to hold its interest despite the somewhat unconvincing attempt, in the latter sections, to transform London's Wapping into a replica of Chicago's South Side. It is probably a fact of some significance that in both these additions to the cinema of horror both acting and direction are on a considerably higher plane of sophistication than the material.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Mr. Odets Speaks His Mind

A NEW production by the Group Theater supplies the answer to a question I asked in this column three weeks ago. Mr. Clifford Odets, the talented author of "Awake and Sing," has come out for the revolution and thrown in his artistic lot with those who use the theater for direct propaganda. The earlier play, it seems, was written some three years ago before his convictions had crystallized, and it owes to that fact a certain contemplative and brooding quality. The new ones—there are two on a double bill at the Longacre—waste no time on what the author now doubtless regards as side issues, and they hammer away with an unrelenting insistency upon a single theme: Workers of the World Unite!

"Waiting for Lefty," a brief sketch suggested by the recent strike of taxi drivers, is incomparably the better of the two, and whatever else one may say of it, there is no denying its effectiveness as a tour de force. It begins *in media res* on the platform at a strikers' meeting, and "plants" interrupting from the audience create the illusion that the meeting is actually taking place at the very moment of representation. Brief flashbacks reveal crucial moments in the lives of the drivers, but the scene really remains in the hall itself, and the piece ends when the strike is voted. The pace is swift, the characterization is for the most part crisp, and the points are made, one after another, with bold simplicity. What Mr. Odets is trying to do could hardly be done more economically or more effectively.

Cold analysis, to be sure, clearly reveals the fact that such simplicity must be paid for at a certain price. The villains

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are mere caricatures and even the very human heroes occasionally freeze into stained-glass attitudes, as, for example, ■ certain lady secretary in one of the flashbacks does when she suddenly stops in her tracks to pay a glowing tribute to "The Communist Manifesto" and to urge its perusal upon all and sundry. No one, however, expects subtleties from a soap-box, and the interesting fact is that Mr. Odets has invented ■ form which turns out to be ■ very effective dramatic equivalent of soap-box oratory.

Innumerable other "proletarian" dramatists have tried to do the same thing with far less success. Some of them have got bogged in futuristic symbolism which could not conceivably do more than bewilder "the worker"; others have stuck close to the usual form of the drama without realizing that this form was developed for other uses and that their attempt to employ it for directly hortatory purposes can only end in what appears to be more than exceedingly crude dramaturgy. Mr. Odets, on the other hand, has made a clean sweep of the conventional form along with the conventional intentions. He boldly accepts as his scene the very platform he intends to use, and from it permits his characters to deliver speeches which are far more convincing there than they would be if elaborately worked into a conventional dramatic story. Like many of his fellows he has evidently decided that art is ■ weapon, but unlike many who proclaim the doctrine, he has the full courage of his conviction. To others he leaves the somewhat nervous determination to prove that direct exhortation can somehow be made compatible with "art" and that "revolutionary" plays can be two things at once. The result of his downrightness is to succeed where most of the others have failed. He does not ask to be judged by any standards except those which one would apply to the agitator, but by those standards his success is very nearly complete.

"Waiting for Lefty" is played upon what is practically

a bare stage. It could be acted in any union hall by amateur actors, and the fact accords well with the intention of a play which would be wholly in place as part of the campaign laid out by any strike committee. Indeed, it is somewhat out of place anywhere else for the simple reason that its appeal to action is too direct not to seem almost absurd when addressed to an audience most of whose members are not, after all, actually faced with the problem which is put up to them in so completely concrete ■ form. The play might, on the other hand, actually turn the tide at a strikers' meeting, and that is more than can be said of most plays whose avowed intention is to promote the class war.

As for the other piece, "Till the Day I Die," there is much less to be said in its favor. The hero is a young German whose loyalty to the Communist Party survives the tortures applied by fiendish storm troopers, but a note on the program suggests the reason why the play lacks the air of reality. It was "suggested by a letter from Germany printed in the *New Masses*," and obviously the author had too little to go on. However much "Waiting for Lefty" may owe to ■ Marxian formula, both the characters and the situation come within the range of the author's experience and there is ■ basis of concrete reality. "Till the Day I Die" is founded upon nothing except the printed word, and the characters are mere men of wax. In so far as we believe it at all, we do so only because we have been told that such things do happen. There is little in the play itself to carry conviction, and neither its hero nor its villains seem very much more real than those of the simplest and most old-fashioned melodramas. The acting in the two pieces is as different as they are themselves. Mr. Odets's Germans strike attitudes and declaim. His strikers are so real—perhaps so actual would be better—that when the play is over one expects to find their cabs outside.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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WHILE the House of Representatives shouted down a proposal that it go into a brief session of silent prayer before voting on the McSwain bill, it amended the original draft beyond recognition. The fight against conscription was won in a last-minute upset which eliminated not only the provision drafting all men between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five for war services but also that conscripting management of industry and communications. Mr. McSwain yielded to the unanimous pressure of his colleagues in accepting a 100 per cent tax on excess war profits, and the bill now can be merged with the Nye bill when it passes the Senate. The press is to be exempted from the licensing provisions, though this, naturally, is no guaranty of free criticism in war time. Representative Maury Maverick, the vigorous Texas first-term, fought hard for an amendment insisting on American neutrality, and is to be credited with the final defeat of conscription. In the main the House put up a debate singularly free of false patriotism. The more Congress looks at the problem of war, the more clearly it sees the folly of defining "defense" as the ability to draft, equip, and staff an army of four million men for duty overseas. This still is the official policy of the "services." Once

this simple fact is digested, most of our present military and naval expenditure can be diverted to social purposes, and the influence of the army and navy in Washington will be correspondingly reduced. The enactment of a strong Nye-McSwain bill will be an important victory for democracy, but it will be completely won only when the military spirit is rooted out of our national life.

IT WOULD BE OPTIMISTIC to prophesy immediate or fundamental decisions from the Stresa conference. Captain Eden's tour has shown how difficult it is to obtain united support for the Anglo-French plan for security. That plan called for a Western European air pact, an Eastern Locarno, the guaranty of Austria, and Germany's reentry into the League. So far only the air pact and the guaranty of Austria are within reach. Poland is hesitant about an Eastern Locarno, and Germany is not willing to reenter the League until Hitler has established equality by unilateral action. The Stresa conference is to be devoted first to finding agreement on the measures to take in the face of Germany's announcement of conscription. Here Mussolini will strive to set up three-power action to take the place of the four-power pact he once dreamed of. But three-power action is impossible for Britain, which remains committed to the collective system. Noteworthy is the complete conversion of Mussolini to cooperation with France, but of itself this does not clear the air. Britain would have to come in, too. We have read with interest that Captain Eden returned to London feeling there was no immediate danger of war. Stresa, perhaps, could only produce immediate united action if the danger were more acute. Similarly, the special meeting of the League Council can hardly lead to conclusive results. The Stresa conference, however, will end with ringing communiqués, and it is logical to expect that sooner or later some halfway ground between alliances and collective action, as offsets to Germany's restoration to power, can be mapped out and occupied.

ALMOST UNNOTICED in the flurry of excitement over Europe, the Abyssinian crisis has drifted from bad to worse. With one eye on Germany and the other on Abyssinia, Mussolini has mobilized an army of nearly 600,000 men in addition to the two divisions recently dispatched to Africa. Frightened by this action and the report that 4,000 Egyptians have been employed to construct roads from the port of Assab to the Abyssinian border, Emperor Haile Selassie has moved 100,000 of his troops into a position to check the threatened Italian advance. Direct negotiations between the two countries having broken down, Abyssinia has appealed to the League under Articles X, XI, and XII of the Covenant, and asked for immediate action at the special Council meeting of April 15. The success of this appeal depends very largely on the attitude of Great Britain, which has shown a certain irritation at Mussolini's warlike gestures. In view, however, of the urgent need for Anglo-Italian cooperation with regard to Germany, the chances are that Abyssinia will get scant support in Geneva. A gentle

reminder sent by the United States to both Italy and Abyssinia, calling attention to their commitments under the Kellogg Pact, might aid in averting the war that otherwise appears almost inevitable.

THE SETBACK suffered by the National Socialists in Danzig is significant chiefly because it destroys the myth of invincibility which the Nazis had implanted in the minds of their followers. After a series of victories in which approximately 90 per cent of the electorate supported their policies, the Nazis could claim that they represented the will of the German people. And they were determined to show that in Danzig, where the elections were relatively free, the sentiment for National Socialism was virtually as great as in Germany itself. No effort was spared to assure another spectacular victory. The leading spellbinders of the party—Goebbels, Göring, Hess, and Streicher—participated actively in the preelection campaign. Danzig storm troopers terrorized the opposition parties in the most approved Nazi manner. Former residents of the city now living in Germany were given free passage if they voted the National Socialist ticket. But despite all these measures, the Nazi vote fell far short of the two-thirds which was necessary to enable them to modify the constitution and establish a totalitarian state. Coming on the heels of German rearmament, the defeat will be interpreted abroad as an indication of an unsuspected weakness in the Hitler regime. Within Germany it should at least counteract the effect of the Saar victory, and revive hope in the hearts of the opposition for an ultimate return to sanity.

THE MEASURE of Adolph S. Ochs is to be taken by his creation, the *New York Times*, with whose identity he was almost completely merged. One of the few great newspapers in the world, the *Times* has served to maintain the balance against the sensationalism and slickness of contemporary journalism. Its first and chief merit has been its devotion to the service of complete reporting. It has not always been as complete or even as accurate and objective as it might be, but it has been more nearly so than any other American newspaper and far more so than any of the once superior newspapers of London. Where the *Times* has not led has been in the field of opinion. Its editorial function has been conceived in a spirit of restraint bordering on psychological repression, which has produced an editorial page devoid of inspiration. In terms of Mr. Ochs, this simply says that he was a great publisher and newsgatherer and hardly at all an editor. But he was great in his way, and American journalism—also in the main a profession of newsgathering, without leadership—has lost one of its creative figures.

IT MUST BE A MISTAKE to assume that newspaper editorials have lost their power. Guy P. Gannett, publisher of four newspapers in Maine, is in no doubt about one service they can perform: they can help build destroyers for the navy. When the navy was letting contracts in 1933, Mr. Gannett was interested in having the Bath Iron Works land contracts for two of the new destroyers. He instructed all his editors to write editorials on building up the navy, and then sat down and wrote William S. Newell, president of the shipyards about it. "As soon as these appear," he

said, "I will send copies along to our Maine delegation in Washington with a personal letter. You may be sure that I will do everything in my power to arouse our people to the necessity of building destroyers." Mr. Newell also believed in the power of the press, as he had previously sent Mr. Gannett an editorial from the *New York Herald Tribune* on the potential sources of war. He wanted Mr. Gannett to call this to the attention of the Maine delegation in his stead, as it would look better coming from a publisher. On behalf of the same firm a letter went to Louis McHenry Howe, the President's secretary, saying that the President's son James had been brought to Bath as a speaker, telling how the old Republican stronghold had nearly been carried for the President, and suggesting by inference that it would go Democratic next time if only the contracts went to the local shipyards.

AS LOUIS ADAMIC PREDICTED in a recent article in *The Nation*, rubber is about to snap. As this issue goes to press the rubber workers in the Goodrich and Firestone plants in Akron are balloting on the question of a strike; the Goodyear workers have already voted to go out. The union men have been driven to this final desperate decision even in the face of tremendous odds. So far the A. F. of L. leaders, local and national, have shown little enthusiasm for a showdown, and the Regional Labor Board director, Ralph Lynd, has made every effort to win a settlement. It is the employers who have forced the issue. They have refused to allow an impartial poll; they sent company-union men to Washington to testify against the Wagner Labor Disputes bill; the Firestone company union conducted an anti-strike vote three days after the National Labor Relations Board had ordered it dissolved, and similar action was taken in other plants; and when Mr. Lynd went to Akron to make a last-minute attempt to avert a strike, two of the companies refused even to receive him. They have good reasons for their intransigence. The peak of production is well past and warehouses are bulging with huge stocks of tires. They could shut down the plants for the duration of a strike, but they prefer to fight it out in the hope of crushing permanently the threat of unionism in rubber. And they are thoroughly prepared for war.

FOR WEEKS glaring searchlights sweeping the grounds of the big plants have revealed at night the sharp outline of newly constructed barbed-wire fences, dim shadows created by sand-bag intrenchments, armed guards leaning against the buildings. Underground tunnels run from factory to factory and from the employees' clubhouses to the factories; thousands of army cots are ready for tired "loyal" workers; submachine-guns have been mounted at strategic points; thousands of shining new laths, like those Gandhi's disciples have felt upon their backs, are piled high within easy reach; squads of men have been drilling, learning the rudiments of tear-gas bomb-throwing. Goodyear, Goodrich, and Firestone each have 500 men deputized to "protect our property rights." Sheriff Flowers, National Guard captain and company tool, has 200 more deputies, most of them his own unemployed guardsmen. The police department has prepared one hundred additional men for its force. Tear-gas salesmen are saying jubilantly, "Most business we have had for a long time." The companies are preparing to

drown the threatened strike in blood, and they make little secret of it. The rubber workers will need more than the half-hearted support they have received from the A. F. of L. generals if they are even to survive such a war.

THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE of the main force of the Chinese Red Army under Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung at the gates of Kweiyang, capital of Kweichow Province, is difficult to explain at this distance. Somewhat earlier this force—50,000 to 60,000 strong—had been reported on the southern bank of the Yangtze River, ready to cross over to join the Soviet armies in Szechuan. Its failure to cross the river was apparently due to the presence of foreign gunboats and Japanese cargo ships which were being used by Chiang Kai-shek for transport purposes. Forced to keep mobile in order to obtain necessary provisions, at least part of these troops have marched southward into Yunnan and then turned north again into Kweichow, where they have encountered and defeated the main provincial army some forty miles from Kweiyang. This victory was especially significant because of Chiang Kai-shek's presence at Kweiyang, but it was probably not a primary objective of the Communists' strategy. Capture of the city might, however, lead to a fundamental change in tactics which would make Kweichow as well as Szechuan a base for permanent Communist activity. Both provinces are relatively inaccessible and would serve admirably for this purpose. But the chances are that the victory will merely strengthen the Red Army's determination to enter Szechuan because of the comparative wealth and strategic value of that remote province.

THE OLD GENTLEMEN who sit around the headquarters of the Liberty League must have trembled in their chairs when the news was whispered about that a company union had defied the management of one of America's most powerful and reactionary corporations. Incredible though it seems, such an instance of lèse majesté actually occurred when the New York Telephone Company asked the employees' organization to approve a camouflaged wage cut. The management presented a plan which, as they described it, would "establish five week days as the basic working week and include in the basic rate of pay for five days the amount now paid for Saturday afternoon." The innocent-sounding statement was a euphemistic way of announcing that the $8\frac{1}{3}$ per cent cut in hours and wages which was imposed in 1932 as a temporary measure was to be made permanent. The decrease in the basic rate of pay—which had continued unchanged on a six-day basis—meant, moreover, that such items as the automatic annual salary increases and the "supper allowances" for overtime would in many instances be reduced, while the deduction for absences would increase with the nominal rise in hourly wages. Instead of rubber-stamping the company's proposal, as they were naturally expected to do, the employee representatives demanded time for consideration and the preparation of a counter-plan. In this plan they asked that the prevailing basic pay be made the actual pay for the five-day week, and that overtime and salary increases be continued as at present. They justified this request on the ground that the maintenance of full dividends had benefited "stockholders . . . throughout the years of the depression at the expense of the employees." Needless to say, these demands were con-

temptuously rejected, which proves that a company union is, after all, a company union and not an instrument of collective bargaining.

DR. WALTER DAMROSCH is celebrating this month the fiftieth anniversary of his assumption of the conductor's baton. His popularity has been steadily increasing through the years, and now that he is dean of music on the radio he has achieved an eminence which no other *Kapellmeister* in all recorded history has even remotely approached. Soon the press and the society leaders of the nation will heap praise upon him. We wish we could join in these tributes, but conscience forbids it. It is a well-known fact among musicians and honest music critics that Dr. Damrosch is an indifferent conductor and a poor commentator. It is no secret that nearly all the men who have played under him have had little else but contempt for his interpretations. Dr. Damrosch can read a score, a rarer accomplishment among conductors than some think, but he doesn't know how to perform it satisfactorily. His rise to popularity can be explained by his timely patriotism and social ambition. His outrageous denunciation of Karl Muck in 1917 for lack of respect for the flag helped endear him to the hearts of the populace, and his elegant parties for people who count in the musical and social life of the nation have endeared him to the hearts of the elite. Had his life been shaped exclusively by his musicianship, he would probably be the conductor of a movie orchestra in a small Middle Western city.

THE McNABOE BILL, abolishing all actions for alienation of affections, criminal conversation, seduction, and breach of contract to marry, is now the law of New York State. We need hardly say that we are gratified and hope that the remaining forty-six states—Indiana has had a statute similar to the McNaboe bill for some time—will follow New York's example in the near future. Legislation to the same effect is up for consideration in Texas, Idaho, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and, according to the very careful Associated Press, "one of the Carolinas." May they add glory to themselves by adopting their respective measures. The heart-balm racket during the past few decades has become a genteel form of female cannibalism, even more ruthless, if less common, than the divorce and alimony game.

BECAUSE the middle section of this special book number went to press several days earlier than the rest of the issue, the article, *Twenty-nine Men in Contempt*, on page 443 contains certain statements that call for last-minute amendment. Since then, Judge W. A. Valentine has temporarily released twenty-eight of the jailed leaders of the United Anthracite Miners. Thomas M. Malone, the district president, and seven members of the district board were freed until after a conference on April 15 with the Governor. Twenty others were released to attend a meeting between the new union, the United Mine Workers, and the Glen Alden Company. We shall report later on the results of these peace parleys. Meanwhile Judge Valentine deserves credit for breaking, even temporarily, the deadlock which has held the Wyoming Valley in the grip of terror and suspense.

The Company-Union Stratagem

FOR any gullible person who still believes the "American plan" of company unions has merit and deserves a trial, we publish a remarkable letter which has found its way into the record of the hearings on the Wagner Labor Disputes bill. The writer is Arthur Young, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, and its responsible labor strategist. In it he does not reveal any secret, for it has been obvious that the steel trust, like other great corporations, deliberately resorted to company unions as a device to strengthen its hold over its workers and to prevent legitimate self-organization. What is remarkable is its absence of cant. Not being written for publication Mr. Young's letter says just what he thought, without subterfuge or philosophical gloss. The date was June 16, 1934, when Joint Resolution 44 was being passed by Congress as a substitute for the Wagner labor bill of last year. Mr. Young favored the joint resolution for singularly convincing reasons, which he explained to L. H. Korndorff, president of the Federal Shipbuilding Company. The letter was found in Mr. Korndorff's files by investigators of the Senate Munitions Committee. Mr. Young writes:

My guess is that Congress will today pass the joint resolution proposed as an alternate to the Wagner bill, and that will end, for the time being at least, many of our troubles in that respect. Personally I view the passage of the joint resolution with equanimity. It means that temporary measures, which cannot last more than a year, will be substituted for the permanent legislation proposed in the original Wagner bill. I do not believe that there will ever be again a good chance for the passage of the Wagner act as exists now, and the trade is a mighty good compromise.

I have read carefully the joint resolution, and my personal opinion is that it is not going to bother us very much. For one thing, it would be necessary, if the newly created boards are to order and supervise elections in our plants, that they first set aside as invalid the elections just completed. I do not think this can be done. If, in 1935, our elections should occur in the second half of June rather than the first half, the board would automatically be legislated out of existence before that date. If they try to horn in on us in any situation in the meantime, I think we have our fences pretty securely set up. Therefore, and for other reasons, I am in favor of compromising by not opposing the passage of the joint resolution. This, of course, is my own personal opinion. I have not yet had a chance to clear it with our people here.

Joint Resolution 44 was the kind of compromise Mr. Young knew to be a victory for the corporations. While it empowered the President to establish labor boards, and these could order and supervise elections, Mr. Young was not disturbed. For the boards must first set aside the company-union elections already held in a rush just before the NIRA was enacted. That would take time, and thereafter the boards could be held at bay by litigation. Mr. Young looked at the time-table. In a year the boards would disappear. In a year, too, the prospects of a new Wagner bill would be still more unfavorable. The company-union elections could

be put off till after the boards had died this coming June. "A mighty good compromise," wrote Mr. Young.

The steel trust, as labor's "partner" in the American plan, frankly called its new company unions "our fences, pretty securely set up." These fences had been built a few days before the NIRA was enacted. The 214,000 workers of the corporations in the Iron and Steel Institute had been herded into elections, not to enable the men to bargain collectively, but precisely to prevent them from enjoying the benefits promised them by the Recovery Act. It was not the strategy of steel alone. The same procedure was followed in rubber and automobiles. Small industry, on the whole, was ready to accept collective bargaining. Not so the leaders of heavy industry, who knew their strength and could manipulate the political pawns, the President included.

We are entitled to inquire whether the President knew what he was doing for the corporations when he asked Congress to drop the Wagner bill and accept Joint Resolution 44. Was he "outsmarted?" Or did he believe that the time-table would not work out according to Mr. Young's calculations? We should like to conjecture that the President was more canny than the industrialists. But one searches in vain for evidence to support this theory. He himself has since then tried to cajole the steel workers to join the company unions, and accept even fewer rights than they were guaranteed under the joint resolution. Had he been "outsmarting" the corporations he would have used the entire year to enforce the findings of his boards, building up sentiment enough to make the passage of the Wagner bill this year a certainty. Instead, enforcement has been left to the slow motion of Homer Cummings. The President himself has become the patron of the employers in the newspaper and automobile codes. Small wonder that big industry believes it has the President's measure and can handle him.

For our part we hope the time-table set up by Mr. Young is wrong. At the moment there is some chance of passing a Wagner bill this year, though in what final form it is hard to predict. The President has given some sort of nod to Sidney Hillman indicating his sanction. Donald Richberg at last favors it "in principle." And if Congress will read and ponder Mr. Young's letter, it will find itself facing a clear-cut issue. Either it will surrender American labor to the corporations, or it will establish the inherent right of workers to bargain for themselves. The Young letter cannot be explained away. It formulates the issue. In importance it ranks with that other great confession of the purpose of company unions, made by the vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railway, cited in the Supreme Court's decision in the Texas and New Orleans case. He too wrote a letter in which he admitted that he had only one motive for organizing a company union—to save money for the railway. It was, he said, a choice between paying wage increases of \$340,000 to a real union and increases of \$75,000 to a company union. Congress has weakly granted one year of grace to big industry. The defeat of the Wagner bill would spell the end of labor's chances of enjoying liberty through the orderly process of legislation.

Defeat the Wagner-Lewis Bill!

AFTER a delay of nearly three months the Ways and Means Committee has reported out the Administration's social-security bill in a drastically emasculated form. All efforts to liberalize the bill were effectively quashed in committee. The only change of a progressive character was the rejection of the so-called Wisconsin plan of company reserves in favor of state-wide pooled reserves. Apart from this, the revisions appear to have been dictated by groups which fear lest the security legislation be a "burden" on business. In some instances the pressure of vested interests was open and unabashed. The insurance companies, for example, were able to obtain the elimination of the proposed voluntary system of old-age annuities for persons earning more than \$3,000 a year, only to lose out in a last-minute reversal of the committee. More serious was the removal of domestics, farmers, and casual and seasonal workers from the protection of either unemployment or old-age insurance. The authority of the federal government to force the states to adopt desirable standards with regard to old-age pensions was also curtailed, and the amount of benefits in the immediate old-age-assistance plan, together with the terms upon which such assistance is to be granted, was left entirely to the respective states.

The Nation has already dwelt at length upon the shortcomings of the Wagner-Lewis bill. Even in its original form it failed to give security to those groups which have borne the brunt of the current depression. No adequate provision is made for the eleven to twelve million who are at present unemployed, while the discrimination against domestics, farmers, and casual workers affects precisely those persons who, next to the unemployed, stand in the greatest need of protection. Granting that the insurance of these groups presents serious administrative problems, the fact remains that they are victims of circumstances for which society and not the individual is responsible. To admit our inability to assume this responsibility is to admit the bankruptcy of our economic and political system.

Supporters of the Wagner-Lewis bill can scarcely fail to be aware of its inadequacies. Their plea is that, after all, it marks a great advance over the ruthless individualism of the Hoover period. Better, they say, to take what we can get than to wait for an ideal scheme which may never be forthcoming. In rejecting this argument we are moved not so much by questions of principle as by practical politics. It is true that the relatively advanced British system of social insurance has been introduced gradually over a period of years. During this period many revisions have been made, and the system has been extended to an increasing proportion of the population. There is a vital difference, however, between Britain's legislation and the plan which is now suggested for the United States. From the beginning the British social-insurance program has been national in scope. Revisions could be made by Parliament and applied uniformly throughout the country with comparative ease. The Wagner-Lewis formula provides for forty-eight different social-insurance schemes, each administering its own funds and

establishing its own rules. Once it was created and functioning it would be extremely difficult to liberalize or extend the program, and virtually impossible to transform the state schemes into a unified federal program. From a similar point of view there is very little to be gained by the adoption of an inadequate plan at this session. Federal legislation is meaningless without state action, and most of the state legislatures have already adjourned until 1937. Only two states, Utah and Washington, have thus far enacted unemployment-insurance legislation that is dependent on federal action. The New York bill, which is expected to pass in modified form, could go into effect irrespective of federal legislation. It would seem, therefore, better to wait for a reasonably adequate program than to adopt a scheme of compulsory self-saving which neither protects the worker nor guarantees that steady flow of purchasing power which is essential to recovery.

By waiting it is also possible to capitalize the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of social security throughout the country. Business men and workers alike are coming to demand adequate unemployment insurance, though for different reasons. The unprecedented popularity of the Townsend plan in the West indicates that old-age protection may be our preeminent political issue in the 1936 elections. The Lundeen bill, though unlikely to be voted on in Congress this session, has been of vast educational value in establishing the fundamental principles upon which genuine security legislation must be based. Until this educational task has been completed it is probably all for the good that Congress is unable to agree upon a measure that is of doubtful constitutionality, and of little value either for the reduction of insecurity or the stabilization of our economy.

Good Neighbor or Bad

THE two years since President Roosevelt enunciated his good-neighbor policy have shown tangible progress in our Latin American relations. The President has publicly indicated that henceforth the Monroe Doctrine will be considered a multilateral, continental affair. He has declared that the policy of the United States is "opposed to armed intervention." The Platt Amendment has been abrogated. The Philippines are to have their independence; the date has been set, the constitution approved—an unprecedented performance whatever may have been the economic motivations. It is an accomplishment contrasting favorably with the bristling animosities of the Old World.

Given this achievement and purpose, it is lamentable to see how the performance has miscarried in the region nearest us—the Caribbean. In its three Latin American republics dictatorships have been established, and the rule of mounting violence and oppression clashes with the objectives which the New Deal in American relations proclaimed. The paradox lies in Washington's considerable responsibility for the dictatorships in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. In all three countries the disastrous consequences of our recent interventions are materializing. It should be the part of a wise diplomacy at Washington to stand by our weaker neighbors, to serve them in the numerous ways which our more highly developed resources and talents permit, to assist in their emergence from

militarism and chaos. Instead of that, the policy of the present Administration has in several respects helped to perpetuate the ill effects of the earlier policies which it has so properly repudiated.

Nor was this necessary. The Roosevelt Administration began with the utmost good-will of the Cubans, a good-will which only the most fantastic stupidity in the execution of our Cuban policy has sacrificed. Cuba had the best prospect since its independence of an orderly, moderate, representative administration. Machado had been eliminated—a necessary act of intervention while the Platt Amendment existed. The inept and unrepresentative Cespedes Cabinet fell after three weeks. A fresh generation of Cubans was there to take charge. It was reckless folly on Ambassador Welles's part not to work with the new Cuban regime and help to reconcile the diverse elements that could have coalesced behind it. But under Mr. Welles's guidance the Grau San Martin administration was frozen out. When this hope of moderate reform was destroyed, the only alternatives were the extremes of reaction or radicalism. Today the situation has passed beyond the possibility of an orderly, evolutionary solution. Cuba is again—as in the days of Machado—in the grasp of tyranny kept in power only by the army, with the support of Washington. Now as then her best sons have been jailed or driven into exile. Suspects have been ruthlessly killed by the military under the *ley fuga*. There is not a suggestion of economic or social reform. All the old abuses remain.

In the Dominican Republic the Trujillo dictatorship arose, in part, as the logical consequence of our military intervention. The marine corps-trained army, which Santo Domingo does not need, shoots down all who protest against the corruption and ruthlessness of the government. The tyranny and terror are unprecedented in that little nation. This situation, to be sure, was inherited by the Roosevelt Administration. But was it necessary to sanction a financial settlement which gave implicit approval to the acts of the dictatorship?

In Haiti the dictatorship is still in the making—a needless and indecent betrayal on the part of President Vincent. Our own responsibility during the eighteen years in which Washington cynically destroyed every attempt at self-government and imposed its will by force is undeniable. But the New Deal should have brought a change. Wise diplomacy could have averted—could still in large measure avert—Haiti's going the way of Santo Domingo. Vincent's usurpation of power is related to the program which Washington has proposed as an alternative to the present financial control—another legacy from our imperialist era which we should promptly liquidate.

The pathetic aspects of this failure in Washington are threefold. There is the needless oppression of neighboring peoples. There is the deepening of fear, distrust, and hate where good-will and friendship might so easily have been created. And there is, in consequence, the impairment of the purposes and benefits of the good-neighbor policy throughout this hemisphere, where we are judged largely by our relations with those nations which are nearest to us.

What is desperately demanded in the State Department is a comprehension of the need of adapting our Caribbean policy to the new order, and a personnel that will know how to carry out this delicate and important assignment.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, whose death at sixty-five removes the oldest and solidest name from a long list of contemporary American poets, did nothing while he lived to ingratiate any conceivable public. Not merely did he refuse to toss us the customary information about his personal self, but the very poetry he gave us to read in twenty volumes was agnostic in temper and austere in tone. So much intelligence was needed for an understanding either of the ideas or of the art in this poetry, and Robinson was so manifestly content with the situation as it stood, that his thirty years' triumph in the field may clearly be set down to some undeniable, pure excellence which he possessed. What that excellence was—or what the various excellences coexisting in it were—another age than his own will be in the best position to say. This particular moment is the poorest of all moments for defining the virtue destined to be associated with his name. The most that can be done is to record the impression he has so far made.

If that impression has been powerful, no one upon whom it was ever made remained unaware of a certain sacrifice which Robinson almost from the beginning was willing to risk. He sacrificed music to matter; he was rarely a tuneful poet, singing to that submerged part of man which pays on the whole the most enduring homage purchasable by the poet's art. The sonnets at their best are musical; so is Miniver Cheevy; so, in a more muted fashion, is Mr. Flood's Party; so in the beginning were those songs of Tilbury Town which dealt with John Evereldown and Luke Havergal; and so, certainly, is the longer monologue—quite possibly Robinson's masterpiece—called Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford. And this after all is no brief list, considering that immortal reputations have been achieved with as few as two perfect poems—those of Lovelace's, for instance, which are rightly present in every anthology. But the very excellence of the bulk left over brings up in Robinson's case a peculiar problem. What of the eleven long narratives, from *Merlin* in 1917 to *Amaranth* in 1934? Is the music in them too coldly overlaid with intelligence? Are they also enduring? If they are, then Robinson is a major poet, since he will have proved himself not only a true poet but a sustained one. If they are not, the reason will probably have been that their famous blank-verse line had too much steel in it and too little gold; that it was sharper than it was lovely; that indeed it became, more particularly toward the end, too little of a poetic line and too narrowly a vehicle for the transmission of thought. No matter how interesting the thought, no matter how subtly and conscientiously qualified, the lines in question will be asked to carry over into the future the impression that they are in fact lines, worth hearing no less than understanding.

How they will answer is again something which only the future can make known. Meanwhile it may be guessed that *The Man Who Died Twice*, *Amaranth*, and the three Arthurian narratives, together with two or three dozen shorter poems, will answer with an especial bravery through the dark distances of time.

Issues and Men

Hitler Aids Moscow

THIS time Hitler's pet bogymen, the menace of the Russian Communists, did not work. Undoubtedly he puzzled or fooled a great many people when he took office and declared that he had saved not only Germany but all Europe from bolshevism. Those who knew conditions in Germany were, of course, quite aware of the utter falsity of the statement, but people in this country and elsewhere who were ignorant of the weakness of the German Communist movement—that it had not more than three important leaders, and that from the outset it had been hamstrung by orders and money from Moscow—were impressed by Hitler's words. He made the same claim again after the purge of June 30—that he had saved Germany, and therefore saved Europe by the massacre of seventy-seven men, as he asserts (actually some 1,284, according to leading English newspapers). In announcing to the world, and especially to the English statesmen who called upon him, that Germany was arming again, Hitler stressed the fact that Germany was afraid of Russia; that it was not arming against England and France so much as against the Bolsheviks. Apparently he pretended that he was afraid that the Bolsheviks would rush into Poland, defeat the Polish army, and then walk through Germany. But this particular time the red herring did not work at all. On the contrary, he played right into the hands of Moscow, which confirms me in my belief that when Hitler mixes into international affairs he is pretty certain to blunder and blunder badly.

Indubitably Captain Anthony Eden, who, if he continues to play as important a role as at present, will be a future Conservative Prime Minister of Great Britain, would have been warmly received in Moscow if Hitler had not spoken about the Bolshevik menace. I heard an interesting remark attributed to Eden the other day—that he wanted to meet Stalin more than anybody else because the latter seemed to combine power and wisdom. But the fact that Eden went direct from Berlin to Moscow, and that such glowing reports of the Moscow conferences came from both sides, must be bitter reading for Hitler. Had he put over his pretended belief that the Communist menace is the greatest the world faces, and that he is the St. George who is warding off the Communist dragon, the Eden mission would have taken a different tone and attitude. Instead, it is announced that Russia and Great Britain will stand together, either informally or perhaps later formally, and that they will work for the Eastern Locarno, or an eastern line-up against Hitler. In other words, the British have given Hitler notice that they do not consider the Bolshevik menace serious enough to prevent their striking hands and standing side by side with the Soviets to isolate Germany. This can hardly be regarded as a happy ending of Hitler's efforts to make the Allies see in him the defender of the world against the reds.

The truth is that it is becoming more and more apparent that Germany looks toward the Ukraine for its expansion and will resort to any subterfuge to conquer it. There are those misguided people in London who feel that Hitler

ought to be encouraged in this, and outspoken support of Hitler along this line by Conservatives might be expected if it were not that the Conservatives are today afraid of the arrival of the German air fleet over London. If the Germans are realists at all they know that the Soviet Union cannot think of an aggressive war, despite the fact that it now has an army of 950,000 men. The service of its railroads is still totally inadequate for any great military undertaking. It continues to have train wrecks without number, and the management is otherwise inefficient. Should the Japanese attack simultaneously with the Germans, the strain upon the entire Russian transport would be so great that the whole system might readily collapse. Our boasted American railroad system similarly collapsed during our participation in the World War and had to be taken over by the government, even though the enemy was not at our doors.

The moral effect of Russia and England coming together cannot be overestimated. It should put a quietus upon those diehards and newspaper lords in England who have been steadily waging a campaign to break off all relations between Russia and England. Anybody who advocates that now is likely to be charged with weakening the country's defenses against Germany, and giving aid and comfort to the chief potential enemy of his native land. In France, too, the net result of the Hitler maneuver has been the coming together of France and Russia. Just how close that alliance is going to be remains to be seen, but it would be surprising if it did not go as far in the direction of the old pre-war Franco-Russian understanding as the Bolsheviks dare to go. In other words, Hitler is forging a chain against himself all along the line, and now that he has antagonized little Switzerland by the shameless kidnapping of an anti-Hitler German on Switzerland's soil, he has given the Swiss government the excuse, not only to demand the return of the prisoner, but to proceed more actively against both the Swiss sympathizers with the Nazis and any Nazis who may be on Swiss soil. Germany was never as isolated as today.

Will this moral cordon around Germany bring the German people to their senses? Will it be sufficient to make them, who are now served only by a prostituted German press, realize where the Hitler policy has taken them in international affairs? Those are hard questions to answer. Most of the Germans, I fear, are likely to fall back upon the old German contention that the rest of the world will not and cannot understand the greatest and noblest people on earth, and will think of themselves again as ill-treated and martyred. That is a condition which appeals to them. If some people enjoy ill-health, the Germans seem to batten upon the feeling that they are misunderstood, maltreated, and discriminated against.

Isabel Garrison Villard

Is Dreiser Anti-Semitic?

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

A SYMPOSIUM on the Jews by the editors of the defunct *American Spectator*, published a year and a half ago, induced me to write two letters to the magazine because of what I felt was the anti-Semitic slant of the general argument. My request that at least one of my letters be published was not granted, but, instead, Theodore Dreiser, one of the editors, who, I am informed, arranged the symposium, replied to me personally in a way that horrified and astonished me. Dreiser's letters with my replies need no further comment.

DEAR HAPGOOD:

Liberality has always had a dubious standing in my mental court. It is so easy to be liberal when there is nothing to be liberal about, but, on the other hand, it is so easy to pose a few problems to the liberal which will cause him no end of trouble.

Let us say that it is necessary to sustain a liberal attitude toward sectarianism. Well, a mild form of religious sectarianism would not work much harm and might be liberally treated. Supposing your liberalism were faced by a rising tide of Mohammedism in the United States as it is actually faced by a rising tide of Catholicism, and before it all not only a little but all of what you deemed true liberalism would be certain to go down. What about liberalism in that instance?

Or, let us take, for instance, the rising tide of color. I like the Negro as much as anyone in the world. . . . But if the people of England—I am not speaking of South Africa, which does not concern me very much, or Australia, or any of the outlying provinces—if the people of England, I say, were faced by a rising tide of color, how do you suppose the English liberal would feel about it, and, if he opposed it, would there be any justification for it? It would be interesting to know. His temperament and the institutions which are the result of it reflect one very interesting state of historic life. The occupation of England by Negroes would certainly result in an entirely different state of affairs. Should the one, without argument, and for the sake of liberality, be abandoned for the other? It makes an interesting problem. . . .

In the same line, you can take the Jewish question. Liberalism, in the case of the Jew, means internationalism. He is to wander where he pleases and retain, as he does, his religion and race characteristics without change. In America Jewish temples are multiplying about as rapidly as Catholic churches, and, thank God, they are a little more artistic. The Jews, despite all argument to the contrary, are multiplying in number. It is admitted now that there are at least 2,400,000 in New York City. In other cities, they bear the same ratio to the population. They do not, in spite of all discussion of the matter, enter upon farming; they are rarely mechanics; they are not the day laborers of the world—pick and shovel; they are by preference lawyers, bankers, merchants, money-lenders and brokers, and middlemen. If you listen to Jews discuss Jews, you will find that they are money-minded, very pagan, very sharp in practice, and, usually, in so far as the rest is concerned, they have the single objective of plenty of money,

by means of which they build a fairly material surrounding.

The profession of the law is today seriously considering, in such states as Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Oregon, limiting the number of Jewish lawyers and, as they see it, for a very definite reason. The Jews lack, if I read the Pennsylvania Bar Association correctly, the fine integrity which at least is indorsed and, to a degree, followed by the lawyers of other nationalities. At least, that is the charge. Left to sheer liberalism as you interpret it, they could possess America by sheer numbers, their cohesion, and their race tastes, and, as in the case of the Negro in South Africa, really overrun the land.

Well, if liberalism means that you are to accept that change without thought, without opposition, bow to whatever is coming without trying to stay it or keep what you have, well and good. There is no reason for anybody saying anything. But if that is not to be done, then some consideration by at least someone must be given to what befalls a given state and also to whether anything can be done to maintain one type of civilization, or life, or racial life, as against another type of civilization or racial life. If the liberal says that is *not* the thing to do, there are many who would still consider themselves fairly liberal who say it would have been better to preserve Greece against the Romans or barbarians than to stand by and see it overrun by Rome and, actually, even later by barbarians. If these are fair examples of true liberalism, I decline to indorse it, and I think it is a fair criticism, because I believe that ideals are not garden weeds. They do not just take care of themselves; they are inspirational and have to be maintained by enthusiasm and by sacrifice. It is the same way with social organization; it has to be maintained against these invasions, or there will be no organization. If the liberals say not to bother, but to let this other organization come in if it will, well and good; only that does not seem to be reasonable and certainly not admirable or desirable.

In this particular symposium I did not say anything which should cause an intelligent Jew to quarrel with my position. I simply said that I saw no reason why a race as gifted, as definite, as religious in its predilections should not be willing to occupy a country of its own, and what is wrong with that argument I still fail to see. The Jew insists that when he invades Italy or France or America or what you will, he becomes a native of that country—a full-blooded native of that country. You know yourself, if you know anything, that that is not true. He has been in Germany now for all of a thousand years, if not longer, and he is still a Jew. He has been in America all of two hundred years, and he has not faded into a pure American by any means, and he will not. As I said before, he maintains his religious dogmas and his racial sympathies, race characteristics, and race cohesion as against all the types or nationalities surrounding him wheresoever.

For that reason I maintain that it is the hour in which laissez-faire liberalism might be willing to step aside at least to the extent of suggesting to or even advising the Jew to undertake a land of his own. I say this because I am for nationalism as opposed to internationalism. I think that differences in population in the world will always exist, and that it is

interesting and better that there should be differences, if for no more than the matter of entertainment and of developing new characteristics through the various mediums which differences invariably give rise to.

So what?

October 10, 1933

DREISER

DEAR DREISER:

I have your letter of October 10; and to say that I am surprised and disappointed is to put it mildly. I thought, as you know, that the original symposium about the Jews in the *American Spectator* was unfortunate in its probable results. But I did not think that what you wrote there amounted to definite anti-Semitism.

This letter of yours, however, is a clear expression not only of anti-Semitism but of intense nationalism in general. If you hadn't signed the letter I might have thought that it was written by a member of the Ku Klux Klan or a representative of Hitler. . . .

Your statements about the Jews are far from being true. . . . You say that the Jews "do not represent the day laborers of the world, but are by preference lawyers, bankers, brokers, merchants, money-lenders and brokers, and middlemen."

But as a matter of fact the very great majority of Jews in the United States are laborers. They constitute a very large majority of the needle workers and the sweatshop workers here. The poor Jews in New York throw into complete shadow the wealthy Jews, so far as numbers are concerned. It is equally true also that the non-Jews are "by preference lawyers, bankers, merchants, money-lenders, brokers, and middlemen." The non-Jews are not by preference day laborers, needle workers, or sweatshop workers.

Again you say: "If you listen to Jews discuss Jews, you will find that they are money-minded, very pagan, very sharp in practice . . . and usually have the single objective of plenty of money . . ."

Of how many non-Jews, I will ask, are not these things also true? Meanness, stupidity, and sharp practice are as universal as the more sympathetic qualities, and equally distributed among the nations and races. These things are individual characteristics, not national or racial.

You also state that the Jews keep their religion and racial characteristics. On the contrary, one of the most marked things about the Jews is that they drop their religion in the second generation after reaching America, and that they would be more than willing to drop their race if the non-Jews allowed them to do so. The "race," whatever that may be, has been kept alive by the unfriendly attentions of the non-Jews. Certainly the Jews would have been much more nearly assimilated if they had not been for a great many years penned up together in ghettos, and the object of fanatical outrages, which of course helped still more to keep them together. By the attitude you express in your letter, which is a frank statement that you would like, if possible, to have the Jews removed from America, you do something which would strengthen their racial and national consciousness.

However, even if all you say in your letter were true—which is far from being the case—your attitude would be, in the real sense of the word, barbarous. You go back on our cherished civilization, on what has been painfully attained during hundreds of years. A part of our culture is the recognition of the evil of religious and racial intolerance and perse-

cution, and no man who is a part of our civilization can safely ignore it, otherwise he is either ignorant or an *agent provocateur*, and therefore a danger to the peace of the community, for in a time like this it is easy to stir up trouble. For you, who ought to be a leader in our civilization, to take this barbarous attitude is to me inexplicable on any decent ground. Ignorance, as I have said, is the only tolerable excuse, and even that is hardly tolerable. . . .

October 18, 1933

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

DEAR HAPGOOD:

Two months ago I had your reply to my letter, and would have answered it except for pressure of other matters. . . .

You say I exaggerate the number of Jews in the United States. I do not think so. It is true that the census for 1927 shows the total Jewish population in the United States to be 4,288,000 as against a total population of 118,000,000, but the accuracy of this can certainly be questioned, particularly in the face of the fact that so many Jews deliberately pass as Americans, using American names, and, to a degree, this would be further qualified because of the number of half-Jews and quarter-Jews who, none the less, because of their Jewish blood, adhere racially and religiously with Jewry. I notice that the "World Almanac" gives the Jewish population of New York City in 1927 as 1,765,000 and that of Chicago as 325,000. Anyone who has observed New York, Chicago, Cleveland, or Los Angeles on a Jewish holiday or, more particularly, on Jewish religious fast and feast days, would know that these figures are ridiculous. New York is practically deserted. You would think that all but one-third of the people had retired to their homes, and in Chicago the impression is that at least one-third of the life, if not more, has departed from the city, which would certainly bring the Jewish population there to over a million. Besides, these figures are for 1927, not 1934.

Another of your deductions from my letter is that I should like to have the Jews removed from America. I said nothing about removing them, and I actually think that Germany, in assaulting, torturing, and robbing them, and driving them forth without means or a land of their own to go to, acted not only without social justice but without wisdom. A decent way, if the Germans felt they could not live with them, would have been to negotiate with them and the powers of the world for land and social opportunities of an equal character elsewhere. In fact, a great opportunity for statesmanlike posing of a difficult national as well as international problem, if it was one, was lost by not entering into negotiations with the German Jews as a people, and then and there posing the problems seemingly so irritating to the German people. With the wisdom and genius of the Jews on the one hand, and with the associated statesmanship of Germany and the other nations on the other—for foreign aid could and should have been secured—a peaceful and, what is more, very likely an illuminating and generally beneficial solution of the difficulties might have been reached. As it is, Germany now stands indicted of barbarism, and that indictment will not be easily set aside. Certainly it could have done no harm publicly and internationally to thrash out this age-old quarrel between the Jews and the peoples with whom they have found themselves associated. For I hold that either they are to be accepted and joined up peacefully and fraternally with all nations everywhere or they are not. And if not, then most certainly they

should have been provided not only with an important and suitable territory of their own in which to display their social genius, but with the means to transfer themselves. Otherwise no decency. And if that is related to "removing" them in the sense that you use the word in connection with my letter, then you are welcome to that use of it—but none other.

What really should be done, if the various nations now quarreling with the Jew and his internationalism wish to be fair, is this: they should call an international conference with all Jewry and therein thrash out all the problems now seemingly worrying so many of the nations as well as the Jews, and by wise counsel on the part of all reach as acceptable a program as possible. I see no other honest or fair way to deal with the Jews. And they, scattered and quarreled with in so many places and nations, should be the first to welcome it. . . .

In connection with . . . my discussion of the Jews, you assert that "the most marked thing about the Jews is that they drop their religion in the second generation after reaching America, and that they would be willing to drop their race if the non-Jews allowed them to do so." Primarily, I should like to have the opinions of ten different Jews in various walks of life—religious, legal, commercial, artistic, labor, and the like—and see how heartily, if at all, they would agree with you. I have noted the growth of architecturally aesthetic Jewish synagogues America over. I note the current call for the reestablishment of the Saturday Jewish Sabbath. I note the appearance of New York and Chicago at such times as the Jews enter upon their religious observances of the Passover and related religious days, and I am not ready to believe what you say. I think you are blinking realities because you greatly admire and strongly sympathize with a brilliant and gifted people. My own observation as to the Jew's tendencies in this respect is different. More, I greatly respect their race and religious solidarity even though you personally proceed to dismiss the Jewish race as a myth. I quote you: "the 'race,' whatever that may be." Imagine! Then there are no Semites and hence no anti-Semites. Be reasonable. . . .

You call me barbarous and anti-Semitic—even "Jew-hating and Jew-baiting." As you please, but I am supposedly barbarous and anti-Semitic because in the face of all the attacks upon the Jews, their crucifixion in Germany and elsewhere, I rise to assert that these very gifted and highly integrated and self-protective people are, whatever their distinguished equipment, mistaken in attempting to establish themselves as Jews, with their religion, race characteristics, race solidarity, and all, in the bosom, not of any one country or people, but rather in the lands of almost every country the world over, the while they assert that they are not Jews but Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, Russians, Poles, Hollanders, Italians, Hungarians, Turks, Rumanians, what you will. It is not reasonable. It is not the way—especially since, being as gifted as they are, they so rapidly rise to power and affluence wherever they go. To say the least, it is provocative of comment and in all too many cases of jealousy, the jealousy of the not so clever and gifted of those who are so much more clever and truly gifted in so many ways. And though I be counted barbarous and anti-Semitic and what you will, I now rise to assert that, having grown in wealth and numbers and ability and distinction the world over, it is time as well as wisdom for them to realize that they are, after all, dispersed and in many ways annoyed race or put-upon nation, and that, as such—anti-Semitism being what it is

today, culture and liberality to the contrary notwithstanding—they should now take steps to assemble and consider their state and their future. There are lands as well as nations—international statesmanship being what it is at this hour—which should be willing and able to furnish them forth not only with an entirely adequate country but with the loans and equipment necessary to start them upon an independent and, as I see it, certain to be successful and even glorious career as a nation. And to that I should think—the Zionist movement being what it is—they should be willing and even anxious to subscribe.

But not wanting that, some anti-nationalistic if not anti-social feeling or mood animating them, why not a program of race or nation blending here in America, the type or kind of race or nation blending that has been in progress here since America was founded among the English, French, Germans, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Russians, Swedes, Chinese, and others? They have all come as members of separate races and nations, yet slowly and surely they have been absorbed in that strange and perhaps worthless people they dub American. As Shaw urged only recently, why not every Jewish male forced to marry a Gentile female, and every Jewish female a Gentile male? Would not that solve this very vexing question of how the Jew is to be disposed of among the various races and nations of the world? . . .

December 28, 1933

THEODORE DREISER

DEAR DREISER:

I have delayed answering your letter of December 28, partly because I have had little time, and partly because your tone in this letter is so different from that of your original article and first letter that it seems to leave the discussion rather pointless.

You make, to be sure, some of the same misstatements and preposterous statements that you made before. For example, you calculate the Jewish population by the impressions (!) you get on Jewish holidays! I would not recommend you to suggest this method to statisticians or to anyone who knows what accuracy and scientific procedure mean.

This latest letter of yours, although written in a tone that does not so easily arouse one's indignation, yet recommends measures that are so obviously impossible of realization that they seem to be the results of an empty "wish-fulfilment." You wish the Jews removed from America and Europe, and so you unrealistically think this great desideratum (from your point of view) is possible of accomplishment. You would accomplish this removal by calling an international conference with all "Jewry," and either agree to find a land where they could all live or else determine on some means of assimilation. . . . The idea of taking thirteen or fourteen million people—you say about thirty-seven million in the United States alone—away from their homes, their habits, their work, their business, their non-Jewish friends, their traditions . . . is so unrealistic that it could not be entertained for a moment by any rational man, except one instigated by the wish-fulfilment processes.

The second suggestion you make, assimilation, is not only rational but is actually taking place, and would take place much more rapidly and go as far as is socially desirable were there no anti-Semites who by their intolerance and cruelty retard this process of natural union. . . .

February 28, 1934

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

Berthold Jacob Silenced

By LUDWIG LORE

BERTHOLD JACOB, the anti-militarist writer and propagandist whom Nazi agents kidnapped in Switzerland and took into Germany, may be alive or he may have been killed. No word has come as to his ultimate fate. But he realized what he had to expect when the automobile into which he had been enticed rushed past the Swiss border guards. He knew his enemies too well to look for mercy at their hands and could only hope for a speedy death. This, at least, was not granted him. It is known that the Nazis subjected him to the unspeakable tortures whereby they extract from opponents their secrets and the names of their coworkers. For seven days they racked Jacob's defenseless body until his strong mind broke and he named the men from whom he had been receiving information. Four of these, more fortunate than the rest, were put to death at once; six others were thrown into the dungeons of the Gestapo for further "examination."

If there was one man whom Germany's rulers hated more than all the rest, that man was Berthold Jacob. He knew their secrets, their plans, their crimes. He saw Nazi Germany through the eyes of its secret enemies and told the tales they dared not tell. He was no artist, no stylist. His strength lay in facts, not in words. But he had the qualities which make for superlative journalism—an intuitive sense for news and the courage which forgets danger when it is on the scent of sensational information. Where his colleagues saw bare and not always exciting fact, he ferreted out a network of crime and intrigue. But his journalism was lifted out of the realm of sensational news-mongering by its passionate devotion to an ideal and its relentless hatred of fascism and National Socialism.

Since the end of the World War Germany has had its share of political sensations and scandals. The most important of them were brought to the attention of the public by Berthold Jacob. He made his sensational exposure when he told the inside story of the Black Reichswehr, a secret group of political assassins created out of the Reichswehr by that same General von Seeckt who has now been recalled from China to organize Germany's new conscript army with the help of General von Ludendorff. He delved into the secrets of the Feme which murdered Rathenau. The German government made frantic efforts to hush up the activity of these monarchist and militarist terrorists but Jacob brought the facts of this incredible conspiracy into the light of day with such relentless persistence that public opinion finally forced the authorities to put an end to the Black Reichswehr and its activity.

But such attacks on the very citadel of German militarism were not to go unavenged, particularly when Jacob showed no intention of stopping with exposure of the tools used by German reaction to accomplish its purpose. When Heines and Schultz, the murderers of Erzberger, were brought to justice in March, 1927, Jacob wrote in the *Weltbühne*: "Schultz deserves his fate. But his judges should not forget that he was merely a German soldier who carried out the commands of his superiors, that those behind him,

Captain Keiner and Colonel von Bock, probably also Colonel von Schleicher and General von Seeckt, are no less guilty."

This open challenge to the clique which held republican Germany in the hollow of its hand could not be ignored. Berthold Jacob and his friend Carl von Ossietzky, the editor of the *Weltbühne*, were indicted and condemned to eighteen and twelve months in prison respectively. Their trial was a farce. Witnesses for the defense were terrorized or, where they dared to appear, were not permitted to testify. Several months later Major Buchrucker, implicated in the trial of the Feme murderer Willems, testified to save his own skin that the court must go over the heads of the tools who carry the guns to the heads of the Reichswehr to find the men responsible for these crimes.

Jacob's crowning achievement was the famous Joerns trial. Captain Joerns was one of the investigating judges in the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. Ten years later Jacob published material which revealed this flower of the German judiciary in his true light, and showed that he had falsified legal documents, forged passports, and assisted the accused murderers to flee from justice. In his epochal speech as assistant prosecutor against Joerns, the famous Paul Levi called this man the "greatest scoundrel who ever sat on a judge's bench." But true virtue finds its reward. Judge Joerns was acquitted and has now become chief prosecutor in the National Socialist People's Court. If Berthold Jacob should live to see a Nazi court he will be prosecuted by the man whom he would have brought to justice for aiding and abetting one of the most dastardly and politically most significant crimes in the nation's history.

Aside from these occasional fliers in retributive justice, Jacob concentrated his attention chiefly on the subject of German militarism and armaments. The material he collected against the militarists who ruled and still rule the Reich is as stupendous as it is unassailable. After fleeing from Hitler's Germany he published a regular news service in Strasbourg devoted chiefly to military information for the use of anti-Nazi writers and periodicals outside of Germany. Half a year ago he informed a somewhat incredulous world that April 1 would find conscription back in the Reich. This was no fantastic prophecy. Jacob knew whereof he spoke.

What can be done to save this man from his awful fate—if he is not already dead? The Swiss government is leaving no stone unturned to obtain his release. It has sent a sharp protest to Berlin. It has arrested Dr. Hans Wesemann, the Nazi agent who enticed Jacob to his doom, and is holding him as a hostage. But what of the other governments, the great powers whose word might conceivably be heard in the Reich? How often have Nazi agents violated the sovereignty of other countries since January, 1933? How often will they do it again? Lessing and Formis were murdered on Czecho-Slovakian soil. German plotters planned the Austrian uprising of July 25 and the assassination of Dollfuss. How many more will pay before the nations of Europe wake up to the fact that Nazi crime is finding all doors and all borders open?

How the Holding Companies Milk Investors

By A. WILFRED MAY

A CONSIDERABLE furor has been raised by the proposed legislative restriction against the public-utility holding companies and the President's specific indorsement of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill. The spokesmen of the holding companies have agitated violently against the bill. Their opposition has taken the form of a passionate plea for the interests of their downtrodden investors, who must not be destroyed. Wendell L. Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, recently told the House Interstate Commerce Committee that the market price of utility securities had dropped \$3,500,000,000 since January, 1933, as a result of the government's anti-holding-company policies. He contended that the Wheeler-Rayburn bill "will destroy or greatly impair the value of investments now held by millions of men, women, children, colleges, hospitals, churches, and the like throughout the country." The American Liberty League is also concerned with the interests of the "investor," as thus promulgated: "A considerable part of investments aggregating \$10,000,000,000 in securities of public-utility *operating* companies would be jeopardized by their separation from holding companies." Philip H. Gadsden, voluble chairman of the Committee of Public Utility Executives, has said: "The issues are simple. Shall innocent investors everywhere throughout the country have their investments destroyed to further an untried and utopian scheme of economic reform?"

What are the facts? Has the holding company really been a friend of the investor and the consumer? The truth is that the holding company has crucified both the investor and the consumer. It is and always has been, both in theory and in practice, a gigantic instrument of spoliation and injury to a great army of investors—that is, to the *real* investors, who hold the limited income securities of the operating and other underlying companies. Through the employment of a multitude of devious methods, the holding company has siphoned off and captured the assets properly belonging to these real investors. As the holder of the common stock of the operating companies, it has shown a total disregard of the interests of the senior security holders—that is, of the real investors. It has erected upon the stock of the operating companies a pyramid of complicated capital structures, the effect of which has of necessity been to drain off assets composing the cushion of safety properly belonging to the senior security holders. Legalized and approved financial monkeyshines have been the usual practice—with the impotent investor in the role of goat.

Mr. Willkie recently sought to make it appear that the holding company is a "financial reservoir" for the benefit of the operating company. This is sheer buncombe. It is the operating companies that have provided the reservoir; the parasitic holding company has been the drain. Under general corporate financial practice and its system of absentee ownership the bondholder has little enough protection

against all manner of dilutions. In the case of the holding company set-up, the evils are additionally aggravated, because here the interests of the senior security holders and those of the all-powerful equity stockholders are directly and dynamically antithetic. So it is not a question of protecting or destroying all investors, but of which *particular* group of security holders is to be saved—the real investors in operating-company bonds and preferred stock, or the owners of holding-company equities, who are only imaginary investors.

Misleading accounting furnishes one method by which a parent company siphons off in dividends funds belonging to senior security holders. This is illustrated in the case of the Iowa Public Service Corporation, where a good part of the necessary depreciation charge was excluded from the income statements over a period of years, and was finally allowed for by reducing the amount at which the common was valued. This company, with a property valued at \$25,000,000, reported a depreciation charge of only \$78,000 in 1929, and it was not until 1932 that it was admitted that \$1,500,000 too little had been charged for depreciation in prior years. Then a revamping of the capital structure was made, which legitimized the action of the parent company, the American Electric Power Corporation, in taking out in dividends an amount in excess of the true earnings and the entire initial surplus combined.

The American Water Works and Electric Company, on the other hand, has regularly employed two different bases for calculating property amortization charges, one for its security holders carrying extremely low charges, and another for the United States Revenue Department with more correct charges. Thus a write-off representing losses of \$9,000,000 was entirely excluded from the system's statements to investors. Column I below shows the amounts by which the earnings reported to stockholders exceeded the real earnings as reported to the government; Column II shows the balance of earnings for the common stock as shown in the tax returns; and Column III shows the excessive amounts taken out in parent-company cash dividends in the respective years.

| Year | I | II | III |
|----------|-----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 1930 . . | \$3,416,000 . . | \$2,701,000 . . | \$3,009,818 |
| 1931 . . | 8,402,000 . . | 1,123,000 . . | 5,250,554 |
| 1932 . . | 7,977,000 . . | 1,880,000 deficit | 3,464,000 |
| 1933 . . | 5,800,000 . . | 2,040,000 deficit | 1,745,761 |

The deleterious effect on the system of these excessive dividend payments is shown in actual annual deficiencies in consolidated working capital ranging from \$1,622,278 to \$3,813,315 during the period.

The Midland United Corporation, controlled through stock ownership by the Commonwealth Edison Group, paid out to the parent companies \$1,006,000 more than it earned in 1931, and in 1932 it paid out \$260,000 in preferred dividends, despite a prior deficit of \$1,926,000 and despite in-

creasingly large deficits in working capital, ordinarily the main protection afforded to the bondholders. The company entered bankruptcy in 1934, to the evident discomfiture of the investors in \$143,000,000 of subsidiaries' bonds and in 236,137 shares of its own preferred stock. Where was the financial reservoir alleged to be present in the parent companies?

Lest these instances be deemed exceptional, let us consider, as an example of approved dividend policy, the procedure of the North American Company system, established in 1890 and generally offered as a paragon of "clean" methods. The North American Company is not a top holding company, being itself controlled by the Harrison Williams interests, and the North American Edison is not the basic company, since it controls twenty-nine subsidiary companies, but together they furnish a convenient peg for discussion. North American, owning all the common stock of North American Edison and controlling the entire directorate of the latter, took out in common dividends in 1932, 1933, and 1934 amounts far in excess of the available earnings. Consequently an actual deficit of \$538,000 (in addition to \$797,000 charged directly to surplus) occurred in 1932, of \$748,000 (in addition to \$3,557,000 charged to surplus) in 1933, and of approximately \$600,000 in 1934. The common dividends in these three years totaled \$15,500,000, leaving a working capital of but \$12,000,000 as a cushion for the holders of some \$393,000,000 of prior bonds and preferred stock. The result of this policy has been that the equivalent bonds and preferred stock of the upper holding company have enjoyed a better investment rating than those of the underlying company.

Similarly, the Washington Railway and Electric Company, controlled by the North American Company, declared an extra special dividend of \$20 a share in 1934 and optimistically repeated this performance early in 1935. This dividend, amounting to \$1,300,000, caused a deficit in 1934, and reduced the working capital from \$2,926,000 to \$2,208,000 in a single year. Moreover, the parent North American Company, itself being controlled by interests sorely in need of cash, in 1934 decided to declare cash dividends on its own stock for the first time in a decade, and in 1935—of all times—has seen fit to double the rate to \$1 a share. In this system the holding company has 63,965 stockholders against 75,860 in the underlying companies. So even from a quantitative standpoint the wrong group is being succored.

Another instance of the holding company's true role in relation to the investor is the procedure employed by Ellis L. Phillips, president of the Long Island Lighting Company. According to testimony, he and his associates manipulated the securities of their holding companies in such fashion that they garnered a private profit of \$34,000,000 in eleven months of the year 1928. In this complicated and amazing case it has been disclosed that the public, through the purchase of holding-company securities, contributed the entire investment upon which the aforementioned profit was made. In the words of Stuart Ross, accountant for the Mack Legislative Committee, "this was not a case where the price paid for stock represented money that can be traced back to the direct development of the underlying operating companies. Here we have a case of the public putting up about \$46,000,000 of cash to finance what was in

effect a private transaction." The net result has been that the holding-company officials possess their huge profit, while all except two issues of the securities which were involved in the complicated transaction are now unable to yield dividends to the investors.

The Associated Gas and Electric System has been foremost among the organizations which are flooding the press and Congress with protests against the proposed Wheeler-Rayburn bill. In a letter to its bondholders dated March 13 they "urge opposition to this bill which cannot but seriously affect all utility securities. We believe that consumers and employees—and utility security holders—will all suffer if this bill is passed." Let us consider how this pyramided structure, which consisted of 255 separate companies (of which one-half were not even engaged in utility operations), furthered the interests of its 300,000 investors.

One of the ways in which this company displayed its solicitude for its investors was to force many of its bondholders to exchange their bonds for stock as soon as the system's finances became precarious. When they questioned this procedure, bondholders were shown a provision printed in well-nigh invisible type on the face of the bonds, giving the company—not the bondholder—the unique privilege of forcing the holder to accept equity stock in place of his security of supposed investment character. Further, the earnings of many of the underlying companies of Associated Gas were not taken out in the form of dividends, though they were carried on the books of the holding company as a distribution of earnings of the subsidiaries. In some instances it was just unwillingness to bother to declare the dividends, but in many more cases there were no actual earnings. It has further been disclosed that the parent company regularly collected income taxes from its subsidiaries, but by means of consolidating its income reports it never paid a dollar in taxes to the Treasury Department. Instead, it siphoned off these funds in interest and dividend payments on its own securities.

In 1929 this parent company took from one of the subsidiaries, the Associated Utilities Investing Company, a special "dividend" of \$21,000,000. This sum had been derived by the subsidiary from profits it made in selling stock of the parent company—in "stock-jobbing"—partly to outside investors and partly to subsidiaries within the system. Incidentally, while guarding their precious flock of investors, the president and vice-president of the parent company, Messrs. Hopson and Mange, according to competent testimony, found time in a single year to take profits of \$20,000,000 derived from securities transactions with subsidiaries and affiliates. These profits were garnered through companies personally owned and controlled by these officials.

There are many other methods by which the operating utilities of this country have been exploited by the holding companies. But those I have described show plainly that from the investor's point of view, holding companies have no reason for existence. They are anti-social financial devices serving no useful purpose. They have offered a legal method for parasitic high finance to garner huge profits to itself, and to crucify the real investors in the subsidiary companies. The Wheeler-Rayburn bill is not perfect, but it is a move in the right direction. If no other way can be found to restore the rights of genuine investors, then the holding company must be abolished.

Stalemate in Minnesota

By ERIC THANE

St. Paul, Minnesota, March 28

SHABBILY dressed men and women mill around the bulging pillars of Italian marble. They jostle one another against the massive railings. Some of them speculate upon the classical harvest scenes in the murals below the great dome of the Capitol. Frequently they cheer loudly. A speaker on the balcony of the rotunda is shouting hoarsely: "The workers and farmers realize they have a common cause. . . ." Signs and banners bob above the crowd. Their message is plain: "Don't starve—Fight!" "Money talks, but we have no money!"

"You know," muses the police officer at my side, "If you and I were out of jobs we'd be in that crowd. Why, I saw some of these people with their feet out of their shoes—in this weather! Somebody's going to have to do something for 'em pretty soon. . . . They hadn't ought to let a few guys pile up millions."

I allow myself the reflection: "What if a lot of cops start feeling this way?"

There are five thousand of "these people" in the building and on the steps outside. They are mostly destitute farmers and workers. Calling themselves the United Front, they represent varying shades of political opinion but are united in the realization that they are being denied a living by an economic system that no longer functions for them. They have come from all parts of the state to the Capitol in St. Paul to impress their plight forcefully upon the Minnesota legislature, chief among their demands being the passage of a state unemployment-insurance bill patterned after the Lundeen, or Workers' bill, now before Congress. Theirs is the second march on the Capitol within a week.

As the policeman and I speculate upon the sight before us, spokesmen for the throng are presenting their demands to the lawmakers in the House chamber. But their words must fall, for the most part, on deaf ears. The voters of Minnesota went to the polls last November and elected a radical Farmer-Labor governor who had repeatedly told them that capitalism was fast decaying. Then they elected a legislature composed overwhelmingly of reactionaries. Thus anything that smacks of constructive social legislation has small chance of even getting out of the committees.

The accomplishments of the legislature so far are virtually nil. It was only after a month and a half of delay that it finally passed the \$10,000,000 relief appropriation required by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration to entitle the state to forty millions or more in federal relief funds in the next two years.

During the month and a half that the legislature was delaying the relief appropriation cattle and other live stock were dying by the thousands in the drought-stricken areas in western Minnesota. Late in February the Associated Press, after a survey in the fourteen drought counties in the state, reported that more than 5,000 head of stock had died during the winter for want of feed. Farmers had been forced to sell 145,000 head above their normal quota. One investigator reported: "I have called on farms and found as

high as a dozen head of cattle, hogs, and horses that have died from actual starvation." "Conditions in parts of the drought area are almost unbelievable," said John Bosch, president of the Minnesota Farm Holiday Association, who led the first march of farmers on the legislature.

The desperate plight of the people in western Minnesota finally moved the Federal Relief Administration to increase feed allotments there from the paltry \$25 a month per farm provided by the relief regulations, but it did not move the Senate finance committee. The chairman of this group, Senator A. J. Rockne, is the dean of the Tories in the legislature. It was he who was largely to blame for holding up the relief bill on one flimsy pretext after another.

After March 1 the delay in the relief bill meant the holding up of further federal relief funds, sorely needed in this state, where a fifth of the total population is on the relief rolls. In some of the drought counties more than 75 per cent of the people are dependent on relief. Lack of funds has forced virtual abandonment of work relief in favor of the straight dole.

At one point in the battle the foes of relief allowed themselves to become ridiculous when in a single day they passed a little \$500,000 emergency drought-relief bill simply because a starving horse, cow, and hog were placed by a farmer in a small inclosure on the Capitol grounds as a protest against the dilly-dallying of the legislators.

The purpose of the march on the legislature of the 2,000 farmers of the Farm Holiday Association, which took place less than a week before that of the United Front, was to put forth demands for higher taxes on incomes, inheritances, and gifts, a graduated land tax designed to bear more heavily on large absentee-owned farm properties, and other measures for agricultural relief. Outstanding at this gathering was the address by Milo Reno of Des Moines, the gray-thatched leader of the national Farm Holiday movement, denouncing the "scarcity economics" invoked by Secretary Wallace and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. After ridiculing the "sending out of experts to teach a Missouri mule to plow up cotton," he said, "If all the people in the United States were consuming as much as those in the \$5,000 a year income class, we wouldn't have enough land in production now." Reno charged that President Roosevelt had broken his pledge to the people, adding that if he had kept it "we would have been out of this trouble in two weeks."

Cheers greeted the seventy-year-old speaker when he attacked the AAA corn-hog reduction contracts. "The person who says those contracts were voluntary is a damned liar!" shouted Reno, "and I care not if he wears the toga of the President of the United States." He pointed out that the farmers were told that if they didn't sign, the money would be taken from the price of their hogs and paid to those who did sign. "I don't know who the Moses will be," he said, "but we must soon have a man who will lead the country to a government based on the principles of the Declaration of Independence. . . . It is my opinion that you

have listened this afternoon to a man who will be the next President of the United States." This referred to Governor Olson, who in a speech to the farmers had demanded a change in the "damned system" responsible for their plight.

To get back to the progress of the legislature, only two major Farmer-Labor bills have been finally acted on. One was the bill for an amendment to the state constitution to permit the state to acquire and develop hydroelectric power resources and to issue bonds up to \$50,000,000 for this purpose. The House killed it by a vote of eighty-seven to thirty-nine, and the Senate committee to which it had been referred promptly gave up consideration of it. The bill for a constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum was likewise killed.

The bill for a state central bank still lies in committee. Also lying in committee is an important public-ownership bill introduced after the defeat of the state hydroelectric power proposal. It would allow municipalities to acquire, build, operate, or lease industries of a wide range classed by the measure as public utilities. Included in this classification are street railways, telephone systems, waterworks, gas works, electric lighting and power plants, docks, depots, and public markets. Cities would have the right to exercise the right of eminent domain in the condemnation of private property for public use.

The administration has sponsored bills for increased inheritance taxes on the larger bequests, increased rates on money and credits, and increased income-tax rates, boosting the maximum from 5 per cent to 15 per cent, while leaving the 1 per cent rate on the lower taxable incomes. The income-tax proposal seems to be in for a trimming. The House tax committee has already indicated its disapproval,

and the Senate, where the conservatives have nearly a two-thirds' majority, is certain to kill the bill. At the same time the conservatives are maneuvering to shift the burden of taxation to the lower income groups through some form of sales tax. Several major bills looking toward this end are now before the tax committees of both houses.

While the legislative majority has dawdled over constructive legislation it has busied itself with a Senatorial "investigation" directed at the Farmer-Labor administration. So far it has uncovered nothing of consequence, but it has won many columns of publicity in the conservative press for some of its sponsors. This, in fact, seems to be its purpose, rather than fact-finding. The bias of the whole proceeding has been demonstrated by the repeated refusal of the Senate investigating committee to permit minority members of that committee to cross-examine witnesses.

It will be a sad commentary on the protective instinct of the voters if many members of this legislature are not returned to private life at the end of their terms. It seems obvious that when the session ends the latter part of April the people will find that their representatives have done nothing to remedy the economic maladjustments afflicting the farmer, laborer, and white-collar worker. Many perhaps already realize this. It is significant that along with the cheers for Governor Olson at the Farm Holiday demonstration there were cheers at the mention of Huey Long and Father Coughlin. It has been a bitter winter. Relief rolls are as large as ever, and relief allowances are smaller. Old Milo Reno probably was not talking through his hat when he warned the legislators: "If you don't think, somebody might do your thinking for you, and the result might not be so happy!"

Twenty-nine Men in Contempt

By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS

By wire from Wilkes-Barre, April 5

[Since my article was written, the tension in the anthracite coal region has vastly increased. A bomb placed in Judge Valentine's car wrecked it on one of Wilkes-Barre's busiest corners where the Judge's daughter had parked it a few minutes earlier. Previously the violence has centered on miners' homes. This attack on a young woman following a series of threatening letters to the Judge has deeply angered the community. The insurgent union immediately disclaimed responsibility and posted a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest of those responsible. The situation has been brought to the attention of the State Attorney General who made an investigation and reported to the Governor. Governor Earle has invited all parties to confer with him. Attorneys for the imprisoned labor leaders are applying for writs of habeas corpus.]

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, March 31

TWENTY-NINE Pennsylvania miners went to jail last month for contempt of court. Fifteen had preceded them. Ninety-one more men and women have been cited on petition of the Glen Alden Coal Company. Their cases will be heard early in April. The twenty-nine are officials of an insurgent union on strike. They refuse to

obey a mandatory order to rescind a strike call. They say they will die in jail first. The court, having issued the order, declares that unless and until anarchy overtakes us, court orders must be obeyed. Both miners and court find themselves out on the end of a limb.

The impasse which they have created hangs low over the heads of the 300,000 men, women, and children of Wilkes-Barre and the Wyoming Valley, impalpable and sinister as a London fog. Junior League shows, inspirational lecturers, Chamber of Commerce Prosperity Weeks carry on as usual. On Saturday nights, Main Street and the movie houses are as packed with miners and their families as is New York's Broadway with out-of-town buyers.

But almost every night since early February somewhere in the Wyoming Valley, the earth has shaken, houses have trembled, windows crashed, children screamed in terror. Not earthquake rumblings these, but explosions of dynamite that have punctuated the course of a bitter inter-union conflict. The United Mine Workers are trying to suppress an outlaw union, sprung from its loins in the last two years. At the moment, they can stand back and smile while the Glen Alden Company, until last year the largest producer of anthracite in the world, fights their battle for them.

This revolt of an insurgent group against the old school American Federation of Labor leadership parallels the similar though unrelated rebellion which the United Mine Workers have attempted to crush in Illinois. Its significance multiplies against a nationwide background of efforts by the young blood of organized and unorganized labor to throw off the A. F. of L. and build itself a less bureaucratic and more aggressive leadership.

Except for this background of labor restlessness, the rise of the insurgent United Anthracite Miners since 1933 appears to be circumstantial. The miners had their grievances against the U.M.W. officials. But a group of 160,000 human beings always has grievances, and real ones. It seems probable that the new union came into existence when it did because of the circumstance that at about the same time the U.M.W. expelled two men possessing the gift of leadership from its ranks, an Italian, Capellini, and an Irishman, Maloney. Capellini has disappeared from the foreground. Maloney remains, the protagonist in the immediate struggle. He is 42 years old, a native of Wilkes-Barre, has worked in the mines since he was nine, and is a veteran of the World War—all points which make him particularly eligible for insurgent leadership in this day of ready attack on "outside agitators." His appearance is also in his favor. He has keen blue eyes which meet you sharply when he talks. Of medium height and muscular build, he gives a sense of physical force and of quiet assurance. He is an effective speaker and has a devoted following.

Whether or not the grievances of the discontented miners against the old leadership justified the formation of the new union in August, 1933, is a question of more than historical importance. For unless these grievances were literally intolerable, there were decisive arguments against such a course.

The sad story of what substitute fuels, oil and coke, have done to the anthracite coal industry is familiar to everyone. Every strike with its stoppage of the coal supply forces additional coal consumers to learn to use oil burners, and wipes out markets which can never be recovered. It is suicide for the industry.

Another major difficulty is that the industry is overmanned. Some 40,000 miners in the Wyoming Valley have had no work for several years. They furnish a disaffected group ready to rally round any standard of revolt. But neither the United Mine Workers nor the new union can hope to put men back to work in collieries which have been closed for loss of markets. Coal is a sick industry. Pessimists call it a dying industry. The warfare of two unions fighting against each other for a rapidly diminishing number of jobs is merely an added infirmity.

Looming behind the assaults and bomb explosions which furnish sinister headlines for Wilkes-Barre breakfast tables lies the fact that the contract between the operators and the U. M. W., signed in 1930, will expire one year from this month. The insurgents realize that they must be strong enough to demand their signatures on the new contract if they are to survive. Maloney claims a membership of 45,000. Conservative estimates would grant him less than half that figure.

For the next year the new union must recruit thousands of new members and keep morale at fever heat. To do this, it must have strikes.

The United Mine Workers are also aware of the approach of April, 1936. This winter they began an intensive campaign for the extermination of the new union. In violation of previous agreements, a series of button days were held late in January. Committees of the old union guarded the mine entrances and allowed only men wearing U. M. W. buttons to work. Violence and fighting ensued, groups of several hundred miners rushed each other. Scores of men were carried off to hospitals or their homes with cracked heads and broken bones. When the new union men failed to show up for their jobs, the foremen promptly filled their places with United Mine Workers.

This was a crucial moment. Several courses were open to Maloney. What he did was to call a strike on February 2. Five days later, at the request of the Glen Alden Coal Company, Judge W. A. Valentine issued a restraining order, which, after a hearing, he continued as a preliminary injunction and a mandatory order. The judge directed the new union officials to rescind their strike order pending final hearing on the company's petition for an injunction. He took the ground that the strike was unlawful because in 1930 when the last wage contract was signed, virtually all members of the insurgent union were members of the United Mine Workers. As such, they were held to have bound themselves to abide by the contract until its expiration in 1936. That contract provides that grievances shall be redressed through mediation and conciliation, and not by strikes. This is the solar plexus of the conflict.

Issuance of the court order was the signal for a terrorizing outbreak of violence. Members of both unions were assaulted, shot, and killed. Scores of men were injured. Threatening notes tied around bricks were hurled through kitchen windows, warning members to quit their jobs. Effigies of scabs and unpopular officials dangled from telegraph poles. Bombs exploded almost nightly, not only in miners' homes but in tenements housing many families.

The insurgent union appealed to the State Supreme Court from the local court's order directing them to rescind their strike call. The appeal did not, however, release them from obedience to the court's order for the reason that they failed to give bail in the amount of \$50,000 as fixed by the court. Violence and bombing continued. Fifteen insurgent unionists were jailed for contempt in violating the court order against violence.

On March 4, officials and members of the new union were summoned to show cause why they should not be held in contempt of court for failing to call off the strike. On the morning of the hearing, between 4,000 and 5,000 miners marched back and forth past the Court House. They were quiet and orderly, carrying United States flags and placards proclaiming "We Want Justice" and "Defend the Constitution of the United States."

Forewarned, the authorities were ready with a force of 200 state and local police. They interpreted this assemblage of miners as an act of intimidation against the court. Orders were given to disperse the crowd. The police, mounted and on foot, charged. The miners took to their heels. Men with blood streaming down their faces dashed wildly through the streets, the police raining blows upon them with long riot sticks. It was a sickening sight. Seven men were admitted to city hospitals. Many others received treatment in their homes.

On the third floor of the court house, removed from the ugly clamor, the hearing on contempt charges proceeded with order and dignity. The court met in a handsome lofty room, paneled in walnut. The light shining in through high set windows sifted down over the middle-aged court officers, the crowd of snappy police at the entrance, the solemn-faced group of miners' union officials, most of them young men.

All day long the hearing lasted. One after another the defendants took the witness stand. Each insisted that he had no authority to rescind the strike. It had been ordered by the votes of all the miners. Each official had called a meeting of his local and read the court order; that was all he could or would do.

Judge Valentine is a slender, scholarly looking man in his forties. He has the respect of his community as a man of integrity, courage, and legal ability. Frequently he supplemented the questions of the company counsel. Leaning forward almost wistfully, he would ask the witness whether, pending the decision of the State Supreme Court on the appeal he would not be willing to obey the court's order and recommend to his men that they call off the strike. Solemnly each miner insisted that he did not believe that the court had the right to make the order and therefore, he would not recommend that his men obey it. It was clever strategy by the coal company counsel to call these twenty-nine union officials into court and by questioning cause them to commit a direct contempt in open court, thus depriving them of any advantage under the Injunction Reform Act of 1931.

The scene was extraordinary. Here were two inflexible, highly charged forces pitted against each other in mutual determination not to yield. Twenty-nine young men braced themselves, grimly resolved to protect at all costs labor's right to strike. On the other side towered the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, determined to vindicate the power of its Court to enforce its decrees. In the end, the twenty-nine young men went to jail.

On the first night that these men spent in jail, an exceptionally heavy blast of dynamite rocked the entire valley, partially wrecking a railroad bridge across the Susquehanna. This destroyed a main outlet for several of the Glen Alden collieries. Groups of three and four hundred school children have declared sympathetic strikes. There is talk of a general strike. The Valley is a place of suspense. It is terrorized by the cumulative menace of increasingly serious explosions. It awaits with utmost suspense the decision of the State Supreme Court, date as yet unannounced.* This decision will determine whether the local court had the right to order the new union to rescind its strike call. Whichever way the decision goes, there will still be suspense. For, if the decision favors the court, the present situation will only be intensified. If it favors the men, it only gives them the right to call future strikes. It can not unravel the immediate snarl. The men will still be in contempt of the local court for refusing to obey its order pending the appeal. They will still be in jail. And the puzzle will still be, how to get them out.

* The Supreme Court hearing was held on April 4. Upon argument Mr. Justice Kephart remarked: "I don't see how the court could offer the men to meet and rescind the strike order. It seems to me ■■ are compelling them to do something the court has no power to do." The Glen Alden Coal Company attorneys obtained a postponement of the decision while they file additional briefs.

Curtain Call

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE more timid defenders of John Strachey were wholly wrong in one respect. He was and is extremely dangerous to the existing social order. I have heard most of the radical leaders and in my opinion Strachey is far and away the most persuasive of all the commentators on communism.

As a rule political economy comes before lecture audiences in somewhat gross containers but in the case of our recent guest you have a young man Tugwellian in mien and rather more incisive in intellect. A debate between these two gentlemen would certainly panic the entire circuit of American women's clubs. But I have no desire to belittle either the Under Secretary of Agriculture or the champion of the under dog. Strachey aroused enormous interest and enthusiasm in the colleges and was almost the perfect propagandist for all white-collar groups. I don't know how he'd fare with American coal miners or steel workers although I assume that he has had ample experience in talking to such groups in England.

There is no doubt in my mind that communism is on the march in America. It has begun to take hold and multiply. At the moment it has displaced "sex" as topic A in all the colleges. Of course, communist leaders will have to face the danger that the intellectuals will run away with the party. It could quite profitably dispense with some of its Methodist ministers and take on sand hogs and puddlers in exchange. And if by any chance a leader is found to bridge the gap between such groups communism will become almost immediately an important political factor.

I know that among the radicals the theory of the inspired leader is regarded as a romantic heresy. The observer will be told that the masses themselves supply the proper direction and channeling whenever the crisis becomes acute. This may be true even though it cannot be proved by the history of other political parties in America. We had, for instance, a whole parcel of presidents any one of whom might have settled the problem of slavery and avoided the Civil War. It just didn't turn out that way.

Even on a basis well this side of orthodox communism, America lacks men who can show the way. There ought to be a great popular response to Earl Browder's frequent plea for the foundation of a labor party on a broad united front. Here it is ten or fifteen minutes to curtain time and as yet the call has not been answered.

Norman Thomas had his chance but he has definitely muffed it. It seems to me that in recent years Mr. Thomas has gone quite mad about tactics. In spite of the present program which he espouses I think that Norman Thomas is essentially a liberal instead of a radical but when it comes to any sort of cooperation with groups to the left or right Norman Thomas becomes as rigid and doctrinaire as the most fanatical zealot. It is quite possible that I am unfair in this judgment, I may be pointing in the wrong direction. Nevertheless it is evident that somewhere or other there must be a fatal flaw in the leadership of Thomas. There is no getting away from the fact that "socialism" is no longer a rallying cry. America begins distinctly to line up in the

traditional camps of communism and fascism. And there is very little room in the middle.

I speak from my own point of view which is that of a large middle-aged man in a parachute. It would be pleasant to think of myself as "an independent radical." In fact I used to do so. But the parachute is not holding up very well and the speed of my descent toward the earth has grown so great that it is silly to talk about independence. Indeed the only remaining choice seems to be as to whether I should break an arm, a leg, or my blooming neck. In any case it will be a lesson to me. Stout parties shouldn't jump out of semi-stable aircraft with no better protection than a parachute.

The trend to the left in America has been heightened by the growth of white-collar trades unions. If these groups are not radical in the beginning they almost invariably become so. And what causes that? Here the answer is easy. White-collar workers generally get started under the naive notion that they are wards of NRA and specially protected by Section 7-a. When it gives way beneath their feet and drops them in the icy waters of the lake they either drown or live to raise a high commotion.

Correspondence

Postscript to Racine

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Appeals to Governor Phil La Follette by numerous labor and liberal groups for a special prosecutor having failed, Nick Bins, self-admitted slugger for Racine's American Legion inspired vigilante movement, was duly found not guilty of assault upon Samuel Herman, labor organizer. (The full story of Nick Bins was told in *The Nation* of February 27.) As the *Racine Day*, A. F. of L. controlled newspaper, said, "Nick Bins, Legionaire and beer salesman, was acquitted on a charge of assault, and Samuel Herman, kidnapped and beaten by vigilantes, was in effect convicted of communism in the Racine municipal court."

The court was that of Judge Roy Burgess, who a few weeks before had sentenced John Sekat, Communist, to one to two years in prison on the charge of breaking an automobile window during a strike at the Horlick Milk Company. At the moment Burgess passed sentence, there lay before him a sworn statement by one Julius Kapudja, a devout Catholic and employee of the Horlick Company for eighteen years, who confessed that it was he who broke the window. Judge Burgess refused to consider the confession.

The Bins defense, retained by the American Legion, made little pretense of clearing him of the crime. The strategy lay in attacking Herman. The defense counsel said he was only sorry Herman had not been taken for a longer and more severe ride.

The "prosecution" was handled by District Attorney John Brown and his assistant, "Lefty" Edwards, both of whom are proud of the parts they have played in ridding Racine of "communists and other dangerous radicals." The nature of the proceeding was reflected in the remarks of a conservative Racine attorney, who said, "This is the rawest thing I've ever seen in a Wisconsin court." Legionaire friends of Bins congratulated and thanked the "prosecutors." Six newspapermen, representing papers of all shades, agreed that it "was the best sell-out of the year."

Among the numerous witnesses that the prosecution failed to call was a Chicago federal agent. He had made a supposedly thorough investigation of the affair at the request of J. Edgar Hoover and the United States attorney general to determine if it were actually a Department of Justice man who drove the kidnap car, as Bins has said. The prosecution did call the man who proved, and who the district attorney admitted he knew would be, the best witness for the defense. This was Dr. Klein, who explained his superficial treatment of Herman's injuries with the remark that he "didn't think members of the Communist Party were entitled to any relief."

Judge Burgess would not admit evidence that Bins was armed at the time of his arrest. Neither was it permitted to be shown that he had accepted a retainer of \$10 for "a job like the Herman ride" for a reported labor agitator in Waukesha, Wisconsin. Three other counts charging Bins with malicious destruction of property, not of one window but of several plate-glass store fronts and two offices, were dismissed at the request of the district attorney. Judge, jury, and prosecution thus seemed agreed that Bins had merely been "bragging," when he told three persons whom he believed to be wealthy employers that he had kidnapped Herman and terrorized Racine labor and unemployed leaders at the joint request of the American Legion and the Racine Association of Commerce.

Racine, Wisconsin, April 3

HANS CHRISTIAN

Mr. Dill and Grand Coulee

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the issue of *The Nation* for March 20 is an article entitled Grand Coulee, by James Rorty. In the first column the article makes this statement regarding myself:

The farmers, townspeople, and small-time realtors of the Columbia Basin either know what it is all about, or else they do Senator Dill a grave injustice when they assure you that the former statesman has sunk all his considerable fortune in the desert which PWA money is expected to make bloom like a rose.

This is a veiled, insinuating statement by which Mr. Rorty tries to leave the impression in the mind of the reader that I own or have owned, or have interest in, large tracts of land in the Columbia Basin. In the first place, I do not have, nor did I ever have, any considerable fortune. In the second place, I do not now own and never have owned a single square foot of land in the whole Columbia Basin area; nor have I had, nor do I have now, any interest in any tracts of land developed or to be developed by this project, or in the vicinity of the dam or any of the government works.

This is simply a repetition of the lie that has been scotched so often that I thought it was dead. Last summer, when some of my political enemies repeated it, Mr. Glavis of the PWA made an investigation. He reported there was no evidence whatsoever of my ever having owned or dealt in Columbia Basin lands. I have a letter in my possession from the Honorable Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, stating he has no evidence whatever of this kind.

This investigation came largely as a result of a muck-raking article written by Paul Mallon of Washington, D. C., for a newspaper syndicate. In that article he referred to a "Pacific Coast Senator" close to the Administration who had promoted a project under the PWA and was in danger of being exposed as a land speculator. He used no names, but my political enemies claimed he referred to me. I have a letter from him stating he had not referred to me.

The second absolutely false statement in Mr. Rorty's article is this:

Senator Dill was elected with the support of the Inland Empire group, headed by the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, which had for years been promoting the Columbia Basin project.

This is so absolutely opposed to the truth that I can't understand where Mr. Rorty ever got the idea. The fact is that the so-called Inland Empire group and the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, through all the twenty years of my political career, fought me more continuously and more bitterly than any other political force in the State of Washington. In 1922 the president of the Spokane and Eastern Trust, a brother-in-law of the former Senator Poindexter whom I defeated, was the chief financial backer of the then Senator Poindexter. They never supported me at any time. Generally the so-called Inland Empire crowd contributed money to my opponent. Everybody in my home town of Spokane knows this so well that it seems impossible that anybody with any idea of stating facts would have made such a statement.

The third reference to my interest in lands of the Columbia Basin is a statement to the effect that my former secretaries, Frank Funkhouser and Frank T. Bell, own land in the Columbia Basin. Mr. Funkhouser does not own any land in the Columbia Basin nor has he owned any for twelve or fifteen years. I think he did own a half-section of wheat land there once, but sold it many years ago. Mr. Bell homesteaded there and has always made his home there. He has developed one of the most magnificent dairy and alfalfa ranches anywhere in the United States, out of sagebrush land on the shores of Moses Lake. He has bought and sold land in the Columbia Basin for many years, but tells me his holdings now are smaller than they have been at any time during the last twenty years.

Mr. Rorty or anybody else could have easily verified these facts. The truth is that consciously or unconsciously he is serving those interests that are trying to sabotage and kill the development of the Columbia Basin and the building of the Grand Coulee Dam. Those interests are the power trust.

I quit the Senate voluntarily on January 3, 1935. I have no political interests or political connections which he or anyone else can injure. These lies to the effect that I and my former political associates have invested money in raw lands of the Columbia Basin area, out of which we are to make large profits, have been proved false again and again. No reputable publisher in the State of Washington will print them.

An opponent of this great power development started these tales more than two years ago. Later, when he learned the truth, he wrote a letter of apology to me and gave a copy of the letter to the press. Ever since that time others have continued to repeat insinuations and veiled charges to the same effect, thereby making themselves dupes and tools of the power-trust crowd, who are resorting to every method possible to stop this great dam, which everybody knows will cut the cost of electricity to the people of the Far Northwest to one-third and one-fourth the present price.

The implications and statements in Mr. Rorty's article to the effect that land speculators can get rich by owning large tracts of cheap land is just as unfounded as his misrepresentations about me. He should know that the United States Reclamation Service will not permit anybody to secure water for more than 160 acres of land. If any landowner has more than 160 acres and desires to sell the excess land, he must sell it at the appraised value fixed by the Reclamation Service; else the Reclamation Service will refuse to furnish water for that land. That price has seldom exceeded \$5 per acre on similar projects.

During all the years I was Senator from the State of Washington, I worked continuously to bring about the building of the Grand Coulee Dam. I had a large part in presenting the facts to President Roosevelt, which caused him to authorize

this great development. I am proud of the part I have played in starting this project. It marks the beginning of the development of a new empire of more than two million acres of the richest soil in the world.

By supplying water to the fertile lands of the Columbia Basin area, the Grand Coulee Dam fits perfectly into the government's program of retiring marginal lands from use by purchasing them from their present owners. This water will provide thousands of new homes on the finest food-producing soil in North America for the farmers who sell their homes now located on marginal lands. The farmers who will come there will be able to secure their lands at the low prices which the Reclamation Service will fix, and the terrible exploitation pictured by Mr. Rorty will be like most of the other misrepresentations in his article, soon forgotten in the magnificence of the development.

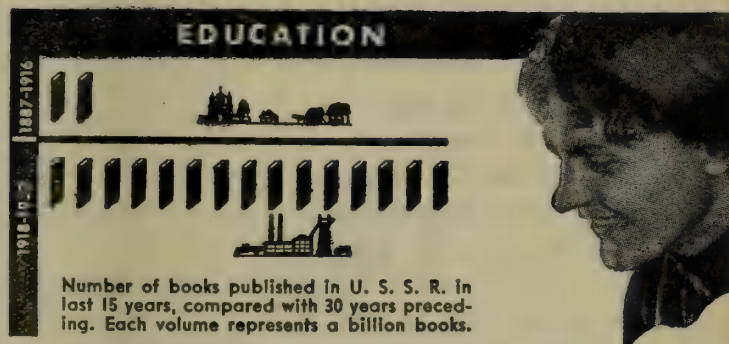
Washington, March 25

CLARENCE C. DILL

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Senator Dill's letter was shown to me within a few hours of my departure for New Orleans, and I am handicapped in answering because I do not have at hand my files concerning the Grand Coulee project. However, since Senator Dill's points are for the most part general rather than specific, I can readily make the following points in reply:

1. I wrote that "The farmers, townspeople, and small-time realtors of the Columbia Basin either know what it is all about or they do Senator Dill a grave injustice when they assure you that the former statesman has sunk all his considerable fortune in the desert which PWA money is expected to make bloom like the rose." I am prepared to accept the second alternative and to apologize for intimating the first, provided Senator Dill's denial applies not merely to individual ownership of Columbia Basin land but to any interest, direct or indirect,



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in the numerous realty and investment companies which now own that land. I think that if Senator Dill wishes finally to scotch the rumors to which he objects, he should, in justice to himself, make his denial as inclusive as I have suggested.

2. As to the support given by the "Inland Empire crowd" to Senator Dill in the 1928 election, that is a matter of defining what one means by the Inland Empire crowd. If one uses the phrase, as I did, to mean the people and interests who were actively backing the Grand Coulee project, which Senator Dill also by his own statement backed and helped to put through, I cannot understand Senator Dill's objection to my statement. I point out further that I specifically stated my belief that a percentage of the "Inland Empire crowd" were disinterested and genuine, if regional, patriots.

3. I regret that Senator Dill chose to ignore the point I made about the adverse effect of the Grand Coulee project upon the salmon industry of the Columbia River. Surely he would admit that if the allegations made by the Washington State Game Commissioner and commented upon by the *Astorian Budget* are pertinent to the discussion, a comment from Senator Dill's former secretary, Frank T. Bell, now United States Fisheries Commissioner, would also be valuable in this connection.

4. The main point of my article was not that the Grand Coulee project is not technically feasible or potentially highly beneficial in a planned economy—I specifically stated that I thought it was. My point was that, in view of the evidence of land speculation going on in connection with the project—and Senator Dill does not take issue with me on the existence of this speculation—it seems unlikely that the farmers who ultimately are supposed to till the Columbia Basin, as well as the country as a whole, will reap the benefit from the huge present and contemplated expenditure involved. The past history of reclamation projects would seem to indicate that not farmers but land speculators have chiefly benefited from the government expenditure on such projects. I doubt that any other result is likely to be obtained as long as "planning," and specifically condemnation, is subject to the economic and political determinants of the capitalist economy. Senator Dill is apparently more optimistic, but his letter, to my mind, does not justify his optimism.

New York, March 27

JAMES RORTY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

While I can not ask *The Nation* to print a continued debate between me and Mr. Rorty, since he seems to question the breadth of my denial of interest in Columbia Basin land, let me add this statement in addition to what I have said:

I do not have any interest, and never have had any interest, "direct or indirect, in the numerous realty and investment companies which own" lands in the Columbia Basin, and that applies to everybody dead or alive, in heaven or the nether regions, now or hereafter.

Washington, March 30

CLARENCE C. DILL

A Rare Distinction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I hesitated a long time about renewing my subscription to *The Nation*. Now I rejoice that I did renew it, and long for its coming to my breakfast table, and I cherish the knowledge that so remarkable a publication is to come to me each week. For *The Nation* has the rare distinction of being the only publication in the country that is always wrong on every question.

Brooklyn, February 7

ALONZO B. SEE

Spring Book Section

On Academic Freedom

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A FEW weeks ago *The Nation* made some editorial comment on the question of academic freedom. The occasion was the meeting of school superintendents and their discussions made it perfectly clear that the question is beginning to assume a new form.

Up to the present, the conflict has been chiefly between the liberal on the one hand and the conservative on the other—with the latter insisting that “dangerous ideas” be kept out of the schools and colleges while the former ridiculed the suggestion that any ideas could be dangerous and believed in the free school for the same reason that he believed in the free press. In many instances, however, the liberal of yesterday has become the radical of today and has acquired in the process of his transformation both an increased number of positive convictions and an increased tendency to hold such convictions in an intransigent manner. One result of this is that he begins to think less of the importance of free discussion and to insist more and more upon his duty to indoctrinate youth with his new convictions.

To take a specific instance, it no longer satisfies him to know that for many years one of the best known and most liberal professors at Columbia has been given a course called “Capitalism, Anarchy, Socialism, and Communism”; on the contrary he maintains as Professor Jesse H. Newton of Teachers College did at Atlantic City, that teachers should, as a minimum, insist upon the certainty that “capitalism is not the solution to the nation’s difficulties.” Thus the educator who has moved towards the left finds himself, in one respect, nearer than he was before to the position of the conservative. He no longer believes that the school is a place where the student should be exposed to conflicting ideas. Unlike the liberal he now agrees with the conservative that the school is, on the contrary, a place where “correct” opinions should be inculcated and he proposes in the future to fight with this conservative, not over the right either to be impartial or to teach what he believes, but primarily over the question of what is and what is not a “correct” opinion.

Now this change in the attitude of the protestant teacher towards one of the problems of his profession is, of course, merely one aspect of a more general change in the attitude of the liberal who finds himself moving toward the left. The question of academic freedom is only a special case of the question of free speech which is, in turn, only a special case of the general question of civil rights. And the liberal turned radical has, of course, taken up a new position in regard to this final question. He no longer holds, as he once did, that the right of free speech, along with the other civil liberties, is both an end in itself and a necessary condition for any continuing health in society. He may insist for the present upon his theoretical right to the civil liberties established by democracy, but that is merely because he is still a member of a minority and knows that only by claiming minority rights can he hope to be allowed to continue his various activities. At the same time he is

inclined to argue that the very granting of such rights is evidence that the present order lacks faith in itself and he makes no pretense of believing that the new society for which he is fighting will permit similar freedoms to “counter-revolutionary” minorities. This new society will have neither the doubts about itself nor the uneasy conscience characteristic of capitalistic democracy and it will, therefore, have no reason to tolerate error.

In such a society the “free school” would obviously have no more place than the “free press” or the “free church.” The state would be “totalitarian” and all the institutions concerned with the spread of ideas would naturally be controlled by a central authority, part of whose function would be to harmonize them with one another and with the official doctrine of the government itself. Against the prospect of such a condition the liberal may cry out in horror that it would mean the destruction of all free criticism and free inquiry but the radical replies that these have never been, in actual fact, more than pleasant fictions. Even the private individual is limited by his class interests and the teacher is powerless to oppose the pressure of politicians, trustees, and the public opinion of his community. Academic freedom means only the freedom to conform or, at most, to deviate to that insignificant extent which gives the ruling class a pleasant sense of its own liberality without actually putting it in danger.

Now there is certainly enough in the radical’s case to make an argument. In the United States, at least, academic freedom has never been a very substantial reality in any except a small number of our many colleges and it has hardly been even a fiction in the public schools. Perhaps it has never been absolute at any time or in any place and if the conception is to be defended it can be only after a realistic examination of what, in actual practice, it can be expected to amount to.

Such a realistic survey immediately reveals the fact that teachers do enjoy certain freedoms which may be uncertain and ill defined but which are not, for all that, completely imaginary. Their right to profess what they believe or even to present as frankly as possible both sides of every question, may never have been granted, even in theory, and they may be subject besides to all sorts of intangible pressures. But if “capitalism” would like to control its schools as completely as fascism and communism control theirs, then it must be admitted at least that it has been signally less successful. Teachers do differ among themselves even when they happen to be teaching in the same state controlled schools, and private radical institutions for the exposition of revolutionary ideas do exist.

Recent developments have revealed how little academic freedom there is in the Italian department of Columbia University but it would be very wrong to jump to the conclusion that the University as a whole is committed to the teaching of any particular doctrine. The student newspaper is, for example, frankly radical in its sympathies, and

it was a professor in Teachers College who announced at Atlantic City his conviction that the student must be definitely instructed that "capitalism is not the solution to the nation's difficulties." One may argue as much as one likes concerning the extent and sincerity of President Butler's liberalism but the fact remains that either because of or despite the president's policy Columbia is still a place in which the student is exposed to too many and violently conflicting ideas.

And what is true of Columbia University is true of the American educational system as a whole. The teachers in many schools and many colleges are no more free than the teachers in the fascist controlled department of Italian at Columbia. But no one could seriously maintain that the teaching which goes on is as uniform in its direction as the teaching in Italy or Germany or Russia. A great many institutions of learning are dominated by "interests" of one kind or another. But the saving remnant does exist and ideas inimical to the accepted order do get themselves spread.

Thus the reality in "academic freedom" is much like the reality in the "free press." Critics of the latter are fond of asking in what the freedom of a Hearst paper consists and whether or not *Izvestia* is less free of the Russian government than many of our proudest journals are of their principal advertisers. But to argue thus is to misinterpret, either deliberately or unconsciously, the whole theory of free speech. Its defenders never professed to guarantee the sincerity of every speaker or to see to it that his position was genuinely disinterested. All they ever promised was to protect the right of opposing interests to answer, and the existence of the *New Masses*—to say nothing of *The Nation* or the *New Republic*—is sufficient proof of the fact that there is at least some reality in the institution of the free press. If no publication is completely impartial, at least opposite *parti pris* tend to cancel one another and the man who wants all the facts as well as all the arguments has a better chance of getting them than he has in any totalitarian state.

Bernard Shaw once remarked that the best way to get at the truth of any matter was not to look for an impartial presentation but to hear it discussed with reckless partiality from both sides. Probably few liberals would agree that this is the ideal method but it is at least the one which we usually have to put up with and, speaking generally, the best that we have ever found a way of getting.

Like every one else the liberal has his Utopian moments and in them he dreams of a state in which liberal principles hold a peaceful but undisputed sway. In such a state the schools would be absolutely "free," no newspaper would dream of sullyng its honor by admitting the influence of any material interest, and all men would be imbued with the spirit of Voltaire's famous remark: "I do not agree with a word that you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it." In his more realistic moments, however, the liberal knows that such a state never has existed and probably never will exist. Yet he is not, for all that, blind to the very real difference between the conditions that prevail under even capitalist democracies and those which are found under despotisms upon either the new or the old model. And he conceives it as his duty to throw whatever influence he may be able to exert on his side of an eternal conflict.

It was for that purpose that he founded unions for civil

liberties and associations for the defense of academic freedom. He knows that in the future it will be as it was in the past: Influences will reach out here and there to remove a "dangerous" professor or to suppress a "dangerous" publication. But he has fought these influences in the past—not always without success—and he believes that such freedom for the teacher and such freedom of the press as he has helped to maintain is real and valuable even if neither has ever been complete.

Of course the radical is right when he points out that the more significant a liberty is the more difficult it becomes to maintain it. "Dangerous ideas" are tolerated with a fine show of liberality as long as they are only theoretically such and then, when any real crisis threatens, the real fight begins. But where the radical is wrong is in his assumption that the conflict which has always gone on in democracy must necessarily be resolved. He sees the anomaly in a Columbia University just as he sees the anomaly in a United States of America where, for some unaccountable reason, the "capitalist masters" have not yet prevented the weekly appearance of the *New Masses*. He shudders at the illogicality without stopping to realize that thanks to this very illogicality, he has been able to survive and of course he refuses even to consider the possibility that the despised liberal has helped to preserve this blessed illogicality. Over against the good old rule "that he should take who had the power and he should keep who can" the liberal has set the fiction of abstract justice as well as the fiction of civil rights and no realist can deny that these fictions have had their influence. The result may be confusion in the mind of President Butler and a similar confusion in the policy of the American government. But it is thanks to that confusion that the fascist department of Italian has not yet silenced the *Columbia Spectator* and that Communists still speak in Union Square.

Like all who think apocalyptically in terms of Armageddon and the Millenium, the radical insists that the day of final settlement and clarification is necessarily at hand. The conflict always going on in democracy is about to be resolved at last and resolution can mean only the absolute triumph of a totalitarianism of the right or a totalitarianism of the left. And if the liberal resists this conviction it is not because he loves confusion for its own sake. He would infinitely prefer a genuinely and consistently liberal state and a genuinely free educational system to the government and the schools which he now has. But he is frank to confess that he prefers that measure of illogicality and confusion which has permitted such civil liberties as democracies enjoy to the logic and order of any totalitarian state, and he will not cease to add to the confusion by claiming his various "rights" until he is convinced that the resolution of the conflicts would result in something more than the establishment of a dogma from which none dare to dissent.

Specifically, he will continue to resent the idea that truth has been at last revealed in so final a form that, for the future, education must consist essentially of indoctrination. That does not necessarily make him an enemy of any economic system. It does not even imply that he may not favor communism in some form as the basis of the social order. But it does mean that he sees no reason why the struggle for academic freedom should not continue under any form of government.

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T. S. Eliot as Critic

By LOUIS KRONENBERGER

SOME years ago, before I myself had read it, I asked a friend his opinion of "The Sacred Wood." He told me that he thought it valuable for bringing home the sense of continuity, of tradition, in English literature. When I read the book I remembered that remark and agreed with it: Eliot seemed then one of a very few critics who appreciated the importance of tradition and who understood what it consisted of. And now again I am reminded of my friend's remark because I think it remains the final one in any estimate of Eliot's critical services. He has made us aware of a past which flows into our present; he has conveyed to us the pedigree of art, and the dangers of misalliance and sinful flirtations with the demi-monde. He has been an unavowed royalist in literature just as he is an avowed one in politics. He has made clear a writer's debt to the past, though he has perhaps computed that debt at ruinous compound interest. But it is well worth while to be reminded that the progress of literature is not discontinuous, that the classics represent a culture out of which fresh creation can proceed with greater poise than it can proceed merely out of itself. That reminder is all to Mr. Eliot's credit; the rest of this paper, frankly, must be concerned with the harm he has done or, at any rate, with the mistakes he has made.

Simply because it proved fatal to overrate T. S. Eliot, it would be fatal, now, to underrate him. In part he is the victim of a much changed world: he came on the scene, in a purely literary sense, as almost a revolutionary critic; he has begun to fade from the scene, in every sense, as an incredibly reactionary one. He arrived to damn impressionist aesthetics and an idolatry of romanticism; he stayed to sing the praises of men like Jonson and Dryden and Donne, and his singing made such men almost the heroes of the hour. Through Eliot we all were made to look in a new, a reverse, direction; he made flowers bloom where Professor Baobitt and others did not; and for a time there was much talk of "classicism." Many stupid people wondered at this "classicism" of Eliot's, seeing no connection between it and such obscure and original poetry as "The Waste Land." How they could have interpreted "The Waste Land" as anything but a groan for not living in a classical world, or enjoyed it as anything but a pastiche of classical tags—as much a superior game of quotations as ever it was a poem—I do not know; but I do know that there was much perplexity expressed.

Then Mr. Eliot entered the Anglo-Catholic church and in a notorious preface to a disappointing book avowed himself to be royalist in politics, classicist in art, and Anglo-Catholic in religion. He went on to discuss church writers and ultimately church writing; he respectfully criticized dry-shell "humanism" and found its chief defect a lack of drier-shell Anglo-Catholicism; the stock market crashed and Eliot still kept warm in medieval cotton wool. One read Eliot's new writings with more perplexity than one had felt in reading "The Waste Land" and was forced to the conclusion that a man often gifted with great acumen and always

gifted with clever perceptions must be living in a vacuum; must have turned more royalist than the king, more pious than the church, and more classical than Aristotle.

It seems to me that Mr. Eliot signed his death warrant when, speaking paradox that to him was truth, he said: "For the spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life." No one else has summed up so accurately or so succinctly what is the matter with him. He is indeed a believer in the letter, and accordingly he is a formalist, a literary genealogist, a pedant, a hairsplitter, a snob. His snobbery is the least excusable thing about him, though I admit it is the kind of snobbery that one must oneself be something of a snob to understand. But almost anybody will appreciate the inappropriateness and unconscious humor of Eliot's calling Shelley a "blackguard" (Byron, no doubt, was a "cad"); and when he calls the nineteenth-century romantics "riff-raff" one can almost hear an English huntin' man call somebody who believes, let us say, in labor unions, a bolshie. Such epithets reveal just enough fine feeling to prove conclusively that whoever uses them lacks the finest feeling; and when in a final parenthetical excess Mr. Eliot informs us that one should never take a model in letter-writing, we feel that the only possible reply is "Thank you."

Actually Mr. Eliot's manners are a little less those of the patrician than of a jewel of a maître d'hôtel. He has aped his betters in society and literature until he has caught the hang of their role; but so persistent an odor of deference and exhibitionism and code goes into the performance that it vitiates not only the manner but also the matter of Eliot's writing. It is surely a test of the soundest criticism that the critic never talks down—that he feels it is only the truth of what he says that is important, and knows that in the long run it can be perceived only by his equals. But Mr. Eliot dispenses his messages. His didacticism is at times downright brazen. His showing-off is at times downright childish. Edmund Wilson has called attention to his habit of reeling off long literary genealogies, but I don't think has sternly enough pointed out with how much flourish the names have been reeled off—and with how little point. Worst of all, Eliot is at times downright coy. To say, "When I wrote a poem called 'The Waste Land,'" in the course of an essay which nobody ignorant of "The Waste Land" could possibly be reading, is merely to turn silly if not a little cheap.

Enough, however, concerning Eliot's manner and personality. I have only treated them at such length because they seem to me the outward manifestation of Eliot's mind and self, and the minor blemishes which betray his major faults. He is a critic of some importance; hence his faults are of some importance. He has read widely, reasoned accurately—whatever his premises—and written with a great deal of deliberation. He has said, *en passant*, many discerning things. He has principles and a philosophy which he has been at no pains to hide and at the greatest pains to make clear. It is accordingly not necessary for any critic of Eliot to guess. He need only try to evaluate.

Eliot believes that the letter giveth life. He believes in law and form, not as conveniences, not as means toward order, but as fundamental and complete truth. He seeks liberty in bondage as Wordsworth professed to find greatest poetic freedom in the strictness of the sonnet. This in itself is no more than turning the suggestive power of the classical principle into a canon. It means that art will not merely build on classical rules but actually exemplify them. The flaw therein, of course, is that "classicism"—whatever exactly it is—is deductively arrived at by studying the corpus of classical art, and not inductively applied to the making of unborn art. But Eliot not only follows the classical dogma because he cherishes classicism; he follows it also because he cherishes dogma. How else can one be a royalist at all, or the kind of Catholic that Eliot more than once has set himself down as being? The incense of art and the incense of religion mean something less to him than the formulas; and while I do not at all impugn his sincerity in either case, I must deplore, in both cases, his guiding principle. It would, besides being tactless, be pointless to disparage Mr. Eliot's religious beliefs, but I cannot help commenting on his thoroughgoing belief in formulas, one of which formulas happens to be the basis of his religion. And I cannot help thinking that this absorption in formulas looks decidedly like escapism. He seems unable to enjoy or approve of the world around him; he seems uninterested in humanity and turned inward by fastidiousness. Where better could he go than to a church of subtle dogmas and deodorized human concerns, or to an art elevated above life and ambrosially nourished? As for his being a royalist in politics, it is perhaps impossible for us others to find a common meeting ground to discuss the matter.

And out of such a philosophy, with its high distaste for the sweaty organic problems of life, there can come little to engage strong minds. Mr. Eliot sits in a place apart and speaks a language which men, though they may still have the sensibility to understand it, no longer have the time to master. There is always a place for the strictly aesthetic critic; and I can conceive no form of government and no mode of life in which, for those who enjoy aesthetics, the aesthetic critic will lack a place. The problem of Shakespeare's versification or of Bach's counterpoint will always find its students. But Mr. Eliot is by no means a strictly aesthetic critic. He approaches and infuses artistic problems with a *Weltanschauung*. His attitude toward art constitutes an attitude toward life, and we are never dealing, in his case, with a classicist only: we are always dealing besides with a royalist and an Anglo-Catholic. We are dealing, as well, with a man so fearful of not seeing the forest for the trees that he makes the equally dangerous mistake of never seeing the trees for the forest.

The result, of course, is a twofold one: Eliot's critical writings fail us by bespeaking a misguided, outmoded, and insufficient philosophy; and starve us because they are so essentially inhuman and special and remote. They might easily be the one and not the other, but unluckily they are both. They are erroneous and they are insubstantial. What they give us is something not necessarily negligible but unquestionably minor: through them we are in touch with a limited but brilliant mind, and when Eliot makes a differentiation between drama and melodrama, or analyzes a passage in Jonson, or sums up Tourneur, or writes about

Tradition and the Individual Talent—when his philosophy is not the master of his aesthetic insight—we must listen to him and applaud. Even though he is only at his best as an aesthetic critic, he is too much a moralist to be set down as an aesthetic critic; we can therefore most justly appraise him by saying that he is not acute about the things which interest us most, but *is* acute about things that interest us somewhat. He loses much by being fastidious and withdrawn, but he gains something. He loses much by having no humor whatever, but he is capable of something else by having splendid wit. And the presence of wit and the absence of humor in Eliot argue his possession of great intellect and egoism, his lack of humanity, his lack of modesty and unself-consciousness. He rests with those men who have chosen to see life distantly, from a single vantage-point; and had he, in the absence of warmth and sinew, a great intensity, he might possess permanent value for us, a permanent place in our record. But he is not intense, he is merely correct; and the play upon words must be risked that he is terribly incorrect at the same time.

Books

Marx as Metaphor

Permanence and Change. By Kenneth Burke. The New Republic. \$1.

MR. BURKE'S extremely complex, interesting, and difficult treatise seems to have two principal aims. The first is to coordinate all the attacks which have been made upon the absolute validity of the neutral or scientific conception of truth; the second is to defend on the basis of this radical skepticism the ideology of communism. The effort may seem to be somewhat paradoxical, but whatever one may think of the final conclusions there can be no question as to the acuteness of many of the author's observations. Whatever else he may do or fail to do, he provides some 350 pages of strenuous intellectual exercise.

Logically the argument begins with Bentham's discussion of the neutral, or scientific, versus the weighted vocabulary. In any argument we may, as Bentham pointed out, beg the question by calling the things we like and the things we do not like by names associated with a favorable or unfavorable judgment based upon habit, prejudice, or the conventional judgment of our social group. It therefore becomes the duty of science to cultivate a colorless or unweighted vocabulary, and, indeed, much of the intellectual effort of the nineteenth century was spent in trying to achieve such a neutral vocabulary, by means of which scientific argument could be freed from the influence of emotional factors. Against this tendency, however, the poet rebelled because he soon realized that all literature depends for its effect upon the very weighted vocabulary which the scientist despises, and more recently many abstract thinkers have tended to take the poet's side. Not only the poetry but the entire culture—in the broad anthropological sense—of any group depends largely upon that complex of values and points of view which Mr. Burke calls its "perspective," and which is the source of the weighting of any word. To refuse absolutely to accept that perspective is to destroy the shape of the culture and—since social man cannot exist long in a cultural vacuum—to prepare for a new perspective.

To Mr. Burke most nineteenth-century thought was of this destructive kind. Perhaps its most characteristic form

is the effort to achieve what he calls "perspective by incongruity," and of this Darwin's classification of man as one of the anthropoids is a typical example because, while he used an ostensibly neutral vocabulary, he was in actual fact violating the whole perspective of the race, which took the uniqueness of man as fundamental, and he was, by implication at least, proposing a radically different one. What is true of Darwin is also true, in different degrees, of thinkers as various in importance and direction as Bergson, Nietzsche, and Oscar Wilde. But as soon as one has become thoroughly accustomed to radical changes in perspective one begins to think in a different way about the nature and functions of the perspective itself. If any one of several perspectives results in a thoroughly consistent conception of man and the universe, then the suspicion naturally arises that no one is true or false in an absolute sense.

The whole universe, moral as well as physical, then becomes not an external reality of which man may form a more or less true picture, but—so far at least as man can know—something whose shape he influences by the way in which he looks at it. And here the moral or social philosopher approaches the most radical of the new physicists. Social or moral theories, like scientific hypotheses, become metaphors or fictions, and the possibility of establishing any absolute identity between an external reality and any one of them becomes extremely remote.

Mr. Burke seems to me most telling as well as most skeptical in those sections where he applies this attitude to the criticism of certain current formulations and where, despite his own communistic leanings, he makes clear how little there is to choose between them as long as one maintains a strictly neutral attitude. Especially remarkable are his comparisons of the metaphor by means of which the Freudians interpret everything in terms of sex repressions with the metaphor by means of which the Marxians see everything as the product of a class struggle. Equally interesting is his analysis of a passage from John Strachey; here Mr. Burke points out that the endless chain of reactions in which an economic change produces a new ideology and a new ideology produces an economic change may be thought of as beginning with either one of the two kinds of links, and that upon the arbitrary choice of this beginning depends the answer to the question whether economic conditions or "ideas" are the ultimate cause of the series of changes.

Up to this point in the argument it remains profoundly skeptical, and for all Mr. Burke's elaborate logicity it is doubtful whether the transition from such skepticism to affirmation can possibly be made without a long leap across a chasm which no intellectualizing can bridge. However, the argument, much simplified, seems to be this: Society must either choose or have thrust upon it a "perspective" or a fiction. That of the nineteenth century was destroyed at the same time that the nineteenth-century economic order was collapsing, and Mr. Burke has determined to choose the communist fiction. It is to him (if not to most communists, who certainly stress the "scientific" aspect) essentially poetic and ethical as opposed to the capitalist perspective, which emphasizes the material. Its vocabulary is not neutral and does not pretend to be, but it might, conceivably at least, form the basis of the kind of society in which he would most like to live.

Mr. Burke does not give, and in this sort of treatise doubtless does not need to give, any idea of the means by which this particular fiction is to be imposed upon mankind as a whole. More importantly however, he does—or so it seems to me—occasionally fall into certain ambiguities of his own in the course of making the transition from skepticism to affirmation. "A sound system of communication, such as lies at the roots of civilization, cannot," he says, "be built upon a structure of economic warfare. It must be economically,

as well as spiritually, communistic—otherwise the wells of sociality are poisoned." Now is this intended as a neutral or as a poetic statement? If the former, it must be pointed out that "sound," "warfare," and "poisoned" are heavily weighted words which could be replaced by such neutral, or oppositely weighted, ones as "of the particular sort I am talking about" for "sound," "competition" for "warfare," and "influenced" or "affected" for "poisoned." If it is a poetic one, then it seems hardly worth while to go through such an elaborate analysis of the different kinds of statements when one is going to make, at a crucial moment, the very simplest, or rather the most naturally human, kind which it is possible to make. And that suggests a conclusion with which the author would probably be willing to agree: If the communist perspective actually comes to be accepted it will not be chiefly because intellectuals have arrived by a tortuous route at the conclusion that the acceptance of a fiction is intellectually justifiable, but because many simple men who never heard of "weighted" or "neutral" vocabularies will accept the fiction in the same whole-hearted way that the fictions of Christianity or of patriotic nationalism were accepted.

I should, moreover, like to ask one further question. If all our intellectual formulations are in the nature of fictions, then must not this theory of fictions be itself a fiction?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Perfect Life

Taps at Reveille. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH it is one of the most obvious statements that can be made of any novelist, it has never exactly been pointed out about Scott Fitzgerald that what he is principally concerned with in all his novels and tales is character. "She was a fine girl—one of the best," remarks the hero of one of the stories in this collection, of the wife who has abandoned him to follow her own career. "She had character." All the important personages in the book have character, or are trying to have character, or have irretrievably lost their character. Whether the emphasis is on achievement or struggle or failure the theme is one and the same. Whatever may be their age or sex or background all of them are sooner or later confronted, like the adolescent Basil Lee, with the vision of "the perfect life." This rambunctious Middle Western schoolboy, whose inner gyrations occupy the first story in the volume, is the father of the chastened hero of *Babylon Revisited*, which is the last. Of course neither Basil nor his feminine counterpart, the precociously scandalous Josephine, is presented in any earnestly moralistic fashion; their adolescent crises are more often a source of amusement than of edification; but what gives to their histories a direction and finally a meaning is their common effort at some sort of personal regeneration. In the other stories, which deal with people adult at least in years, the theme is naturally treated with a more becoming gravity. *Babylon Revisited*, one of the best of them, deals with the not quite successful attempt of a reformed survivor of the Paris pleasure front of the twenties to wrest custody of his child from skeptical relatives. The *Last of the Belles*, as the title may suggest, is the record of a young Northerner's gradual recovery from the narcotic influences of the romantic South. In the somewhat melodramatic *Family in the Wind* a middle-aged country doctor emerges triumphantly from a long season with the bottle. The gink-colored twilight of Hollywood film-colony receptions supplies the atmosphere for another such drama of self-conquest in *Crazy Sunday*. In the strangest of all the tales, *A Short Trip*

Home, Mr. Fitzgerald's obsession drives him to the frankly allegorical: the sinister Joe Varland, hanger-on of pool-rooms and tracker of women, is the almost abstract embodiment of evil. Indeed, the only exception to the generalization that has been made is the slight and ineffective Night of Chancellorsville, which would seem to prove that Mr. Fitzgerald is interesting only when he is at grips with the problem of character.

Now the problem of character, which is first and last the moral problem, is not popular with many of the writers and readers of contemporary fiction; it has been relegated to that class of quaint antiquities which includes Malthusianism and the Boston rocker. The reasons for this are obvious enough and need not be rehearsed; but the consequences for fiction have become increasingly more overwhelming during the past two book seasons. For the area of moral conflict, the area which most of the older novelists chose as their terrain, has been substituted the vast, the unchartable, the uncontrollable ocean of the sensibilities. As the tide rises the flood threatens to carry all before it—readers along with writers. The inheritors of the Joycean dispensation, unencumbered by the self-wrought bonds of aesthetic discipline which restrained the master, are intent on submerging the universe. What used to be called character has dissolved in the confused welter of uncoordinated actions, sensations, impressions, and physico-chemical reactions which currently passes for the art of fiction.

Mr. Fitzgerald, in his persistent concentration on "those fine moral decisions that people make in books," is fundamentally, therefore, a rather old-fashioned sort of story-teller. He has more in common, let us say, with George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad than with any of the more prominent members of his own generation. One should not be misled by the strong sense of the *Zeitgeist* reflected in his choice of subjects and characters. Although the experience is as contemporary as that of Faulkner or of Hemingway, the focus on the experience is very different, and the technique that is the result of this focus is different. It is not experience *qua* experience that is important but the ordering of experience, the arrangement of experience according to some scheme of developing moral action. This is the reason why Mr. Fitzgerald in even his worst lapses, such as the story called Majesty, is always able to sustain a certain interest, to provide the kind of interest that we are accustomed to receive from prose narrative.

The observation that Mr. Fitzgerald is one of the few American writers still occupied with character, and that this is responsible for the distinction of form and technique in his writing, is not equivalent to a definitive evaluation of that writing as a whole. It is of course a temptation to say that stories like *The Last of the Belles* and *Babylon Revisited* are worth a half-dozen novels of more pretentious length and substance published this season. It is the same sort of temptation that has caused certain critics, grateful that anything possessing so many of the features of a great work of fiction could be written in America, to speak of "The Great Gatsby" as if it were "Madame Bovary" or "War and Peace." But while Mr. Fitzgerald is excellent in tracing the vacillating curve of character in his works, his standard or criterion of character itself is not always easily to be determined. Sometimes it would seem to be the manliness of a Yale football captain, sometimes the innocence of a Middle Western debutante, sometimes no more than the ability to conform to the mores of respectable middle-class society. Especially from *A Short Trip Home* does one derive the impression that evil is always to be found in poverty-stricken back alleys downtown, and goodness always in the warmly opulent mansions of Summit Avenue. The vision of evil is that of the adolescent suddenly frightened by the glimpse of the great impersonal continent outside the frosted window-panes of the Twentieth Century Limited. The moral

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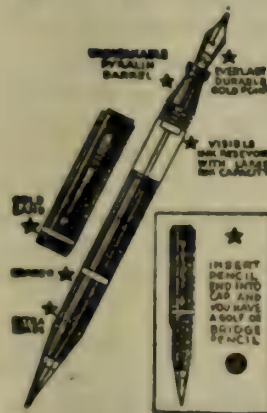
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interest in all these stories is acute, but the moral vision is vague and immature. If Mr. Fitzgerald could enlarge his vision to correspond to his interest, he would do much both for his own reputation and for the amelioration of current American fiction writing.

WILLIAM TROY

General Hullabaloo

The Blue Eagle from Egg to Earth. By General Hugh S. Johnson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

THE case of General Johnson is a case of arrested emotional adolescence. He moves and has his being within a certain image of himself. In his own eyes he is a two-fisted, warm-hearted, hard-hitting, impulsive fighting man and all that. His friends, to whom he is loyal unto death, are of course equally straight shooters. His enemies are invariably scheming, soft, and sneaky. In short, the General is his own ideal of a he-man. And of course he is tough as hell. "I am . . . impulsive and full of sins and bad habits," he boasts. As a matter of fact the General is really a good boy at heart, amazingly industrious, and for all his inde-goddam-pendence essentially mindful of the interests of big business. Of course with his psychology he was bound to grow up a picturesque soldier of fortune rather than a plodding careerist. But paradoxically, like the wholesome cadet he is, he had no ups and downs. At the age of thirty-five, without any special pull, he was a brigadier. He is also an engineer, a lawyer, a Phi Beta Kappa, and a *Doctor Juris*; a good deal of a grind for such a tough guy. And he has been a big-business executive and a sort of glorified economic research valet to "Barney" Baruch, the Wall Street gambler who got out with enough to become one of our Great Economic Thinkers.

Personally I suspect that the General's two-fistedness is confined to the negative fact that he is no puritan and to the possession of a forceful and very happy vulgar style which gives him a lot of journalistic It. His vituperative epithets are particularly colorful, felicitous, and learned in allusion, though as a student of the vituperative art I wonder just what overstimulates his affection for the banal metaphor of the rear end of a horse. But be that as it may, his line—direct and dirty—endured him to the "corps of correspondents" the moment he began his job as the Paul Whiteman of the NRA. And it was the press which enlarged to national proportions his own picture of himself as a sort of industrial lion-tamer.

And now the General goes and spoils it all. For in this *Apologia pro Nira Mea* he reveals himself as simply the Sancho Panza of the New Deal. He prefaces his book with what he obviously considers a characteristic childhood story. Way back in 1886, at the age of four, he got into a fight with other kids—no doubt a lot of future Donald Richbergs and Fannie Perkinses. Then, as now, he lost. And as he backed up to the parental front door he cried copiously but yelled defiantly, "Everybody in the world's a Rink-Stink but Hughie Johnson and he's all right." And then the General naively adds, "Perhaps NRA and this book had its antecedents." If "perhaps," then why does the General print his childhood remark on the fly-leaf as the text of his autobiography? There is no perhaps about it. The book is a logical progression from the little boy in tears yelling defiance to the brigadier in tears yelling defiance. The tough *hombre* just can't take it. He used to run to Mom. Now he runs to Barney Baruch. And this is the cry-baby whom the Administration sent out to muss up a really tough and dangerous demagogue like Huey Long.

The General's thinking is particularly soft. The book is full of contradictions. He is for both the vertical union and the craft union; "both are necessary." He interprets Section

7-a, which clearly and unequivocally gives labor the right to organize, as labor's right to join a company union if it so wishes. He wanted the NRA to reduce unemployment, to raise wages, and yet to keep prices from sky-rocketing—a synthesis which is plain silly. In fact, he thinks that the NRA under his administration was a great experiment in industrial democracy which actually improved conditions. I don't know where the General gets his figures, but the fact is that the real weekly earnings of industrial labor fell toward the end of his administration, that the number of unemployed increased, that the relief rolls mounted, and that the only thing that was getting out of the depression was the profits of big business. The General is strong for all the contradictions in our economy. He is for capital; he is for labor; and he is especially devoted to the economically non-existent general public. His strategy, strange for a military expert, was to rush off rapidly in all directions. The General's favorite indictment of Donald Richberg is that he "has ants in his pants"—a statement that I would be the last man to deny. I would only add that judging by the General's behavior as Recovery Administrator, I could have sworn, by gad, that *he* had wasps in his underwear.

But even more naive than the General's economics is his judgment of men. He is convinced that a small group of "economic statesmen" could solve our whole industrial problem, and especially our labor problem, in a jiffy. And here is his list of economic statesmen: Gerard Swope, Walter Teagle, Louis Kirstein, Walter Chrysler, William Irwin, John Lewis, Ed McGrady, Sidney Hillman, George Berry, and Mike McDonough. This list, especially of the industrialists, is an almost perfect representation of the gentry who got us exactly where we are. Gerard Swope, one of the most unctuous "liberal" industrialists in this country, is a pioneer company unionist, and his notorious Swope Plan is as nearly a fascist document as American industry has yet produced. Walter Teagle of the Standard Oil, who to General Johnson is "a big man, conscientious in the extreme—considerate, able, and loyal," is the gent who read a confidential paper to his fellow-tycoons on how to smash organized labor in this country while he was a member of the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA. As an economist, Walter Chrysler is our leading garage mechanic. George Berry, president of the printing pressmen, came all the way from Tennessee to New York City to break a strike of his own men on the metropolitan newspapers. As for John Lewis, who is no doubt a hard and able man, his whole history in the United Mine Workers is a history of reactionary leadership. The only person on this list who knows his way about in our economic system is Sidney Hillman.

The fact is that the General has never thought through to the economic foundations of our society. He has no conception of the social forces which are racking it. In a time which calls for disciplined thought and real knowledge, he is rambunctiously naive and militantly ignorant. For years, he tells us, he and Barney Baruch—one of the shrewdest and hence most dangerous ignoramuses in our public life—have been doping out the NRA as an instrument of economic democracy. It seems never to have occurred to the General that, in our economy, the NRA was bound to be merely a price-fixing apparatus, no matter how noisy the accompanying humanitarian ballyhoo; and that this apparatus was bound to get into the control of those very interests which got us into the depression. The one thing that the General, with his big-business background, neither can nor wants to understand is that the function of any instrument such as the NRA must be to recapture the control of scarcity, which American capitalism lost during the crazy speculative overexpansion of the twenties.

"A holy thing," the General calls the NRA. And so it is. A holy racket!

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Agony Under Fascism

Fatherland. By Karl Billinger. With a Foreword by Lincoln Steffens. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

KARL BILLINGER is the pseudonym of a young German Communist who witnessed his party driven underground in 1933, who was hunted during the first months of the Hitler regime by the *Führer's* secret police, who, like tens of thousands of other German revolutionaries, was captured and sent via a torture house to a concentration camp, and who upon release eight months later resumed his party work and wrote this book, which is the story of the first year of the Third Reich as he experienced it. The book is probably the best of its kind, and one is grateful to the publishers for bringing it out in the United States at this time, for it not only very effectively describes the Hitler terror against the Communists, Social Democrats, and Jews and gives the general atmosphere in Germany in 1933, but also offers a powerful and blood-chilling suggestion of what is likely to happen in America, or in sections of America, when (or if) we develop political fascism here in addition to the economic fascism which we already have in large measure. This book, it seems to me, is the best sort of ammunition to be used in the fight against fascism. Those who are opposed to fascism and do not believe that it is inevitable in this country can do no better, I think, than to buy a dozen copies of "Fatherland" and pass them out to people who are on the verge of accepting the idea of the necessity of some form of fascism in the United States.

Billinger, whoever he may be, is an excellent writer, fortunate in his unnamed American translator. The book is smoothly flowing narrative written with great emotional control and intellectual restraint. It reads as easily as a well-written novel. In the first chapter he tells how with the seizure of power by Hitler and Göring the fatherland suddenly turned into an alien land for most revolutionaries and Jews. The change of the Communist Party of Germany from the legal to the underground status was a matter of extreme personal and social agony. "Every day comrades were being dragged off, manhandled, murdered. Police trucks sped through the streets, carrying workers under arrest to the torture chambers of Hedemann- and Friedrichstrasse. We grew accustomed to the idea that sooner or later the same fate would overtake us." And as one reads on, the feeling grows that being in a torture chamber was little worse than walking in the streets of Berlin. To salute the swastika at times was worse than the idea of being systematically tortured by sadistic Brown Shirts. One day Billinger caught sight of a approaching procession of Nazi nurses, carrying banners.

Without stopping to think, I turned my back on it and walked in the opposite direction, only to face four Brown Shirts crossing toward me from the other side of the street. "Trying to get out of it?" said one. "Arm up! And now . . .?" "Heil Hitler!" I said. I could have spit at myself as I strode past the procession with arm uplifted.

Finally Billinger was caught and taken to the Columbia torture house.

They beat my head with their fists till I fell down unconscious. When I came to, they were kicking me furiously. I tried to stand up. They knocked me down again and left me lying on the floor. . . . In a moment I lay, stripped from the waist down, across a table. Four men held me; three others flogged me. At the first lash I thought I should leap to the ceiling. My whole body contracted convulsively. Against my will I let out a shrill cry. The second stroke, the third, the fourth—not quickly but at measured intervals, spaced so as to keep me from losing consciousness, to make certain that my nerves would

He walked alone



Hundreds of babies were named after him, but he never stooped to kiss one of them; and though thousands of men believed for many years that he would be and should be President of the United States, he scorned to reach for that office—

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register each blow in all its agonizing pain. I was aware of but one racking desire—to be dead, to be dead, to be dead, and have this over, finished, done. My body did not seem to belong to me any more. After ten or twelve lashes I felt the blows only as dull detonations in my head. I no longer had the strength to cry out. . . . One of the men poured a pitcher of water over my head to render me fit for further treatment. Then they started afresh. . . . What kept me from suicide during those hours was neither courage nor cowardice, neither the thought of my wife nor of my mother. It was the realization that within those four walls 500 prisoners were sharing my fate. It was my sense of unity with the staunch party workers. They stood it—I could stand it too.

From the torture house he was sent, with hundreds of other prisoners, to a concentration camp, where this process of *Gleichschaltung*—"coordination"—continued. The chapters dealing with this phase of Billinger's experience are the most interesting. He tells of escapes of prisoners, their captures and ensuing horrors, the special humiliation inflicted upon the Jews, the struggle in the camp for a united front between the Communists and Social Democrats, the growing discontent of the Brown Shirts, which led to the June 30 purge, the increasing tendency of the Hitler mercenaries to fraternize with their revolutionary prisoners. The two final chapters deal with Billinger's release from the concentration camp and his return to illegal revolutionary activity. He ends on a note of complete confidence in the rightness and the ultimate victory of his cause.

LOUIS ADAMIC

The Significance of Sections

The United States, 1830-1850. By Frederick Jackson Turner. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.50.

STRICTLY speaking, Turner's conception of "the significance of sections" is not a structural interpretation of American history such as appears in his argument on the formative influences of the frontier. Rather it is a technique of approach. He insists, as he says in this second posthumous volume, that "generalizations upon the United States as a whole, in the absence of a survey of changes in the separate sections, would be misleading."

Here he has built up a detailed synthesis of the forces at work in each of the six well-defined sections in the era from 1830 to 1850, with a distributed stress on every front, political, economic, social, educational, personal—as among leaders—and even the artistic and literary, though for the most part these last are only lightly sketched. Once more he shows a sensitive consciousness of geographical contours, of the "fall line," of limestone rims, the "oak opening," but he never relaxes into the picturesque, and he has used almost none of that sweep of generalization for which he is famous, and which has become an important if difficult and controversial part of our contemporary study of American history. Turner worked on this book for fifteen years; it remains unfinished. "A mind too keen for finality, a spirit too eager for cold print, a pioneer pressing ever outward beyond established trails," as Professor Craven says in his introduction, he would "probably never have completed this volume—at least to his own satisfaction." The chapter on the Taylor Administration and the Compromise of 1850 was unwritten at the time of his death, and other chapters were to have been revised. But he had made a draft of his summary, which draws the book to a natural close.

As if in reply to recent challenges Turner has given here abundant evidence that he was far from disregarding the cultural influence of the seaboard states and of Europe upon the West. It is his buoyant optimism, in itself often so engaging,

rather than an overstress upon the frontier, which seems the unsound factor in his use of certain historical materials. He could not quite accept any idea of an impairment of a grand national destiny. He indicates the rise of economic classes and the development of imperialism and monopoly, but apparently he could not bring himself to give these full place. It would seem that he could not consider land settlement without a rise of spirit. In consequence he strangely overlooked ugly accompanying circumstances.

In the removal of the five tribes from their lands in the South under Jackson, Turner saw only that desirable new territory had been opened to white settlers. He comments with enthusiasm upon the rapidity with which this was developed, passing over the fact that the Indians themselves, particularly the Cherokees, had left behind them well-built homes, agricultural implements, and land partially under cultivation, and that there was deep injustice both in their removal and in the failure to provide for its proper completion. He refers to the speculative seizure of timber lands in Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and of the copper country in Michigan, but his allusions are brief, there is no weighing of effects; he makes no reference backward to the early rise of speculation in this country or to the presence of the speculator on all frontiers. There is no mention of the fact that Jackson himself had been a land speculator or of the internal drama in Tennessee on the general question during his administrations. Surely the issue of speculation with its attendant evils was a major issue in this period and must eventually be handled on a parity with nullification, slavery, and changes in the financial system, indeed as inextricably interwoven with these.

Yet this volume remains as a rich body of reference, a guide, a pace-maker. By his fresh syntheses of complex sectional materials Turner has proved the validity of the sectional approach. His work may be challenged further, as that of any vital thinker is likely to be, but it will be a pity if in a rapid iconoclasm the singular breadth of his contributions is forgotten. He stated a great number of significant questions for American historians. He defined and illustrated a highly productive technique, and he formulated one of the salient generalizations of our time, as to the frontier, a thesis whose bearings have not yet been completely explored.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Poetry of Fastidiousness

Selected Poems of Marianne Moore. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

MISS MOORE conceives the hero as one who follows his bent: "Where there is personal liking we go." For more than a score of years she has been heroic according to her lights; she has gone on perfecting her highly individual style of poetry until it seems at last to have received the utmost possible finish. The total output is slender in bulk: this volume of a hundred-odd pages contains all the poems that she wishes to preserve, and of these only a handful have been written since her "Observations" appeared in 1924.

From the first her poetry has been marked by a sense of the right word, by erudition, much of it curious, by a demolishing wit, and by an ability to link the most disparate things in a telling metaphor. To the careless reader her poems are difficult, not, as with some contemporary verse, because of wilful syntax, allusiveness, or subjective associations, but because they make nicer discriminations than most of us are accustomed to. The layman must be trained to see more than a blur through the microscope or the telescope, and she uses both instruments.

In the Introduction—which is noteworthy as one of his few comments of any length on his contemporaries—T. S.

Eliot classifies Miss Moore's poetry as descriptive rather than lyrical or dramatic. He treats her as an imagist who starts by presenting a visual pattern, in order to "set in motion an expanding succession of concentric feelings."

The visual imagery supplies much of the charm of her verse, although by itself it would serve merely to stamp her as a good painter *manqué*. She is sensitive not only to delicate tones of color, to "frog grays, duck-egg greens, and egg-plant blues," but also to design:

Your hair, the tails of two fighting-cocks
Head to head in stone—
Like sculptured scimitars repeating
The curve of your ears in reverse order. . . .

There is, further, the art of the illustrator, who sees the Spaniards "among the feather capes and hawk's-head moths and black-chinned humming-birds."

If this were all, one would have to conclude that Miss Moore was doing as well as possible what poetry at best can do less well than painting, and refer her to Lessing's Laocoon. The visual image, however, is not presented for its own sake alone: together with imagery from the other "external" senses, it is used to evoke a physiological balance that is, in the last analysis, muscular. All the arts, in their several ways, aim at this; and when, as rarely happens, they achieve it to a high degree, it constitutes, on the subjective side, the structure of the work. Possession of such structure makes the difference between Cézanne's organization of masses and the flatter patterns of Matisse and Picasso; it gives Miss Moore's verse a firmness that is lacking in the decorative designs of the early imagists.

This poetry has been called cerebral, but Miss Moore's cerebrum is in the service of her cerebellum, which, according to the physiologists, is the organ governing our bodily equilibrium. This is probably the reason why most of her recent poems are about supple creatures that exhibit in action a particularly delicate rhythmic poise. She makes us feel what it would be like to be inside each creature with its own set of muscular tensions. There is the swan "with gondoliering legs," the frigate pelican soaring in a "reticent lugubrious ragged immense minuet," the plummet basilisk swimming

with wide water-bug strokes,
in jerks which express
a regal and reticent awkwardness.

In her later work, what was an incidental device has become a central preoccupation; she might be said, without great exaggeration, to have developed a kinesthetic religion. The net result has been a gain. Some of the earlier poems were a bit too rarefied to be altogether satisfying, and they gave off a faint dust of the library and the museum. But her interest has shifted, to paraphrase Miss Moore herself, from conscious to unconscious fastidiousness. In Critics and Connoisseurs, the poem which clearly marks the transition, she pays homage to Ming products, but states a preference for a

mere childish attempt to make an imperfectly ballasted
animal stand up,
similar determination to make a pup
eat his meat from the plate.

Likewise, in The Jerboa, she rejects all the ponderous treasures of Rome and Egypt for a glimpse of the little African sand-rat, whose "leaps should be set to the flageolet."

Although she retains her dour intelligence and her episcopal manner, the later work cannot be reproached with frigidity; nor can she be accused of making a poem that is a pastiche of choice quotations. Her work has come out of doors and gone quiveringly alive. Each of the recent poems, like a picture

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by the *douanier* Rousseau, is a stylized jungle, the product of a tropical imagination rigorously pruned.

For these reasons and others, Mr. Eliot's statement that Miss Moore's poems are among the few written in our time which promise to endure seems altogether just. His statement that they release the "major emotions" is more disputable. But one finds here and there, if not a major emotion, at least the paradigm of one; and it would be ungrateful to carp at poetry which has obvious limitations but few imperfections. She herself has summed it up with genius: here are, truly, "imaginary gardens with real toads in them."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Country of Youth

Soviet Journey. By Louis Fischer. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

"EVERYTHING I write I know because I have seen and heard it myself," states Louis Fischer, and on reading "*Soviet Journey*" one is impelled to believe him. His dispassionate reports, expressed in grams and liters, of typical workers' meals throughout the country put to shame the lurid and unbiased reports of a certain great newspaper chain. But "*Soviet Journey*" is not a book of figures. It is a living human description of a warm and lovable people. It takes us into their lives and makes them real. It gives the ~~emphasis~~ to that barrage of dinner-table questions which harass every returned traveler from the Soviet Union.

Mr. Fischer shows us a childlike, progressive, eager people who listen to lectures on blast furnaces on their days of rest, who jump from towers in parachutes for fun, who volunteer hours of shoveling to speed the work on the new Moscow subway, who discuss Marxian dialectics while making love, and who proudly eat "machine ice cream," because anything mechanized is supposed to be better. "*Soviet Journey*" takes us into factories and villages, to the vineyards in the Caucasus, to the largest Soviet dam, to farms and through palaces. And what palaces! Palaces turned into rest homes where factory workers play games in the gardens once enjoyed only by the aristocrats; palaces used as hospitals; palaces turned into crèches and full of romping white-uniformed children; palaces transformed into museums. Here are people who really go to those museums, who really take an interest in the pictures housed there. These Bolsheviks in Mr. Fischer's book not only study paintings, but they go to the opera and read books by the millions, actually by the millions. American authors who put large slices of their lives into a book to find that only a few thousand copies move slowly out of their publishers' stockrooms, will read with envy the complaint in the Moscow *Izvestia* that there was "no use publishing children's books in editions of 250,000. They disappeared in three days from the bookstalls in the larger cities, and the provinces never saw them." During this current year the Children's Book Publishing House will print 300 to 400 titles in 300,000,000 volumes. The story of Chukovsky, a popular children's writer, is indicative of how far the demand exceeds the supply in this land of book-hungry people. "He tells, he actually acts this story," writes Mr. Fischer.

They come in on tip-toe and whisper: "If it weren't for the children, we would of course never, believe us, never. . . . Only for the sake of the little ones. . . ."

Abashed, I reach for my purse.

"Please, no, no. We ourselves will pay all."

Their faces show suffering. Their eyes beg.

"We have our own paper," they whisper, "we will only make a copy, only a copy."

I felt myself drawn into a conspiracy. And then the secret comes out. These visitors to Leningrad from the

distant Volga want to make copies of some of Chukovsky's children's books which are sold out. All over the country one will find manuscript copies of his works and of other books for the young.

Since the demand for workers as well as for books is far greater than the supply, there is in Russia no incentive for keeping women out of gainful labor. In blast furnaces, behind drill presses, at the controls of locomotives one sees the attractive ruddy type of girlhood shown so interestingly in Julian Bryan's photographic illustrations for this book—such as the girl surveyor in Theater Square and the robust bun-vendor.

In Mr. Fischer's amusing description of the divorce and marriage bureau, a young married couple living in non-marital harmony share with each other reports of their extra-marital adventures. They have come to the divorce court to arrange for alimony, which is collectable by the woman from a lover by whom she has had a child—Soviet law makes no distinction between wed and unwed fathers. As Mr. Fischer, whose own children are growing up in Soviet schools, writes: "The Bolsheviks have failed to discover a method where embryos can choose their parents, but parents must have the widest possible choice." He also tells us that on an occasion when he spanked his little boy the child announced solemnly, "There is no Soviet law which permits parents to strike their children."

Soviet Russia is a country of youth, a youth that has been tempered as that of no other country in the world has been.

Every Soviet man or woman under thirty-five is the complicated product of this checkered career [of the war, the revolution, the famine, the new industrial world being built under the Five-Year Plan]. . . . It gave them a taste for the heroic. They were sure the world could be changed because they had seen it turn upside down several times. Difficulties came and went . . . the individual was nothing—only collective effort achieved results. Misery spared no one, even as exaltation lifted everyone. Life was rich, hard, exciting. . . . Ten years from now, the generation that knew capitalism will have been pushed aside, and this new youth, the generation born after 1910, will be the master of Russia.

As I write, I am flying over the painted desert, and "*Soviet Journey*" conjures up Moscow in spite of mesas, craters, and canyons. Louis Fischer gets into his book something of that fascination that makes many tourists return to Russia year after year; he captures that spirit of endless change; he makes us follow with him the vital steps of that social and cultural progression wherein the "Bolsheviks are endeavoring to change the core of life itself."

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Dilemma on the Left

Chorus for Survival. By Horace Gregory. Covici-Friede. \$2.

MR. GREGORY'S scene is the contemporary mind with its idealized memories of the heroic and poetic past, with its ever-impinging images of a disintegrating economic structure. His rhythm is that best fitted to conversational speech as, through insistent and melancholy repetition, it becomes song. Not Eliot's broken and singly unforgettable statements, not MacLeish's somewhat decadent elongations of Eliot's cadences, but lines in which syntax, in itself simple and unpadded, fits a kind of inner chanting. Basically iambic pentameter, Gregory's rhythms, owing to his manipulation of line-length and closing rhyme, are excellent for the interior monologue or dialogue.

This is the poet's most personal book and in it he achieves his complete artistic maturity. His development has been consistent. In his first book, "*Chelsea Rooming House*," the

poems, though sometimes technically crude, express directly and freshly the poet's youthful awareness and hatred of the insignificance and monotony of modern city life. His second, "No Retreat," shows Mr. Gregory learning the mastery of his art, but it reflects the influence upon him of such poets as Eliot and Crane. This last collection of lyrics, all, in a way, related in theme, proves that he has learned perfect control of his medium and that he has integrated his thought.

The poems are dramatic only in that they present feeling welling up during the actual mechanical routine of daily living. They are narrative only of inner intensities, not of action. Each poem begins abruptly, in the middle, as thoughts do while a man walks down the street, feels his identity with other poets, recalls dead friends, talks imaginatively to his son who will inherit the future. Gregory, trained in the classics, in platonic idealism and its ebb tide, New England transcendentalism, intellectually comprehends the disintegrating present, perceives, running like a ribbon through the present, the intellectual and historical references of the past. Here, in his last book, he fuses, as he has always striven to fuse, past schemes of thought with present. Born of the American middle class and now in his early thirties, he reflects what is actually before us, the immediate chaos and confusion of belief, the alternately passing shadows of wars, fascism, and revolution. As an individual he knows that these strike terror and fear in him, drain him physically, exhaust him nervously. As a thinker and a believer he sees the present in which he must dwell as part of a great historical process, with the next step communism and, for the artist, new values and an audience that is today non-existent.

Eliot's defeat is that of the man who turns to the right, who prays for faith in the old, who is dead in the past. Gregory's defeat is that of a man who turns to the left, who prays for faith in the new, who fears, nevertheless, that he must die in the inchoate present. These two poets are polarized, but neither can absolutely affirm; both move intellectually toward something their emotions deny in them, toward ideas not easily communicated, because a universal audience, Catholic or communist, does not exist. Both have a sense that in this world they will be destroyed, be proved futile, save perhaps in the written word, that even here, in art, they may be denied complete expression. Eliot seeks belief in God through the church; Gregory seeks belief in the eternal vitality of creative human love, now giving birth to a new society. Both poets are split, intellectually and emotionally, both are worn by inner conflicts, but they face in exactly opposite directions. Gregory sees this and expresses it in his poem on Eliot and other expatriate artists. Gregory refuses those retreats he has seen such artists take, but he understands clearly the consequences today of undertaking to be both artist and thinking American caught in the economic struggle. Writing to his son he implies that the child may inherit the future in which his father believed.

Gregory's poetry, in other words, states perfectly the position in which many poets of his age find themselves. The new ideology is too new; it cannot grant the modern artist images and symbols with which to communicate. The old ideology is dead or dying. Subconsciously, however, we still return to its heroic proportions and perspectives even while we deride them.

"Chorus for Survival" is as religious a poem, in a sense, as is "Ash Wednesday." Its prayer is, "Tell us that love returns"—and by love Gregory means the urgency of life in human beings properly fulfilling their destinies. The prologue of this book announces this theme; the epilogue reiterates it:

Turn here, my son,
No longer turn to what we were
Build in the sunlight with strong men,

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UNTIL THE DAY I DIE and WAITING FOR LEFTY. Longacre Theater. Two plays by Clifford Odets. The second is a rousing tour de force based upon the taxi strike. The first is not much better than all the other anti-Nazi dramas.

Beyond our barricade
For even I remember the old war
And death in peace:
The neon sign "Success" across our foreheads.

Between are the beautiful lyrics, confessions of a distraught mind, a worn body, wearied twisted sensibilities, taut nerves, all of which characterize the better poets today.

And so this book brings us to the old problem. The very beautiful and authentic lyrics of this "Chorus" cannot easily be remembered, either for single lines or for longer passages. Their moods, however, are memorable. Their syntax and rhythms, simple but a little relaxed, nostalgic yet without pretense, recreate the poet's exact moods in the reader. But the lines lack the complete coherence, the violence, of passionate conviction. Is this true because today no single concept of society grants the artist the architecture for his feeling? So much poetry today is like two waves of light so transmitted that the trough of one is the peak of the other, and the result darkness. Feeling denies feeling, though each, in its turn, may be intense. We need a scheme of belief, one with a sufficient past to make it part of our blood and our nerves, one old enough to produce its physical scene at least in outline, to make its symbols universally comprehended. Poets have been able to project visions and utopias imaginatively, but only when the architecture of these was already part of a fairly general feeling. Horace Gregory's kind of prayer for revolution may be as far as we can go today toward any affirmation.

EDA LOU WALTON

Thunder in the East

Must We Fight in Asia? By Nathaniel Peffer. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

TO the complacent individual who assumes that the United States will never fight in the East "because our investments are too small," Mr. Peffer's latest book should be profoundly disturbing. For Mr. Peffer does not hedge, qualify, or speculate on remote possibilities. He believes that war is inevitable unless we change our ways, and he leaves no uncertainty as to the basis for his prediction.

The dynamic factor which has destroyed the traditional calm of the Pacific is, of course, the spectacular rise of Japan. Having broken loose from the thralldom of a static, primitive social economy and adopted the technology of the West, it has leaped almost overnight from obscurity to a position among the great powers of the world. To maintain and strengthen its newly won industrial preeminence, ever-expanding markets and an assured source of raw materials are essential. These can only be obtained in China. For nearly forty years the Japanese have resorted to every known device, political, financial and military, to extend their influence over their continental neighbor. Economically weak, politically and socially disorganized, China's resistance to Japanese encroachment has necessarily been feeble. The European powers, already glutted with colonies, have tended to bow to Japan rather than risk an unprofitable conflict. Only the United States and Soviet Russia have stood in the way of Japan's aspirations.

Mr. Peffer is uncertain as to which of these countries is the greatest enemy of the Japanese military clique. The sources of friction between Japan and the Soviet Union are many and deep-seated. As long as the Soviets control the Maritime Province and retain their influence in Outer Mongolia, Japanese penetration of China is strategically unsafe. Recognizing this fact and fearing to delay in the face of the growing strength of the Soviet Union, Japan might choose to attack immediately rather than wait until it has finished its expansion.

in China. Should Japan triumph in such a war, it would immediately attempt to assume hegemony over the entire East—a step that would bring it into direct conflict with the United States. Should the Soviet Union win, all China would go communist, to the great embarrassment of the Western powers.

If a Soviet-Japanese conflict is averted, it merely means, according to Mr. Pepper, that the United States must assume the responsibility for stemming the tide of Japanese imperialism. To support this contention he shows that the underlying current of American policy for nearly a century has been toward expansion in the East. We have not been motivated so much by a desire to protect our stake in the East—which has never been large—as by the hope of obtaining a vastly larger trade in the future. Our policy has been born not of greed but of necessity. As long as the capitalist system is retained in the United States, surpluses will develop, and to deny them an outlet is to destroy the very motive force by which the system operates.

This argument is not a new one, nor is its application particularly original. But it reveals an understanding of the basic forces in present-day political and economic life which is all too frequently lacking in contemporary writing on international affairs. We are committed to an imperialist policy in the East, not because of any malicious desire to swallow up China, but because our economic system demands expansion if it is to function at anything approaching capacity. Japan must likewise expand for precisely the same reasons. This does not mean that a clash between the two is inevitable. The social order, as Mr. Pepper points out, is neither eternal nor immutable. A solution of our domestic economic problems would automatically relieve the pressure on our frontiers. Unfortunately, Mr. Pepper is extremely vague as to the precise nature of this solution. He advocates a redistribution of wealth, a collective control of production and finance, and an allocation of the production of goods; but does so in terms that are all but meaningless to the average reader. The result is that the latter is likely to be left with a comfortable feeling that, after all, there will be no war in the East. This, of course, is just the impression that Mr. Pepper sought not to give, and is the only serious weakness in an otherwise brilliant analysis.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Drama

The Battle of the Sexes

FOR several weeks the New York theater devoted itself exclusively to the problems of capital and labor. It seems, however, that in London they are still worrying about wives versus husbands and that the audiences there manifested considerable enthusiasm for a play called "The Dominant Sex" which has just been imported into the Cort Theater. I found it often shrewd and often amusing but also a bit old-fashioned, and I have been wondering just why.

Of course I know what the stock answer would be. Domestic squabbles are not really important and any playwright must seem old-fashioned who persisted in devoting his attention to the relation of individual to individual when he might be discussing the economic problems of society. This answer, however, does not satisfy me completely. Even in Marxian circles husbands and wives often quarrel over matters not touched upon in any party discipline, and most members of a typical Broadway audience have had more experience with the psychological maladjustments characteristic of bourgeois life than they have had with the problems of a strike committee. If it were merely a question of what comes home to our hearts and



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bosoms, then, I should be willing to maintain against all comers that such an audience is keeping closer to its most immediate problems when it attends the performance of a "bourgeois" play than when it applauds the, to it, remote decisions of a coal miner or a taxi driver. But there are more ways than one of being old-fashioned, and Michael Egan, the author of "The Dominant Sex," seems a bit behind the times for the simple reason that he insists upon discovering with an air of surprise things which his audience already knows.

Half a dozen tersely written scenes demonstrate his ability to illuminate the battle of the sexes and to reveal in amusing ways how the female of the species can go about her eternal business of being more deadly than the male. In one of them, which borders on farce, Helen Chandler is delightful as the wife who deliberately breaks up a business deal which she does not favor by flirting with her husband's prospective partner, and there are many moments when the audience is plainly divided into two groups, each saying to itself "How like a man," or "How like a woman." Mr. Egan, however, insists upon spoiling it all by doting his i's and crossing his t's in a manner which may have been necessary when Strindberg and Ibsen were introducing the public to their theses but which now seems heavy-handed when it is not positively fatuous. Few still believe that men and women can settle the problems of temperament by deciding to be very reasonable and very modern about everything. In fact, Mr. Egan seems to have set out to show just how silly it is to suppose that they can. But he loses his temper as well as his sense of humor in the process. The wife very plainly gets on his nerves and he mounts the rostrum to declaim against her. He settles what he had begun by saying was not really settleable and ends with a rousing scene in which he sacrifices the spirit of his own comedy to the pleasure of telling these modern women what he thinks of them.

No theme is too old for comedy. In fact it is the very old problems which are most suited to it, because it is only when we have given up hoping to solve a problem that we can examine it with the detached resignation which comedy demands and can bring ourselves to be amused by what we know cannot

be remedied. Mr. Egan, unfortunately, makes only an unsuccessful effort to achieve such resignation and spoils what might have been a very sprightly comedy by turning it into a very old-fashioned problem play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD is the author of "The Spirit of the Ghetto," "Types from City Streets," and other books.

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, now conducts a daily column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post*.

A. WILFRED MAY is an economist who has written extensively on financial subjects.

ERIC THANE is the pseudonym of a St. Paul journalist. GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS, editor and author, has been engaged in a first-hand investigation of the anthracite situation.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has recently published "An Anthology of Light Verse." He is now in England writing a book on life and manners in the eighteenth century.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, a New York journalist, is coauthor of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal."

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite," "Laughing in the Jungle," "The Native's Return," and "Grandsons."

CONSTANCE ROURKE is the author of "American Humor: A Study of the National Character," "Davy Crockett," and other volumes which deal with the American historical background.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and articles to various periodicals.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, well-known photographer, is the author of "Eyes on Russia."

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

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THE CHOICE before William Green, in settling with the rubber employers, was between a strike which would have been defeated and an election which would have been lost. Mr. Green refused to choose either and accepted a settlement which postpones elections for a year and rules out the strike for that period. Instead of a defeat he has, like many a hapless military commander, chosen surrender on terms. Under the circumstances it may have been a prudent decision. But it points the lesson that the generalship of the A. F. of L. has degenerated to the level of wresting concessions in surrender with no thought of victory. The chapter on rubber is the clearest account of A. F. of L. mismanagement written since the New Deal. It is even worse than the bungling of the organization in the steel and automobile industries. A year ago, as Louis Adamic has told our readers, the unions enrolled a large majority of the rubber workers. Thereupon the A. F. of L. imposed a long period of inaction, during which hearts were broken and union membership dwindled to a small minority. Mr. Adamic assumed that the A. F. of L. issued charters to the new industrial unions, not to build up a great mass movement but to keep one from growing. It could not have succeeded better had this been the conscious policy. The automobile and steel workers have been led up the alley, and now the spirit of the rubber workers has been so badly broken that the rank and file could not even protest effectively against the Green settlement.

THE TERMS conceded to Mr. Green in his surrender are dressed up as handsomely as possible. There are to be negotiations, and agreements are to be posted on the company bulletin boards. If negotiations fail, disputes are to be referred to a neutral board to be set up by the Secretary of Labor, and not until the decisions of this board are rejected by either side may there be strike or lockout. But the negligibility of this concession is seen in the fact that the unions will not negotiate for all the workers, and cannot now demand with any logic the right to negotiate for a majority. This was the real issue, as wages are not fundamentally in dispute. The majority no longer lies with the federal unions, and Mr. Green's demand that the companies should not finance their own unions was easily rejected. Miss Perkins cannot be criticized for this settlement. She conducted the negotiations with propriety, and has such credit as there is for having brought both sides together. She could not save the cause of industrial unionism, and it would have been improper for her to attempt to. Industrial unionism probably is beyond salvation anyway, unless the ideas of Sidney Hillman and John Lewis bear early fruit, and a new federation, created to dethrone the A. F. of L. from leadership of all but the small craft unions, gets swiftly to work to cure the deadening paralysis afflicting the organization of the key industries. It really matters little what happens to Section 7-a and the Wagner Labor Disputes bill unless labor finds some way to use its rights.

“COMPLAINANTS’ STRIKE was unsuccessful, and for that reason it is not incumbent upon the employer to reinstate the strikers in their former positions.” Such was the curious ruling of the Textile Labor Relations Board in its decision on the Ninety-Six (South Carolina) Cotton Mill case, a decision now upheld following an appeal of the United Textile Workers for a rehearing. Besides the 142 workers directly concerned, the ruling affects thousands of cotton-mill operatives still locked out in the sequel to the nation-wide textile strike last fall. Its paradoxical implication is that unless the workers are strong enough to win without relying on 7-a, the protection of that section will be denied them. It is true that in many cases the textile board has ordered the reinstatement of workers locked out since last year’s strike. Typical was the Byrum Hosiery Mills case. Here, as in the Ninety-Six case, the workers participated in a walkout that failed. But whereas the Ninety-Six mill hired strike-breakers as soon as the workers quit the looms, the Byrum Mills recruited a new staff only when the beneficiaries of the Winant recommendations sought to return to work. The lesson to employers eager to avoid the moral force of Section 7-a is plain: hire strike-breakers; win by force. For, as the board puts it, “the positions of complainants were filled while they were out on strike. The failure to reinstate them in their former positions was not due to their union activities but to the fact that others had been employed in their stead when they refused to return to their positions after being requested to do so, and no work was available for them after the strike was called off.”

THE BENIGN SANTA CLAUS that dwells in Washington has opened his bag again and granted the silver producers a 10 per cent increase in the bounty paid for that metal. Two years ago these hard-working gentlemen were getting less than 30 cents an ounce for silver. Today they are guaranteed 71 cents by an all-wise and good government, with the prospect of a further increase if they continue their exemplary conduct. Nor are the domestic silver producers the only ones to be rewarded. As a result of the government's buying program, the world price of silver has passed the 1926 level, to the benefit of American-owned mines in Mexico and South America. Even the dull eye of the *New York Times* seems to perceive the presence of a stranger in the woodpile. "Some observers," it delicately suggests, "profess to believe that the Administration's action was at least partly induced by influence from the silver states." The plain fact, of course, is that we are confronted with one of the most daring and unscrupulous raids on the federal treasury in the history of the country. Raising the price of silver aids no one except a handful of silver magnates and the fortunate few who happen to hold stock in one of the silver-producing companies. Not only do the rest of us have to dig in our pockets to pay these increased dividends, but all of us suffer indirectly from the chaos which our silver policy has created in China. The moral of this tale is obvious: Know what you want, organize, and then bring pressure on Washington until you get it.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S magnificent battle in behalf of legislative and Congressional reapportionment has ended in defeat thanks chiefly to the opposition of Tammany. At this writing there are indications that he will try again, perhaps in a special session of the legislature. We heartily congratulate him for his determination. Reapportionment has long been overdue. The legislative districts have not been reapportioned since 1917, and the Congressional districts not since 1911. In the intervening years there has been a shift of population in the state, especially in New York City, and the resulting injustice to the voters, from the point of view of representation in Albany and Washington, has been glaring. To cite an example, one state senator represents 256,440 voters in the Fourth District in Brooklyn, and another senator, with exactly the same power at the state capital, represents only 42,047 voters in the Twelfth District in Manhattan. The Dunnigan-Streit bill, which would do away with such inequalities, is, as Governor Lehman has said, "fair, sound, and equitable." But it would cut the Tammany crowd from nine senators to six and from twenty-three assemblymen to sixteen. Tammany politicians are not accustomed to voting themselves out of jobs, hence their violent attacks upon the bill on the spurious grounds of unfairness and unconstitutionality.

WHEN THE STATE DEPARTMENT insists that its refusal to extend tariff reductions to nations which discriminate against American exports is not a violation of the most-favored-nation principle, it may be technically accurate. But when it also insists that deliberate discrimination by the United States against offending foreign countries "is the opposite of retaliation" and indeed is a policy of "respectful and friendly approach," it is carrying the argument to the point of absurdity. The fact is that

most states have two tariff schedules, a high one for nations with which they have no special treaty arrangement and a lower one for those with which they have concluded reciprocity agreements. This system has hitherto been rejected by the United States on the ground that it was cumbersome and conducive to misunderstanding and friction. If the present Administration chooses to reverse the traditional policy it is at liberty to do so. But it is sheer hypocrisy to maintain that in setting up, in effect, two tariff schedules it is merely seeking to "implement" the most-favored-nation principle. The difficulty in which the State Department finds itself is a natural outgrowth of the attempt to reduce tariffs by reciprocal agreements. Once we come to look upon a reduction in tariff as a "concession" which is to be granted only in a *quid pro quo* arrangement, it is natural to look about for weapons to assist in the bargaining duel. The next step is almost certain to be a series of disputes over alleged discrimination which in the long run can only multiply and stiffen trade barriers. All of this could be avoided if the Administration would remember that the avowed purpose of its policy is to regain markets for our export trade. Since exports are dependent on imports, the widest extension of tariff reductions is clearly to our national interest.

THE RIGHT TO BE FOOLISH is inherent in democracy, and Charles R. Walgreen, who withdrew his niece from the University of Chicago because that institution is a "center of radical teaching," was amply exercising it. But when he sought to impose his views on the country by demanding an open hearing on his charges he was no longer a democrat. The safety of the University of Chicago is vested in better keeping than the man who, according to his biography in "Who's Who," was educated in high school and business college and operates 482 chain drug-stores in thirty-one states. The niece, Miss Lucile Norton, admits that no effort was made to teach her radical doctrine, but is quoted as saying that the university "is one of the best places there is to learn communism." One must assume that Uncle Charles learned about the university from Niece Lucile, and what he objects to is that she might have learned about communism had she wanted to. If the chain-store mind were not in the ascendancy, we should add Mr. Walgreen to our collection of Babbitts and pass on to other tasks with an amused heart. But this kind of joke might easily turn out to be at the expense of academic freedom, and we must be serious enough to commend President Hutchins for not being afraid of Mr. Walgreen and the students of the university for taking offense at his intrusion.

THE IMPORTANCE of the national student strike against war was enhanced rather than diminished by the rowdiness displayed by so-called "patriotic" students and their prototypes—the public authorities. Despite inclement weather, at least 150,000 students deserted their classrooms for an hour to protest against a future war in which they would be expected to be the chief victims. Unimpressed by the educational value of having students brought face to face with one of the primary problems of modern life, school and municipal authorities in many places attempted to prevent the demonstration. In New York City the majority of the high-school principals forbade students to leave their classrooms. In many other cities police arrested students for

distributing handbills urging support of the strike, and in some instances youths were confined to jail or fined for strike activity. The demonstrations in Seattle, Chicago, and Boston were attacked by bands of student hoodlums crying, "We want war," or "Down with peace." These hoodlums we can forgive because they merely constitute a pale reflection of that supreme expression of adult rowdiness which is war. But that men who have been intrusted with the education of our youth should short-sightedly seek to prolong infancy by prohibiting an expression of opinion on a matter that so intimately concerns youth is to our mind unforgivable. Nor is it true that such demonstrations are useless. The very zeal which the authorities exerted in trying to suppress them belies this assertion.

THE RECENT ADVENT of a Labor Government in Norway completes the circle of Socialist rule in Scandinavia. The spectacle of these three relatively prosperous kingdoms under the domination of the Second International is especially welcome on a continent that is rapidly being engulfed by fascist reaction. In the Nygaardsvold Cabinet, we have, moreover, for the first time in history a left-wing labor government taking power in a monarchy. Neither Herr Hansson in Sweden nor Herr Stauning in Denmark may in any sense be regarded as an extremist. Nor can this term properly be applied to Herr Nygaardsvold. But the Labor Party of Norway has long been considered the *enfant terrible* of socialism. Herr Tranmael, editor-in-chief of the *Arbeiderbladet*—the actual leader of the party—is spoken of as "half bolshevik" by the conservative leadership of the Second International. It is significant, therefore, that three of his intimate supporters were given important posts in the new Cabinet. The whole trend of socialism in Scandinavia is expected to be forced to the left by the influence of the more vigorous elements in this group.

WORKING in that indirect manner in which the Japanese so delight, the militaristic-nationalist clique in Japan has won a victory which may have far-reaching effects on the international as well as the domestic situation. The nationalists had been much disturbed by the growing influence of Kitokuro Ikki, president of the Privy Council, who heads the moderates in resisting an open fascist dictatorship. Baron Ikki had been transferred from the Imperial Household to his present influential position by Prince Saionji, last of the elder statesmen, as a strategic move to prevent Baron Hironuma, the fascist leader who is vice-president of the Privy Council, from succeeding to the presidency. In any other country the fascists would have launched a campaign of vilification against Ikki to get him removed from office. Not so in Japan. Nothing was said about that esteemed gentleman. Instead, a violent attack was directed against a certain Dr. Minobe, Japan's outstanding authority on constitutional law. It was charged that two of Dr. Minobe's books, "A Course in Constitutional Law" and "Essentials of Constitutional Law," which have been standard textbooks in the imperial universities for thirty years, contained sections that were derogatory to the Emperor. Specifically, their author is said to have implied that the Emperor derived his authority from the people, in violation of the orthodox theory that the "prerogatives of the Emperor—that is, the state—are omnipotent and supreme." As

a consequence of this heresy the Cabinet has ordered Dr. Minobe's books to be suppressed, and he has been officially disgraced. The bearing of this on Baron Ikki's career may not be obvious to a mere Occidental, but to the Japanese mind it is self-evident. Ikki is a liberal whose views are much the same as those upheld by Dr. Minobe. If the latter is guilty of a slur on the Emperor, it is clear that no man holding views similar to his can aspire to leadership in public life. What could be more logical?

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT to the federal Constitution was finally brought to the floor of the New York Assembly, where it was defeated by a vote of 103 to 35; in the Senate it was left buried in committee. Governor Lehman is for ratification, but as Mayor LaGuardia pointed out at the recent meeting of the Emergency Committee for the Immediate Ratification of the Child Labor Amendment in New York, he has not had the courage to address a message on the subject to the legislature. It is almost inconceivable that at this late date anybody should object to the amendment, for it would offer only the most elementary relief to the half-million exploited minors in the United States. It is not surprising that the Manufacturers' Association, the New York State Economic Council, and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association are opposed to ratification, but one would expect more sense and decency from George W. Wickersham, Elihu Root, Al Smith, and even Nicholas Murray Butler. The old nonsense that the amendment would violate states' rights has long been exploded, and the belief among some of the Catholic clergy that it would do damage to the parochial-school system has been fully answered by no less prominent a Catholic than Monsignor John A. Ryan. President Butler's latest reason for opposing the amendment is that "child labor has practically disappeared from the United States. This fact I have tested by personal observation." Dr. Butler apparently knows as little about child-labor conditions in the United States as he does about the distribution of the national income.

YALE, the citadel of orthodoxy, has apparently rejected the philosophy of the New Deal and all other radical nostrums calling for a more equitable distribution of wealth. Faced with the necessity of meeting a deficit of some \$283,000 out of a budget of over \$8,000,000, the university hit upon the happy idea of cutting its lowest-paid workers, thus averting the deplorable necessity of reducing professorial salaries. On March 1 the wages of 442 janitors were cut from \$20.77 to \$20 a week; 60 library maintenance workers were reduced from \$23.07 weekly to \$22; the campus police and gate porters suffered reductions from \$38.50 to \$35 and from \$24.50 to \$22. Salaries of members of the faculty and administration, on the other hand, have not been touched throughout the depression. When pressed to account for its action by a group of socially minded students, the administration attempted to justify itself by declaring that it is paying the market rate for janitorial services, and that it would be "inexcusable incompetency" to pay more. Doubtless the university can find support for its policies in the writings of Adam Smith, but how, we may ask, does it interpret modern economists such as Keynes and Moulton? We suspect we know the answer.

Good News from Stresa

NOT since Lausanne has an international conference ended upon a note of general optimism such ■ was in evidence at Stresa. This was perhaps due more to surprise that any progress could be made than to specific achievements, but it was none the less a welcome contrast to the apprehensive pall which had hung over Europe since Hitler's unilateral declaration of rearmament. Only a few days before, predictions regarding the failure of Stresa were to be heard on every side. The three major Western powers seemed hopelessly split on what tactics were most suitable in the face of German rearmament. Captain Eden's illness and the selection of Ramsay MacDonald to head the British delegation appeared to destroy whatever possibility existed that Great Britain would join with the other powers in adopting specific measures to restrain Germany. Nor did there seem to be any chance that France and Italy would abandon their demand for defensive alliances for the dubious protection of ■ collective agreement such as Britain was reported to be seeking. Only the knowledge that failure must ultimately mean war prevented a complete collapse of negotiations.

The result, while tentative, is distinctly to the credit of the diplomacy of the three powers. Each of the nations made more substantial concessions than had been deemed possible beforehand. The British proved to be less adverse to joint action than had been expected; France was persuaded with surprising ease to withdraw its demand that the League take punitive action against Germany for its breach of the Versailles treaty; while Italy agreed to lay aside the question of the immediate rearmament of Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria until ■ subsequent conference to be held at Rome in May. Even Germany, whose opposition to an Eastern Locarno was believed to be uncompromising, electrified the conference by agreeing to participate in such ■ pact provided it was not required to assume a pledge of mutual assistance.

On the chief problem facing Europe at present—the discovery of ■ technique for enforcing collective security—the conference made no final decisions. It was, however, able to reach a tentative agreement on formulas which give promise of solving three of the most vexing and controversial issues of the day. In the matter of sanctions, for instance, tacit support was given to the French demand that all future treaty violations be met by the imposition of diplomatic, economic, and financial penalties. Although there is bound to be ■ wide hiatus between agreement on the theory of sanctions and their application in time of stress, the approval of the method in the face of ■ definite challenge such ■ that provided by German rearmament implies ■ willingness to act that has hitherto been absent. Should non-violent sanctions fail to restrain the Third Reich, there is the further protection of the bilateral mutual-assistance clauses to be included in the Eastern Locarno and the proposed European air pact. By agreeing to adhere to an Eastern pact in which the other powers are committed to mutual aid in case of aggression, Germany has opened the way for a compromise on an issue that but a few days ago appeared insoluble. A final achievement was the acceptance of the Soviet definition of non-aggression as the basis for the proposed agreement

guaranteeing the independence of Austria. This would not only preclude an armed attack but would prohibit "subversive political or other action directed against the government in power." As in the case of the other security pacts Germany will be invited to sign; if it refuses there will remain the protection afforded by Italy, France, and the Little Entente.

Thus while Stresa may be said to represent a victory for the advocates of collective security as against those favoring a system of alliances directed against Germany, the triumph is by no means one-sided. It is significant that Germany's concession on the Eastern Locarno did not come until after the announcement of an understanding between France and the Soviet Union—later joined by Turkey and the Little Entente—which could readily be developed into a defensive alliance against the Reich. With each of these countries, together with Italy, definitely committed to a program of concerted action, it was evident that Hitler would have to make some concession in an effort to prevent Germany's isolation. It was also apparent that Great Britain would have to assent to sanctions if it was to achieve its desire of bringing Germany back into the collective system.

The success achieved at Stresa should not blind us to the fact that most of the spade work necessary for the establishment of collective security remains to be done. Stresa has cleared the ground and surveyed the site, but it has not even dug the foundation for ■ permanent structure of peace. Many problems were left for solution by future negotiations, and many of the questions that appear to have been settled may have to be reopened. No decision has been reached on the resumption of the disarmament conference with Germany participating as an equal. No one knows whether Germany can be persuaded to return to the League without the restoration of at least some of its former colonies, or whether such a concession is within the realm of possibility. No one can pass final judgment on the sincerity of Hitler's pledge of non-aggression. He has failed in his effort to drive a wedge between Britain and its former Allies, and has recognized his failure. But it remains to be seen whether he is realistic enough to admit that Germany's security, like its neighbors', depends on the establishment of effective peace machinery.

Among the problems to be faced at the Rome conference the Austrian question is preeminent. The proposed non-aggression treaty will outlaw Nazi propaganda. But what if Austria goes Nazi of its own free will—in defiance of its present Italian-supported "Christian fascist" government? Mussolini would not countenance a Nazi Austria and would almost certainly intervene to prevent it. Great Britain, on the other hand, could hardly support Italy in its effort to protect its own particular brand of fascism and might even back Germany. The position of France would be difficult, but it would probably choose Mussolini as against Hitler. This issue might plunge Europe into a war that would divide it into two evenly matched camps. To let matters slide until the danger actually arises would be to invite the war. The answer, of course, lies beyond regional pacts in the sphere of world organization.

Should Wealth Be Conscripted?

IS the Nye committee stumbling up a blind alley in its effort to "take the profit out of war"? We have praised the services of this committee on more than one occasion; it has been a powerful influence in educating the country on the meaning of modern war. But we seriously question the wisdom of trying to make war less objectionable by "equalizing the burdens," especially when this means extending the dangerous principle of conscription.

The motives which inspired the House to revolt against the feeble McSwain bill, and which are now leading the Nye committee to put teeth in war-profit legislation, are admirable. There is every reason for deep resentment that gentlemen like Eugene Grace should draw down million-dollar bonuses in safety at home while the drafted soldier risks his life at the front for a dollar a day. And there is some basis for the belief that anticipation of war profits is a factor—though not the most important—in creating war psychology. But the proposed legislation itself is based on misconceptions.

The campaign to take the profits out of war is by no means new. It was officially sponsored by the American Legion in 1920 and was taken up by the well-meaning Mr. McSwain in 1922. The House Military Affairs Committee held public hearings on the first plan to equalize war burdens as early as 1924, and the War Policies Commission, headed by Pat Hurley, made an exhaustive investigation in 1931. The net result of this campaign was a report from the War Policies Commission indorsing the industrial-mobilization plans of the War Department and approving Bernard Baruch's pet scheme for freezing prices to prevent war-time inflation. The report advised against a constitutional amendment "to permit the taking of private property in time of war" without due compensation. Nothing came of the recommendations of the War Policies Commission. The important point to remember, however, is that all those who started out to take the profit out of war ended by supporting the War Department mobilization plan, which can only function if "reasonable" profits are guaranteed to industry. The American Legion agreed with General Douglas MacArthur that the really important thing is to win the war, and that a 6 per cent return is a fair price to pay for the cooperation of industry. The McSwain bill, despite its name, was the child of the War Department. In its original form it accepted the whole War Department plan for conscription of man power, including those vague provisions which undoubtedly meant conscription of labor. Thanks to Representative Maury Maverick and a band of alert newcomers in Congress, the conscription provisions were thrown out and tax provisions added before the bill went to the Senate.

The Nye committee has been more wary than previous champions of the movement for limiting war profits. It has heard the testimony of army officers on efforts to control unruly industrialists in the last war and it has examined the industrial-mobilization plans which the War Department expects to send to Congress the day war is declared. It knows that if these plans are allowed to stand there will be the same war profits and the same profiteering in the next war,

and that industry will hold the whip while labor and the drafted men take their marching orders. Its reason for trying to take the profits out of war is that unless something is done now, we shall have conscription laws amounting to military dictatorship anyway, with no safeguards against profiteering and other abuses. Yet in drafting its own remedy, the Nye committee has joined the ranks of its predecessors and accepted, unnecessarily, the military fascism inherent in the War Department's conscription scheme.

We have no quarrel with the tax provisions of the Nye bill, written by John T. Flynn and a staff of competent experts. They are probably as drastic as they can well be made, even though they would not have paid the full cost of the World War had they been in effect in 1917. Industry would be allowed a top profit of 3 per cent of the value of its capital stock. Individual incomes of more than \$10,000 would virtually be confiscated, while those under that amount would be heavily taxed. These provisions may of course be repealed in time of war, as the Nye committee recognizes, but we see some value in putting them on the statute books and keeping them there as long as possible.

The conscription provisions are another matter. Here the Nye committee accepts the War Department thesis that the national defense is jeopardized unless we have adequate provisions for the mobilization of man power and industrial resources in time of war. This is sheer nonsense. But once one adopts that assumption, everything else follows logically and inevitably. The General Staff has a right to expect freedom to work out its mobilization plans, and it will not stop until it has taken over the country in its own way. If unworkable laws are passed by Congress in peace time, they will be repealed after war comes. On the basis of this thesis the Nye committee is logical in trying to equalize the burdens as far as possible. It can try to set up an industrial-management board with power to conscript officers and directors of essential war industries at army rates of pay and to conscript property needed by the government. It can try, but we don't think it will succeed, for when war comes the military dictatorship will be free to do as it alone sees fit.

It is a mistake to assume that conscription in time of war is necessary for the United States. It is not. We are the one great nation in the world which has no need for a mass army, and every reason to reject the military system founded on the outworn doctrines of Von Clausewitz and Scharnhorst in Germany. The War Department only made the discovery that an army of 4,000,000 men was essential to the defense of America after it found itself in the World War. It knows today that we don't need an army of this kind for defense of American soil and it doesn't expect to use it on American soil. It expects to use it in another overseas war fought on the same scale as the last war. The Nye committee would be on much stronger ground if it told the American people just what it has discovered about the purpose of mass-conscription, and asked whether this is what America wants. The answer, we are certain, would be emphatic. The only way to prevent war profits is to prevent war, and the sooner we realize this the better.

Richberg and Colt

THE Administration's indifference to the rights of labor has reached the point where concern is no longer shown even to avoid the appearance of indifference. The Colt case surpasses the Jennings case in peremptory executive interference, in behalf of employers, with the operation of law. The Colt Patent Firearms Company, a Hartford industry engaged chiefly in supplying the army and navy with guns, was found by the National Labor Relations Board to have failed to bargain collectively with its workers. It ignored the finding and its workers struck. The case went to the Compliance Division of the NRA, and the company's Blue Eagle was taken away. But though deprived of the Eagle, the company was not permitted to suffer the consequences, which normally would have been the cancellation of government orders. Mr. Richberg intervened. He prevented the notification of the War and Navy departments as to the action of his own Compliance Division. The army and navy, not being notified, could not cancel their orders. And Colt was thus put in the position of being able to defy the government's own labor agency and compliance machinery while it fought a strike at its plant.

The Nye committee was studying the relationship between munitions manufacturers and the government, and naturally wondered what influence could be at work to save Colt from suffering the normal consequences of its defiance of government agencies. It asked the army and navy why the Colt orders had not been canceled. It learned that Mr. Richberg had not yet given the notification. So it asked Mr. Richberg. He stated darkly that it would not be in the public interest to reply. The Nye committee then summoned Mr. Richberg before the committee in the hope of obtaining a more satisfactory explanation. This began to look like really democratic government, but the President stepped into the picture and asked the munitions committee to postpone the session at which Mr. Richberg was to be interrogated. Questioned about these mysteries at a press conference, Mr. Richberg again appealed to "public interest" to excuse his silence and announced: "I am not going to answer any questions that are unpleasant." Now we are not averse to silence in the public interest, and if Mr. Richberg after appealing to it had convinced the newspapermen "off the record" that there was good reason for him and the President to act in a manner apparently diametrically opposed to the public interest, they and we should have been satisfied. He did not convince them. Public interest does lie in this case. It is the interest in the honest observance of law by the Administration in a matter in which strict adherence would penalize a manufacturer and support his workers in fighting for a right guaranteed by the law. We are not concerned for the moment with whatever prospect there was of a settlement between the company and its strikers. The settlement might have been more effective if, for once, the full weight of the government had come down on the side of the law—which once more was on the side of the workers. Mr. Richberg's usefulness in an Administration which should be dedicated to holding the scales between capital and labor is clear only to employers like Colt and, we are sorry to say, the President.

Philadelphia Plays Safe

THE workers would be very much upset if they were to see such a picture of their lives." Such, according to a release just sent out by the New Theater of Philadelphia, were the considerate words of Mayor Moore's secretary, after he had read the manuscript of a play entitled "Too Late to Die." "Of course," he is alleged to have added, "I am not a censor, but if the Mayor hears about the play and doesn't like it, and I know he won't like it, he will revoke the license of the theater in which the play is given." Next morning, oddly enough, the manager of the Broad and the Erlanger theaters remembered certain bookings which he had previously forgotten and announced that he couldn't, after all, rent either of them to the New Theater group. Oddly enough also, the fire marshal of the city conveniently discovered that a little theater auditorium which had previously been approved as safe had become, by some mysterious process, a dangerous fire trap.

The militant members of the New Theater have announced their intention of continuing the fight, and if worst comes to worst they will give a private performance for the benefit of their supporters. It is even possible, of course, that they can bring enough pressure to bear to make the Mayor change his decision, but the discouraging fact is that he is probably either within his legal rights or at least close enough to them to make any legal action exceedingly difficult. Like most mayors he has the power to revoke licenses, and like at least some others he is discovering how convenient this power to "protect the morals of the community" can become when he wishes to pervert it to political ends.

For many years *The Nation* has opposed censorships of any kind. On many occasions earnest readers have protested that we were wasting our time in the defense of allegedly indecent books or plays and asked us why we should concern ourselves with what they regarded as obvious abuses of the right of free speech. We have always replied that it was not safe to pick and choose among cases, but even five years ago we did not know how soon various developments were to prove us right. The Mayor of Philadelphia is not acting by virtue of any new anti-radical legislation. He is merely exercising the powers which were granted him at a time when the theater's fight for freedom was being conducted over moral rather than political issues; and we venture to wager that many liberals who now protest his action would still hesitate to oppose any infringement of an abstract right which did not seem to touch their particular interests. To those, for instance, who have recently objected that *The Nation* was oddly out of order in maintaining the right of the fascist to propagandize, we should like to take this opportunity of pointing out how easily a law originally directed against one kind of activity can be turned against another.

In dubious cases it is always argued that the freedom of expression is being "abused." The existence of such abuse is given as the occasion for the anti-propaganda law just passed in New Jersey and it was also put forward by those who wished to deport Mr. Strachey. But a freedom which cannot be "abused"—that is, used in ways or for purposes which others do not approve of—is no freedom at all.

Issues and Men

Adolph S. Ochs

WITHOUT question Adolph S. Ochs created the greatest newsgathering journal in the world, which is saying a great deal in view of the record of the London *Times*. That was his supreme achievement, and to it must be added that he made his great success without stooping to the gutter. If there have been occasions when in the reporting of criminal cases the *Times* has failed to live up to its own motto of printing only news that is fit to print, by and large its columns have been admirably clean, its advertising scrupulously honest. More than that, it has never had to resort to cheap Sunday supplements, comic strips, or the "entertainment" features which in other dailies take up so much of the space which should be devoted to facts. Mr. Ochs took a broken-down, bankrupt newspaper and built it up by clinging to the idea that success could be achieved by printing all the news that he could possibly afford to put into the paper. The stronger he grew financially, and the stronger his paper, the more news he crowded into its columns. When the World War came he seized upon it as a great opportunity and spent money like water in order to reproduce in full the important documents and speeches of the leaders of both camps.

Indeed, it may be said that he revived the old practice of printing speeches at length in the American press. More and more the trend had been to print only the speeches of the President of the United States. Others had to be content if a few paragraphs torn from the middle of an address found their way into print. Mr. Ochs changed all that; he taught the leading dailies that to make a record of contemporary documents and public utterances paid for itself in dollars and cents. The result has been that he has made his *Times* indispensable to many thousands even of those to whom its teachings are anathema, and especially to students, teachers, and journalists. It remains the fullest chronicle of our American life that is anywhere published. When I say this I do not forget its very grave limitations: that it is a class organ; that it discriminates in its news; that there are great groups in the community, huge minorities, whose aspirations are never chronicled in its columns. It is undeniable that bias often colors its dispatches, as witness the shocking falsehoods printed about Russia before Mr. Ochs wisely selected Walter Duranty to represent the *Times* in Moscow and gave him a free hand to write on the situation. It is essentially the organ of big business.

The news reporting of the *Times* has also suffered from inferior editing. It is often endlessly repetitious in the telling of a story. Nor can anyone deny that it is extremely zealous in behalf of the rich and influential. A man of the Insull type must fall far indeed before the *Times* can take note of it editorially, and its columns are always open to stalwarts like Owen D. Young and Nicholas Murray Butler. This is the more surprising in view of Mr. Ochs's humble origin and his rise from a working boy to the owner of the chief American newspaper. It would seem as if one with such a background could not have cut loose so com-

pletely from the aims and needs of the plain people from whom he sprang. In his endeavor to hold the scales even, and to keep the newspaper from appearing pro-Jewish, he leaned over backward in the treatment of his coreligionists—the *Times* would not even print Sir Stuart Samuel's report of the horrible Polish pogroms except as paid advertising. If it has to a considerable extent made up for this by its admirable reporting of events in Hitler's Germany, it has none the less never pleaded as ardently for the rights of the Jews as have some Gentile journals.

It was with the editorial page that Mr. Ochs made his great failure. That has been timid, halting, slow to just wrath, often unable to move until it found on which side were the largest battalions, utterly lacking in fearless leadership and ardent championship of a program—any program. For decades past it has hardly been possible to tell just where were the *Times's* sympathies in Presidential elections. It has, of course, been bitterly against anyone who could be suspected of endangering the existing order or the blessed capitalist system. But of constructive idealism, the kind of leadership which has made the *Manchester Guardian* ethically and spiritually the greatest daily in the world, there has been none. Timidity has been the controlling note, and that reflected Mr. Ochs himself, for his was not a combative nature. He hated to hurt anybody's feelings. While he probably knew that the kind of editorial page he ran was most likely to make friends, and was certain not to make any enemies for him and the *Times*, he would have leaned in that direction even had it been to his financial advantage to go in the other direction. He could have made the *Times* the greatest moral and political influence in the United States; instead, he made it merely the greatest reporter of American and world happenings.

Personally Mr. Ochs was one of the most modest and simple of men. He was never purse-proud or vainglorious. He did not permit the *Times* to record his doings or those of his family except in rare and altogether defensible instances. He wanted to make the *Times* the greatest newspaper institution in America, and he sincerely believed that his own personality and that of his editors should be absolutely subordinated. He accepted his great wealth almost with humility and gave generously and unostentatiously. His backing of the "Dictionary of American Biography" is one of the most striking instances of his many genuine services to the intellectual life of this country. Finally, when one contrasts his life and his journalistic achievements with those of Hearst, one must be profoundly grateful that Mr. Ochs set himself as high a standard as he did and clung to it when he could have added greatly to his means by imitating the tricks and vulgarities of some of his chief rivals.

Walter Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



EDEN IN MOSCOW.

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Mr. Roper the Perfect Lobbyist

By PAUL W. WARD

DANIEL CALHOUN ROPER, as Secretary of Commerce, holds the hat-check concession in the New Deal's vesting room for vested interests. As such, his role in the Rooseveltian preparations for the more abundant life is an obscure and menial one. But he errs who thinks it just that and nothing more. Uncle Dan is one of the most important figures in the New Dispensation, and I here formally predict that he will be remembered when the Tugwells, Hopkinses, and Moleys are forgotten.

Whether you agree with that prediction depends on three things. It depends on how indelibly the popular press has stamped upon you the impression that Uncle Dan is a fatuous cuss who is suffered to sit at the Cabinet table solely because the President had to toss a sop or two to that Cerberus, the Solid South. It depends more importantly on how close to the abyss of outright fascism you think Roosevelt has carried us. Finally, it depends on whether you are aware that three floors above the room in which General Hugh S. Johnson attended at the birth of the NRA, Uncle Dan has set up a machine which under favorable circumstances will some day change the New Deal into the corporative state.

He calls that machine his Business Advisory and Planning Council, and if it works ultimately as its inventor, Gerard Swope, intended, Uncle Dan will be pleased but not surprised. What will surprise him is to have its product labeled fascism. To him, as to an unfortunately large number of American citizens, including Mr. Swope, it will seem only the normal full-flowering of the modern American industrial system.

Uncle Dan—or "Dirty Dan," as the men in the Commerce Department press room refer to him for some obscure and piquant reason—is well acquainted with that system. At least forty-three of his sixty-eight years have been devoted to oiling its machinery. Born in Marlboro County, South Carolina, on All Fools' Day in 1867, he matriculated at what is now Duke University. At the tender age of twenty-five, he attained a seat in the South Carolina House of Representatives, where he remained only two years before passing on to greener pastures. His next berth was as clerk to the United States Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. Washington thenceforth was his home, and the gradual unfolding of its mysteries set up in Dan a yearning to become a lawyer. So he studied at Washington's National University, and was given an LL.B. in 1901.

In the meantime, Dan had passed from the Senate's payroll to that of the Census Bureau. From 1900 to 1910 he was an "expert special agent" of the bureau. Then he returned to Capitol Hill for further specialized training in the arts of government. From 1910 to 1913 he was clerk to the all-powerful House Ways and Means Committee. When Woodrow Wilson came to the throne in 1913, Uncle Dan promptly was elevated to the post of First Assistant Postmaster General under Burleson. He toiled nobly and well at that task until August, 1916, when he stepped out to become chairman of the organization bureau for Wil-

son's second Presidential campaign. For his activities in that sphere he was rewarded with two assignments. The first of these was temporary, the vice-chairmanship of the United States Tariff Commission, but it gave him an entree that was to be valuable later when he became a full-fledged lobbyist for Southern industrial interests, including the tobacco trust. He held the Tariff Commission post until September, 1917, when he was made Commissioner of Internal Revenue. That was the beginning of the Damon and Pythias relationship between Uncle Dan and William Gibbs McAdoo, now Senator from California, then Secretary of the Treasury; and that relationship explains why the McAdoo miasma has spread throughout the corridors and cubicles of the Commerce Department since Uncle Dan became its liege lord.

As Commissioner of Internal Revenue from 1917 to 1920, Uncle Dan had the job of installing this country's first income-tax system, and we have it on the word of the sardonic Virginian, Carter Glass, that he did a good administrative job. When the Harding landslide erased Uncle Dan's name from the public payroll, he felt only the unselfish regrets of an ardent Democrat. His pocket-book nerve was not pinched but titillated. His services as a lobbyist long had been in demand, and now there was added a demand for his services as an income-tax "consultant." Meanwhile he had accumulated a family of seven children and a horde of relatives, dozens of whom now clutter the federal payroll.

When 1924 rolled around, Uncle Dan, who never burns his bridges behind him, appeared on the scene as McAdoo's Presidential campaign manager. He had been going about the country organizing McAdoo clubs to head off "favorite son" movements—with especial success in the Ku Klux kingdoms of the South. He fought the good fight at Madison Square Garden with such Calvinist fury—he is a pious Methodist—that he earned the unquenchable hatred of Al Smith, whose nomination thereby was blocked. Even four years later Smith still was too much for him to stomach. Too wise in party politics to risk permanent excommunication by openly joining the Hoovercrats, he was, in his own words, "just inactive" in 1928, taking refuge in the fact that residents of Washington have no vote.

In 1932, however, Uncle Dan was back in harness and plunking for Roosevelt. He plunked, moreover, with such effectiveness that Franklin owes his nomination to Dan as much as to any other one man. It was Dan who engineered McAdoo's zero-hour switch from Garner to Roosevelt at Chicago. It also was Dan who, when Roosevelt campaign headquarters were about to close for lack of funds, dashed upon the scene with \$50,000 and again saved the day. For these things he was rewarded with a Cabinet post.

In view of his background, it is no wonder that he has been one of the few high Administration officials who have not had to compromise their principles to keep their seats on the New Deal fence. Liberals snickered at his speeches assuring the country that Roosevelt had no designs upon the profit motive, but Uncle Dan was right as well as sincere. In his primordial politician's heart, he knew that Roosevelt's

rhetorical promises were just so much sound and fury. He knew that, though the words and music were different, this was to be the same old political show. He has behaved accordingly and with, you may be sure, the complete approval of the President, who finds in him a well-disciplined and obliging aide with a remarkable talent for goose-greasing Congressmen, tycoons of industry and finance, bishops, and depressed and disillusioned liberals in the federal service. As one of the last-mentioned group sighed recently, "The man has a simply marvelous gift for cheering a fellow up." It is that gift in part that is responsible for the Washington press corps's inclination to regard Roper as comedy relief in the Roosevelt opera.

Uncle Dan long since has surpassed Hoover's record as a creator of survey and advisory committees. One of his most recent feats in that field was the appointment of an advisory committee on how to make people eat more fish. It is headed by none other than that great muscle-builder, Bernarr Macfadden. These committees are jokes to insiders, but proud is the business man whose country calls him in this painless fashion, and with such pride go votes and even more material manifestations of good-will in campaign years. Uncle Dan's fondness for censuses also has elicited snickers from sophisticates, who appreciate their job-making value. He is plugging at the moment for a \$15,000,000 slice of the \$4,880,000,000 work-relief fund so that he may conduct a "census of unemployment." He wants an additional \$10,000,000 for a census of "business conditions."

Less amusing are the intra-departmental patronage wrangles in which he has become involved. In making way for deserving Democrats he has played havoc with the morale of the Commerce Department's personnel, and the situation has reached a point where something dangerously near to a rift exists between Uncle Dan and Dr. John Dickinson, the former University of Pennsylvania law professor who is First Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Dickinson, pompous but able, is half the proof we have to offer that the McAdoo influence in the department is not wholly miasmatic. The other half is the presence among the baronial gentry on the Business Advisory and Planning Council of William E. Woodward, the novelist and biographer of Washington and Grant. Woodward was put on the council nominally because he used to be an advertising man and a vice-president of the Industrial Finance Corporation, but the real reason behind his appointment probably is to be found in the fact that he "collaborated" with McAdoo on the latter's memoirs, "Crowded Years." Dickinson used to be one of McAdoo's law partners.

Dickinson's first major difficulty with Uncle Dan over protecting the department from patronage raids came in the case of Dr. Willard L. Thorp, the young Amherst College professor of economics who was director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce until the Senate-aspiring Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi got wind of the fact that Thorp was not a deserving Democrat and that Bilbo's rival, the then incumbent Senator from Mississippi, Hubert D. Stephens, was superintending Senate confirmation for the Thorp appointment. Bilbo threatened to make a campaign issue of it. Stephens appealed to Roper, and Roper, who understands such things much better than Dickinson, walked out on his pledge to support Thorp. Nor could President Roosevelt's support be enlisted under the circumstances; he

too appreciated Stephens's plight. Dickinson, taking issue with his boss, had to fight alone for Thorp and in vain. With Thorp out of the way, a good Baptist and Democrat, Dr. Claudius T. Murchison of the University of North Carolina, was appointed to succeed him.

But of all the events that prejudiced Roper's status with the press corps and made him seem a comic character the most important was his clash with Johnson at the New Deal's outset. Roper sought control over the NRA, and the bull-roaring Johnson ostentatiously repulsed him. At the time it seemed just one more bit of evidence that Roosevelt meant what he said, that there was to be a New Deal, that this was to be a non-partisan Administration, and that conservative old-line politicians like Roper would not be permitted to tamper with such great humanitarian experiments as the NRA. The conflict between Johnson and Roper, however, was, like so many of the General's sorties, a sham battle. For, submitting to public immolation, Roper got a consolation prize. The White House encouraged him to put flesh upon Swope's idea and set up the Business Advisory and Planning Council. It was in the beginning a spawning pool for NRA administrative personnel. It named the NRA's Industrial Advisory Board. It also recruited most of the NRA's division, deputy, and assistant deputy administrators and many of the original members of the NRA's Research and Planning Division, as well as the industrial members of the old National Labor Board and many Administration members of those "industrial self-government" agencies, the code authorities. In other words, the council shaped the codes by picking the men who formulated them for Johnson.

It is not, however, with that early phase of the council's activities that we are concerned here, but with its current phase and ultimate goal. As to that goal, already mentioned, one need do no more than to recall a revealing remark dropped by Swope a year ago. He was rhapsodizing over the vistas opened up for business by the pyramid of industrial, labor, and consumers' advisory boards, topped by his brain-child, the Business Advisory and Planning Council. There would be, there was, nothing like it in all the world, he said, and then added in a muttered afterthought: "Except possibly in Italy."

Swope was the council's first chairman and remains one of its fifty members. Its second chairman was S. Clay Williams of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, who stepped from the council into the chairmanship of the National Industrial Recovery Board set up by Roosevelt to succeed Johnson at the NRA's helm. Williams, who left the NIRB in March to return to his duties as chief lobbyist for the tobacco trust, was brought into the New Deal by Roper, an old friend, and by him sold to Roosevelt. What Roosevelt bought is best shown by the following extract from a speech which New Dealer Williams made on January 17 at New York:

Theories of redistribution of wealth . . . [have been] hawked around irresponsibly without any recognition, for the time being at least, on the part of some people that there is and can be no such thing as a complete redistribution of wealth. . . . It's the rich man who can do for the rest of us many, many things that we can't do for ourselves. And he should have our encouragement—selfishly given, if you please—if for no other reason, because of those important services that he alone is in position to render. . . . In addition to all of the employment and the volume of

business he creates or handles when in full activity, he is paying a lot of taxes that the rest of us would have a hard time paying. So there's no occasion for worrying further about the rich man in America.

Williams was succeeded as chairman of the council by H. P. Kendall, a Massachusetts Republican. Mr. Kendall is a textile manufacturer and banker who points to his membership in the Taylor Society and his two works on "Profit Sharing" and "Profit Sharing and Stock Ownership for Employees," as proof that he is a New Dealer in good standing. He recently appeared before the Senate Finance Committee considering NRA extension, and in behalf of the council urged that the present Recovery Act be extended virtually without change, that the Black thirty-hour-week bill be defeated, and that the Wagner Labor Disputes bill be similarly treated. Digressing for a moment, he asked a favor for his own industry—abandonment of the processing tax on cotton.

Some of the other leading members of the Business Advisory and Planning Council are Winthrop W. Aldrich, the new saint of Wall Street; Pierre S. du Pont; Walter S. Gifford of American Tel and Tel; Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Fred I. Kent of the Bankers' Trust Company, New York, who is listed in the council's roster as treasurer of the National Industrial Conference Board; E. T. Stannard of Kennecott Copper; Myron C. Taylor of United States Steel; Walter C. Teagle of Standard Oil; and Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines. H. R. Stafford, of the Morgan-controlled Missouri Pacific, and John J. Raskob were members of the council at one time.

Not all the council's members are men whose names appear in the roster of big business. One of the relatively small business men on the council, and one of its chief spokesmen as well, is Ralph E. Flanders, a Springfield, Vermont, machinery manufacturer. It was Flanders who broke the Roosevelt-Johnson shorter-hours and higher-wages movement in the spring of 1934. After both Roosevelt and the General had urged the national conference of code authorities to join the movement, Flanders delivered such a devastating attack on the whole theory that scores of industrialists who had come prepared to board the Roosevelt-Johnson band-wagon tore up their speeches that night and wrote new ones in the Flanders vein.

Flanders still carried the torch when the NRA held a national conference in January of this year on revision of employment provisions in the codes. Asserting that the nation should abandon classified wage minima and that it can lift itself to recovery only by whole-hearted encouragement of the profit system, Flanders went on to explain what members of the Business Advisory and Planning Council mean by profits:

No paltry 5 or 6 per cent is sufficient as a basis for our needed expansion of business enterprise. That will barely pay the bank interest—and enterprise is full of risk. It is the prospect for 10, 20, 50 per cent profit that makes the justifiable risk, opens the sluice gates of bank credit, expands employment, and multiplies the production and distribution of goods.

With such men as these Roper is building the perfect lobby. That is the council's second phase, and it began on January 17 after Kendall and Roper had conferred with

Roosevelt for two hours. There then issued from Roper's office an announcement that thenceforth "any business man or organization desiring to be heard on any piece of pending or proposed legislation may get a hearing through the council." "Information and suggestions communicated to it will be passed along to subcommittees for consideration and later communicated to different members of the Cabinet. They, in turn, will route the suggestion through whatever channels they see fit." What could be sweeter? No more need our masters brave the drafty corridors of Congress to wangle legislation to their choosing. Furthermore, the government henceforth will not only insure their lobbyists quick and effective contacts in high places, but provide them with offices and stenographers and pay their expenses out of tax funds. Consummation of this pact between business and the White House was celebrated by the council that night at a dinner held in the Mayflower Hotel. It was attended by Hopkins, Wallace, Davis, and Jesse Jones, by White House Secretaries Early and McIntyre, by Roper of course, by Representative Rayburn, chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, by Representative Oliver of the House Appropriations Committee, and by Senator Harrison, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Significantly, the assemblage was closed to the press. Said Uncle Dan to the diners: "The watchword of this meeting is cooperation."

There was more snickering when the pact was announced. Persons of stubborn faith in the New Deal myth set the announcement down as just another Roper bid for the front page. Those snickerings have died down as evidences of the pact's reality keep piling up. Chief among those evidences was the recent visit to the White House of a group of packers and distributors who are members of the council. There are many such—James F. Bell of General Mills, Ernest G. Draper of Hills Brothers, Howard Heinz of the H. J. Heinz Company, R. Douglas Stuart of Quaker Oats, and Thomas H. McInnerney of National Dairy Products—and they are all opposed, perforce, to the AAA's attempts to regulate the spread between the prices they pay producers and the prices they extract from consumers. At the moment they are fighting amendments to the Agricultural Adjustment Act that would give the AAA power to examine their books and records, and the committee's White House visit was a part of that fight.

They, at least, did not underestimate the council's pact with Roosevelt. They went to the White House announcing that they proposed to discuss the AAA amendments. It was a shockingly clumsy performance. Roosevelt sent out word that he could not discuss pending legislation. So the committee came back the next day to discuss "the general recovery program" and was admitted. Uncle Dan denied complicity. He also denied that one member of the council spoke for the Commerce Department when he appeared before a Congressional committee to testify against the AAA amendments.

Yes, these and other happenings have stilled the snickerings that greeted announcement of the Business Advisory and Planning Council's second-phase transition, but there should have been no snickerings in the beginning. There would have been none had the extent to which, behind the scenes, Roosevelt is wooing big business been generally known. Especially would there have been none if the White

House were closely watched on Sunday nights, for of late there has been a curious stream of visitors on those evenings. What started as merely a fortuitous circumstance has become something approaching a habit. One Sunday night when Uncle Dan, who revels in the company of industrial bourbons, was giving one of his suppers for a group of such supermen, there came a call from the White House. Franklin suggested that Uncle Dan drop over for a chat. What?

The Secretary had guests? Why, bring 'em along. That was the beginning of a series of such White House visits, and now Roper's star is in the ascendant. He has got himself two new press agents, and soon we shall witness his apotheosis. What price New Deal then?

[The third article of Mr. Ward's series on "F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room," *A Revaluation of Secretary Wallace*, will appear in the issue of May 8.]

The Red Scare: A Case History

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

THE red scare is on full blast in this the spring of 1935. It was on full blast last year, too, but the red scare of this spring is a different red scare from the one of the spring of 1934, or even of last summer. It is slowly changing its form and its manner; leaving the sporadic for the systematic, replacing the hit-or-miss attack with the organized push. For a view of the red scare in its new form it is necessary to be something more than a careful reader of the papers or an attendant at Bill of Rights rallies. It is one thing to read about the red scare and quite another to live with it; the new red scare has to be lived with to be appreciated. To illustrate its methods I offer the cases of the Affiliated Schools for Workers, Inc., and one of its constituent bodies, the New York City School for Workers.

Although both organizations function under the best of auspices, and neither preaches the overthrow of the government by force and violence, or even the overthrow of the government, or any line of political action whatsoever, both have for almost a year been subjected to an exquisite hounding, one well calculated to hurt their standing with the general public, cut off their normal financial support, and disrupt their day-to-day work. Their hounders are an assortment of some of our best newspapers and some of our most exclusive patriotic societies; their crime is that both organizations believe that schools for workers must, to carry out the first principles of education, present to their pupils samples of every shade of economic thought, even though these may include ideas lacking the sanction of the pundit of San Simeon. To the hounders, who are accustomed to give their readers only what they think is good for them, eclecticism is subversive.

Since this is a case history, a bit of background is needed. The Affiliated Schools for Workers grew out of the Summer School for Women in Industry which was started in Bryn Mawr in 1921 under the aegis of Hilda Smith. The school was so successful that it led to the creation of similar schools in Wisconsin, at Weaverville, North Carolina, at West Park, New York, and at Oberlin and Barnard. The Affiliated Schools for Workers, Inc., is the coordinating organization, acting as a clearing-house and helping in problems of finance, curricula, research, and recruiting of faculty and students. The New York City School for Workers is an outgrowth of the New York Summer School for Workers, and is a member school of the Affiliated Schools for Workers, Inc. The New York City School for Workers is at present functioning in a building

of the Henry Street Settlement, while the parent organization is in a Columbia University building at 302 East Thirty-fifth Street, New York. Neither organization has ever received a cent of public funds, drawing support entirely from small private contributions, with occasional minor grants from educational foundations. Last summer the facilities of both were seized upon to give "made work" to unemployed teachers on relief rolls, and that is when the red hunt started. It is still going strong.

When the patrioteers became aware last July that the New York City School for Workers, then the New York Summer School for Workers, was making use of some fifteen unemployed teachers on work-relief payrolls, the school became marked prey. The persecution was on. The use of relief teachers was proof positive that the United States Treasury was "supporting" the school. The presence of a handful of Communist pamphlets in the school library—in addition to "Looking Forward" by Franklin Delano Roosevelt and "Restating the Law" by George W. Wickersham—was sufficient proof that the school was an agency of the Communist Party. Put two and two together and it was easy to demonstrate that "red theories" were being "taught free by Uncle Sam," as one Tom Cassidy, red-hunter for the New York *Daily News*, put it after a visit to the library. From the day Captain Patterson and William Randolph Hearst discovered that Earl Browder's "What Every Worker Should Know About NRA" was on the reading rack, the school became the center of an E. Phillips Oppenheim nightmare of high-class spying, snooping, intrigue, and various other forms of master-minding in defense of the republic. A somewhat mysterious organization calling itself the Allied Patriotic Societies joined Hearst and the *Daily News* in the holy war, and the school has ever since been filled with the scratching of stenographers' pencils busy taking secret transcripts of classroom discussions and assembly proceedings for immediate publication in the red-hunting newspapers and speedy transmission to various Congressional committees, Mr. Dickstein's group of Rover Boys in search of a Revolution not the least among them.

At first some pretense of fairness was made; the *Daily News* even pointed out that the radical pamphlets were only part of the supplementary reading available to the students. But this didn't make very good copy, and in a short time the *News* was chattering about "red teaching" at the institution and the New York *American* daily stood aghast at the spectacle of "Communist doctrine" being "taught to relief students." (One of the circumstances that incensed

these newspapers most was that the seventy-five students of the school were on relief. The FERA had been conducting an experiment in education for the unemployed under Miss Hilda Smith, putting students in residence at various schools throughout the country, a work in which the Affiliated Schools rendered valuable service. Since there were no facilities for putting New York City students in residence they were given \$8 a week apiece in compensation.) The *Daily News* ran a two-column picture of some of the horrendous pamphlets found in the school library. In a tasteful layout it showed such gory items as the Browder NRA pamphlet, "The Working Woman in the Soviet Union," Clarence Hathaway's "Why a Workers' Daily Press?" and I. Amter's "Why the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill?" The *News* was particularly impressed by the fact that this work was sponsored by the noted Hilda Smith, whom it discovered to be "a blonde Washington New Dealer." Describing the Browder pamphlet as "one of the most popular pieces of student brain-fodder in the supplementary study rack," it lifted from that work the quotation: "Push aside the capitalists, open the warehouses, distribute the goods to all who need them. Under Roosevelt and the NRA the millions of workers are getting less food, less clothing, less shelter than they did under Hoover." While the *News* was headlining this threat to our institutions, headquarters detectives invaded the school building, demanding to know what brand of politics was being taught the students and whether it was true that the students were being asked to join the American Workers' Party. The Hearst press quoted students—without naming a single name—as "asserting" that they had been given so-called revolutionary material for study and had been told that the government's economic system should be supplanted by socialism. Students returning home from their classes found reporters waiting for them on their doorsteps with the request that they fill out questionnaires to reveal whether they were being indoctrinated, and with what. The magazine *Time* enjoyed itself in its quiet way by running an article entitled Little Red Schoolhouse under the general heading "Radicals," in which it was pretty plainly indicated that Marxist high jinks were going on. When Hilda Smith at Washington spurned the suggestion that federal aid be withdrawn from the school and maintained that it was only sound educational policy to present every point of view, the headlines ran: "Defends Red Teaching for Paid Students" and "U. S. Officials Defend Use of Radical Books."

From last summer until the present time the attack has continued. In February the *Washington Herald* broke out into a rash about the Communist FERA schools in New York City; in March the *New York American* resumed the offensive. There had been a hiatus between August and January for the very good reason that the New York City School for Workers had been unable to find classroom accommodations during that period. In January, however, it located itself in an empty Henry Street Settlement house, and then the fun was resumed on a scale previously unknown.

There had been plenty of snooping all summer. The famous library had been visited so regularly by spies in search of the evidence that by August its collection of two hundred books and pamphlets had been reduced to exactly three. Only Burke's "Call Home the Heart," the Siftons' "1931," and an "Economic History of Europe in Modern Times"

had been left for the use and improvement of the students. When the school bravely started life again on Henry Street, it found the investigators on the scene even before the students. Early in January a Mr. Beaumont of the "Naval and Military Order," an affiliate of the Allied Patriotic Societies, appeared, announced that he was an FERA official of Mount Vernon, New York, fighting subversive doctrines, and asked if they had any subversive doctrines. He said he was checking on reports that the school was teaching the methods of running a general strike, and wanted Miss Madeline Gilmore, supervisor of the school, to answer whether she taught communism, yes or no? Not satisfied that all was as it should be, Mr. Beaumont complained directly to the FERA officials against the school. Next came a Mr. Kinnicut of the Allied Patriotic Societies, who wrote to FERA officials warning them that the school they harbored was the same one that had taught communism the summer before, and that it was "starting up again." (Mr. Kinnicut's crusher was a secret stenographic transcript of a statement by a student in class, who excused himself for being late on the ground that he had been picketing at Ohrbach's. This proved communism.) Mr. Kinnicut insisted that the school be wiped out at once. In February the Allied Patriotic Societies held a mass-meeting at which a letter was drawn up to be sent to Washington, complaining directly to Congress against the school and demanding its dissolution. A similar complaint was filed with the New York City Board of Education, which of course has nothing to do with the New York City School for Workers. The attempt is constantly made to withdraw the relief teachers from the school, and continual pressure is exerted for a Congressional investigation.

Miss Gilmore reports that at present the school receives three or four mysterious visitors daily from the papers and the patriotic societies. They fall into a standard type which she has come to recognize. They wander in and look around for books. She finds them hiding behind doors and edging into classrooms. When questioned, the visitors say they would like to study at the school. When they are asked what they would like to study, a certain sly look comes into their eyes and they suggest demurely that a course in "Marxian economics" would suit them fine. Informed that the school doesn't have any courses in Marxian economics, the visitors sometimes grow very confidential and offer to teach one. But when they find themselves unable to draw out any damaging admissions, they invariably stammer and retreat. The next day a new assortment is on hand.

Well, you may say, all this is interesting and proves there is a red scare on, but does it really amount to anything? Are the two institutions, the parent Affiliated Schools for Workers and the New York City School for Workers, being harmed in any way? To that the answer is to cite what has been happening. The New York City School for Workers does not know when some panicky official will withdraw its relief teachers. Pressure for such withdrawal, directed against general FERA headquarters in Washington, against Congressional committees, against local FERA people, never ends. The school has found it hard to get the most rudimentary supplies. Its building on Henry Street, the only one it was able to get, is a dusty century-old brick house, without equipment, without enough chairs, with railroad posters on the walls to hide the cracks in the plaster.

Requests for relief workers to paint the place have been honored only after months of delay, in spite of the very evident friendliness of some relief officials.

As for the Affiliated Schools for Workers, it has just learned, in a daze, that Bryn Mawr has invited it to stay away this summer, that there will be no summer school on the Bryn Mawr campus this year. The board of the summer school will, however, conduct its school elsewhere. Has the red hunt reached Bryn Mawr? Only a few weeks ago Bryn Mawr officials were praising the summer school for giving working girls "the graces of life." In a recent appeal for endowment contributions the summer school was prominently stressed as one of Bryn Mawr's most meritorious activities. The summer-school-for-workers idea began at

Bryn Mawr, it has been there fourteen years, and now, with no explanation that makes good sense, it is to be tossed out.

Few of the problems of these two institutions are reaching the papers; no account of their work is ever printed at any great length. But the spectacular charges of radicalism are making the papers right along. The pressure of the patriots grows stronger daily; the schools are on the defensive and are being pushed back. One of the battles of the red scare of 1935 is being fought on this front, a quiet struggle likely to end in a quiet, unnoticed defeat, to the gain of no one and to the loss of hundreds of intelligent workers in search of education and understanding. One must live with that sort of thing to understand what the red scare in this the spring of 1935 is really like.

Corporation vs. Corporation

By FERDINAND LUNDBERG

AN extremely significant struggle is taking place among corporations under the stress of the economic crisis. As was forecast by the Darrow Board of Review, the NRA is strengthening monopoly. Figures in support of this contention are supplied in the March, 1935, bulletin of the National City Bank.

Under the New Deal, as everyone knows, there has been a sharp increase in the earnings of big corporations, which has had repercussions in the political field. Hence the warning of the National City Bank:

We have referred to the probability that the earnings of all corporations, which are reported by the Treasury after the income-tax returns are compiled and will not be available for 1934 until late this year, may vary considerably from those of the limited number which make public reports; and therefore caution our readers that any general conclusions they may draw from these reports should be held subject to amendment. Over a period of years the profits of all corporations have been decidedly poorer than those of the sample group.

The last and highly pertinent sentence is the thesis of this article. The going has been very rough for most corporations during the crisis years of 1929-35, but a "sample" group has, especially since early in 1933, shown extremely large profits. The conclusion is inescapable that the larger corporations are obtaining an ever-tightening hold on the market as the fierce competition for diminished internal business increases. This is well illustrated in the automobile industry, where Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors have obtained about 93 per cent of the available automobile business, while all the other companies have only 7 per cent.

The National City Bank, in combating the notion that all corporations are making huge profits, wishes to make an oblique criticism of the political outcry against extortionate corporate profits when prices are rising and some 20,000,000 people are recipients of relief. The bank's bulletin says:

Thus the 1933 earnings of 1,475 manufacturing and trading corporations, published [in the bank bulletin] one year ago, showed net profits for this group of \$660,655,000. However, the preliminary Treasury report, issued in December, showed profits for all manufacturing corporations of only \$73,000,000. The discrepancy was even more

marked in non-manufacturing corporations. The published reports of 1,925 corporations in all lines of business for 1933 showed earnings of \$1,045,019,000, but the Treasury's report for all corporations showed a loss of \$2,359,000,000.

The situation is, indeed, a great deal more serious than the disparity between the last two amounts indicates, for these figures do not show what the total loss would be if the 1,925 more profitable corporations were removed from the statistical computation. It would be enormously greater than \$2,359,000,000. True, very few companies had profits in 1931 or 1932. But the very largest companies are now making good the losses they sustained in those years, whereas the smaller companies, under the New Deal policies, are not.

The National City Bank makes a very interesting tabulation of the difference in percentage of earnings to net worth between the handful of big corporations making public reports for Wall Street perusal and all the corporations of the country making income-tax reports to the Treasury. The tabulation follows (based on the income of manufacturing corporations only):

| RATIO OF NET EARNINGS TO NET WORTH | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------|--|
| | Treasury Reports
All Companies | | Preliminary Reports of
Big Companies Only |
| 1928 | 6.72 per cent | | 12.1 per cent |
| 1929 | 7.34 " " | | 13.5 " " |
| 1930 | 1.54 " " | | 6.7 " " |
| 1931 | D 2.07 " " | | 2.5 " " |
| 1932 | D 3.22 " " | | D 0.4 " " |
| 1933 | — " " | | 2.6 " " |
| 1934 | — " " | | 5.0 " " |

D—deficit

The ratio of net profit to net worth for all corporations in the years 1933 and 1934 has not yet been computed, but on the basis of the \$2,359,000,000 loss suffered by all corporations in 1933 it is clear that a percentage deficit will be shown. It is probable that corporations in the aggregate will also show a continued loss for 1934 when the complete Treasury figures are made available. This may be assumed because even the corporations favored by the New Deal policies, under which the anti-trust laws were suspended, did not do so well in the latter six months of 1934. But

the very largest among them continued to pile up profits in that year, according to the preliminary compilation by the National City Bank. For 1,435 of the biggest corporations which figure in the preliminary report for 1934 the total profit was \$1,051,000,000, less deficits, compared with a total profit of \$640,000,000 in 1933, an increase of 64 per cent. The ratio of earnings to net worth was 4.5 per cent in 1934 and 2.7 per cent in 1933, an increase of nearly 100 per cent.

What we may conclude from these figures is that many of the smaller corporations face extinction in the next few years through failures, mergers, absorption, or discontinuance. In short, the field is being cleared for unrestricted exploi-

tation by the very largest corporations, which, unless checked, will continue among themselves the fight for enlarged shares of the national income. We are quite obviously in a period in which monopoly is being consolidated and in which the smaller business man, running a corporation with assets of a million or two or less, is making his last stand. The political form of the small business man's final stand is translated into a demand for inflation by any method. This cannot save him. Even if inflation of an extreme type develops, the relative position of the large trusts will be unchanged, and owing to the ability of the large corporations to take advantage of any such development, they may be strengthened even more.

The Fight on the New Indian Policy

Washington, April 15

CONGRESSMAN WERNER: You wrote a tribute, did you not, to Eye-sadore Duncan, called "The Modern Age"?

INDIAN COMMISSIONER JOHN COLLIER: I think I wrote some poetry about her.

A CONGRESSMAN: Who is this Eysadore Duncan?

WERNER: I should like to insert in the record two stanzas of poetry written by John Collier concerning Eysadore Duncan. I should like to have inserted with it "My Life" by Eye-sadore Duncan, so that we may further get the Commissioner's viewpoint and know his high regard for the extremists in radicalism.

THIS snippet of dialogue from the hearings of the subcommittee of the House Committee on Indian Affairs is offered to indicate the level of the criticism of John Collier's administration of the Indian Bureau current in Washington these days. Congressman Theodore B. Werner, editor of the *Rapid City Guide*, of Rapid City, South Dakota, is not one of the House authorities on radicals. The note on Isadora Duncan had been supplied him just before the committee hearing began; no doubt it was the first time he had ever heard of the dancer. But when Mr. Collier wanted to insert in the record some remarks of the late Justice Holmes on free speech, Mr. Werner counterblasted with this broadside about Isadora Duncan.

Free speech came to be germane to the discussion of Indian affairs because Collier was under attack for having close personal relations with Roger Baldwin and the American Civil Liberties Union. The implication was that a man who believed in Baldwin believed in shielding Communists, therefore believed in advocating the overthrow of the American government by force and violence, therefore was not fit to be Indian Commissioner, therefore his Indian policy must be tainted.

Another charge against Collier was that he had sent a telegram to a Russian named Shevky, urging him to take out first-citizenship papers so that he could be employed by the Indian Bureau. Here the implication was that Collier must be importing a Moscow Communist to sow seeds of sedition among the Indians. This sixteen-inch shell proved to be a dud and did not explode. Shevky is none other than Dr. Esheref Shevky, a celebrated biologist and a Turk, a resident of this country since 1916. He did take out first papers so that he could accept a position with Collier in the Indian

service. "Show me another Shevky, and if he is from Baluchistan I shall urge him to take out his first papers so that I can employ him in the Indian Bureau," Collier told the committee.

Collier had praised the Indian administration in Mexico, since it is far along the road to the results which the Collier administration has begun to envisage. So the record of the committee was enriched with the oath required of teachers in Mexico: "I am a Socialist and an atheist, an irreconcilable enemy of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and I will endeavor to destroy it." The implication here, of course, is that Collier must be a Socialist and an atheist, committed to destroy the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion.

This is recounted not so much in indignation, or even as a reminder that frustrated people take to sniping and stone-throwing, but to call attention again to the fundamental change in our Indian policy and to the danger that it may be negated. After a generation of trying to individualize the Indians, we are now committed to Indianizing them. They have lost two-thirds of their land in the great experiment of making individualists out of tribesmen. The Wheeler-Howard act of last year, the greatest Indian reform in our history, is now the national policy. Its principles will be extended this year to Oklahoma, if the Thomas-Rogers bill passes. The change, however, has left inevitable malcontents. When the Indians repossess their lands now leased to white men, the white men will be economic losers. When the boarding-school system finally is closed down, and Indians have charge of their own education, white people will be out of work and pocket. Missionaries to whom the Indians were delivered up for conversion, almost as in handcuffs, by the law (since Americans must be Christians) will be out of a job, and a small minority of them naturally believe it is better to "civilize" and convert than to restore old tribal controls and beliefs. Under the new regime Indians will be able to develop their own resources by their own labor, and white men—for instance, those in the lumber business on leased Indian lands—will not make the profits they are accustomed to. Such are the interests against the new Indian policy. Some are pocket-book interests, some are interests of sincere faith. And they have focused this spring chiefly on the person of John Collier.

These are times when to shout "radical" at a man in office is as destructive as to shout "adulterer" at a bishop. Ultimately Collier had to come before the subcommittee and meet these charges. He did so without injury to his policy or himself, and thus demonstrated the benefit of free speech, even among Congressional tittle-tattles.

The spearhead of the assault on the Indian policy has been a certain Joseph Bronner, an Indian with the splendid title of president of the American Indian Federation. When Mr. Bronner descended on Washington affirming that forty tribes were fighting the Wheeler-Howard regime, it sounded as though the Indians were confounding the anthropologists and were clamoring for Americanization. Chief Bronner got a good deal of publicity and helped confuse the issue. But a study of his credentials showed that he represented fewer than 3,000 mission Indians in California, and the handful of men with him did not have authorization from a single tribe to speak for it at Washington. Once he had been deflated, the core of the Indian opposition collapsed.

The Wheeler-Howard act, it is worth recalling, left it for the Indians to vote whether they would come under its provisions. They thus are able to organize tribally—call it cooperatively if you will—and obtain credit and lands for cooperative ownership and administration. The elections necessarily are slow. The Navajos, for instance, are still debating the proposition, though some of the tribes have voted for it already, and none have voted against it. In all the elections so far held, 73 per cent of the Indians have voted for the new system.

The bill now before Congress, applying the same principles to Oklahoma Indians, does not insist on a tribal organization. The tribal life of Oklahoma Indians had been too much damaged to be restored. The omelet cannot be unscrambled. So the Thomas-Rogers bill provides for purely cooperative organization before the credit of the government becomes available. Though guardianship is being revived, it is only to assist in giving Indians a corporate life as free as any they have had since civilization engulfed them.

While the principle of Indianization has been laid down as federal policy, there still is a chance to nullify it by withholding money to implement the new law. The attack this year has been on Collier, but its ultimate aim is to remove all federal guardianship over the Indians. In 1887 a similar drive culminated in the General Allotment Act. In the ensuing forty-five years the Indians lost 90,000,000 acres of land, and have left only 48,000,000 acres, half of them desert; millions of acres have been lost beyond recovery. Again in 1908 federal protection was withdrawn from Oklahoma Indians. At the time they had 15,000,000 acres of good land, and they have now been expelled from or lost nine-tenths of it. Today 72,000 Oklahoma Indians have no land whatever, and Americanization has meant in most cases a pitiful kind of destitution. Another "liberating" drive was made in 1912, and the Chippewas of Minnesota lost their timber and their lands. In 1917 the scheme of fee-patenting land was resorted to, with the consequence that 95 per cent of the Indians who took advantage of it were totally landless within a few years. The present drive would mean the same ultimate fate for the Indians who are still in possession of land.

The new administration of Indian affairs can be looked at in two ways. There is the tendency to speak a little

sententiously of the Indians as perfect testing people for new ideas of cooperation and planning. I suppose they are; and if a success is made of cooperation among Indians it might be followed by like ventures for other depressed groups. The other way is to look at the Indians with an eye to their glamor, their value as sheer color in an otherwise uniform American life, and with due remembrance of the everlasting injustice done them by conquest and betrayal. To those persons who are going to lose through every gain made by the Indians, this aesthetic attitude is meaningless. But there are only 150,000 or so pure-blooded Indians left in the country, and not many more half-bloods. The problem will never be gigantic. The ones who will be hurt bring much more than their share of the political pressure at Washington. And they resort to arguments, like Eye-sadore Duncan, which betray them by their fatuity. For the rest of the nation the new Indian regime is a blessing. It is a belated but reasonable and intelligent policy. It is of scientific importance in that it teaches what can be done by cooperation. But it is still more valuable for conserving an artistic human resource of the rarest value—what is more precious than a great native culture?—and for recognizing that civilization does not consist in everybody within a frontier being like everybody else. I do not know which aspect of the new policy has converted Senator Thomas. Two years ago he was an outstanding foe of the Wheeler-Howard bill. After that fight he spent some weeks studying the problem of the Oklahoma Indians first hand. To his credit he had the intellectual honesty to change his mind and now is sponsor for the Thomas-Rogers bill of this year. R. G. S.

Correspondence

Public Enemy Number One

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Since William Randolph Hearst has publicly demanded that I be dismissed from my academic post, I wish to make public the following sequence of events, which will prove illuminating to all interested in the tactics of the Hearst press.

On November 14, 1934, the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* published a report of a meeting of the University of Chicago Student Union Against War and Fascism, in which I and several other people were grossly misquoted. In a letter to the editor, Mr. Watson, I protested against this misrepresentation and incidentally called attention to the fact that the alleged quotation from Lenin on the dictatorship of the proletariat which was then appearing at the top of the editorial pages of all the Hearst papers was nowhere to be found in Lenin's writings. Mr. Watson sent my protest to Mr. Hearst, who asked Mr. Charles Wheeler of the *Herald-Examiner* to "investigate." I received Mr. Wheeler in the presence of a third person and was shown material from his files showing conclusively that I had been "accidentally" misquoted—a fact which Mr. Wheeler blandly conceded. He also conceded that the Lenin "quotation" was a pure invention. "We just do what the Old Man orders. One week he orders a campaign against rats. The next week he orders a campaign against dope-peddlers. Pretty soon he's going to campaign against college professors. It's all the bunk, but orders are orders."

Shortly afterward a New York anti-Nazi group requested

me to prepare a series of replies to the syndicated articles by Göring appearing periodically in the Sunday issues of the Hearst papers. The International News Service (Hearst) encouraged the group to believe that an opportunity would be given for such replies. Two articles were submitted. Both were refused. The Hearst press has subsequently published more articles by Göring and one by Alfred Rosenberg, all of them consisting of crude pro-Nazi propaganda of the most blatant type. When it became clear that the I. N. S. would refuse all proffered replies to these misrepresentations of the situation in Germany, the New York group abandoned negotiations, convinced that Mr. Hearst is now an authorized disseminator of Nazi propaganda in the United States.

Meanwhile the "campaign against professors" materialized. On February 23 I delivered an address on Communism and Liberalism before the Cook County League of Women Voters, in which I traced the historical relationship between the two ideologies, quoted with approval the Declaration of Independence, and made a plea for a new liberalism adequate to the exigencies of today. Mr. Charles Wheeler attended the lecture. In the *Herald-Examiner* of February 24 it was reported under the headline: "Hope Lies in Soviets, U. of C. Teacher Says; Decries Liberalism of Washington." The article contained numerous statements in quotation marks which were purely products of Mr. Wheeler's imagination. In the same issue all the Hearst papers throughout the nation editorially condemned a number of educators as "advisers to Moscow" and "authorized disseminators of communistic propaganda in the United States who deliberately and designedly mislead our fine young people and bring them up to be disloyal to our American ideals and institutions and stupidly to favor the brutal and bloody tyranny of Soviet Russia." The victims of this slanderous attack were all persons who have publicly criticized the Nazi regime in Germany. They included Robert M. Hutchins, Charles H. Judd, John Dewey, George Counts, Hallie Flanagan, Susan Kingsbury, I. L. Kandel, William F. Russell, Henry P. Fairchild, Frank P. Graham, Howard Odum, and others.

On March 16, 1935, the *Herald-Examiner*—with Hearst papers elsewhere copying—published an editorial, "Schuman of Chicago," which took out of their context two of Mr. Wheeler's misquotations and presented them as evidence that I am making a "direct challenge to American institutions in the name of communism." I was further accused of having "just written a book on Russia which has been approved by Moscow." (I have never written a book on Russia. My doctoral dissertation, "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917," was published in 1928 and was rejected for translation by Gosizdat, the Moscow State Publishing House, because it was not written from the Communist viewpoint.) The editorial described me as one of "these American panderers and trap-baiters for the Moscow mafia," who should be investigated by Congress and "gotten rid of" as a "red."

This is but one of numerous instances of slanderous and libelous attacks upon American educators in the Hearst press. This strategy is exactly comparable to that of the Nazi press in Germany between 1920 and 1933. Mr. Hearst has evidently been taking lessons from Göring, Goebbels, Rosenberg, and Hitler. No individual can defend himself effectively from these assaults. If American universities and colleges are to be spared the fate which has befallen such institutions in Germany, if American scholars and educators are to be protected from fascist bludgeoning of this type, if American traditions of freedom are to survive, Mr. Hearst must be recognized as the propagandist and forerunner of American Hitlerism and must be met with a united counter-attack by all Americans who still value their liberties.

Chicago, April 10

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

California Workers Undefeated

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article by Norman Mini in your issue of February 20 contains numerous misstatements of fact. I shall be glad if you will allow me to correct the most glaring.

1. Mr. Mini writes: "The union leaders, mostly Communists, had taken an extremely hostile stand toward the growers from the very first; no compromise was possible to them." This does not correctly state the attitude of the union, or the policy of the Communist Party toward farmers. The most important factor was not considered by the writer of the article, namely, the difference between the small grower and tenant farmer (especially in cotton) on the one side and the rich grower, the corporation farms, and the agricultural finance companies on the other. The attitude of the union toward the small and middle grower can be shown by the fact that not long after the cotton strike, union members, together with members of the Communist Party, succeeded in organizing in the heart of the cotton area a group of sixty small and middle farmers into the United Farmers' League.

On the matter of compromise: the union at all times advised strikers not to prolong struggle for its own sake, but to effect compromises wherever they were tactically wise—the object of the union being not perpetual strife (nor the "ruination of California harvests") but actual wage increases.

2. "As a result of the strike [in Brentwood] wages were reduced from 20 cents to 15 cents an hour. After that the union folded up." Here the writer overlooks a significant development in the agricultural trade-union movement. Not only were legal and extra-legal methods of terror and slander against the union and its officials used, but the agricultural-financial interests appealed to the leadership of the State Federation of Labor of the A. F. of L. to "organize" the agricultural workers. The A. F. of L. made its first coincidental appearance in the Brentwood strike immediately after our union organizers had been arrested. The authorities gave the A. F. of L. organizer full assistance. As a result of this A. F. of L. leadership, wages on the important corporation ranches were cut from 20 cents to 15 cents an hour. This was indeed a defeat in that valley, for the large corporations are always the ones who set the wage standard.

3. It is true, as the article states, that "its leaders, including Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, have been in jail in Sacramento since July 20." But it is quite incorrect to say that "the valleys are quiet . . . the agricultural workers, the key to the California situation, have been defeated again."

Since our arrest, a number of agricultural strikes have taken place. A strike of 6,000 lettuce pickers and packers in Salinas Valley in August, 1934, was led by the A. F. of L. Vegetable Packers' Association and the Filipino labor union. But the militant leadership given the picket lines by the workers trained in the struggles led by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union won concessions. In December, the Santa Maria "salad bowl" strike ended in victory, the workers preventing a threatened wage cut of 5 cents an hour.

Now once again the agricultural workers have rallied their strength in Imperial Valley. In the strike of lettuce packers and trimmers at this writing two workers have already been murdered and seven wounded. The will and need to struggle seem still to be there, despite vigilante and police terror.

The October, 1934, report of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics states that the average agricultural wage in California is higher than in any other state. It was raised from a 15-17½-cents-an-hour average in 1932 to a 25-cents-an-hour average in 1933 and to a 30-cents-an-hour average in 1934;

from 40 cents per hundred pounds of cotton in 1932 to a proffered 60 cents per hundred pounds in 1933, and then to 75 cents per hundred as a result of the cotton strike, and to 90 cents to \$1 per hundred pounds in 1934! Is this the result of a "defeated" agricultural proletariat? And the growers admit it was the fear of strikes that led them to raise the wages in 1934, even when the leading "Communist agitators" were in jail.

Sacramento, March 4

CAROLINE DECKER

[The writer of this letter, together with Norman Mini and six other radicals, was convicted in Sacramento on April 1 of conspiracy under the California criminal-syndicalism law as a result of their activities during the agricultural disturbances discussed by Mr. Mini and Miss Decker.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Friends of Labor to the Rescue!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The North Carolina Workers' Defense Committee, with branches in Chapel Hill, Burlington, Raleigh, and Asheville, is endeavoring to secure an appeal for seven textile workers who are being railroaded to the penitentiary for a crime they did not commit. They are charged with having dynamited a mill during the strike.

We have secured bail for all the men, but there are other expenses. Because their lawyers slept on their legal rights, they failed to take advantage of the pauper's exemption and we were forced to raise \$411 to copy the court record. A legal expert to condense these four volumes into a narrative on which a brief may be based called for an additional \$250. Besides this about \$500 must be raised for lawyers' fees and incidentals. How we are going to get these funds we do not see, unless some of the friends of labor come to the rescue.

Checks and contributions may be sent to Paul Green, the playwright, in Chapel Hill. Mr. Green, I might add, pledged his entire property to get the men out on bail.

E. E. ERICSON

P. S. The last men we bailed out were found in a jail the floor of which was ankle deep with overflow from a cell above. Two of the men were almost insane from their confinement and the hair of one of them had turned white.

Chapel Hill, N. C., April 10

[The story of the arrest and conviction of these seven men, showing the flimsy character of the evidence against them, is related at greater length by W. T. Couch and J. O. Bailey on page 483 of this issue.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Share-Croppers and the Bankhead Bill

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I read with great interest your paragraph in the issue of March 20 on the Bankhead bill to create a Farm Tenant Corporation, but find it rather optimistic in its assumptions. The government may pay under this plan \$1,000,000,000 for property, mostly land, which under an intelligent system of taxation would be available for not over one-fifth of that sum. The paragraph refers to 15,000,000 acres of land. This would mean a price of \$66.66 per acre, but I assume that the purchase of more land is contemplated. You say that 500,000 families can be settled in five years, that the carrying charges on the average cost of \$2,000 per unit farm for interest and

amortization would be about \$80 a year, that taxation and expenses of production would probably come to at least \$25 or \$30 a year. The cotton crop is estimated to be worth \$200 a year.

The assumption that tenants and share-croppers would be benefited by being thus put on their own is belied by all the experience of agriculture in America. If the cotton these people raise yields \$200 a year, it will be because the government is bolstering the price under the scheme of economic insanity which is masquerading as the New Deal. Who told you that "within a generation the system of land tenancy in the South could be ended and the poorest of America's submerged millions be intrenched in a position of slowly expanding independence"? The situation of hundreds of thousands of tenants and share-croppers is of course desperate, but this does not make them qualified to run their own show. A large proportion of them ought to be employed on collectivized farms under either government or corporation control.

You may be interested to know that although I have made every effort to get an opportunity to be heard on this bill, my requests have been denied by Senator Bankhead, chairman of the Agriculture Subcommittee, who had a two hours' hearing on his bill. It seems hardly fair to compel the unemployed and underpaid to subsidize speculators in farm lands in the South under the pretext that tenants and share-croppers are to be benefited by the scheme.

Washington, April 2

BENJAMIN C. MARSH,

Executive Secretary, The People's Lobby

Late Was Premature

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read with pleasure in your issue of April 3 your reviewer's very sound notice of Dover Wilson's edition of "Hamlet" in the New Shakespeare Series. But why has he killed off Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch by calling him "the late"? Unless your reviewer has received information which has not yet reached me, Q is still as alive as ever.

New York, April 4

F. R. MANSBRIDGE,

The Macmillan Company

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

SAMUEL GRAFTON is on the staff of the *New York Post*.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG, formerly on the financial staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, is now a free-lance journalist.

W. T. COUCH is director of the University of North Carolina Press and editor of "Culture in the South."

J. O. BAILEY is an instructor in the Department of English of the University of North Carolina.

ARTHUR WUBNIC is a student of labor economics.

H. B. PARKES is a member of the History Department of New York University.

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Wisconsin.

MAX NOMAD is the author of "Rebels and Renegades," of various biographies, and of other contributions to the history of revolutionary movements.

Labor and Industry

Dynamite in Burlington

By W. T. COUCH and J. O. BAILEY

WHEN the textile strike of last fall was finally brought to an end by the intervention of President Roosevelt, it was hoped that a basis for at least a short term of peace between mill-owners and labor had at last been achieved. But peace has not come, and the period since the strike has been used by the mill managements to weaken and break the local unions. A case in point is that of the dynamiting laid at the door of the strikers in Burlington, North Carolina.

The important facts in this case are as follows: On Saturday morning, September 15, during the textile strike, a charge of dynamite was set off in the yard of the E. M. Hold Plaid mill in Burlington. On the same day four sticks of unexploded dynamite wrapped in rags were found in a loom in the Stevens mill. Several weeks later, in open court, a night watchman for the Stevens Manufacturing Company declared that on the morning of the explosion he saw someone get out of a car, strike a match, and throw something that was lighted through a window of the mill. No explosion followed, however, and he did not investigate.

On the Monday following the explosion at the Plaid mill, officers and detectives began picking up workers and questioning them. Finally, they arrested ten men. Late in November these men were tried, and on December 4 seven of them—John Anderson, J. P. Hoggard, J. F. Harraway, Tom Canipe, Howard Overman, Florence Blalock, and Avery Kimrey—were found guilty and given sentences in the state penitentiary varying from ten to two years each.

The evidence came from three sources: first, the testimony of three of the ten men accused—Jerry Furlough, Charlie McCullum, and H. W. Pruitt—who confessed to complicity in a conspiracy implicating the seven convicted men; second, the "facts" obtained by four private detectives from Pennsylvania; and, third, the testimony of one Lee Rumble.

McCullum testified that Blalock admitted to him his share in the crime, and that Anderson told him that Blalock was involved. Furlough testified that Anderson was the "master-mind" of the conspiracy. Pruitt said that before the dynamiting he went with Anderson to hide some stolen dynamite on Anderson's mother-in-law's farm.

The whole case against Anderson is based on this testimony. All three of the men testifying against him have been notoriously disreputable, Pruitt having been tried twice since the dynamiting case—once for drunkenness, the other time for carrying concealed weapons. About twenty-five character witnesses appeared and swore to Anderson's good character. Two of them, one a war veteran and the other an ex-deputy sheriff of an adjoining county, swore that on a certain day in September they were riding in a car near the farm of Anderson's mother-in-law and were hailed for assistance by men with a stalled car. They heard reference to dynamite in the stalled car, and later identified one of the men as Pruitt, but were positive that the other man was not Anderson or any of the other defendants. But

while the ex-soldier's character was good enough for him to be employed as a mill guard, it apparently was not good enough for his testimony to be accepted against that of the notoriously disreputable Pruitt.

Some light may be thrown on the case by a knowledge of Anderson's position and activities in the county. He is a prominent Republican and in the last election gave strong support to the candidate opposing the present sheriff, J. F. Stockard. He has been active in the local textile union and at the time of the strike was president of the Piedmont Textile Council. It is not difficult to believe that Sheriff Stockard and the local magnates, one of whom said that a union would be bargained with in his plant only over his dead body, bear no good feeling toward him. An idea of the methods used by Sheriff Stockard to get his man may be got from the fact that the brother of the foreman of the jury, a man suffering from tuberculosis, was given the job of superintendent of the county poor home on the day before the jury brought in a verdict. It is also significant that the jurors apparently were never instructed as to their duties; one of them said after the trial that he did not believe the men were guilty, that he and four others voted not guilty, but on being reminded that the majority ruled in a democratic country, he and the others in the minority gave in. Finally there is the fact that the sheriff, instead of selecting extra jurors by a random method as prescribed by law, sent word to his friends in various places to be in court and ready to do service when the trial opened. The case against Anderson is so flimsy that it is hard to understand how he was ever convicted, but he drew from the judge a sentence of from eight to ten years at the state penitentiary.

A number of persons interested in the case talked with one of the prosecuting attorneys. He stated that you could see Pruitt would tell the truth just by looking at him. He also stated that while he believes Anderson is guilty, he was very much surprised when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty for all the defendants. In reply to a query, he indicated he might be willing to request a pardon for at least one or two of the defendants provided the case was not continued by an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The quality of the testimony of Messrs. Pruitt and Furlough shows itself again in what they had to say concerning the part of another of the defendants, Avery Kimrey. At a preliminary hearing they both swore in the presence of numerous witnesses, and signed a paper to the effect, that on one occasion when they, Pruitt and Furlough, went on a trip to obtain stolen dynamite, Kimrey was with them at their invitation, but was simply riding along for the pleasure of the ride, and did not know where they were going or what they were planning to do. At the trial they changed their testimony and swore that Kimrey was in the conspiracy with them.

The second source of evidence in the trial, that of the four private "detectives" from Pennsylvania, is of an equally dubious nature. They testified that Howard Overman

signed a confession and made statements implicating Blalock in the conspiracy. How the detectives got their "confession" is told by Overman's wife in a letter:

There were two plain-clothes men came to our house and asked for him, and when he went to the door they began talking to him about an old Chrysler automobile that he bought over two years ago. They asked him if he still had it and he told them no, that a Mr. Kelly had it, and they asked him to go with them. They took him out to a bootleg joint called Correct Time End, and they told him that they were federal men investigating about the car. They gave him whiskey and kept talking about the car, then they asked him to sign his name to a paper to see if it would correspond with the name of the bill of sale for the Chrysler automobile. Said it would save them a lot of trouble if he would do that, so they gave him a blank sheet of paper and told him to sign his name in the right hand corner of the paper, which he did, and the next time he saw the paper it had the confession on it.

The third source of evidence on examination reveals itself as equally unacceptable. Lee Rumble, whose automobile was mired near a dynamite house from which it was discovered later dynamite had been stolen, testified that on the night of September 13 at about 9 p. m., Hoggard, Canipe, and Harraway stopped to help him get out of the mud. He swore that he did not see any of them go near or toward the dynamite house. But the fact that they were on the road at a time when the dynamite might have been stolen helped to convict them. The prosecuting attorney generously allowed that there was no real evidence against Canipe. But he was not so generous toward Hoggard, against whom there was substantially the same evidence. All three of the defendants are union members. Hoggard, however, was a leader. Perhaps this explains the discrimination.

The case has aroused practically no public interest in North Carolina. The state papers have had nothing to say about it. The local Burlington U. T. W. recently voted fifteen to fourteen to give aid to the convicted men. The president of the union used all his influence to defeat this move; he has refrained from calling any meeting since this vote and has attempted to have the charter of the union withdrawn. Every man who has a job with any of the mills in Burlington is afraid to stand up for the defendants. As one grizzled old weaver said, "There is man-fearing spirit among us."

What is the explanation of the failure of the law to obtain justice for these workers in North Carolina? The answer is to be found in the persistence of certain attitudes in an agrarian community: labor unions are regarded as conspiracies, and membership in a union is itself a confession of potential complicity in crime. The inevitable consequence of this situation is that the workers are being forced to adopt radical views. If their spirit is not broken by malnutrition and disease, by blacklisting, and by chain-gang and prison terms, the seeds of revolutionary radicalism will find them fertile soil.

The case is now on appeal before the Supreme Court of North Carolina. The defense is being conducted locally by the Workers' Defense Committee, made up of representatives of the United Textile Workers' union, the International Labor Defense, and public-spirited citizens of the state.

The Question of Affiliation

By HEYWOOD BROWN

IN its convention at St. Paul a year ago the American Newspaper Guild tabled for one year all discussion of joining the American Federation of Labor. Some critics assailed this action as an evasion of an important issue, but it was based on the not unreasonable general feeling of the delegates that no intelligent discussion could take place until the organization had much more knowledge of the various complicated problems involved.

The Guild meets in Cleveland in June and at that time there is likely to be extended debate upon the question. Many of the local units have already appointed committees to make a careful study of conditions in their own cities and to report their findings. Although some of the issues are perhaps peculiar to the Guild, others apply to the white-collar movement as a whole, and so it may be that an attempt to enumerate them in part is justified. It might be well to state at the beginning that since no application for a charter has been made, the American Federation of Labor has not yet put itself officially on record as to whether or not it would welcome the Guild into its membership. Friendly words and gestures have been exchanged from time to time but they could hardly be called commitments.

Since I am an officer of the Guild I hope to make this a detached review rather than a plea for any special course of action. The A. F. of L. undoubtedly knows that it stands at least a chance of taking on an extensive fight if it receives the Guild into its ranks. Several publishers have indicated a potential policy in the event that affiliation occurs. A Middle Western editor said to me frankly:

"If reporters attempt to join the American Federation of Labor, publishers are very likely to regard the move as definitely a warlike act and to fight it all along the line. Our strategy would be simple enough and I think it would win public support. Naturally we would raise the cry of 'the freedom of the press.' We would contend that we stood as its defenders since it would be impossible to maintain the integrity of the news if any great proportion of newspaperers were A. F. of L. members. How could you send a reporter out to cover a textile, coal, or steel strike if that reporter were himself a member of the organization which had called the strike? No matter how hard he tried to be impartial, the bias would be there in his writing. And let me add that if the Guild affiliates with the A. F. of L., the war of the publishers will extend to the mechanical departments as well. We will say that, much as we believe in the right of labor to organize, the publication of newspapers is of such a peculiar and special nature that non-unionism is essential throughout. We will say that in the event of a general strike in any community it is essential that the newspaper shall be in a position to function in its informative capacity. The only other choice is chaos."

At this point my friend the editor ceased speaking. I believe he held back one prediction just as probable as the others which he voiced. It is my notion that a great many newspaper proprietors would like to go back to the open

shop and that one pretext would serve as well as another. There have been very few newspaper strikes in the last twenty years, and this period of calm has probably been due to the strength of the mechanical unions. At one time the unions did control practically all the competent workers. That is less true today. The process of combining small papers into big ones has gone on so rapidly that there is now a reservoir of unemployed compositors who have dropped out of union affiliation. In other words, if the mechanical unions are sufficiently farsighted they will see that such grief as might come to them from affiliation with the Guild would in all probability come anyway.

If the newspaper publishers had been shrewd enough to cooperate with the Guild in its early days, I rather think that the move for A. F. of L. affiliation would not have made much headway. It has grown in the last year. Since a great many publishers are already fighting the Guild, the threat of greater hostility in the event of affiliation loses much of its force. To be sure, the A. F. of L. set-up in the newspaper plants does not at the present time offer much in added power to reporters even if they come in. In New York we are aware that Paterson, New Jersey, compositors have been conducting a duly authorized strike for many months and that the press men, photo-engravers, and stereotypers are still on the job in spite of the presence of strike-breakers at the linotype machines. This occurs because of the fact that each horizontal union has a separate contract and that these contracts expire at different times. A good many guildsmen feel that their own organization would gain additional power only if it were feasible for it to become a part of a vertical, or industrial, union, which

could act as a unit on wage and hour disputes. But it is hardly likely that the A. F. of L. would change its established order at the behest of an outsider. Indeed, such private advices as have been received always go: "If you don't like the way we are running things, come on in and work for the changes you desire from the inside. What right have you got to criticize when you don't even belong."

It is my impression that few members of the American Newspaper Guild want to take any action which might result in a large loss of membership. The charge has been made that certain Guild leaders were desirous of boldly kidnapping the organization and carrying it into the A. F. of L. without so much as asking "by your leave." But there wouldn't be any sense in that even if it were possible. Some months ago the president of a Far Western Guild chapter reported: "Our line-up on affiliation with the A. F. of L. is about as follows: 30 per cent think the move would be too radical; 30 per cent would like to go in now; 40 per cent think the A. F. of L. isn't radical enough."

It might be added that the opposition from the left is subsiding. Most of the members of this group now feel that criticism from the outside is ineffective.

But a new movement has sprung up which still further complicates the issue. This is a proposal to seek membership in the American Federation of Labor but by a different route. The proposal is that the Guild should seek to become a part of the Authors' League, the Screen Writers' Guild, the Dramatists' Guild, and the resulting confederation should apply for an international charter as the Writers' Union. In any event there should be an interesting time at the Cleveland convention.

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by E. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

- Section I. Bride and Groom
- Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
- Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
- Section IV. Married Courtship
- Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

Female Sex Organs, Side View • The Internal Sex Organs • The External Sex Organs • Female Sex Organs, Front View • Entrance to Female Genital Parts • Male Sex Organs, Side View • Male Sex Organs, Front View • Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views. (Detailed explanations accompany charts.)

“From a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly. As a general thing, even in so-called normal coitus, the man considers only himself and not the woman at all.”

COMMENTS

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—Quarterly Review of Biology

“Begins with a description of the nervousness of the young bride on the first night of marriage, and ends with an account of the positions in which coitus may take place.”

—Lancet (leading English medical journal)

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—General Practice

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—American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology

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—Journal of the American Medical Association

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Serenade

By JAKE FALSTAFF

I have waited three nights.
On the first night I whistled like a tree toad.
On the second night I hooted like an owl.
On the third night I howled like a dog.
I have waited three nights.

I have waited three nights and you have not come.
On the first night the moon rolled up the sky like a wagon wheel.
On the second night the rain ran off my hat.
On the third night the misty ghosts of water hung above the creeks.
I have waited three nights and you have not come.

I have waited three nights and you have not come; I will not wait any longer.
On the first night my cheek burned where your cheek had been.
On the second night my hands wandered over the world searching for you.
On the third night I howled like a dog.
I will not wait any longer.

If you do not come tonight, I will break a door.
I will walk into your house, roaring.
I will stand among your kinsmen, demanding you.
I will not wait any longer.

The Age of Plenty

The Chart of Plenty. A Study of America's Product Capacity Based on the Findings of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity. By Harold Loeb and Associates. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IT is not news that the productive mechanism of the United States did not, even at the 1929 flush rate of output, yield the full national dividend in goods and services of which it was capable. Nor is it particularly enlightening to be informed that the factors of production could have been so manipulated in 1929 as to yield standards of living appreciably higher than those actually obtained. But Mr. Loeb and his associates do not in general dispense such truisms as these. They engage instead in a truly grandiose project, for they endeavor to contrive precise and exact measures, in quantitative terms, of what the consumer might expect in the way of goods and services "if production were limited solely by physical factors and knowledge." As Stuart Chase explains in his foreword, the survey aims to grapple with the "physical" order of production alone, keeping clear at all times of the "commercial frame of reference."

To be sure, the study uses the dollar—in the context of its 1929 purchasing power—as the yardstick of measurement. To use such a yardstick at all, some might object, is to plunge head over heels into the commercial frame of reference. But the objection is not altogether fatal. So far as it was possible, Mr. Loeb and his associates have reckoned with bushels of

wheat, bales of cotton, cubic volume of housing space, and passenger-miles of transportation. The results they have projected against the "reference frame of market value" on the theory that "though market values are not invariable, they should not be considered arbitrary, except in the case of goods intrinsically scarce."

If this matter of final projection is waived, the survey seeks to reduce the national apparatus for generating real income to technological magnitudes pure and simple. Mr. Loeb and his associates appreciate that in the absence of a scale of social values capacity to produce is indeterminate. They therefore superimpose the following limiting condition: What goods and services might the American people have enjoyed in 1929 "had they operated the [available] plant for the purpose of satisfying the [basic] 'needs and reasonable wants' of our citizens"?

"The Chart of Plenty" is a dangerous book for the reader intent upon safeguarding his critical faculties against an upsurge of wishful thinking. It is difficult to subdue the feeling that the findings ought to be true, even if they are not. For the conclusions reached are that "the resources, man power, equipment, and technology existing in the nation are ample to provide a high standard of living for every inhabitant of the continental United States." It is argued, to be precise, that the 1929 productive capacity was capable of yielding a real income in consumers' goods and services to the value (given existing retail prices) of \$136,000,000,000. Divided equally among all families, the total was enough to provide every family (of 4.2 persons) with an annual income of \$4,370. Each family, it is argued, could consume the quantities of foodstuffs called for by the Department of Agriculture's "liberal diet." Each family could purchase quantities of clothing similar to those purchased by the "professional classes" in San Francisco. Each family could be housed, not at once but eventually, in a "modern five- or six-room house or its equivalent—fully equipped with the best labor-saving devices." Each family could secure that amount of medical care which "medical authorities" regard as proper. Each family could have access to educational facilities consonant with the ideal budgets prepared by "authorities at Teachers College" and to recreational facilities consonant with the "existing taste of the people." There would be chickens in every pot, automobiles in every garage; the land, in sum, would flow with milk and honey, while the people rested at their ease in Zion.

Unfortunately for the argument that the Age of Plenty is now full upon us, Mr. Loeb and his associates are far from proving their case. This is not to say that 1929 standards of living were as high as physical factors permitted. But "The Chart of Plenty," regarded as an experiment in exact measurement, is vitiated by many fallacies. There is space here to examine only two, of which the first undermines the logical foundations of the survey and the second enshrouds the final results in statistical doubt.

First, the authors expressly refrain from giving capacity estimates for raw materials because, as they put it, "in many cases, they are impossible to calculate on the basis of existing plant and equipment; in others, they are meaningless or misleading." Can we take it for granted that all necessary supplies of fuels, minerals, and metals will be forthcoming to maintain any desired rate of output? Can we also take it for granted that the national output of foodstuffs is, for practical purposes, indefinitely elastic? To make assumptions like these at the outset of a study supposedly exact to the last degree is hardly consistent with the inherent spirit of scientific inquiry—determinate measurement. It is no proper answer to assume further, as the authors do, that exports and imports are varia-

ble "at will." At whose will? That of the exporting or of the importing nation? Are the authors studying the physical-product capacity of the United States alone or of the world at large? If the latter, would they care to maintain the thesis that the "persistence of scarcity" *the world over* "is due to economic and not physical causes"?

Second, the final measurement—a potential consumers' income of \$136,000,000,000—is open to the gravest doubts. The total seemingly includes not only goods and services which are consumed by families but also "the value of consumers' goods purchased by business concerns." Other valuations, to accept the strict canons of retail pricing, are largely guesswork; for example, the imputed rental value of owned homes and the imputed value of food raised and eaten on farms. Still other values—those ascribed, for example, to health and education—refer to a universe of discourse where retail pricing simply does not apply. Over and above all this, the authors brush past many difficulties which have long tormented students of price behavior. Are the existing data on retail prices in the United States sufficiently abundant, exact, and representative to warrant their unquestioned use in scientific inquiry?

It may or may not be true that technological progress has transformed what was once an economy of scarcity into an economy of abundance. "The Chart of Plenty," far from ending the argument, merely opens it anew.

ARTHUR WUBNIG

The Victorian Average

Queen Victoria. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

BREAD and circuses are in these days the chief concern of every capitalist government. The British ruling class, which has had a longer experience of such matters than have most others, has recently been economizing on the bread—thereby provoking the biggest demonstrations of mass discontent which England has seen since the Chartist movement—and is now preparing to make amends by increased expenditure on circuses. This summer His Majesty King George the Fifth is to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. Harbingers of this momentous event have already begun to cross the Atlantic, and among them, presumably, is to be included Mr. Benson's life of Queen Victoria.

Since traditional religion fell into decay, its services to the community have been divided among a number of other institutions. Idealistic astronomers console us for the brevity of our lives, nationalism provides us with our ideals and our moral codes, mass pageantry in celebration of patriotic or athletic occasions gives us a sense of union with our neighbors. An equally important function of religion was to dignify the common events of human life—to give human beings a sense of their own importance and thereby to make them more contented with their condition—by representing those common events as occurring not only to men but also among the gods. In the myth of a Holy Family men saw their own biographies magnified and transfigured. Republican America must now seek its myths as best it can—in Hollywood or among personages marked out by office or achievement; but more fortunate England has its monarchy. The English kings of history were statesmen or tyrants, saints or criminals, occasionally even lunatics, but in any case they were personalities in their own right; the duty of the modern English king is to be as ordinary as possible, to be a glorification of the average man, with average tastes and average prejudices. The late King Edward had some difficulty in conforming to the part he was required to play: his tastes were a trifle too Parisian to please the Non-

conformist conscience, and his Semitic friendships betrayed a certain freedom from the prejudices common among his fellow-countrymen. The present monarch labors under no such disadvantages, nor, even more plainly, did Queen Victoria, to whom credit is due for first creating the role. In her early life, it is true, she committed an error which might have had serious consequences; she married a man who not only was German but who also read poetry and philosophy, improvised on the organ, and considered athletic exercises to be merely a form of recreation. An intellectual in Buckingham Palace was a disturbing spectacle; it might almost be regarded as a subtle insult to the British populace; and one can well understand why they should have resented paying taxes for his support and, during the Crimean War, should have hailed with pleasure the rumor that the Queen and the Prince Consort had been found guilty of treason and were about to be immured in the Tower. Fortunately, however, the Prince Consort died, and his widow had forty years in which to make amends. So prosaic, so petty bourgeois were her tastes and occupations, so faithfully did she echo every spasm of popular excitement—whether it were directed against Mr. Gladstone because he happened to be Prime Minister when Gordon was killed, or against the Boers because they declared war on Great Britain, or against the Kaiser because he expressed his sympathy for the Boers—that before she died she had almost ceased to be a human being; she had been apotheosized into an embodiment of the genius of England.

Mr. Benson wrote this book, one supposes, chiefly in order to cash in on the jubilee excitement. Several other biographies of Queen Victoria have been written, and one of them is already a classic. Mr. Benson convicts Lytton Strachey of being led astray occasionally by too lurid an imagination, but for the most part he follows closely in his footsteps, revealing no new facts of much importance and portraying the queen in the same light. At his best, as in "As We Were," he is a graceful and amusing raconteur, but in this book he has allowed himself to be overwhelmed by facts, and at times it degenerates into a mere chronicle of the queen's movements and conversations. An inordinate amount of space is devoted to her Coburg relatives, and as no genealogical tree is appended, one is left rather bewildered by these innumerable Alberts and Ernests and Leopolds. Mr. Benson appears to have tried to make his style appropriate to his subject; he uses long simple sentences held together by and's and but's. He succeeds—if that was his intention—in imitating the long-winded and undistinguished periods of a gossiping old lady, but unfortunately he has not, in this book, solved the problem of how to convey an impression of dulness without becoming dull oneself.

H. B. PARKES

A Liberal Historian

Everyman His Own Historian. By Carl L. Becker. F. S. Crofts and Company. \$2.50.

FEW liberals have written with as much penetration as Professor Becker on the difficulties of their position. If current cant like the "dilemma of liberalism" or the "bankruptcy of liberalism" has any meaning left, it is undoubtedly due to analysis such as that of Professor Becker, who has sought to make its meaning specific. But analysis cannot do away with the genuine difficulties to which the stock phrases refer; and no better illustration of the fact could be found than this volume.

It contains book reviews and essays written over the wide span of twenty-five years. Only one of the pieces, *The Marxian Philosophy of History*, is here printed for the first time;

one of them was published as early as 1910, and most of them before 1928. Yet none seems dated, and all give evidence of that learning, happy gift for epigram, and intellectual sensibility which characterize the work of Professor Becker. Why then, do they leave the reader with the feeling that Professor Becker might have written more effectively?

The answer is not far to seek. Professor Becker is able to analyze the predicament of liberalism because he is a competent auto-analyst. But the very predicament from which he suffers produces an ambiguous reaction to his work. In his presidential address before the American Historical Society in 1931, Professor Becker dared to diagnose the trouble with academic historians. He called their attention to the fact that in cultivating a "scientific" ideal they were perhaps following "a counsel of perfection but equally one of futility." They need not be astonished therefore if their work remained unread. History, he suggested, is a tool, a weapon to be used in the struggles of our day, and it must be forged to meet contemporary needs. Unless, he added, we adapt our knowledge to Mr. Everyman's necessities, "he will leave us to our devices, leave us, it may be, to cultivate a species of dry professional arrogance growing out of the thin soil of antiquarian research."

These are plain words. They not only make hash of the ideal of "scientific history," but they give comfort to the radical, who has all along been insisting on exactly this point. Yet as one turns to other essays in this book or as one recalls the closing pages of "The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers," one suddenly realizes where the source of dissatisfaction lies: the man who analyzes so keenly the predicament of liberalism is an excellent diagnostician but he can offer no cure. On Professor Becker's premises, history is an instrumental undertaking, "from which a significant meaning may be derived," but from Professor Becker's own historical studies the only meaning one can derive is that history offers the liberal no significant meaning.

This is the true dilemma of liberalism. It is not so much that, in Professor Becker's own phrase, "we stand irresolute, pulled one way by our human sympathies, another by our traditional ideals"; not that the contradictions in the system of production as reflected in the intellectual superstructure paralyze us, as the Marxist so obligingly informs us—for logical contradictions have never interfered with man's will to action, and if they did, the Marxist would suffer from ataxia as much as anyone else—but, to put it baldly, that we are not really pulled by our human sympathies at all; that even though we realize that to be effective we must believe in something, there is not much in which we can believe, for we know, deny it verbally as we will, that the things we could believe in have already been tried and found wanting.

One need not go beyond this volume for confirmation of one's suspicions. For the same man who courageously told his colleagues that they were pursuing a futile ideal is the man who answers the Marxists with these words: "And in any case why should I join the Communists? I am a professor, and the Communists are never weary of telling me that professors as a class support the capitalist regime because it is their economic interest to do so. Very well, I will be a sufficiently good Marxist to accept the doctrine that men's actions are motivated by their economic class interest."

Obviously it is not the Marxist who has us liberals on the run. Outside New York City and certain literary circles the Communist movement has little effective force to exert. It is the fascist who has us licked, because in spite of his saurian mentality he believes in something. He plans to rule with the knout, but he plans, while we, who know in a pure cognitive way that history must serve a purpose, do not know what purpose to put it to unless it be to show that for us it can have no purpose.

ELISEO VIVAS

Fancy's Child

Elinor Wylie: The Portrait of an Unknown Lady. By Nancy Hoyt. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

ELINOR WYLIE is the poet of fancy. The chief thing to be noted in even the best of her work is that the quality of fancy is developed to its highest pitch of sprightliness, decorativeness, wit, ingenuity, and charm. Within her limits Mrs. Wylie remains unchallenged; at times she even appears to transcend them. It would be truer, however, to say that she understood these limits so well and worked over them so carefully that they seemed, in their superb finish, to be less restricting than they were.

Great poetry, it has been said, is anonymous: one does not see, nor very much care to see, the man or woman behind it. The work of a minor poet, however, is never quite so complete as to exclude his personality; we catch tantalizing glimpses of it in the least confessional of his verses. Let him but ponder on the universe, and we begin to ask ourselves what kind of man he was, whom he married, where he went to school. The poems of Elinor Wylie lend themselves to such speculation; they leave a margin in which we seem to see a hand, the shadow of a face, an experience only partially suggested, an attitude toward life insufficiently defined.

This volume, by Mrs. Wylie's younger sister, would seem to be exactly what we have been waiting for. When Mrs. Wylie died in 1928, little was known of her by the world at large—and that little came from friendly and naturally biased sources; most of it, strangely enough, was fairly disappointing and scarcely in accord with what we had been led to expect from her work itself. A legend grew up around her; it was, like all legends, unsatisfactory; and it threw us back all the more upon our own private conception of a restrained, exquisite, and fundamentally aristocratic being. Surely a biography by a member of her family, by someone who knew her so well and saw her so often, must kill this legend—or at least, by filling the gaps in it, relate it more sympathetically to that secret image of her which it was always threatening to deny. Yet Miss Hoyt's book leaves us with a disquieting sensation that we ought to have let well enough alone.

It is a book which neither adds to nor detracts from the legend of a romantic and essentially shallow woman. One looks in vain for more; one looks for the woman who wrote *This Corruptible* or even *The Eagle and the Mole*, and one finds instead a society belle going in for Poirer frocks, a school-girl with a romantic "crush" on Shelley, and, worst of all, a minor poet somewhat unsure of her position and seeking to defend it by appropriating all the shopworn characteristics with which a romantic tradition has been surrounding poets for ages. One turns away in embarrassment from the spectacle of Mrs. Wylie bursting into a room full of people and exclaiming, "I've got them! I've got them!" when she had bought some valuable Shelley manuscripts, or from the story (not in Miss Hoyt's book) of how she very nearly wept at a party during which the guests wrote their names on a wall because she felt that her own signature was not as fine as one which had preceded it. These gestures may well have been sincere; they may well have been the result of an ardent and unconventional sensibility. But their closeness to the "poetic" tradition, the way in which they manage to carry on the romantic type-soul of the "poet," renders them suspect.

Elinor Wylie, to repeat, was the poet of fancy, and it was to be expected that she would exhibit none of the individual richness, the genuine pride, courage, and sensibility which even in his private life distinguish the poet of imagination. But surely, in an intimate biography of a woman who made the

most of her limitations, who brought her narrow and exquisite gifts to their highest point of perfection, one expects to find more than a social butterfly, a schoolgirl, or a character actress. The "Unknown Lady," one prefers to believe, is still unknown.

HELEN NEVILLE

Dreams and Facts

Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels. By René Fülöp-Miller. The Viking Press. \$5.

THE subtitle of the book, "An account of the great mass-movements of history and the wish-dreams that inspired them," makes the reader expect a sort of Freudian interpretation of the more interesting chapters of the great human tragi-comedy. Mr. Fülöp-Miller does make his bow to the great teacher, but his chief purpose, as he states it right in the introduction, is to "deal with the situations in which history has been made by visions, in which dreams have operated formatively upon the life of human society." He does not deny the "working of material needs" and the "spiritual principle." But he prefers to emphasize the "third force," that is, "the power of dreams."

What follows is a panorama of religious, national, and social upheavals and movements, and of the theological, philosophical, and, partly, political theories accompanying them. It is a tour de force of condensation and dramatic presentation, which should secure the book an honorable place among other "outlines" for persons in need of a short cut to information. The millenarian hopes of the downtrodden; their "longing for equality," which is continuously thwarted by the "equally strong desire for possession"; the blind faith of large masses in leaders who in so many cases have been either lunatics or charlatans, or both; it is all meat for melancholy reflections about present-day trends, and reminds one of Renan's cruel saying that it was the stupidity of the masses which enabled him to grasp the concept of the infinite.

Interesting reading though it is, the book is nevertheless not of those that can claim to be taken seriously. True, the author does not conceal the background of misery and exploitation as the determining factor of most of the upheavals. Yet when he gets to the more complex social systems, such as the European societies since the sixteenth century, he prefers in most cases to explain the leaders from inside, so to speak, rather than by an analysis of the surrounding social forces. This attitude is easy to understand. The author's sympathies are apparently with the gospel according to Mussolini. That new revelation insists upon the essential unity of each national entity, and sees the historical process chiefly as a succession of wars and conquests. As a result, one would try in vain to find in the book a clear demonstration that those "wish-dreams" were as a rule rationalizations of definite conflicting material interests, usually coupled with personal ambitions for power. There is barely a hint of the class basis of the ever-changing interpretations given to the concept of "equality," the greatest "wish-dream" of all ages. In places Mr. Fülöp-Miller's performance is worthy of the Nazi philosopher, Alfred Rosenberg. Lenin's success as a revolutionary leader evokes from the author such profundities as the "millenarian absolutism of the Russian spirit," "Russian blood," or "the catastrophism" which is "a deep-rooted ingredient of the Russian temperament."

In his desire to dramatize the presentation of various historical episodes, Mr. Fülöp-Miller evinces a sovereign contempt for the narrow limitations imposed by such non-essentials as facts or texts. In order to explain why, as he says, "the labor movement drew a breath of relief" when Marx died, he

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imputes to the aging teacher opinions with regard to the ten-hour day which the latter had given up more than thirty years before. To show Lenin's demonic irreconcilability, he attributes to him a spurious statement to the effect that "it does not matter a jot if three-fourths of mankind perish! The only thing that matters is that, in the end, the remaining fourth should become communist!" The liberty he takes with facts reaches its climax in the way he deals with Georges Sorel. "Sorel's doctrine of force," he says, "provided the foundation for French syndicalism; from his ideas . . . likewise originated the program of the royalist 'Action Française' and the concept of fascism." As a matter of dry fact, Sorel himself admitted his indebtedness to the anarcho-syndicalist pioneer Fernand Pelloutier, and his own writings were persistently ignored by the French syndicalist militants. The royalist Action Française, with its famous champions Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, was very active long before Sorel, disgusted with the corruption of French bourgeois democracy, had a short spell of medievalism which he later regretted. Sorel died, as is well known, an admirer of Lenin; and if after his death some of his ideas were used as an ex-post-facto justification of a successful nation-wide hold-up by a band of unprincipled adventurers, he was as defenseless against this desecration of his memory as were Babeuf and Blanqui, precursors of modern communism, against similar procedure by Mussolini's philosophical bodyguards.

Yet, for all that, the book is worth having. It is well written, it has a good index, and the numerous illustrations constitute a valuable collection all by themselves.

MAX NOMAD

Drama

From A to B

MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN is a prolific playwright who has managed to achieve a considerable success both here and in London. In at least two cases that success was sufficiently justified, but the more one sees of his plays the more evident it becomes that the range of his feeling is absurdly narrow and that the things he can say well are extremely few. Like the actress whom Miss Parker made unhappily famous, he runs a gamut of emotions from A to B, and there are, unfortunately, very few dramatic subjects which can be adequately treated within that limited compass.

Nice people in their nicer—and quieter—moments he understands very well. When nothing more is required than a pleasant picture of pleasant domesticity he has a style of his own, and no one can make the tea table more genuinely agreeable than he. But he is not really at home anywhere except in the drawing-room, and even there he is lost if the drawing-room atmosphere is disturbed by so much as a gentle draft from anywhere outside the walls which were built to inclose quiet affection and polite self-control. Resigned regret on the one hand, a mild determination on the other, mark the limits of the emotional field over which his characters can move without losing all verisimilitude, and invariably his voice cracks into falsetto whenever he attempts anything beyond their range or his.

In his first play, "Young Woodley," and in the very pleasant little comedy called "There's Always Juliet," Mr. Van Druten was fortunate enough to find subjects which were genuinely interesting without making demands which he could not meet. But such subjects are rare, and most of his other attempts have failed in one of the two ways which his limi-

tations make almost inevitable. Last year "The Distaff Side" stayed carefully within his range and remained quietly dull. This year "Flowers of the Forest" (Martin Beck Theater) raises its voice with disastrous results. Miss Katharine Cornell plays the leading role for all its worth and considerably more, but she cannot conceal the fact that every "big" scene is palpably false and that only in the quietest moments is the play convincing enough to be effective in the slightest degree.

The story is concerned with the lives of two sisters whose lovers were killed in the war. The second act goes back to the war era itself, and Mr. Van Druten's chief purpose was apparently to preach a sermon in favor of peace. All he has to say upon that subject is extremely worthy and some of it is said about as well as one can hope a platitudinous truth to be. In addition he creates one real character in the person of the more commonplace sister, who declines into a sentimental and querulous middle age. She can be convincing because she is never supposed to be capable of any except the mildest emotions, and Margalo Gilmore plays her very well indeed. But when Mr. Van Druten attempts to portray passion he can neither think of any situation fresher than that of a woman heavy with an unwanted child nor give her anything except the most worn of theatrical phrases to use. For passion he cannot invent convincing gestures or convincing language, and the chances are that he does not know it except through the theatrical literature from which he borrows some tawdry devices. One would recommend that he stay quietly within his own limitations if one did not know from experience how depressingly dull he can be when virtuously resolved to do just that. Under the circumstances nothing remains except the hope that he will again find a subject where neither heights nor depths of feeling are either called for or made too conspicuous by their absence.

"Ceiling Zero" (Music Box Theater) is a melodrama written about the character of a practicing Don Juan who had an airplane instead of a bicycle. The airport scene is novel enough to make melodrama seem as fresh as it needs to be, and there is one really exciting bit when a plane crashes just beyond the window. John Litel succeeds in keeping the roystering pilot from being offensive and Osgood Perkins is as good as usual in the role of the hard-boiled field manager. It is a pity, though, that so good an actor should be wasted on type parts which by now he could play in his sleep—and probably does.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Half a Loaf

THE question raised by "Black Fury" has come to be more and more the most pressing of all questions in the minds of those who follow the current cinema. It is the question whether or not we are to reconcile ourselves to dispensing with our intelligence, to forgetting whatever knowledge or dim sense of the truth we may possess, in our response to the offerings of that field of entertainment. If the question is raised with such insistence on this occasion, it is because no picture in months has more convincingly revealed the embarrassing consequence of failing to recognize it. Rarely have the metropolitan film reviewers been forced into such an anguishing betrayal of confusion, self-contradiction, and indecision. In one breath they expand with admiration for the reckless temerity of the Warner Brothers in daring to turn their attention to conditions among the striking coal-miners of Pennsylvania. In the next they admit, somewhat shame-

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facedly in some cases, that of course the treatment accorded this material is reactionary to the last degree. The conclusion with which one is left is that the implications of a film matter little if it is provided with a good cast, a well-documented background, and a goodly dose of violent dramatic action.

Certainly the producers of "Black Fury" must be credited with a certain bold ingenuity, a sense of the main box-office chance, in turning to the plight of the coal-miners as a subject for a Hollywood picture. It is a subject fraught with every species of violent physical action, and such action is one of the most profitable commodities of the industry. Violence of every sort you will find represented in the picture: a half-dozen rousing fist fights, a cavalry attack on the miners by a force of hired thugs, the clubbing to death of a worker by a company policeman. The film is, from this point of view, one of the most exciting of the season. And Mr. Muni, as the swaggering, illiterate, misunderstood Joe Radek, who has disgraced himself by opposing the regular union, gives the most vigorous performance of his screen career. The sympathetic humor which he exudes helps dissolve more than one puzzling complication of the plot. In fact, the climactic situation, in which Joe Radek descends into the mine and threatens to blow up the whole works unless the union's demands are accepted, is made plausible almost solely through Mr. Muni's hilarious good spirits. Some tribute also must be paid to the director, who has had the good sense to realize that in dealing with such events in the way that he is required to deal with them a speeding up of tempo is the better part of discretion. "Black Fury" moves with a rapidity that aims to give the spectator no time in which to consider what all this misery and violence might really be about.

If some slow-minded spectator should nevertheless pause long enough to make such a reflection, he would be confronted with the following somewhat startling thesis: the cause of all

strikes in this country is the existence of certain sinister and mysterious strike-breaking organizations, whose method is to foment trouble between workers and employers for the sole purpose of commercial gain. The only salvation for the misguided workers, with agents of these organizations continually in their midst, is to stick by their own regular unions—even when those unions do not secure all their demands from the employers. In the words of one of the leaders, "Half a loaf is better than no loaf at all." It is with this venerable truth reestablished in their minds that the miners in the film, after Radek's somewhat inconsistent one-man rebellion against both employers and union leaders, return to the shafts.

Now it is not the intention of this column to inquire into the possible historical or theoretical accuracy of this interpretation of American labor troubles. It will be unnecessary to blunder into a field in which authorities like Benjamin Stolberg and Louis Adamic would be able to throw a great deal more light. Both the *Daily Worker* and the scathing bulletins of the Film and Photo League can be depended on to supply the kind of "class-analysis" to which this type of picture lays itself wide open. It will only be suggested that even the most casual exercise of the intelligence is likely to leave one unpersuaded by the subterfuges to which the Warner Brothers have had recourse in this film. It is an instance, in strictly logical terms, of the cause being insufficient for the effect: the mind refuses to accept an explanation that does not meet all the facts in the situation. Unlike the more easily satisfied workers in the story, the intellectually alert spectator will find himself unable to content himself with the half loaf of truth which the producers throw out to him. Despite the clamor and violence and bloodshed, despite the vigorous and well-sustained movement, despite Paul Muni, he will probably conclude that such a picture is really worse than no loaf at all.

WILLIAM TROY

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THREATENED WITH THE LOSS of federal expenditure in Louisiana, Senator Huey Long told a crowded Senate that Roosevelt's new "tea party" could work both ways and Louisiana might refuse to pay federal taxes. His pique makes him more daring than constitutional. A state has no inalienable right to borrow funds from the federal government, but there is no escape, save by revolution, from the inalienable duty to pay federal taxes. In this arena Long, if he were serious, would be courting defeat. But he is only boxing, and not without scoring points. The Administration is in a predicament in its attempt to outlaw the Kingfish. Somebody in Louisiana must spend the money, and the only alternative to the Long machine is the machine which he defeated. Its members, however, are no more savory in their methods and morals than the Senator, and some are still less desirable. The decision of Secretary Ickes to withhold loans to Louisiana because they would build up the Long machine is human enough, and certainly more defensible than his effort to remove Robert Moses from the bridge commission in New York. But it is the same kind of decision, and we believe that it is neither wise nor valid. We do not like to see federal loans used as counters in the business of machine building. The lesson to the people of Louisiana, who are the final sufferers, is that unless they support Long's enemies they will be pun-

ished, which will look to them like being punished no matter what they do. Long is not to be beaten in this way. Nor is he to be put to rout by wisecracks. Secretary Ickes's reference to his "halitosis of the intellect" may be a gem, but name-calling is the combat of adolescents, and the problem of Huey Long warrants mature treatment.

WE CONGRATULATE Secretary Ickes on his vigorous and forthright defense of civil liberties in his recent speech before the Associated Press. In sounding a warning against the encroaching forces of suppression and intolerance he performed a sorely needed service. Unlike most politicians he was amazingly direct and specific. He condemned "officials . . . who have taken a solemn oath to obey the Constitution and the laws of the United States [and] will deny a permit to speak in a vacant lot on the edge of town," and particularly those who violated their oath of office by "breaking up with tear bombs such a meeting as that of Norman Thomas several months ago in a town in the state of Abraham Lincoln." He spoke of great universities "within whose cloistered walls the truth is supposed to be sacred," which "yield to the unreasoning pressure of the un-American mob and deny an opportunity to be heard to advocates of certain objectionable causes"; and referred to "the paradoxical situation of self-appointed patriots demanding that constitutional rights be denied to those very persons for whom those rights were written into the Constitution." Most scathing of all was his reference to that section of the press which demands that its own "freedom be not infringed upon . . . while upholding the denial of the right of free speech and free assemblage to minority groups." Wondering just what Mr. Hearst would say to all of this, we scanned the New York *American* for reference to Secretary Ickes's speech. We find a brief account on page 6 under the heading "Mr. Ickes Upholds Free Press," in which all the above quotations are conspicuously absent.

MR. HEARST has been put at least on the defensive. At great expense he advertises in rival newspapers that "Hearst newspapers stand for Americanism and genuine democracy," and proceeds to explain what he believes. It will astonish any loyal reader of his who sees it to find that Hearst now supports "American rights and liberties, free speech, free assembly, freedom of thought and action, and freedom of the press," and that Hearst newspapers "are opposed to intolerance." Not long ago the official Hearst doctrine was that "academic freedom is a phrase taken over by the radical groups as a new camouflage for the teaching of alien doctrines." Our guess is that Hearst is finding the fascist label an expensive burden on his properties. So he advertises his hostility to tyrannies—communism and fascism alike. He hopes the public will forget that in speaking of the Philippines recently he said they never would have been abandoned "if we had a system of government of the date of the aeroplane, or even the automobile." Has he given up hoping for a government that dates in the twentieth century? Or does he still believe, as

he proclaimed in big type last year, that the San Francisco strike was "won in the right way—on the right note, on the true principles"? If he has repented, and if the attack on academic freedom is to end, the advertisement would be news and not fraud, and should have been published free of charge.

A WEEK AFTER STRESA finds the European situation still deeply clouded in uncertainty. Germany was not expected to approve of the League's action in censuring its unilateral declaration of rearmament. But no one quite anticipated the violence with which Hitler has turned against Great Britain, or expected that the Reich would seize upon the League's action as a pretext for remaining aloof from further negotiations. To some this turn of events will seem convincing evidence that the powers were too severe in their attitude toward Germany. Others will see in it final proof of the unwillingness of the Third Reich to enter into any plan of collective security. Both interpretations appear to us to be unduly extreme. While Hitler is naturally irritated by the failure of his attempt to drive a wedge between the powers, he has not closed the door to collective action. It is difficult to believe that in the long run he will choose isolation as an alternative to a plan of collective security in which the Reich can participate on terms of equality. Weeks and even months may pass before he is forced to make a final decision on this issue. But barring a serious breach in the united front of the League powers, Nazi diplomacy is doomed to ultimate defeat.

THAT A HITCH has developed in the negotiation of the Franco-Soviet pact at a time when agreement is most imperative illustrates the difficulties that are bound to occur in maintaining a common front against the Reich. Both France and the Soviet Union ardently desire an agreement, and both are willing to make sacrifices to obtain it. Yet the specific requirements of the two countries differ materially. Since the U. S. S. R. stands in the greater danger of an early attack, Moscow wants a pledge of immediate and unequivocal assistance. But as its geographical position would make it impossible for the Soviet Union to render immediate aid to France in case the latter were attacked, Paris would naturally prefer an arrangement somewhat less binding. The Soviets also differ with the French as to the necessity of guaranteeing the frontiers of the Baltic states. Despite these obstacles, there is reason to believe that the delay in signing the pact of mutual assistance is temporary. Neither country dares risk a complete breakdown. Much depends, however, on the nature of the compromise that is ultimately reached. A drastic agreement would be unpleasantly reminiscent of the pre-war alliances, but it is evident that any plan which does not provide adequate protection against Hitler's boasted intention to expand toward the East might allow just such a loophole as Berlin has desired. True collective security can only be obtained at a price equivalent to the limitation of national sovereignty.

THE UNITED STATES may be the only country in the world in which men are tortured, mutilated, and burned by mobs on the mere charge of having committed a crime, but Southern Senators are determined that no steps shall be taken to remove this stain from our na-

tional honor. As we go to press they seem determined to filibuster against the Costigan-Wagner bill as long as possible, even if thereby the whole reform program of President Roosevelt is held up. Senator George of Georgia and Senator Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina are leading the fight. They are bringing up the old argument that the South has made "marvelous progress" in coping with lynching. Mr. George declared that the proposed federal law would "actually retard the anti-lynching movement," and that "Senators should not hurry to reflect on the glorious history and traditions of the section to which I belong, beleaguered by influences and forces with which most Senators have not been familiar and with which they have not had to reckon. Certain acts committed are beyond the reach of any court or jury in the opinion of any right-minded man or woman." This is direct aid and comfort to lynchers. Its mawkish sentimentality as to the South is characteristic but utterly uncalled for, since the bill is as much aimed at California and Illinois as at any Southern state. The complete answer to Senator George is, of course, that lynching has not suppressed the specific crime to which he refers, and that, in any case, the great majority of the lynchings have nothing whatsoever to do with criminal assaults by Negroes upon white women.

THE BROOKINGS INSTITUTION REPORT on the NRA merely confirms the major criticisms which *The Nation* has been making during the past two years. Far from being an instrument of recovery, the NRA is found to have substantially retarded recovery. Any development which tends to freeze the wage and price structure delays those adjustments that must occur before the capitalist system can operate with relative efficiency. The report flatly denies the Administration's claim that 3,000,000 persons have been given work as a result of the operation of the codes, asserting that there has been an actual loss in employment and a decrease in aggregate real wages. Nor has the NRA's record as an agency of reform been any more commendable. It has restricted and hindered competition, reduced production at a time when production was obviously inadequate for the needs of the American people, and allocated to private groups "important powers which may be used to the disadvantage of the public." Against these and many other solid criticisms, we are assured by General Johnson that the NRA has accomplished a "vast amount of good" and are enjoined not to "throw the baby down the drain pipe with the dirty water." To which we should like to reply: Why not?

ON TOP of the decision to hold the fleet maneuvers this summer in the Pacific comes word that the army is planning the greatest peace-time "war" in its history at Pine Camp, New York, at a cost of \$379,630. No less than 60,000 regulars and National Guard troops are to participate, with every branch of the service represented. "The war between the red and blue armies will be fought through the swamps, farms, mountains, and forests of Jefferson and the adjacent counties." Troops will be brought in from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, and they will maneuver practically within sight of the Canadian boundary. We are hopeful that our Canadian neighbors will attach no importance to the location of this imitation warfare, but we are

sure that the undertaking, together with our hitherto unheard-of military and naval budget, will be utilized in Japan to influence the militarists and big-navy maniacs in that country, and to convince the reading public that the United States is deliberately planning war. Criticisms of the fleet maneuvers have already appeared in two Tokyo newspapers. "The American fleet's hypothetical enemy is well known," the *Yomiuri* declares. "The fleet's big guns will be directed toward territorial targets, namely, the Kuriles, ninety degrees to the right of their own territory. This is why Japanese naval officers will keep keen eyes on the maneuvers." The *Kokumin*, of course, admits America's right to hold these maneuvers, but correctly believes that the United States should have refrained in view of the international situation. A group of 217 American missionaries in Japan has also protested against the maneuvers, and has offered a seven-point plan in the interest of better relations between the United States and Japan. But nothing like that is going to count. The militarists are in full control in Washington, and if Japan, Canada, and other countries do not like our militaristic gestures, they will know what they can do about it.

WHILE SECRETARY MORGENTHAU clips off millions from the cost of the debt by converting government bonds to a lower interest, the dulled public mind accepts without a gasp the compromise bonus proposal of Senator Harrison, which gives World War veterans \$560,000,000 more than they were to enjoy under the grant of 1925. This is not the mentality which will find the way back to financial realities. The Treasury's conversion schemes would be big news in England, where budget balance is sensitive to relatively small items. But in our billion-dollar fever the veterans can raid the Treasury under the banner of patriotism, and a compromise that costs the country a mere half-billion is received as though it were a minor matter. What makes the Harrison compromise expensive is that it dates the bonus certificates back to the Armistice and not to the year of the initial bonus raid. Except for this expensive sop to the veterans—who will play a big part in next year's campaign—the Harrison measure has merit. It gives the veterans interest-bearing bonds in exchange for their certificates, and these can be disposed of at their present value or held till maturity. By the new compromise the bonus will cost a total of \$2,660,000,000 before it is paid off for good. The Patman bill, which would pay the bonus in greenbacks, has not been dropped by its advocates, and the inflationists will stage a hard fight before they accept the Harrison bill. But the knowledge that the President is ready to sign it and not the Patman bill may be decisive. The veterans see the beginning of the end of their great demonstration that nothing succeeds like organization, persistence, and "patriotism."

LANGUAGE as a means of communication will be a lost art if it is left to Henry P. Fletcher, national Republican chairman, who gravely writes for the Associated Collegiate Press that "contradictory as it may sound," the Republican Party "is progressive because it has been conservative." The term reactionary not being popular with voters, Mr. Fletcher adopts a new scale of values; the Republicans become progressive and the Democrats are

christened radical. That would make *The Nation* Communist, and an adjective would have to be coined to describe those who stand to the left of us. Mr. Fletcher, after pasting the new label on the Republican jug, goes on to pour out a sample of its contents. His program is stable currency, reduced government expenditure, no competition from the government with business, no rigid governmental control or operation of business, and an end to "the glorification of the unfit at the expense and injury of the fit." The unfit, in the Fletcher language (if they fail to recognize themselves), are American citizens ruined by the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover prosperity and now on public relief. We doubt whether this brew will taste sweet to voters even with the new label.

IN THIS ISSUE appears the first of a group of comments by Benjamin Stolberg on current American processes of thought and development. Ever since the publication of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," which he wrote in collaboration with Warren Vinton, Mr. Stolberg has been looked upon as one of the most penetrating theoretical critics of the Administration and its confused and conflicting policies. The readers as well as the editors of *The Nation* will watch for his further contributions with an expectancy granted to few Marxian analysts of contemporary political and economic life. For even though the ideology is Marx's, the voice is the voice of Stolberg, and it speaks with a native independence which, in our opinion, and despite the author's disapproval, is essentially pragmatic.

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA has retired as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House after twenty-seven years in that post. All genuine music-lovers will regret his going. He made the Metropolitan the most important opera organization in the world, and gave increasingly splendid performances of the operatic masterpieces. It is true that not much can be said for many of the operas which he presented for the first time—"The Girl of the Golden West," "The Blue Bird," "The Pipe of Desire," "The Canterbury Pilgrim," and "Peter Ibbetson"—but at least they proved Gatti's willingness to encourage new works. He has been chided for not presenting often enough the lesser operatic works of Mozart, Weber, Gluck, and Beethoven; but he did produce Beethoven's "Fidelio," to mention one neglected composition, and it proved a failure. A manager of opera is always harried by lack of funds and cannot take too many chances with the public taste. Gatti introduced an amazing number of fine individual artists. The magnificent Flagstad came at the end of a long line of such truly great singers as Destinn, Bori, Ponselle, Hempel, Pons, Matzenauer, Amato, De Luca, Tibbett, Martinelli, and Gigli. Gatti has made his mistakes, the most glaring of them being the choice as conductor of Josef Rosenstock, who soon proved that he was incompetent; but he was also responsible for the choice of the extremely able Bodanzky and Serafin. Then there were the cases of Mary Lewis, Marion Talley, and Grace Moore. But when one considers the ignorance and moral predilections of many patrons of opera, one must admit that Gatti succumbed very rarely. His record was an extraordinary one, and the new directorate will have to work hard to equal it.

The AAA and the Textile Crisis

THE technique of pressure politics has never been more effectively demonstrated than in the current campaign of the textile industry for government assistance. Not a trick known to the professional lobbyist has been ignored in the effort to arouse public and political sympathy for this long-suffering industry. As an opening maneuver the Cotton Textile Institute filed a complaint with the NRA early in April alleging that increased imports of cotton cloth were tending to make the code ineffective throughout the entire industry. A few days later the governors of the six New England states presented a carefully prepared statement to President Roosevelt which asserted that immediate action was necessary to "save" the industry from virtual extinction in their region. A similar plea was made by Governor Talmadge of Georgia, long known as an unbending foe of the Administration's cotton program. Meanwhile various companies cooperated by issuing timely financial statements showing huge losses, and by closing a number of mills both in New England and in the South. It has even been whispered that the whole industry might pick up and move to Brazil, where cotton may be bought at four and a half cents a pound and where there would be no interference by alphabetical agencies.

As a price for continuing business under the stars and stripes the industry has presented three modest demands. To protect the home market against the alleged inroad of Japanese goods, it proposes that the duty on cotton cloth be made equivalent to the cost of production in the United States plus 10 per cent. This is, of course, merely a roundabout way of saying that it wants all imports prohibited. The New England industry asks that the existing wage differential between the Northern and Southern mills be abolished. The third demon which the industry would exorcise is the cotton-processing tax. One mill-owner, after closing his factory and throwing 750 workers out of employment, declared with a fine show of indignation that he would rather go to jail than continue to pay this unjust levy.

Of the three demands the proposed increase in the tariff on Japanese imports is the most indefensible. For years the textile industry has furnished a graphic illustration of the fallacy of the argument that "tariffs protect the American standard of living." Despite heavy protection, wages in the textile mills have been the lowest in American industry. Even in 1929 the average wage in cotton manufacture was only \$15.64 a week, or less than \$800 a year, while in 1933 it varied from \$14.32 a week for men in the North to \$7.35 for women in the South. The effectiveness of the existing tariff barrier may be seen from the fact that prior to this year Japanese imports of cotton cloth have not exceeded 0.1 per cent of the domestic production. Nor have the imports shown any tendency to rise. For the seven months ending in January, 1935, the imports of cotton products from all countries totaled only \$15,871,263, as against \$18,887,294 in the same period last year, a drop of 16 per cent.

The folly of further restrictions on Japanese imports is magnified by the fact that the United States has had an increasingly favorable balance of trade with Japan in re-

cent years. Under the circumstances any discrimination against Japanese imports is almost certain to react to the disadvantage of American trade as a whole. A glance at the current trade figures will illustrate this point:

UNITED STATES TRADE WITH JAPAN

| | 7 months ending
January, 1934 | 7 months ending
January, 1935 | Gain+
Loss— |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------|
| U. S. Exports
to Japan | \$109,705,027 | \$139,696,951 | +\$29,991,924 |
| U. S. Imports
from Japan | \$88,716,691 | \$69,889,785 | —\$18,826,906 |
| U. S. Favor-
able Balance | \$20,988,336 | \$69,807,166 | +\$48,818,830 |

No one will deny that the wage differential between North and South imposes an intolerable burden on the New England branch of the industry. But it is distinctly unfair to attribute this evil, even by inference, to the NRA. The drift away from New England started shortly after the World War and was prompted by the discovery that the "poor white" of the South could be exploited more effectively than the relatively class-conscious immigrant laborer of the North. As a result a large number of the New England mills either moved bodily to the South or opened branch factories there. It was the industry itself, in the face of the opposition of organized labor, which insisted that the wage differential be incorporated in the NRA code, and the present efforts to abolish it appear to be merely an ill-concealed move to bring the Northern wages down to the Southern level. But it is doubtful whether even this could save the New England industry. The Southern mills have the advantage of more modern equipment and proximity to the source of raw material. New England's future, as Secretary Wallace has pointed out, depends upon the discovery of a new enterprise to replace one that has already vanished.

In its assault on the processing tax and the AAA, the textile industry is on firmer ground, although even here its attack has been diverted to points of secondary importance. Abolition of the processing tax and the payment of a direct subsidy from the government-works fund would, at best, merely benefit an industry that has been notoriously anti-social in its policies at the expense of the nation as a whole. The textile problem cannot be safely treated in isolation. In fact, the issue as it presents itself is essentially a sectional conflict. On the one side is a decadent New England industry dependent on the tariff for its existence and desiring above all else an abundant supply of cheap cotton. On the other is the cotton-growing industry, which, because of its dependence on foreign markets, must have either a reduction of tariff or an indefinite continuation of the present reduction-subsidy policy. Reconciliation of this conflict is impossible. The alternatives are a complete reconstruction of the economy of the South, coupled with a subsidy to the textile industry; or the adoption of a liberal commercial policy. Either course would involve considerable readjustment, but it is high time that we decided which type of economy we desire, and began to build to that end.

Black Justice

IN a recent medley of Supreme Court decisions are two which help to define the civic rights of the Southern Negro. In one—the famous *Scottsboro* case—a criminal conviction is held invalid because of the exclusion of Negroes from jury panels. In the other—the case of *Grovey vs. Townsend*—the Democratic Party is found to be within its rights in excluding the Negro from its primary. A burst of editorial utterances has hailed the *Scottsboro* decision as a great victory. The far more significant denial of political rights has been treated by the press with general neglect.

A series of political events has made the Negro the ward of the judiciary. The Thirteenth Amendment was meant to give him freedom. The Fourteenth, which has been diverted—of course not perverted—to the protection of corporations against social legislation, was intended to protect his rights to “life, liberty, and property.” And the Fifteenth had the objective of preventing him from being deprived of suffrage because of race and color. But the Southern Negro was in, rather than of, the political society of his state. The more numerous he was, the more of a minority he actually became. The state government was charged with no duty to insure and enlarge his legal rights. On the contrary it was often consecrated to the principle of keeping him in his inferior place. As against local statute and judicial decree he had no protection except his constitutional rights. And for the realization of these he had to appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

The result has been the creation of a unique political institution. An alien body at the nation’s capital is called upon to do for the Negro what he ought to be able to do for himself. The tedious, decorous, and uncertain processes of the law are substituted for direct action at the ballot box. It takes far more knowledge, money, and luck than the Negro can ordinarily command to fight through an issue. Now and then a case involving a state statute which encourages peonage, draws a color line through the law of evidence, or hedges suffrage about with a racial barrier reaches the Supreme Court. Even if, against serious odds, a victory is won, the result is still uncertain. Many practical obstacles loom between the declaration of the law and its realization in the Black Belt. And their adroit use is an art not wholly unknown to the white man.

In a never-ending game of black man’s rights the suffrage has long been the strategic counter. The Thirteenth Amendment forbids a state to deny suffrage because of race or color. The state, bent upon the denial, has had to set up as a criterion for exclusion a legally innocent word which circumstantially means Negro. After a protracted period of experimentation the “literacy test” was discovered to be the best compromise between innocent appearance and studied intent. The one bother was that it would exclude too many whites, and this was met by a proviso waving literacy to all who could understand the Constitution when it was read to them. It was, of course, a coincidence that election officials discovered that illiterate whites could invariably fathom the meaning of the sacred words and that illiterate blacks could

not. But meanwhile the battle line had been shifted. The exclusion of the Negro limited the electorate to persons born white. The muddle of Reconstruction drove the great mass of Southern voters into the Democratic Party, and the fear of Negro domination held them there. As in other sections of the country a great popular movement replaced a nominating convention with a primary; and in the South its monopoly enabled the white man’s party to anticipate the election. The Negro’s struggle for suffrage had become an irrelevancy.

It took the Negro a long time to discover that he had been outmaneuvered. At last he timidly sought participation in the Democratic primary. The state of Texas led the fight against the new invasion of the white man’s ranks. The legislature solemnly decreed that Negroes were not eligible to vote in the Democratic primary—and the Supreme Court found the act null and void as a deprivation of liberty under the Fourteenth Amendment. The legislature, thereupon, decreed that the party might fix its own requirements of admission; the party solemnly and pompously exorcised the Negro—and the Supreme Court found the new act null and void as a delegation by the state of a power which it did not possess. But nothing daunted by judicial defeat, the state of Texas went at it once more. Acts were obediently erased; the legislature maintained a discreet silence; and the ceremonial of ostracism was performed by the party alone. In the *Grovey* case this denial of the right to vote in the Democratic primary has now been upheld by the Supreme Court.

The opinion of Justice Roberts is singularly unconvincing. It lies in a rarefied atmosphere of dialectic far removed from political actuality. It seems irrelevant to the court that a party performs a political function, that the Democracy of Texas includes the great mass of electors, that the primary has usurped the place of the election, and that exclusion from the primary robs the Negro of his suffrage. The court’s argument is that the prohibitions of the Constitution are upon the state, and a political party is a voluntary association. In short, Justice Roberts detaches the primary from the election, makes the party in charge an exclusive club—and, off to such an ipse dixit start, the conclusion comes easy.

It is hard to magnify the tragedy of the decision. A right to vote is the most elementary of rights, for it is the means to the protection of others. Its denial to a minority—especially when that minority is a racial group—is tantamount to exclusion from civic life. This last decision leaves the Negro in the status of a ward to the judiciary—he has rights only as the court allows them. He cannot organize a black man’s party; the white Democracy has by its act invited that—but would never stand for it. He is without a place in the state.

A note of irony marks the tragedy. A provision is written into the highest law of the land to insure to the Negro the right to vote. This very clause is invoked as a sanction in the denial of that right.

Collapse at Albany

THE regular session of the New York State Legislature, which adjourned on April 17, passed more than 1,000 bills. Many of them were of the petty variety which the antiquated state constitution forces upon the central lawmaking body. But a number of them were important and timely. Among these were the Lehman labor measures, especially those calling for unemployment insurance and radically limiting the power of the state courts in injunction proceedings, and the bills creating a State Mortgage Commission, permitting legitimate theaters to stage productions on Sunday, abolishing suits for alienation of affection and breach of promise to marry, curbing the medical abuses in workmen's compensation, and authorizing an unemployment-relief bond issue of \$55,000,000. Several proposed constitutional amendments, also adopted, would provide four-year terms for the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor, double the present one-year term of assemblymen, and permit a ten-to-two jury verdict in civil cases. No one can object to the broad intent of these measures, although the unemployment-insurance act shares many, but not all, of the inadequacies of the federal bill.

But several of the measures which failed of passage are of far greater importance to the welfare of the state. We refer especially to the child-labor amendment to the federal Constitution and to legislative and Congressional reapportionment. The child-labor amendment finally reached the Assembly, where it was badly defeated. The Republican Party and the Catholic church are chiefly responsible for this shameful performance. The first is foolishly fearful about the establishment of a "bureaucracy for children" in Washington, and the second about what the proposed amendment might do to parochial schools. These fears have absolutely no basis in fact, as President Roosevelt has pointed out on various occasions. As for legislative and Congressional reapportionment, it is not too much to say that until the state is redistricted in accordance with the present distribution of population, New York will continue to present a mockery of the democratic structure of government. It is suffering from glaring inequalities in representation both in Albany and Washington, and reapportionment has been overdue for nearly twenty years.

Governor Lehman boasted that 95 per cent of his program went through, which is true, but it is also true that the remaining 5 per cent was immensely the more important part. The fact is that he is a feeble leader and a timorous combatant. The Senate and Assembly this year were both overwhelmingly Democratic, for the first time since 1913, and when they convened on January 1 it looked as if the Lehman program would be carried out in full. As the weeks passed, however, dissension appeared within the Democratic ranks, and soon even Senate Leader Dunningan was out of control. The Governor made a faint request to the two legislative committees to bring the child-labor amendment to a vote; he made a state-wide radio plea for reapportionment. Both efforts were futile. As a result of his ineffective leadership the Assembly may go Republican in the November elections, and if it does, even the mild reformism of Mr. Lehman will be frustrated.

Read American

THE good old question, "Who reads an American book?" is no longer rhetorical. It has an answer now, and the answer is, "the English." They bought, for example, 100,000 copies of "Anthony Adverse," and they have found an excuse for liking our books. What we have, it seems, is "gusto."

Such at least is the opinion of Norman Collins, partner in an important firm of London publishers, who is now in New York looking for manuscripts and who told a reporter from the *Herald Tribune* what he thought about it all. Representatives of at least five other British houses have been here since January, he said, because English readers are turning more and more to American writers for the exciting entertainment they fail to find in Empire products. For one thing "the American language is full of living metaphor rather than the dead metaphor of English—it is written on the other side." For another our writers are less self-consciously "above the battle," and less inclined to be "ashamed of their emotions." "When I read an American novel," added Mr. Collins in what seems to us a somewhat less graceful compliment, "I think of a good dog fight, with something happening all the time."

Perhaps it was this last sentence which woke in us that sensitiveness to criticism from abroad which foreigners have always professed to find so ridiculously acute, and stirred slightly our rooted suspicion of literary Englishmen *et dona ferentes*—as one of them, with his fondness for "dead metaphor," would probably put it. The dog-fight analogy makes us a bit uncertain about the exact implications of the key word "gusto," and we are wondering if it was chosen because it gives English readers what we call in our amusingly "living" idiom an "out." We have long noticed that both the English and the French are most hospitable to American books which seem to exhibit what they regard as the only qualities to which we have any right, and that they are apt to be decidedly condescending toward those of our writers who aspire to polish or learning, cultivation or grace. Our dog fights are superb, and there is, we think, considerable justification for the suspicion that when the Nobel Prize was given to Sinclair Lewis the intention was, in part at least, officially to approve a view of America which Europe was very ready to accept.

Paul Morand summed up the French view well in the last chapter of what he obviously regarded as a very generous book about New York. Of course, he said in effect, there is no culture there but, then, who wants culture from America? Not long ago a review in the literary supplement to the London *Times* summed up the typical English attitude equally well when it began, "H. L. Mencken is a second-rate American—which is the same thing as a fourth-rate English—critic." "If a man can stage a better dog fight than his neighbor . . ." No, Mr. Collins, we can think of compliments we should like better. And perhaps we had better add that none of them is the one paid a traveling American by an English lady, who explained that she was so glad she had overcome a reluctance to make his acquaintance. "As I told my husband last night," she added, "you are not a bit like an American."

Issues and Men

Companies and Salaries

THE other day I met one of the foremost business men in the United States, nationally known and very rich. He told me that he was thinking of presenting to the United States government a large tract of land which he owns south of Mason and Dixon's line. He likes the property and has enjoyed handling it, but he said that he no longer felt happy in having the wealth and the possessions that are his when there are so many people suffering and destitute. Although he is an ardent defender of the capitalist system, his conscience is troubling him. I could not help recalling this conversation when I read that the stockholders of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company had applauded their president, Walter S. Gifford, when it was announced that he was drawing an annual salary of \$206,250. This is very nearly three times the salary paid to the President of the United States (leaving out perquisites—White House allowances and travel money). It raises the question at once whether any individual is worth any such sum, and also whether any individual ought to be willing to receive such a sum in these times of distress and suffering. I notice that one explanation of the very greatly increased expenses of the Telephone Company is that wages have been increased. I hope that this is true, and that some of the wage cuts have been replaced, and that all the employees Mr. Gifford has dropped will soon be reinstated. But even if this has happened I cannot reconcile myself to the payment of so large a salary to anybody, particularly when the company had to borrow nearly \$12,000,000 from its surplus in order to pay the full \$2.25 dividend for the first quarter of this year. I realize, of course, that if \$100,000 were lopped off Mr. Gifford's salary it would make very little difference to the huge army of stockholders.

On this whole question we have been obtaining some interesting facts through the publication of the reports of large corporations to the Federal Trade and Securities commissions. They show in some cases a drift which would seem to be further evidence that the NRA is helping the big fellows while hurting the little ones. For example, in 1934 Francis B. Davis, chairman of the board of the United States Rubber Company, was paid \$125,000, as compared with \$107,550 in 1932. The Pittsburgh Coal Company did better by its president, jumping him in those two years of the depression from \$30,780 to \$74,440. James H. Rand, Jr., president of Remington-Rand, Inc., is one of the lucky ones, as his pay went up from \$76,128 in 1932 to \$94,120 in 1934. The president of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company is also well thought of by his directors, his salary having jumped in those two years from \$42,596 to \$100,000. But it is our old friend the Bethlehem Steel Company which, as usual, stands out. That company is no longer paying \$1,000,000 to its president, Eugene G. Grace, under the bonus system. In 1934 he received a beggarly \$180,000 instead of the huge sums that he got in some years. Charlie Schwab as chairman received only \$250,000, poor man, and the secretary of the company, Mr.

McMath, had to content himself with a mere \$58,000. Now if we total these three payments they come to \$488,000. Curiously enough, the total profit of the company was only \$550,000 for the year 1934! I submit most respectfully that those salaries are totally out of proportion to the earning power of the company.

In the Bethlehem meeting the stockholders were not so polite or so happy as those of the A. T. and T. Thus Leopold B. Coshland, of 102 Warren Street, New York, was so rude as to declare that it wasn't "fair or honorable" for Mr. Grace to accept such a large salary when so little was available for stockholders, and he was so unkind as to say that it made his "blood boil." He must be one of those pacifist reds that we hear so much about because of their efforts to limit the profits of our great business men, for he charged that Mr. Schwab had gained a large part of his present means as a result of the World War, and that he "would not stop to increase his profits in this same way if another war should come." Mr. Coshland's real meanness appears from these words: "A few years ago Mr. Schwab said that he was giving up many of his activities on account of his advanced age, but that Bethlehem would always remain nearest his heart. He was wrong in his anatomy. He has held it nearest his stomach, and we have been his meal ticket." That vulgarity fired a widow, Mrs. Mary Gallagher, also a resident of New York, to get up and say: "No wonder Father Coughlin preaches about blood money. He knows what he is talking about. There is too much of this. Here we are without a cent while you men store up millions. Mr. Grace should know that there are no pockets in shrouds." But fortunately good manners and good taste prevailed. When the resolution offered by Mr. Coshland for a reduction of the official salaries to 20 per cent of the corporation's net profits for 1934 was put before the meeting, only he, Mrs. Gallagher, and two similar "reds" from Pittsburgh voted for it. The officials voted 2,370,000 shares against the 335 of the malcontents.

Well, I'm old-fashioned because I still have the feeling that the men who are at the head of a great institution, or a bank, or a railroad ought to be the first to suffer in bad times. They should be eager to do so. There are lots of Mr. Gifford's employees who have not had their salaries restored, and many thousands who have not been reinstated. If Mr. Gifford really wished to improve the morale of his force he would let it be known that he is willing to work for a thousand dollars a month. He wouldn't die of starvation if he did. But a year ago his company stated—as a result of various violent protests—that it was satisfied to pay him his huge salary and that it would pay more if necessary to get better men!

Isabel Garrison Killard

A Cartoon by LOW



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ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT.

Nazi Jew-Baiting in America—I

By CHARLES ANGOFF

NAZI anti-Semitism is still riding high in the United States. It is true that the investigations carried on by the Dickstein committee have done a great deal to cripple the open activities of such Nazi organizations as the Friends of New Germany and its recent offspring, the American National Socialist League. Less than a year ago the first group used to have an attendance of about 2,000 at its meetings in New York City, and less than two months ago the second group could count upon about 400. Now the Friends can muster only about 125, while the American National Socialist League is in grave difficulties with the law of New York State. Despite these facts, Nazi anti-Semitism continues to be an active force in this country. The Dickstein committee has merely driven it underground. Mr. McCormack, chairman of the committee, and his colleagues are well aware of this, and in their report to the Committee of the Whole House, submitted on February 15, 1935, they made several recommendations for curbing underground propaganda. Of these more anon.

In the present article I shall discuss some of the underground propaganda which has been spread through the United States during the last few months. Much of the material appears here for the first time. But first a brief review of the general situation. There are twenty-odd million Americans of German birth or descent in this country. Many of them are well-to-do, and Hitler's National Socialist German Labor Party has, from its beginning in 1923, tried to bring them into support of the Nazi program. The first official Nazi representative in this country was Kurt Georg Wilhelm Lüdecke. According to the Dickstein committee, "he utilized his position of traveling representative for a German commercial house as a smoke screen behind which to disseminate his propaganda in the United States, in an effort to gain adherents and financial support for the Nazi movement." Lüdecke admitted that while he was a Nazi propagandist, at the time when Hitler was only a minor figure in German political life, he "gained access not only to the press galleries of the Congress, but also to the press gatherings in the White House." At about the same time he founded in Brookline, Massachusetts, the *Swastika Press*, in one issue of which he said:

We repudiate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Believing in the authority of leadership, in the value of personality, we advocate a state of truly sovereign authority, which dominates all the forces of the nation, coordinating them, solidifying them, and directing them toward the higher ends of national life; an authority which is at the same time in constant touch with the masses, guiding and educating them, and looking after their interest.

Lüdecke said he was No. 7 in the Nazi party, Hitler of course being No. 1. He was proud of his "friendship with all the heads of the various branches of the Nazi party and the Nazi government of Germany." He spread his propaganda far and wide, and was especially successful in New York and vicinity, Chicago, and Los Angeles. The Americans who were thus converted to the Nazi philosophy banded

together in a group known as Teutonia, which after Hitler's rise to power assumed the name of the Friends of New Germany. The first leader of the Friends was the notorious Heinz Spanknöbel, who entered the United States on the spurious claim that he was a clergyman. Actually he was a Nazi agent. According to the Dickstein committee, "one of his first activities was to take over, by intimidation and without compensation, a small newspaper in New York published by the German Legion, which paper he largely financed by subsidies under the guise of advertisements granted him by the German steamship lines [the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines] as well as the German railways. Documentary evidence before the committee obtained from the companies shows that this subsidy was ordered from Germany and amounted in the case of the steamship lines to \$600 per month and in the case of the railways to \$200 per month without regard to the amount of space used." Incidentally, the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American are carrying on a whispering campaign among American Nazis to let it be known that "there are no Jews on our boats making the West Indies cruise."

The same Spanknöbel obtained control of the Stahlhelm, a German veterans' organization in the United States, dismissing those who refused to subscribe to the Nazi program. He also usurped power in the United German Societies of New York, and he attempted to do the same in other cities. His activities were cut short in the fall of 1933, when a federal grand jury in New York City indicted him for failing to register as the agent of a foreign government, and he is now a fugitive from justice. He was succeeded by Fritz Gissibl, also an alien, who in turn was succeeded by Reinhold Walter, a citizen. The latter was picked to make the Friends appear American, although Walter told the Dickstein committee that "Gissibl remained the real head of the movement and continued to dominate its policies." In July, 1934, Walter was succeeded by Dr. Hubert Schnuch, who is still the party leader.

A number of American individuals and organizations sold their names and services for express propaganda purposes, "making their contracts with," to quote the committee report, "and accepting compensation from foreign business firms. The firms in question were Carl Byoir and Associates and Ivy Lee-T. J. Ross. The owner of the Ivy Lee-T. J. Ross firm admitted to the committee that the reports he furnished to the I. G. Farben Industrie, his ostensible employer, dealt with public and political questions rather than trade promotion, and that they were intended to be relayed to the German government. For this service he received \$25,000, all payments of which were in cash, and an effort was made to keep secret the connections. Mr. Lee also admitted that he had never made such a contract before. Carl Dickey, junior partner of Carl Byoir and Associates, testified that his firm handled the contract with the German Tourist Bureau with the fee for services set at \$6,000 per month. He testified that the contract was secured with the help of George Sylvester Viereck, who received \$1,750 per month

with free office space and secretary as his share of the \$6,000. The committee finds that the services rendered by Carl Byoir and Associates were largely of a propaganda nature. Viereck admitted that he discussed the Byoir contract with a German Cabinet officer before it was entered into. He further testified that he had also been paid the sum of \$500 monthly 'for four or five months' by Dr. Kiep, former German consul-general in New York City, which was paid in cash for advice of a propaganda nature."

In addition to Dr. Schnuch there were two other organizers of propaganda here. One was Ernst Berkenhoff, who had been a captain of Nazi storm troopers, living at Asslar, Germany. "In September, 1934," says the committee report, "he applied to the foreign bureau of the Nazi party for a sixty-day leave of absence for the purpose of visiting the United States on business. Documents in his possession showed that he was first instructed by the Nazi party officers in Germany to report to the 'local' of the party in New York City, and the address given him in Germany at which to report was that of 'The Friends of New Germany' in New York City." The other Nazi propaganda agent was Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, who sold to the Library of Congress a few years ago a Gutenberg Bible and other rare books for the sum of \$1,500,000. Of him more later.

The conditions of membership in the Friends of New Germany are the same as those for membership in Hitler's National Socialist German Labor Party, with the same emphasis upon Aryan blood. In July, 1934, the Friends conducted "youth summer camps" in and around New York. "At these camps the official language was German, the swastika flag was prominently displayed at the headquarters tent, and at morning and evening exercises the flag was saluted in Nazi style."

Toward the end of 1934 considerable dissension developed in the Friends of New Germany, and on December 18 Anton Hägele, the leader of the rebellious New York local, called a meeting at the New York Turn Hall, located at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street. Although the meeting was scheduled to open at 8:30, the hall was crowded at 8 o'clock. There were about 2,200 present, and the usual number of *Ordnungsdienst* in uniform (about seventy-five) were at their customary stations. The admission price was fifteen cents. The O. D. men, in addition to their customary uniform, this time also wore caps which corresponded in every detail to those worn in Germany by the Schutzstaffel, except for the insignia, which were those of the Reichswehr—a semicircle of silver oak leaves with the official army emblem of black-white-red ("Kokarde") in the center.

The stage was decorated with the swastika and German flags and in the center was an American flag, hung sideways up, with the field of stars on top and the stripes below it. There were, however, only three stripes, two red stripes on the ends and a white stripe in the middle. At 8:45 there appeared on the platform the rebels Willy Meyer, Ludwig Glaser, Werner Brinck, Anton Hägele, Friedrich Staattermann, Gerhard Procht, and Walter Freund. Hägele made a speech which lasted one hour. He made serious accusations against Dr. Schnuch, charging him with inefficient management of the Friends and especially of the New York Nazi paper, the *Beobachter*, which a short while before had been seized by the Hägele group, and concerning which

there is at present a case before the New York Supreme Court. When Hägele finished, Werner Brinck delivered a brief address, in which he repeated Hägele's accusations against Dr. Schnuch, but added this highly significant remark: "I am in constant touch with official circles in Berlin. They have always regarded the *Deutsche Zeitung* [the organ of the Friends of New Germany] as a filthy rotten scandal sheet and have been mortified. And I have another communication from a German Cabinet minister in which he expresses his horror over the way the Friends are being conducted here and says that the Friends under their present [Schnuch] management are doing more harm to the German cause than Germany's enemies." Brinck, as well as Hägele, referred to Dr. Schnuch and his close associate, W. Kappe, as "human beings lower than Jews." The meeting adjourned at 11:35 with the singing of the Horst Wessel song. Then Hägele stood up on the platform and exclaimed: "To our glorious National Socialist movement, to our great leader Adolf Hitler, a triple Sieg Heil." As the audience was about to break up, a storm trooper shouted: "To our brave leader, the indomitable Anton Hägele, a triple Sieg Heil," and the people joined in with vociferous enthusiasm.

Hägele had left the Friends on December 13, 1934, and immediately set about organizing the American National Socialist League. It was formed on Friday, January 4, 1935, and the following officers were elected: Anton Hägele, president; Ludwig Glaser and Gerhard Procht, sergeants-at-arms; Theodore Ströhlen, treasurer; Werner Brinck, German publicity agent; and Willy Meyer, English publicity agent. At this writing the league has not yet applied for incorporation papers. It keeps a bank account with the Manufacturers' Trust Company, and its counsel is Andrew S. Fraser, whose address is 401 Broadway, New York City. Anton Hägele lives at 6681 Forest Avenue, Brooklyn, and his telephone number is Hegeman 3-0367.

The Friends of New Germany held a meeting at the Yorkville Casino on the evening of January 8, at which it was declared that the Nazi movement had finally been "purged" of Anton Hägele and his crowd, who, it was charged by Dr. Schnuch, had "played into the hands of the Jews." Schnuch then introduced Louis Zahne as "your new leader, under whom we will be the German-American movement of America—in honor of the Third Reich." Zahne disposed of the Hägele revolt by saying that it was only the last attempt of Samuel Untermyer to break up the influence of Hitler in the United States. Zahne, incidentally, was born in the United States, and to the best of my knowledge has never been in Germany.

Two days later in the same place the American National Socialist League held its first meeting. About 1,000 persons were present. They sang the Star Spangled Banner and the Horst Wessel song, and jeered whenever mention was made of Dr. Schnuch. One of the chief speakers was Kurt Georg Wilhelm Lüdecke, who has been described heretofore. The league has made some progress during the past four months, and at the moment a plan is under way to have a meeting of all the locals in Chicago early in the summer of this year. The prime mover behind the league is Lüdecke, even though Hägele is the titular head. The latter has been organizing in and about New York City, and on January 31 he formed a branch in Brooklyn. It meets in New Ridgewood Hall, and the lo-

cal leader is Fritz Kapelsberger. Lüdecke apparently has been doing most of the organizing out of town. He works from New York City, where he lives somewhere in West Forty-sixth Street under the name of Fischer. He has in mind establishing a paper for the league, in case the court action with regard to the *Beobachter*—which carries a suspiciously large amount of publicity for the North German Lloyd boats—is lost and that paper has to be returned to the Friends. He recently sent a letter to one Walter in New Jersey. It reads:

WALTER:

Here are good news for you. Our league is progressing rapidly rapidly [*sic*] and the news of its growth is spreading like wild fire. It had to come that way. The American League of Friends of New Germany could no longer satisfy that part of its membership which wanted to see action and nothing but action. The growing liberal attitude of its Bundesleitung in the Jewish question brought on a situation in which Anton Hägele acted right and acted at once. We, the above league, are proud to have in its ranks that part of the former organization's membership which will wage an uncompromising war on Judaism and communism. We are more of the type of the former Tannenberg Bund, our leader is more a man like Ludendorff than Hitler, more like Röhm than Himmler. If we are only coming near our goal there will be no Jew left in these United States. A local chapter has been organized under a man Esskuchen in Hoboken, N. J., and we hope that you men of Newark will follow soon. Don't be stinchy [*sic*] with news of our idea in your "Nerk."

Here is our toast: TO THE LAST JEW! And we sure mean it. We already have A-1 contacts with organizations like the Order of '76 and so help us God we will line them up all, whatever names those American fascist organizations may have. So here it is:

To the last Jew!

L.

January 12, 1935

American National Socialist League

NS

Regent 4-6374

National Council

January 12, 1935

Walter,

Here are good news for you. Our League is progressing rapidly rapidly and the news of its growth is spreading like wild fire. It had to come that way. The American League of Friends of New Germany could no longer satisfy that part of its membership which wanted to see action and nothing but action. The growing liberal attitude of its Bundesleitung in the Jewish question brought on a situation in which Anton Hägele acted right and acted at once. We, the above League, are proud to have in its ranks that part of the former organization's membership which will wage an uncompromising war on Judaism and communism. We are more of the type of the former Tannenberg Bund, our leader is more a man like Ludendorff than Hitler, more like Röhm than Himmler. If we are only coming near our goal there will be no Jew left in these United States. A local chapter has been organized under a man Esskuchen in Hoboken, N.J., and we hope that you men of Newark will follow soon. Don't be stinchy [*sic*] with news of the progress of our idea in your "Nerk". Here is our toast: TO THE LAST JEW! And we sure mean it. We already have A-1 contacts with organizations like the Order of '76 and so help us God we will line them up all, whatever names those American fascist organizations may have. So here it is:

To the last Jew!



Lüdecke, the author of this letter, has apparently had a past of doubtful character. The *Deutscher Weckruf* of Philadelphia, an organ of the local Friends, in its issue of January 19, 1935, denounced him as an "embezzler and swindler," charging him with homosexuality and thievery.

[Part II of Mr. Angoff's article will appear next week.]



Für ein einiges Deutschtum

in Amerika und der Heimat



Philadelphia

Deutscher Weckruf

Nachrichtenblatt der Ortsgruppe Philadelphia des Bundes „Freunde des Neuen Deutschland“

3. Sondernummer.

Philadelphia, Pa., January 19th, 1935

Auflage 15,000. Preis 5 Cents

Kurt G. W. Lüdecke ein Hochstapler und Schwindler.

Was in deutschen Akten über den Hintermann der Hägele-Klique zu lesen steht.

Kurt Georg Wilhelm Lüdecke, der sich hier in New York unter dem Namen Fischer aufhält, ist ein deutscher Justizflüchtling und derselbe Lüdecke, der nach seiner Flucht aus Deutschland vor dem Dickstein-Komitee seine Aussagen machte, um unmittelbar darauf in Verbindung mit Ludwig Glaser und Anton Hägele den Separatistenputsch innerhalb des Bundes „Freunde des Neuen Deutschland“ vorzubereiten.

The Morgan Nerve Begins to Jump

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, April 22

NOT often is the sensitive nerve-structure which joins business with government so neatly exposed as it has been by the recent activities of the Senate Munitions Committee. Three times the committee has touched vital nerves, and each time there has been action, unexpected, immediate and distant. Once was in the now notorious Colt case. Here the committee, inquisitive about the power of a munitions company in its relations with the government, wished to put some questions about Colt's Blue Eagle and produced an utterly astonishing result. When it invited Donald Richberg to explain why he had tied up the ordinary procedure in order to save Colt, none other than the President asked for the postponement of the inquiry. The question, How powerful is a munitions manufacturer? was thus voluntarily answered by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Richberg themselves. This is an oblique episode of which more will be said in a moment. But it is not more startling than two other adventures of the committee.

About a fortnight ago its investigators descended on the Guaranty Trust Company (Morgan affiliate) to study the letter files bearing on the relations of that bank with the British and French governments before our entry into the war. The nerve touched by this inquiry sent out violent vibrations that reached across the Atlantic. The Foreign Office in Downing Street was set in motion, the British Ambassador in Washington then called upon Secretary of State Hull, Mr. Hull had to confer with the munitions committee, and with all the suavity and grace that diplomacy knows so well, the intimation was conveyed (though never frankly avowed) that the investigation of a Morgan affiliate might injure Anglo-American relations. The Nye committee, not to be outdone in lightness of touch, did not guffaw, but agreed to consult with the British before publishing anything which might appear unfair or distorted or needlessly damaging to our relations with Britain.

Last week this same nerve functioned again, only much more impressively. This time investigators of the committee entered the premises of Morgan and Company, fiscal agents of Britain and France, and asked for files. This was on a Monday. By the next afternoon Stanley Baldwin, the real head of the British government, answering a question in the House of Commons, had deplored the revival of "old controversies" in commenting on the committee's investigation. Once more the British Ambassador called on Secretary Hull, once more the Secretary conferred with the committee, once more the committee graciously agreed to consult the British in advance of publicity on delicate matters. But the nerve went on jumping. Whether because he had a personal letter from the British Ambassador or on his own initiative, the President joined in the business of intimating-but-not-avowing. He invited Senators Nye, Clark, and Pope to the White House. Of course the President did not command his visitors "to lay off the banking inquiry"; the British had not asked him to, nor could they with any propriety. Morgan had not asked him to. The President

did not request it for his own sake. He was utterly correct and careful. But he left the impression that he would be oh-so-gratified if the Nye committee would let Morgan and Company alone. That was the way the committee members felt, not that feelings are real evidence. But they were not tempted to throw it all up and drop the banking investigation. Once again they gave the merely formal promise to consult the British before kicking over any special international apple-carts. But the nerve between government and big business was not done jumping. It sent a message to the Quai d'Orsay, and the French Ambassador called upon Secretary Hull, eager to join in impressing upon Senator Nye and his colleagues the great international delicacy of publishing information garnered from the files of Morgan and Company.

There, for the present, the matter rests. Morgan's files by now have been legally requisitioned and are being subjected to the study of trained investigators. They may yield little of interest; after all, Morgan has had many months to remove or conceal anything damaging or awkward. And two weeks passed after the first investigators visited the Guaranty Trust before they moved in at Morgan's. But perhaps everything is still there, and Morgan trusted to the invisible power which so often has done him service to save him again—the power that can move a British minister to rise in the House of Commons and the President of the United States to call in Senators for a talk about international delicacies.

The Nye committee for seven months has been working up to this denouement of investigating Morgan. It found a surprising amount of information before going into the relationship between banking and munitions. But the banking aspect is the climax, and Morgan and Company is the heart of the problem. It is almost a truism that the United States went into the World War in part to save from ruin the American bankers who had strained themselves to the utmost to supply Great Britain and France with munitions and credits. If it is not a fable the Nye committee must prove it once and for all, must demonstrate to what extent Morgan tried to bring this country in, and by what means. If it is not true, the committee (if all the papers are available) must courageously give Morgan a certificate of innocence. If necessary, the Senate should broaden the mandate of the committee so that this, one of the most important questions in our history, can be exhaustively studied and definitively answered. Nothing could be clearer than that Mr. Baldwin, speaking in London of "old controversies," means that there is something to hide, and that the British government was able to enlist the service of President Roosevelt in trying, in so far as diplomacy was able, to keep it hidden. It also seems as though the President was not itching to have the spotlight thrown on the Wilson Administration's connections with or solicitude for the Morgan bank.

In its present mood the committee will refuse to be checked. Perhaps it has weakened itself in promising to consult with the British, perhaps not. That remains to be seen.

The pressure on the committee can grow still stronger and considerably more obscure and devious. The time for publication will be the test. I imagine that Senator Nye would rather resign than let Morgan be spared any publicity which would be of service to the American public. Senator Bone at any rate would feel the same way. They know that their work is not finished until the nation knows what part Morgan and Company played in involving us in the World War.

The Colt case is to be aired at last before this committee. Mr. Richberg will be called later in the week to explain the mysterious ability shown by the firearms company in avoiding penalties after defying the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Richberg has antagonized the committee with his statement to the press censuring it for its intervention. It intervened "most unfortunately," according to Mr. Richberg, "while the National Industrial Recovery Board was endeavoring to promote an agreement." He went on to say that as a result of "a great many rumors and inflammatory articles the opportunity of a peaceful adjustment had practically disappeared." The fact is there was no real possibility of a peaceful settlement of the Colt strike. The letter written by the company, which Mr. Richberg seized upon as showing such a possibility, offered merely to "negotiate and agree" with employees "if possible," and made no hint of a promise to set down the agreement in a written contract, which the NLRB had insisted on.

The Colt case is remarkable for the reason that Mr. Richberg intervened after the Blue Eagle had been taken away, not before, when he had the legal right to delay action. He tried to justify this belated intervention by appeal to Executive Order 6646. This authorizes the admin-

istrator, in case of a dispute between a government contractor and a government department, to make a final decision. To use this order, Mr. Richberg has to consider a judgment of the NLRB against a government contractor to be a "dispute" between the board and the company. This would be funny if it did not show to what lengths Mr. Richberg was ready to go to save the Colt company from losing its government contract.

But that is not the only remarkable feature of the story. Colt is assumed to have a patent monopoly on army machine-guns, though this, if true, would be a "military secret" and impossible to prove. If the government cannot buy machine-guns from Colt it just does without, or in a crisis it could confiscate the patents and farm them out to companies who comply with the ruling of the labor board. Mr. Richberg can say he acted not against labor in intent, but to save the army from running short of a few weeks' supply of machine-guns. This contention would bear out any assertion by the Nye committee that a patent monopoly makes a munitions manufacturer stronger than the government.

Whatever Mr. Richberg's motives, in effect he has been a prime agent in an attempt to break the Colt strike. It is an arresting incident. The government sets up agencies to settle labor disputes, it urges workers not to strike, and when the machinery works and condemns an employer, and the employer balks and the workers strike, the government backs the employer. If the Nye committee had not been studying munitions this would have happened without much national publicity, as a bit of normal routine. As it is, the newspapers have played the story down, as though this fundamental issue of a written contract was one that the public would not care to have too freely ventilated.

Critique of Chaos

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

WE are living in an economy of chaos. How long it will continue nobody can tell. Business will no doubt enjoy some upward fits in its cyclical convulsions. The New Deal will probably give way to some terror of decay. But one thing is certain. We are at the beginning of the end of a social system. The two major symptoms of social disintegration are very plain. First, the masters of our economic life are ignorant, incompetent, and callous, as the masters of a dying order always are. Panders rationalize their outlook for them, ghosts write their "autobiographies" and public statements, and gangsters fight their industrial battles. No social system can endure which is no longer able to make use of social intelligence. The other characteristic of a dying order is functional. It has reached the limits of reform. Every palliative turns into a focus of infection. Every reform turns into reaction. The contradictions of the economy are no longer hidden but dramatically evident. And government, which must administer these contradictions, is a comedy of errors which moves toward the tragedy of terror.

The New Deal is such a comedy. It has tried to relieve the farmer by organizing agricultural scarcity in competition with industrial scarcity, thus raising the price

of agricultural and manufactured goods beyond the reach of town and country. It has tried to help small business by attempting to reverse the processes of history in its favor. Public works, which were supposed to prime the pump of private enterprise, cannot do it because private enterprise cannot afford to have the government reduce the high cost of construction. And Big Ownership is doomed to the suicidal destiny of starving the social body on which it is a parasite. It has to beat down wages, it has to beat down the cost of raw materials, it has to curtail production. The only things it can raise are the price of goods and hell.

Needless to say, this process of economic disintegration makes for social despair. Institutions become the grimaces of their functions. The more ineffable expressions of the culture—arts, letters, customs, life itself—become meaningless and empty. And the individual becomes scared, jittery, and hopeless.

The way out must be found by social criticism. What we obviously need is not a schedule of reform but a critique of revolution based on American history and culture. Unfortunately, American thinking has been "experimental" rather than ideological. Pragmatism, the characteristic American attitude, is notoriously the philosophy of having

no philosophy, the gentle art of adjusting conscience to compromise. But today compromise no longer "works." And our social critics are worse confounded than confusion.

They are divisible into two main groups, those who know they are liberal and those who think they are left. The liberal critic is primarily worried about our civil liberties, not realizing that they were the political counterpart of an economy which is now collapsing. To throw away these political rights would indeed be folly. But obviously they will be lost unless a new economic base is created to give them a new reality. A new economy, however, can be built only by disregarding the "civil rights" of the reaction. Such is the paradox of history. The liberal who keeps on repeating Voltaire's sententious promise to Helvetius, "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it," is merely inviting his own destruction. Voltaire's prerevolutionary phrase was coined as a useful slogan against feudalism and was given effect only by the dictatorship of Robespierre, who guillotined those incapable of this noble sentiment. The real choice before us is between a revolutionary movement which will transvaluate the Bill of Rights in terms of economic democracy and the final terror of finance capital. In short, the function of social criticism today is to evolve a revolutionary ideology for the American people out of their own history and traditions.

Our left social critics are quite an amorphous group. They stretch all the way from those liberals who are flirting with the Communists to the Communists who are flirting with their "fellow-travelers" in liberal circles. These people are even less at home in the realities of American history and life than the avowed liberals. They do not misread American history. They ignore it. They mistake America for Russia; except Louisiana, which they mistake for Germany. They tell us we must "choose" between communism and fascism, which is ideologically sound enough. But by "communism" our professional left-wingers mean the Communist Party of America, which has vigorously demonstrated its impotence and vividly proved its ineptness. Our Communist Party is under such strange illusions as that American labor will follow the exact patterns of the Russian Revolution, and that the American Negro is a "suppressed nationality" yearning for an independent enclave in the Black Belt. American radicalism cannot develop a native ideology by playing the barker for a visiting revolutionary circus.

By "fascism" our fashionable lefts mean a stereotype imported from abroad. But America is not likely to follow either the German or the Italian or any other existing European pattern of fascism. For one thing, this is not a country but a continent. Even American capitalism has regional antagonisms. And not only the American radical but the reactionary as well is pragmatic, and hence pluralistic, and not given to totalitarian views. Furthermore, our class relations are psychologically different from what they are in Europe.

In Germany and Italy finance capital, like all finance capital, had no mass base. It was forced to hire one by subsidizing criminal chauvinists who were exciting the lower middle classes against powerful and class-conscious revolutionary movements. But in this country class differentiation, until quite recently, has been far more economic

than psychological. Our *haute bourgeoisie* is petty bourgeois at heart. Our vast middle classes are of course middle class in their mentality. And, until yesterday, the American worker fought for his rights not so much as a proletarian but as a petty bourgeois, as the traditional "common man," an ideograph which, because of the expanding physical and economic frontiers, had hardly changed since Thomas Paine.

American Big Ownership will of course fight with every means at its disposal to maintain its grip upon our disintegrating social economy. But what method this madness will pursue we cannot decide by such easy analogies as calling Huey Long an American Hitler. One may just as plausibly call him a modern version of Andrew Jackson, for the populism of the nineteenth century is showing distinct signs of turning toward reaction.

A sound American social critique must, to be sure, accept the Marxian interpretation. It must clarify the issues between the coming American revolution and the reactionary terror which monopoly capitalism will institute against it. It must chart a course through all the winds of doctrine and the chaos of a dying order. The principles of revolutionary cartography are everywhere the same, but the map of every culture differs.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

THE Intelligent Traveler articles, now starting their third season, have been called forth by the fact that a growing number of Americans travel intelligently or want to. The days of herd tours, one-night stands, a country a day, and rubber-neck sightseeing are almost past. Americans are learning that there are two ways to travel—on one's own, or with an organized tour which affords something more than the company of fellow-Americans, transportation, food, shelter, and a little stereotyped sightseeing. It is the function of this column (1) to suggest to those who wish to carve out their own destinies things to see and do, ways to save, and methods of going native; (2) to call attention to the few organized tours which promise the advantages of group economy or opportunities which the lone traveler would probably miss.

In choosing a tour, one should ask these questions and demand specific answers: (1) What proportion of time is spent in getting to places, and what proportion in seeing things? (2) Are there too many one-night stands? (3) What are the leader's qualifications? (4) How many will be in the group and what kind of people will they be? (5) How inclusive is the service given? (The lowest price does not always mean the cheapest tour.) (6) Does the travel organization merely furnish transportation, lodging, meals, and standard sightseeing, or has it foreign relationships which afford personal contacts and deeper insight.

OUTSTANDING TRIPS TO THE SOVIET UNION

Although independent travel is feasible, it is still true that a person generally gets more out of a first trip to the U. S. S. R. if he does not stand on his individualism. The Russians like to deal with people—each other or visitors—in groups, and groups have the right of way in the Soviet Union today. Among more than a hundred group tours planned for this summer, the following stand out because of leadership, unusual itinerary, special contacts, price, or combinations of these factors.

Moscow Summer School. One of the best opportunities for the study of Soviet Russia is offered by the Moscow Summer School, attended last year by 212 Americans. Courses on a variety of subjects, all bearing on the actual life of the country, all in English, and all including much observational field work, are offered by a faculty of Soviet professors. At the conclusion of the residence period the students scatter in small groups for short tours which are based on the courses. The cost of the round trip, including the expenses at the school, is \$379, third class. The school is under the auspices of the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

A number of European tours have been arranged in conjunction with the Summer School. The League for Industrial Democracy sponsors an undergraduate tour for comparison of the Soviet Union with Western socialism. Address L. I. D. Travel Department, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York. Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, executive secretary of the American Russian Institute, heads a group that will visit England, Istanbul, Geneva, and Paris, besides attending the Summer School. Address American Russian Institute, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. Both tours are inexpensive.

Louis Fischer, for twelve years a resident of the Soviet Union, author of four definitive books on Russian affairs, and Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will conduct a "traveling seminar" for a group of fourteen. Thirty-nine days will be spent in the Soviet Union. The itinerary includes some seldom-visited spots—for instance, a primitive mountain village in the Caucasus, and Erivan, the capital of Soviet Armenia. The rate is \$890, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia, with travel in international sleeping cars. Address, the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

H. V. Kaltenborn, news editor of the Columbia Broadcasting System, includes twenty days in the Soviet Union in his "Seven Seas Cruise Tour," which spends three weeks in Europe and several days on the Mediterranean. The party is not limited in size. The rate is \$782, minimum-rate tourist class on the ocean and second class in the Soviet Union. Address American Express Travel Service, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, or a local office.

The International Institute and the Curriculum Department of Teachers College, Columbia University, sponsor a series of comparative studies of the educational implications of recreation, housing, and city planning, theaters and art, unemployment and industry in the Soviet Union and Europe. Credits are granted by Columbia. Professor H. B. Bruner, who led a similar group last year, is directing the section (limited to twenty-five members) which visits the Soviet Union. The rate is \$700, including tuition, for six weeks in Germany and Russia, or in England and Russia, or in Russia alone, tourist class on the ocean and second class abroad. There are other alternatives. Address Professor H. B. Bruner, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

Julien Bryan, lecturer, whose moving-picture records of the Soviet Union are known throughout America, will conduct a group of ten for thirty-five days in the Soviet Union. This will be his sixth summer in Soviet Russia. The plans include a horseback ride in the Caucasus, with visits to otherwise inaccessible villages, and a short stay at a Jewish colony in the Kalinindorf district. The rate is \$539, with third class on the ocean and second class in the Soviet Union. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

The "Third Russian Seminar and Near East Cruise" will be accompanied by a staff of four American experts on Russian life: Professor Samuel H. Cross of Harvard, Professor Lucy E. Textor of Vassar, Professor Arthur W. Jones of the University of New Hampshire, and Dr. Merle Fainsod of Harvard. During thirty-one days in the Soviet Union the

group will cover a comprehensive itinerary. Ten days on the Mediterranean with visits to Athens, Venice, and other places add to the interest of the return journey. The rate is \$695, third class throughout. Address the Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.

Under the leadership of **Francis A. Henson**, secretary of International Student Service, an undergraduate group will observe the contrasts between Germany and the Soviet Union. The plans call for two weeks in each country and a week at the I. S. S. conference in Holland. Mr. Henson has conducted groups of economists, sociologists, and journalists to Europe and the Soviet Union for a number of years. The rate is \$528, third class throughout. Address International Student Service, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

The Fifteenth International Physiological Congress, to be held in Leningrad, August 9 to 16, will be attended by a party of American medical men. The group will be accompanied by Dr. James S. McLester, president-elect of the American Medical Association, Professor A. J. Carlson, chairman of the Department of Physiology of the University of Chicago, and Dr. George Halperin, of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The party will travel through Russia for twelve days after the congress. Of the several rates offered the lowest is \$645, tourist class on the ocean and second class in the Soviet Union. Address World Exchange Travel and Trading Corporation, 203 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

General Victor A. Yakhontoff will revisit his native land for the fifth time since the revolution, taking with him a group of ten. General Yakhontoff was a soldier and diplomat under the Czar, and a member of the Kerensky government. He looks at the Soviets with experience of the old and sympathy for the new. His group spends thirty-one days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$663, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

A "Travel Seminar in Criminal Justice" will spend thirty days in the Soviet Union under the leadership of Dr. Mary Stephenson Callcott, criminologist and author of "Russian Justice." An unusual feature of the itinerary is the much-discussed Baltic-White Sea Canal, which was built with convict labor. The rate is \$399, third class throughout except for rail and steamer transportation in Russia, which is second class. Address International Educational Tours, Hotel Brevoort, New York.

Dr. Joseph F. Fishman, author of "Crucibles of Crime" and "Sex in Prison," leads a tour of which the itinerary is identical with Dr. Callcott's. With tourist passage and second class in Russia the round-trip expense is estimated at \$650. Address Union Tours, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dr. Joshua Kunitz will visit the Soviet Union for the sixth time this summer. His books, translations, and critical articles on Soviet life and literature distinguish him as one who knows the Soviets. He will conduct a group limited to ten members in a comprehensive thirty-one-day survey of the Soviet Union. The rate is \$459, third class on the ocean and third class in Russia except for rail and steamer travel, which will be second class. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Dr. F. Tredwell Smith will conduct a study trip through the Soviet Union for the eighth time. His group, announced for "people of energy and simple tastes," will spend twenty-five days in Russia and return from Yalta via the Mediterranean directly to New York. The rate is \$565, third class throughout. Address Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.

Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller, sociologist, of Bryn Mawr, will conduct a small group on a leisurely explorative tour of thirty-nine days in the Soviet Union. The party will

avoid the tourist rush, leaving New York on June 6. The rate is \$760, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia, with international sleeping cars. Address the Open Road, ■ West Fortieth Street, New York.

A "Tour of Political and Social Inquiry," led by Ellen Starr Brinton of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, will spend a week in Moscow and Leningrad ■ part of a five weeks' European tour. The rate is \$510, with third class on the ocean and combined third and second class abroad. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Correspondence

What the President Meant

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Villard's article in your issue of April 3, entitled *Propaganda and the President*, could hardly have offended any "liberal." I don't think that it would particularly offend anyone—not even the utility holding companies. Nor would it offend the President, whose recent message on the holding-company bill Mr. Villard dubbed an "outburst," and the import of which he failed to grasp.

It is important to observe that the President's message was not in any sense an invocation of a sovereign veto of the right to speak freely. The President attacked the current "Wire your Representative and Senator" campaign, not because he wanted to quash expression of public or private opinion on this or any other issue, but because he wanted to express his own opinion that this avalanche of letters, cards, petitions, and telegrams is being instigated by those who seek to mislead the investors and the general public, and is being paid for not with the funds of the instigators but with the investors' money. The President must have hoped to allay some of the "far-fetched and fallacious fears" that the utilities have engendered. And I should think that he has, in part at least, accomplished this.

The President did not attack those who "spoke." He only questioned the right of trustees to use their beneficiaries' money to defend themselves against a governmental measure which seeks to disqualify them as trustees on the ground that they have misused their trust to injure the investor, the consumer, and the public. The President was careful to point this out, and to show the danger that lay in a continued deception of investors and the public by holding-company officials.

Mr. Villard may have intended to cloak the utility shouting campaign with an aura of disinterestedness when he mentioned that "one of the oldest, most conservative banks in New York, and about the cleanest, broke its long record of never dipping into public matters by appealing to its depositors to write to Washington in protest against this bill. . . ." Mr. Villard also said that the David Lawrence article which the bank sent with its plea was "one-sided and partisan, if not misleading." But Mr. Villard picked a bad example when he chose that bank. Your readers may care to know (see Senator Wheeler's speech in the Senate on March 28) that the bank in question, the Bank of New York and Trust Company, has on its board of directors (1) Edwin G. Merrill, a director of Electric Bond and Share Company; (2) John F. Dulles, a director of North American Company and of several North American subsidiaries—Mr. Dulles is also a partner in Sullivan and Cromwell, a law firm which is counsel for several large utility holding companies; (3) Allen Wardwell, a partner in Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner, and Reed, the law firm which is counsel for J. P.

Morgan and Co., who were the principal organizers of, and are associated with, United Corporation.

The Bank of New York and Trust Company failed to make these pertinent affiliations known to the customers to whom the bank addressed its appeal.

New York, April 8

H. F. PILFEL

E. A. Robinson and Hardy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The death of Edwin Arlington Robinson revives in my mind a question which some of your readers may possibly be able to answer: Why has no notice ever been taken of Robinson's poem on Thomas Hardy, why was the poem never collected by the author, and why has the information which it provides regarding Robinson's mental development never been used by his biographers?

The poem appeared forty years ago, when Robinson was only twenty-six. It was printed in *The Critic* for November 23, 1895. It follows the strictest form of the Italian sonnet and reads as follows:

FOR A BOOK BY THOMAS HARDY

With searching feet, through dark circuitous ways,
I plunged and stumbled; round me, far and near,
Quaint hordes of eyeless phantoms did appear,
Twisting and turning in a bootless chase—
When, like an exile given by God's grace
To feel once more a human atmosphere,
I caught the world's first murmur, large and clear,
Flung from a singing river's endless race.

Then, through a magic twilight from below,
I heard its grand sad song as in a dream:
Life's wild infinity of mirth and woe
It sang me; and, with many a changing gleam,
Across the music of its onward flow
I saw the cottage lights of Wessex beam.

Can anyone who knew Robinson throw light upon this interesting sonnet?

CARL J. WEBER

Colby College, Waterville, Me., April 7

The Mobile House

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Two factors have thrown existing types of housing into obsolescence. The first is, of course, the shrinking of the national income. Present types of housing developed in an era of expansion. Many were uneconomic when built, their value being largely in the speculative hopes of their owners, and only foreclosure could bring them into working relationship with reality. When the national income shrank from ninety billions to forty, the capacity to pay compound interest on watered equities disappeared, and first mortgages became such a frozen investment that everyone now runs to the government for relief from the burden.

The other cause of obsolescence is less generally recognized. This is the cumulative effect of motor-car ownership in the United States, which has made the housing problem in America different from what it is in any other part of the world. The one industry thriving today is the automobile industry. Next to food and shelter the car takes the biggest share of the family income. Families have learned to content themselves with less and less house and furniture in order to maintain their car as income shrinks. This tendency makes all existing pretentious types of housing passé and a white elephant

on the hands of present owners. Automobile popularity grows in spite of the depression, and it will continue to be paid for out of what used to go into shelter and trappings. Has the architectural profession adjusted itself to this fact?

Housing that does not adjust itself to these conditions may easily pull our whole economic system down about our heads. The relation of motor cars and housing to the instability of our present order cannot be too strongly stressed, since the motor car is constantly pulling population away from scarce land toward land abundance, and our present banking system is based on the assumption of rising, not falling, land values.

The only completely furnished home yet evolved that is adapted to the needs and income of the average family is the "mobile house," the first unit of which in Flint, Michigan, stands as evidence that at last low-cost housing has adapted itself to the changes the motor car compels.

Flint, Mich., March 25

CORVIN WILLSON

"Age Cannot Wither Her"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I agree with all you say in your circular letter and I'll renew my subscription to *The Nation* for another year. I remember the delight with which we welcomed the founding of *The Nation*. I stopped because I am so old! I shall be ninety-two next summer and have such imperfect eyesight that much of my reading is listening!

I take a keen interest in the world's affairs and it is hard to keep up one's courage. But to one who lived through our Civil War that should not be an impossible task.

After I have read *The Nation* I send it to Georgia, where it circulates among a group of younger people.

Here is good luck to you and to *The Nation*.

Concord, Mass., March 25

L. S. W. PERKINS

Leaders Wanted!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We are a group of social-minded, idealistic young men who are endeavoring to establish a new political party for the purpose of changing the social and economic structure of this country. For obvious reasons I am not at liberty to divulge our detailed plans at present. But I may say that our movement has nothing to do with communist, socialist, or fascist means of changing our social and economic structure, but that it is conceived and designed strictly for American consumption.

We are looking for young Americans between the ages of twenty and thirty-five who are basically socialistic in their outlook. Such men would have to function as organizers and leaders of our party. If any of your readers would care to communicate with us we can assure them of our strictest discretion. Address the undersigned at 615 Third Avenue.

New York, March 15

ERNEST WILKE

Drama Scholarship in London

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will you again this year call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks' summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. These scholarships

are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. We are very eager that the donors of these scholarships shall not be disappointed in the response to the unusual opportunity offered American students. We welcome all letters of inquiry concerning the scholarships. Application blanks may be obtained from the Drama League Travel Bureau, Essex House, New York.

New York, April 3

HELEN PAIRTCH, Director

Contributors to This Issue

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, a New York journalist, is co-author of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal."

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is a confirmed explorer of out-of-the-way Europe. As director of the Open Road he established the pioneer service for travel in Soviet Russia.

KATHERINE GAY is secretary of the New Mexico branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of a biography of Samuel Butler.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War," "A History of Western Civilization," and other sociological and historical works.

EMERY NEFF, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Carlyle."

THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP

A Study in Social Pathology and The Politics of Fascism

By PROFESSOR FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

The best and most complete work on the subject in any language. A book for every man and woman who seeks an understanding of Germany today, of the European situation in relation to Germany, and of the nature of fascism in general. 521 pages. \$3.00

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Published May 1

SOCIAL CHANGES DURING DEPRESSION and RECOVERY

Edited by WILLIAM F. OGBURN

HOW have fluctuations in economic conditions affected

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Labor and Industry

Labor and the Liberals

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of April 17 carried an interesting editorial called "Heywood and Huey." I do not mean that it contributed very much to a better understanding of either individual named in the caption, but to me it was revealing as an expression of the liberal attitude toward the problem of labor. The basis of the editorial was my remark at a New York mass-meeting a month ago, "Labor's public enemy No. 1 is Franklin D. Roosevelt."

For this statement the speaker feels no need of apology, even though that suggestion has been made, but he is not averse to amplification. When the National Labor Relations Board first decided in favor of Dean Jennings of the Newspaper Guild against William Randolph Hearst, the Guild naturally rejoiced because here was a decision which actually promised to put teeth into Section 7-a. If the largest publisher in the land were restrained from discriminating against an employee for organizational activities, it might end the terrorism of editors all along the line.

When the board was persuaded to rehear the case, the official announcement said that this was done at the request of Blackwell Smith, acting counsel for the NRA. Naturally the Guild realized that Mr. Smith was not acting on his own account in such an important matter. We recognized that Blackie was somebody's errand boy, and so we fell on Donald Richberg with all the fury that we could muster. That was well enough as far as it went, but when the board refused to heed repeated kicks under the table and stuck by its guns, the President of the United States was forced to step into the picture in person and openly write the letter which gave William Randolph Hearst his victory.

Of course, the President did not say to the publisher, "Go ahead and fire as many union members as you please." He merely completely reversed his previous position and ruled that the National Labor Relations Board had no jurisdiction in newspaper cases. And any labor group will find it just as painful to be throttled by a jurisdictional decision as by one which purports to be on the merits of the case.

At the time of the President's letter the Guild directed its bitter complaint toward Mr. Roosevelt himself. Whom else could it accuse? In this case circumstances forced the President frankly to assume the responsibility. But in the case of the automobile code and the tobacco code it was possible to set up the fiction that Mr. Roosevelt didn't know. Somewhere along the line he had been deceived. I can't pretend to know what secret strategic reasons may have prompted A. F. of L. leaders to come in on the charade, but play it they did. They contented themselves with denouncing Richberg as a traitor to the labor movement but the President was not included in the criticism. He remained the hope of the trade-unionists although a foggy friend and a deluded executive.

It has seemed to me, and I have said on many occasions, that the labor policy of the present Administration

is wholly controlled by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Those who don't like it are foolish if they allow themselves to be sidetracked into forays against subordinates. When they complain they should point directly at the President of the United States.

And what is the policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the liberals in regard to labor? I think the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has every right to make itself a spokesman for this point of view. It is distinctly a liberal paper and with few exceptions it has not failed to follow the counsel of the elder Pulitzer when he said, "Never be afraid to attack wrong whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty." Particularly in regard to the latter group of miscreants the *Post-Dispatch* has never pulled its punches. Men who stand in bread lines and sleep in lodging-houses can't intimidate the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Speaking of Roosevelt, the paper says: "If he does not always meet the expectations of labor, it must be recalled that he is also mindful of being fair to capital. Certainly he could not be fair to the employers of labor if he went as far as Heywood Brown would have him go. The President seeks to balance the rights of labor and capital, which is what he should do. There is no more difficult equation than this, or one in which men are so easily destroyed."

The *Post-Dispatch* is correct in saying that juggling is a difficult art, particularly when one attempts to keep cannon balls and scraps of paper in the air at the same time. Here, for instance, is a typical piece of balancing on the part of the President. In the Recovery Act labor received a boon called Section 7-a, which promised that there should be no interference with the right to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining. Having done that much for labor Mr. Roosevelt seemingly felt that he should do something for capital. Accordingly big business got the assurance that 7-a didn't mean a thing, and that labor spies and discrimination and company unions could go along as usual. And they have. Will somebody please list for me the names of industrialists who have been fined or jailed for flouting 7-a?

It may be said that court decisions have warred against the President's good intentions and that the Attorney General has done his best to protect labor's rights under the law. I doubt if this can be said by anybody with a straight face, but let some cynic with a mocking grin put it into the record just the same. The objection will still hold that whenever the juggler drops a cannon ball, it invariably falls on the neck of the workers. Call it coincidence if you will, and let's get on.

I am well aware of the fact that there are still captains of industry who pound the table at cocktail time and say, "That man in the White House is no better than a Communist." And strangely enough, they really mean it. What more these gentlemen want than they are getting

heaven alone knows. Apparently nothing will satisfy them this side of the restoration of the slave trade. But I deny the statement of the *Post-Dispatch*: "Certainly he [Roosevelt] could not be fair to the employers of labor if he went as far as Heywood Broun would have him go."

Nobody has a right to expect Franklin D. Roosevelt to found the socialist state. Last year I did, as a member of a Newspaper Guild Committee, make four requests of the President. We asked him to write into the newspaper code the five-day forty-hour week for all editorial workers. We asked a code for the employees of press associations. We asked employee representation on the Newspaper Code

Authority through Presidential appointment, as was done in the motion-picture code. And we asked for protection of newspaper men and women in their right to organize. We did not get any of these requests and I assert that not one of them was unfair to the employers of labor.

"Mr. Roosevelt was not elected as a labor President," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. "He was elected as a President of all the people."

Still, he will have to make a choice. The *Post-Dispatch* itself must admit that there have been Presidents who proved that it is impossible for a Chief Executive to serve both God and Mellon.

Background of the Gallup Riot

By KATHERINE GAY

Santa Fé, April 16

WE are nearing the end of a 230-mile motor drive from Santa Fé to Gallup, the little coal-mining railroad town that flamed into the news dispatches on April 4 with the shooting of a sheriff and an unemployed miner and the wounding of five workers and two deputy sheriffs. A. L. Wirin, an attorney for the Los Angeles Civil Liberties Union, drives the car. Beside him sits F. O. Matthiessen, Harvard professor, and in the back are crowded Clarence Lynch, International Labor Defense lawyer, Patrolman Irish, detailed as our bodyguard, and I. The car ahead of us is driven by Wheaton Augur, a local attorney for the defense, and carries Ann Webster, former practicing attorney from Washington, D. C., a stenographer, and Patrolman Gonzales. The high red cliffs of Gallup on our right, dimmed by the Kansas dust that hangs in the air, mark the border of the romantic and austere Navajo Reservation. To the edge of this stretch of desert clings the drab little railroad town; the Santa Fé railroad hotel is its most impressive building, and the black, treeless stretch along the tracks its public plaza.

As we swing into town from the east it is immediately evident that Gallup is waiting for some major event. Ranchers and cowboys from the outlying districts loll against the store fronts and stand in groups on the street corners, guns on their hips and rifles in readiness. Women of the town, in their best silk dresses, chatter in twos and threes. One block from the courthouse stands the fire engine, its hose unwound and laid in readiness in a long snake across the main street and into the Santa Fé Plaza. We are met at the courthouse by Acting Sheriff "Dee" Roberts, a small man of fifty or so, with a not unkindly Western American face. The murdered Sheriff Carmichael was his close friend and well thought of by workers as well as other townsmen. As we walk to the hotel we learn that a summons to a protest meeting of the unemployed has caused the appearance of the guns and the fire-hose. But there is no sign of a meeting. The text of the summons appears in the afternoon issue of the Gallup *Independent*:

Comrades, Friends: The International Labor Defense and cooperating organizations have won the preliminary rounds in the fight for the release of our comrades now in prison charged with murder. Not only is

the legal defense waging a bitter fight for the release of our comrades, but committees of workers have protested to the governor. Protests are flowing in from every section of the country. Liberals and intellectuals have joined with the workers and added their indignant protest to the governor.

Committees of workers, liberals, intellectuals, and students, with our attorneys, Clarence Lynch and A. L. Wirin of Los Angeles, with the guaranteed protection of the governor are coming here to Gallup to investigate the conditions that led up to the killing and wounding of our comrades and the sheriff of this county. Give these delegates the facts and these facts will be brought before the workers throughout the entire nation.

Comrades! In Gallup we must not weaken in the face of terror and intimidation, directed against us in order to force us to endure peonage conditions, rob us of our homes, and smash our organizations, which are our only protection against hunger, unemployment, and eviction. We must maintain our organizations. We must show our comrades in prison that we will not give up the fight.

A mass-meeting will be held in Santa Fé Plaza, on Friday afternoon, at 2 p.m., at the Hogan. The attorneys, A. L. Wirin and Clarence Lynch, will speak on the Gallup situation. We must mobilize the workers of every camp and throughout the county for this meeting. Our civil rights have been violated in an attempt to intimidate and terrorize us, but we do not weaken. We must intensify the struggle for unemployment insurance. Demand that Congress pass the Workers' bill, HR-2827, as the only means to stop evictions and hunger. All out on the plaza Friday.

Issued by the Clay Naff Branch, I. L. D., Gallup.

Demand the Release of Our Comrades! Free All Class-War Prisoners!

To the southwest of Gallup lies a hilly settlement with ragged shacks and mud houses huddled close together, known as Chihuahuita—the sore spot from which the immediate trouble arose. We drive out there to look the ground over. It is in Chihuahuita that a majority of the blacklisted coal-miners live. A large number of these people have been on direct government relief since the big strike in 1933. It is a squatters' settlement, and the land until approximately a year ago belonged to the Gallup American Coal Company, "Gamerco," a property of Kennecott Copper and the largest and, it is said, the best-equipped mine in the region. Families

living in Chihuahuita built their own houses and, when they could afford it, paid a small ground rent, not exceeding \$6 a month, to Gamerco. This company has no record of evictions for non-payment of rent, according to the workers and to Horace Moses, superintendent of the Gamerco mine. A year ago the company sold the entire tract of land to State Senator C. F. Vogel. Then the trouble began, according to Lynch of the I. L. D. In the spring of 1934, shortly after purchase of the land, Vogel served an "ultimatum to buy" on all residents in the form of a lease in which the rent should be considered as an instalment payment for the house, but according to which title to the house and all preceding payments would be lost immediately on the inability of the householder to meet monthly instalments. The residents claim that fantastically high valuations were put upon their lots by Vogel, so that a piece of property which could be purchased elsewhere in the township for less than \$25 was held at \$150 or more. About 50 per cent of the residents of Chihuahuita signed these sales-contract leases, but many have been unable to meet the payments. The other half refused to do so, not fully understanding the meaning of the lease. The first eviction notices were served in the fall of 1934, but appeals were taken for purposes of delay, and in the meantime an anti-eviction bill was introduced into the New Mexico state legislature. Senator Vogel is commonly credited with having used his influence to kill this bill.

The first actual eviction took place early this month in the case of Victor Campos, tenant in a house owned by Esiquio Navarro. On Wednesday noon, April 3, there was a regular meeting of the local council for the unemployed to elect delegates to attend the state meeting in Santa Fé. A committee of ten was appointed at this meeting to interview Sheriff Carmichael and ask dismissal of the eviction notice which had been sent to Navarro. The sheriff answered that he would not dismiss the charge and that there was to be no "funny business" or demonstration at the hearing next day, because it would be held behind closed doors. That night, at a regular meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the National Miners' Union, it was agreed to notify all members in the Allison, Gamerco, and South-western mines of the eviction hearing. These are the meetings, the prosecution will attempt to show, at which violence was plotted by the workers. On the same night a group of indignant men and women broke into the Campos house, closed by the sheriff's order, and replaced Campos's furniture. Campos, Esiquio Navarro, the owner of the house, who had been a leader in the National Miners' Union strike in 1933, and Jennie Lavato were arrested on complaint of Senator Vogel. At 9:30 the following morning a crowd had gathered outside the business office of W. M. Bickel, justice of the peace, who was to hear the complaints. The doors were closed to them. According to the local newspaper, Bickel decided to postpone the hearing in order to allow the defendants time to secure counsel, but this was not known to the crowd outside. Sheriff Carmichael went out by the back door of the building with one of the prisoners but was met in the alley by the suspicious and indignant crowd. From this point on no clear account is obtainable. In the following confusion Campos and Navarro escaped and are still at large. Sheriff Carmichael and Ignacio Velarde, an unemployed miner, were killed by bullets, and

two deputies and five workers, one a woman, were wounded. Of these, Solomon Esquibel has since died in the hospital.

Wholesale arrests followed immediately, and more than one hundred men and women were taken into custody—according to the local newspaper, frankly on the ground of their union activities or radical beliefs. Thirty-two prisoners were transported to the state penitentiary at Santa Fé, to which city the trial and preliminary hearing have been transferred. Workers' homes were illegally searched and their families intimidated, according to the statements of the defending attorneys. Forty-six defendants in all are now charged with first-degree murder under an old territorial statute enacted in 1853 and never before invoked. This statute makes all persons present when an officer of the law is resisted and killed liable to the murder charge, whether or not they were engaged in any unlawful activity.

Behind these extreme measures the 6,000 average American citizens of Gallup seem to stand in perfect accord and unity. What is the explanation? It certainly does not lie in their championship of Senator Vogel, commonly believed to be a dummy for a politically powerful ring which is financially interested in Gallup's underworld establishments. Vogel is proprietor of a second-hand store which he opened when he came to Gallup six years ago; he was convicted in the courts in 1934 of protecting prostitutes.

The average citizen of Gallup is baffled by a situation for which he sees no solution. He knows that the mines—there are four beside Gamerco—are running not more than two or three days a week and have no expectation of running more. He is still acutely conscious of the irritation of six months of martial law during the 1933 strike. He reads proclamations similar to the one quoted at the beginning of this article and feels personally outraged by them. Reds, Communists, union leaders, and labor organizers are all one to him. They are "trouble-makers" and should be dealt with accordingly. To him a protest meeting is a portent of riot and bloodshed, and he interprets the slogan "Free All Class-War Prisoners" as an active threat to break down the jail and kill the officers of the law.

Apart from the actual evictions, the unemployed miners, a large number of whom are from Old Mexico and do not understand English, claim grave injustices in the administration of direct federal relief. Figures for McKinley County, as given by the state FERA office, show for the month of March approximately 2,800 persons on relief—2,077 of them on direct relief. The average direct payment per case (not per capita) is given in March as \$18.75. The women of Chihuahuita tell a different story. Of four of the women charged with murder, one receives \$23 a month with six in the family; one with a family of six receives \$16; one with a family of five gets \$8.30, and one grandmother insists that her allowance for herself and four grandchildren is only \$3.54 per month. If the stories of these women are true, there is a serious leakage in the FERA of Gallup.

In the meantime the inhabitants of Chihuahuita hide behind their closed doors and wait for word of the acquittal or conviction of their husbands and friends in the coming trial in Santa Fé. But the average or slightly above average Gallup citizen is saying that the real question is what will happen when these men are acquitted and returned, jobless, to a baffled and hostile community.

Books, Drama, Films

Portrait of an Age

Judgment Day. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

AS Mr. Farrell has revealed throughout the trilogy of which this is the concluding volume, he is the most terrifying novelist now writing in America. The typical characters of the slightly older generation of fiction writers can usually be comfortably dismissed as being in one way or another very special cases. Farrell's Studs Lonigan, on the other hand, is, or is intended to be, a representative product of one whole region of contemporary American culture. He is Mr. Farrell's version of *l'homme moyen sensuel* of our time. He is the man in the subway, the man who fixes the plumbing, the man who walks into a thousand cinema palaces throughout the land. His obsessions—health, religion, financial security—are those inculcated by his environment. He is, according to most of the standards of that environment, a thoroughly normal specimen. This is what makes Mr. Farrell's portrait of him so terrifying.

There is nothing in this final volume comparable for sheer terror with that penultimate chapter in "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" in which Mr. Farrell crystallized his vision of the contemporary world in a scene that is like an epitome of all human depravity and evil. It is as if after such a catharsis Mr. Farrell had been forced to write at a lower pitch, to let the threads of the web draw in upon his hero in a somewhat relaxed manner. The result is a certain repetitiousness, an occasional lapse into the banal and irrelevant, a general prolixity in the rendition of the characters' thoughts and emotions. The truth is that, whether because of the decreasing novelty of the material for the reader or because of a decreasing interest in it on Mr. Farrell's part, this last volume does not, through its first three-quarters, approach the qualities of its two predecessors in the series. But this judgment must immediately be followed by the qualification that the last quarter, which is devoted to Studs Lonigan's illness and death, brings the whole series to a brilliant and momentous close.

The theme when it does finally emerge is not stated but implied—through a contrast of the most objective sort between materials belonging by every right to the completion of the canvas. Old Martin Lonigan, melancholy over the bankruptcy of his business, the loss of his home, and the impending death of his son, is halted on his way home by an unusually raucous May Day demonstration near the University of Chicago. As the long parade of workingmen, college students, and young pioneers files past, with their banners "Free Tom Mooney" and "Defend the Soviet Union," Mr. Lonigan curses them for their brazenness, their youthful strength and good looks, their hopefulness. In one of the surest psychological passages that Mr. Farrell has ever written he shows how all the voices of the old man's religious and patriotic loyalties rise up in protest, how all of them are drowned out by this strange new music, and how he can drive its din from his ears only by retiring to the nearest speakeasy. When he returns home in a drunken state, followed by his younger son in the same condition, Studs is already in his death agony; and a little later the reader is made to feel—what one feels only in the greatest works of fiction—that the individual catastrophe is but the symbolical parallel to some vaster and more consequential catastrophe in the world at large.

More than this implication will not be found at the close of Mr. Farrell's trilogy, which is a representation rather than

an indictment of our culture. The distinction between these two nouns should, but probably will not, include the answer to the question whether or not Mr. Farrell is to be classed as a writer of the proletarian revolutionary school, whether he is an artist or a propagandist. From one point of view, of course, no member of that school has written a more profoundly revolutionary novel. If it is revolutionary in a writer to project the experience of his time with such truth and vividness that a reader, imposing on it his own qualitative judgment, can only decide that such experience must be changed, then Mr. Farrell must be considered revolutionary. But Mr. Farrell is not this reader; he does not anywhere in his book impose such a judgment. "Here is a record of one large and important area of contemporary experience," Mr. Farrell seems to say. "It is as complete and honest and penetrating as I can make it. You make of it what you must." His direct concern, in other words, has been with truth, which for the artist is the truth of experience as he perceives it, not the truth which the mind in every age finds it necessary to impose on its experience.

As an artist, of course, Mr. Farrell is not without faults of the gravest kind; but the most serious of them, as it happens, is the defect of his greatest virtue. What distinguishes Mr. Farrell from most recent American fiction writers is what may be called the wholeness or balanced sanity of his perception. He has steered a successful course between the Charybdis of contemporary subjectivism and the Scylla of Marxist orthodoxy. But one of the less fortunate consequences of the balanced view of life for the artist is the tendency to include more in his picture than is always necessary. In addition to a weakening of the power of selection it brings with it a relaxation of intensity, since without a bias either of temperament or doctrine intensity must be supplied by the aesthetic process alone. Mr. Farrell's most serious defect at present is the all too common one of an insufficient control over his material. His need is to submit himself to a discipline that will enable him to do greater justice to the breadth and clarity of his perception. If he does manage to achieve such an aesthetic discipline within the next few years, there will be nothing to prevent him from becoming one of the truly great writers of our time.

WILLIAM TROY

Autobiography of a Convert

I Change Worlds. The Remaking of an American. By Anna Louise Strong. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

WHILE some of her contemporaries have been making journeys to the end of the night, Anna Louise Strong has arrived at the beginning of the dawn. This book is the story of that journey, one of the most remarkable and exciting autobiographies of our generation.

The first eight chapters embody, in the life of a girl, the whole aspect and critique of American liberalism. The author had been brought up in the best traditions: to love justice; to be good, kind, tolerant, efficient; to work hard. She expected to meet everywhere goodness, kindness, tolerance. "Class struggle? What's that?" she asked as she applied for membership in the Socialist Party some years after becoming a *Doctor Philosophiae*. The party would not admit her, though she knew with all the force of her will that she belonged there. She had got her direction long before she understood it.

She had been extremely successful as an organizer of child-welfare exhibits, in arousing communities to their needs. Agitation for mothers' pensions and against child labor sprang

up in her wake. Then the Russell Sage Foundation stepped in. The life went out of her work. Communities were not to be awakened; they were to be taught what to think. More and more she was called on "not to arouse new cities to democratic planning, but to give good technical form to old ideas." Of course. This is the blight that infests American life and education, the multiplication of techniques and the crushing of ideas, splendid instrumentation with nothing to work on.

In every change of her changeful life the author was moved by her pioneer nature to go on to the next thing. Her jobs carried her round the world. In each she came up against the same phenomenon. Her best efforts were never allowed to flower. She was always working against something not clearly defined. At last in Seattle she became active in the radical movement as editorial writer on the *Seattle Daily Call* and later the *Union Record*. She went through Seattle's great strike, which collapsed in the midst of success like the British workers' strike some years later. When the closing of the shipyards in 1919 finally broke up the movement she felt crushed, not knowing where to go.

It was Lincoln Steffens who told her. "You start where I left off," he said. "Yours is the next story that must be told in America." Because when she said, "I wish I could go to Russia," he answered, "Why don't you?" her whole life was changed—though of course she would have gone in any case. She had been on the way all along.

The rest of the book recounts her experiences in a new world. It goes without saying that the story is vivid. But this is not the important thing about it. It is unlike any of the other books about Russia. They tell you it is good or it is bad. They proceed to prove it. Or they may even tell you it is both. But this is the story of a transition to another dimension. The author admits you fully into this strange adventure of an individual soul trying to become collectivized. For she is a mystic, and for all its objective truth this is a soul drama. She came full of sentiment and compassion. She found the Russians grim. She tended to live on faith. They lived on economic theory and facts. Right and wrong, cause and effect, sorrow and joy, ways of thinking and doing, all were different. With infinite humility, patience, and will she kept on learning to understand. It almost finished her on several occasions. One has to die and be born again. For to her the collective soul is the next stage in human history. As a young woman she had once discussed her conception of God with a friend. She had said, "There isn't any God now, but there's going to be one." The God she hoped for was "a superconsciousness" that would be made bit by bit by human beings. "We will make it as we made the exhibit at Kansas City, drawing out the deepest will of people for joint purposes and fitting them all together till more and more people feel more and more of the world and think it and plan it. Some time we'll get a combination of consciousnesses that will take account of everybody and have everybody's power to use for the best good of all. That would be a God worth having." Such a God she sees being born in the birth throes of a new world.

This book will be criticized for many things—as not sound, as rationalization, as mysticism. But whatever it is or isn't, it is profoundly moving and significant. No other book has recorded such a transition in this world. One may feel that the author has accepted much by an emotional shutting of the eyes. The spirit that led to that acceptance was typified by Sonia, a girl in her twenties, who had had typhus, smallpox, malaria. She said:

"There is nothing impossible. There is always a way. . . . This famine is nothing to the wars of intervention. . . . We've the oil of Baku back. We've the coal

of the Donetz back. We've more than a thousand of the railway bridges repaired. . . . The blockade is broken. . . . Don't think this famine can stop us."

"Millions will die," I said. . . .

And Sonia answered, "Millions have already died." . . . But Sonia had already ceased to think of the millions. . . . In the grisly heart of famine, with children wailing outside, she pulled out a novel . . . and said casually, "I should like a couple of babies more than anything, but we have plenty of children in Russia and not many women who can work like I can."

She read herself to sleep and I blew out the candle.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Sure Fire

Time Out of Mind. By Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE emotions which this novel is calculated to kindle are within easy reach of the match. They lie right there on the surface of any reader's mind—there where countless novels have kept them safe and dry for the coming of Miss Field's sure fire. Seldom does a novel appear concerning which one can be so positive that it will be, at least on a certain level, successful. Each element which composes it is true in the sense that it has been tried. And many of these elements were tried so long ago that they have become almost an insurance against failure.

For one thing, "Time Out of Mind" is a novel about a family—that it is about a Maine family does not for the moment matter, if it ever does. And this family is going downhill. There have been great days, but that was when vessels sailed the sea. Now they are about to steam it, and the present head of the family, a proud, cold man with beetling brows (the epithet is Miss Field's), grows stubborn against steam; keeps on building clipper ships until he is ruined; and keeps on beetling his brows around the great house of his fathers, which by the way is called The Folly, until his son and daughter are ruined too. If the son was born to be ruined—having been created an artist, a musician with pale cheeks and dark burning eyes, rather than a commercial and maritime man—the father is nevertheless to blame for treating him with such indifference and cruelty that the seeds of insanity are sown in his mind, where they flower first into a symphony and then at the end into a madness like thunder and lightning; he walks off, appropriately, and dies in a terrible storm. His beautiful sister, partly as a consequence of all this, develops into a harsh old maid who battles for possession of him with the woman he should have married and did not. This woman has been from childhood a faithful servitor of the family; has grown up with the son and daughter without ever ceasing to be modestly mindful of her inferior position; and is in fact the only person who understands the son—though he does not know this until it is almost too late, when he makes the only amends of which his broken being is capable. She, having sacrificed for him her good name and her one chance of marriage, lives on into a deep wise loneliness and indites the narrative; which provides, among other familiar properties, a faithful steward whose candor concerning steamships is not appreciated by the Major, a portrait painter who does full, sad justice to the heroine as she poses for him under an apple tree while a warm, strong wind is blowing, and an influx into the whole scene of summer residents who change everything.

Only the feeblest hand could make such a novel fail, and the hand of Miss Field is far from feeble. It is so competent, indeed, that many will make the mistake of attributing greatness to the thing it has produced. But there is no greatness

here. There is merely a command over our easiest responses, an appeal to that part of us which does not know how, when the voices of so many novels start calling all at once, not to cry softly. The voice of originality has iron in it, and the touch of that iron is a little cold, a little ugly, even, until we get used to it. The landscape of great fiction is a little formidable, a little bleak; we do not nestle readily to its mountains. The reason, perhaps, is that a great novelist always remains a bit beyond us. We never do, in fact, get used to him; whereas we were used to Miss Field before she took up a hundred pens to write her first word. She has addressed herself to the fleshiest, the least formal portion of the mind. And she has produced there, admittedly, a certain effect. But between now and Christmas there will be other books to produce precisely the same effect.

MARK VAN DOREN

From Versailles to Stresa

Policies and Opinions at Paris, 1919. By G. Bernard Noble. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

The Price of Peace: The Challenge of Economic Nationalism. By Frank H. Simonds and Brooks Emeny. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

Peace and the Plain Man. By Norman Angell. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THESE three books constitute an interesting and illuminating triad in their contribution to the clarification of the present crisis in world affairs. Professor Noble makes it plain that the political and diplomatic roots of the present European confusion lie in the mistakes and treachery of the Versailles settlement. Mr. Simonds, who used to whoop it up for the spirit that made Versailles possible, has since seen the light and is no longer a devil-monger. Norman Angell is in the position of the man who can with complacency assert, "I told you so," for he exposed the economic futility of war while Izvolski and Poincaré were laying the plans which brought on the calamity of 1914.

Professor Noble had many advantages in writing a book on the Versailles settlement. He possessed full knowledge of the facts and was sufficiently removed from the events to have the perspective that was denied the authors of the crop of books that appeared from 1919 to 1921. And while he was one of the shipload of "performing professors" who went to Paris with Wilson after the war, there is little evidence in the book that he still points with pride in the classroom to his part in making the treaty. His book is the best brief survey of the transition from the Wilson era to the Versailles period in post-war history. In it he shows how the war-time pretenses of unselfish idealism were replaced by the grim realities of the secret treaties and the actual war aims of the Entente. He ascribes the moral and diplomatic débâcle partially to the selfish patriotism of the European peacemakers and partly to the necessity of "pacifying the animals" in a democratic system. War propaganda of years' standing had created a mass savagery and greed that had to be appeased, and Clemenceau and the others could not ignore the mob pressure at home in any such way as could the makers of the treaty which closed the Napoleonic wars.

Mr. Simonds quite realistically and correctly finds the chief incentive to war to rest in economic nationalism, and he logically holds that "the price of peace" is the willingness of the United States, France, and Great Britain to quit hogging the natural resources and markets of the world. The chief danger spots are Germany, Italy, and Japan, and they are danger spots simply because these states have been denied fair access to raw materials and foodstuffs. Japan was able to

improve her situation during and after the World War; hence her condition is not so acute. But to Germany and Italy war seems the only way to a decent share in the essential materials of modern economic life. The choice of the future is real economic internationalism or else a destructive war likely to end the very capitalistic system which has created and sustains the menacing hoggishness of today.

While Norman Angell does not minimize the economic foundations of the war danger, he goes farther afield and examines the political and psychological as well as the economic elements in the picture. The concluding chapter is a model of pithy and precise riddling of traditional notions on international problems. Mr. Angell's solution—a collective rather than an individualistic and nationalistic world order—is commendable, but it states rather than solves the problem before us.

Peace, like prosperity, would be possible, even simple and easy, under capitalism if there were any intelligence in capitalistic leaders. But there seems to be so little of it in evidence that the realistic observer is likely to conclude that capitalistic suicide, presumably by way of a devastating world war, will be the probable outcome of the international crisis. If this is so, the quicker it comes the better.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Victoria's England

Early Victorian England (1830-1865). Edited by G. M. Young. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. \$14.

THE object of these volumes is "to provide the background of ideas and habits, to recall the sights and sounds of early Victorian England, and so create for the reader of the history or literature of the time the atmosphere which will bring their details into perspective and relief." Those who, with a similar purpose, have journeyed about the British Isles patiently collecting material in museums, in art galleries, in dusty library files of periodicals and Parliamentary blue books, in surviving Victorian factory buildings, country houses, and city streets, will rejoice at the accessibility, the copiousness, and the representative character of this cooperative work by seventeen British experts, including J. H. Clapham, R. H. Mottram, Bernard Darwin, A. P. Oppé, and Allardyce Nicoll. The first volume deals with such basic topics as work and wages, homes and habits, life in London and in the new industrial cities, country life and sports, the army, the navy, and the merchant marine; volume two is chiefly concerned with the superstructure of civilization, with art, architecture, music, drama, the press, holidays, and travel. Every variety of evidence has been summoned: among the less obvious and accessible, family budgets, etiquette books, furniture catalogues, playbills, architectural plans, guidebooks, photographs, sketches. There are 137 full-page illustrations. The contributors are saturated with Victorian literature, and draw upon invaluable recollections and oral traditions. They discuss without squeamishness sanitation and morals; they throw off casually the information that in the eighteen forties Peel was described as "introverted," that "folklore" and possibly "communism" were Victorian coinages, and that Karl Marx carried on a controversy with Bakunin in "the journal *par excellence* of the public house." Such wealth of detail is not permitted to fall into encyclopedic desultoriness, but is unified and correlated by a chronological table, by an index of 55 pages to the 916 pages of text, and by the constant balancing of close-ups, such as Mr. Mottram's use of his novelistic powers in the story of the coming of the cholera to Exeter, with wide bird's-eye surveys. The editor, Mr. Young, completes the synthesis with a ninety-page final chapter, Portrait of an Age, which is in



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itself a book in the best English tradition, carrying gracefully and allusively an amazing learning, and clarifying and generalizing with a fidelity to fact and a surety of insight that are the fruit of long meditation.

The England of the eighteen thirties, which is the point of departure for these volumes, is strikingly like the United States of the nineteen thirties: a nation of unprecedented industrial and agricultural productiveness whose benefits, because of iniquitous distribution, do not extend to millions of underprivileged. The reigning philosophy of laissez faire has almost stripped the central and the local governments of power to promote social welfare, when the great depression of 1836-43 arouses the wise and the well-meaning among the ruling classes to the danger of a proletarian revolution under the banner of Chartism. What happened has, in the admirable summary of Mr. Young, prophetic significance for our day: "the formation in the thirties of a Marxian bourgeoisie which never came into existence, the reemergence in the forties of a more ancient tradition, a sense of the past and a sense of social coherence, which never fulfilled its promise, and a compromise between the two that possessed no ultimate principle of stability." On its cultural side the story is more encouraging: "the English mind employing the energy imparted by Evangelical conviction to rid itself of the restraints which Evangelicism had laid upon the senses and the intellect; on amusement, enjoyment, art; on curiosity, on criticism, and science." A background work so authoritative, well arranged, and attractively written has been urgently needed to vivify and interpret Victorian literature and history; it can scarcely fail also to arouse reflection as to the future of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

EMERY NEFF

Shorter Notices

Winter in Taos. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

Perhaps no book about the Southwest would have more to say than this one does to an outsider who hopes that he may some day live there. For Mrs. Luhan herself writes as an outsider, being both too intelligent and too honest to pretend that she is part of Taos. By this time it is part of her, and she makes that fact clear in many charming, slow-moving pages; but she does not allow her reader to forget that she has lived most of her interesting life elsewhere. The book, indeed, is about what Taos has done to her now that she has settled there as the wife of Tony Luhan, the main point being that it has made her feel wise and happy. The impressionable reader will feel so too, and quite possibly will grow homesick for this country he has never seen. Mrs. Luhan drifts through a representative day, seizing occasions to expand her narrative so that it will also represent the year; but sticking after all to the day, which begins with her Indian husband's departure for Arroyo Seco and ends with his return. The portrait of Tony is central to the book, and as such is both strong and beautiful. Hardly less memorable, however, are the pages dealing with certain horses, dogs, and cats; or with the great mountain in the distance; or with the sky at all hours of the variable year.

Young Ward's Diary. Edited by Bernhard J. Stern. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

Lester Ward, who toward the close of the nineteenth century was to write "Dynamic Sociology" and other ambitious works, kept a diary from 1860 to 1870 in which he recorded almost everything he thought and did. Since he was then an obscure young man in rural Pennsylvania, in the

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Union army, and in post-war Washington, the document he left behind him has value for the clear light it sheds upon the customs of those localities. But it has still greater value as the record of a passionate boy who was very much in love with a certain girl and who was very ambitious to become a learned man. Young Ward's account of his three years' wooing of Lizzie Vought makes one of the best love stories this reader knows; and his hunger for knowledge is such a thing as occurs with rarity anywhere. He wrote this diary, for instance, in French, so that he might improve himself in the language; and it should be said in passing that the translation by Elizabeth N. Nichols is admirably lifelike.

Siesta. By Berry Fleming. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

In Georgetown, Alabama, people stick like melted tar in the middle of the road; the Deep South heat saps their will to get somewhere. The old inhabitants—from the gas-station tank Lee to the resigned Dr. Abercorn—tipple, hesitate, and philosophize phosphorescently; the young folks become aimless or rash—Austin Toombs idles himself out of writing poetry, Nora Fenwick stops practicing piano, the newly wed Maybelle lets herself be seduced. The characters of the people express the natural disposition of the place in which they live. This emphasis on the place factor in environmental influence yields an interesting, ordinarily slighted "angle"; but a well-proportioned picture is not obtained, for now the human factor is underestimated. One feels the want of a balance of power, of character to stand up against climate. The individual short stories, like the lives, are neither ample and strong enough in themselves nor closely enough knit together; they do not maintain a steady line of their own, nor do their short strokes describe a firm narrative circumference of the town. Despite the atmospheric pressure, the reader remains cool.

Drama

Your Money's Worth

IN small-town newspapers the unhappy gentleman whose business it is to review everything from the performance of a traveling star to the concert arranged at a strawberry festival is accustomed to take refuge in a convenient location. The event, he says, "was a treat for music-lovers," and by that useful phrase he manages to compliment whoever needs to be complimented without committing himself any more deeply than he must. Neither the performer nor his admirers have any grounds for complaint, but the writer has left a loophole for his conscience at least. He has not said that he himself was to be numbered among the music-lovers and he has not, therefore, so much as implied that the event was a treat for him. What he has really said is only, "Them that like that sort of thing probably liked it again," and by the easy substitution of other words for "music" he becomes a satisfactory commentator upon all the arts without the slightest impairment of his own integrity.

After this introduction I have no hesitation in saying that "Journey by Night" (Shubert Theater) is a treat for drama-lovers. Whatever else it has or hasn't, it has certainly no lack of "strong" situations, and only a glutton for drama could possibly object that he was not given his money's worth of that commodity. To begin with, the heroine is a noble prostitute who was driven into her profession by cruel fate and who longs for nothing so much as for pure, unmercenary love. Slinking back to plead for one last chance from the husband who had wronged her so deeply, whom does she meet but a charming

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young man, and who should that charming young man turn out to be but the beloved brother of the cruel husband? Of course she does not know who he is and of course she does not suspect that the money he is lavishing in preparation for the flight away from it all has been stolen from the bank where he works. When the horrid truth finally dawns upon her, she falls to the floor with a resounding thump and that is the end of act two. From then on things really begin to happen. On the banks of the beautiful blue Danube and by the light of a Viennese moon she tells her lover who she really is, and he—whether through the influence of a hereditary trait or merely because to understand somewhat less than all is to pardon nothing—fails as completely as his brother had failed to comprehend the situation's deeper meaning. Being of an impulsive nature, he chokes the lady well, throws her into the river, and thus prepares for the crowning dramatic irony. She had planned to go to Pressburg that night in order to take up her duties in a well-known bawdy house, and when a policeman runs up he pauses long enough to listen to a passing spectator who explains that any attempt at rescue is hopeless. "It's too late," he says. "She will float down and down the river—even as far as Pressburg." And of course, as I had almost forgotten to add, the young man commits suicide.

Under another title this gaudy drama translated from the German has twice before got as far as an out-of-town try-out, only to be abandoned by producers who realized that it really wouldn't do. At various times it has been tinkered with by various hands, and if I am right in assuming that sundry bits of standardized comic relief have been added, the tinkering has not done any good to a piece which may, in its original form, have had some sort of style of its own but which has by now been reduced to the stylistic common denominator of all overheated drama. We had best postpone to a more auspicious occasion any judgment upon Greta Marlen, a newcomer from Germany. James Stewart, who was so good as the Irish soldier in "Yellow Jack," is fantastically cast for the role of a handsome young Austrian—in which role he is, through no fault of his own, about as convincing as an Austrian as the play is convincing as life.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Music for the Accordion

AT the international film festival held in Moscow last winter for the purpose of celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet cinema, "The Youth of Maxim" (Cameo) shared first honors with the now classic "Chapayev." It should therefore be apparent that it is with no ordinary run-of-the-mill product that one is concerned this week. In fact, it is so easy for the normally disgruntled and carping film reviewer to become unseemingly lyrical over this picture that it will perhaps be best to keep to the most coldly objective type of analysis known to the critic—the purely technical. It is not that this fruit of the combined directorial talents of Messrs. Kozintzev and Trauberg (the latter to be remembered for his "China Express," the inspiration for Von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express") is not also interesting in other ways than the technical. But technically it is more interesting than any film seen in New York this season, more interesting even than "Chapayev," and through a concentration on its technical aspects one can perhaps best indicate its total quality. And there is the point about preserving at all costs the traditionally glacial calm of the critic.

As to the content of the picture, therefore, one will say

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little more than that it is an account of the gradual awakening to class-consciousness of a very ordinary young Russian workman in the period following the revolution of 1905. It relates his early care-free days of buffoonery and love-making, his refusal to act as a company spy, his participation in a demonstration over the death of a fellow-worker, his imprisonment, and his final graduation as an active party organizer. It is the history of an education and may be compared with other screen endeavors of the same kind. It may be very profitably compared, for example, with the Oxford film, "Men of Tomorrow," currently showing at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse.

What makes it more absorbing than such films, especially such films as have come out of Soviet Russia, usually are, however, is evident from the very first moment of the prologue. Men and horses and carriages, in an interfused rhythm of light and sound, whirl in upon the consciousness in a dizzying impression of a New Year's Eve celebration of the old regime. It is clear that there is to be no line drawn here between sound and movement and design, between the screen as a visual and as an aural medium. The fusion of the two kinds of image is again accomplished in the Vermeer-like composition of the next shot, a bare hallway with a small back window in which are silhouetted the loudly celebrating figures outside; in the folding and collapsing accordion; and in the scene in which the workers' song in prison is alternately stifled and freed under the heavy fists of the guards. Also to be noted is what may be called the thematic use of light and of sound. Of the first, examples will be found in the blurred focus of the ominous opening episodes, the complete blocking-out of half the screen rectangle in one of the prison shots, and the fluent natural sunlight of the end. Sound effects are used as reinforcement or commentary in the mechanical gurgle of the Cossack officer sipping tea, in the still-droning voice of the warden on the sound-track as Maxim steps through the prison gates, and in

every shot in which the accordion appears. The instrument is seen as well as heard on three different occasions throughout the story: when it collapses with ironic effect during a police raid; when it is played to full capacity by a workman dreaming of the future; and when it is snatched by one workman from another at the peak of a demonstration. It is heard but not seen at the close when Maxim turns his steps toward the open country and the future. Obviously it has been a symbol, and a symbol of the most dangerous sort, the sort which is intended to serve as a unifying device. Structurally this film lacks the vigorous simplicity of "Chapayev"; it is not so well proportioned in its parts; it does not rise to a superb tragic climax. But this is a consequence of the fact that its hero is an ordinary young workman and not a figure out of national legend. By means of a centralizing symbol, in other words, Kozintzev and Trauberg have tried to supply a formal development that is not inherent in the material, and on the whole they have succeeded. They have maintained in its use an almost miraculous balance between naturalism and a most hazardous type of stylization. And they have supplied also, one may add, the symbol for one's own enthusiasm. It is mere restraint that keeps one from straining the instrument to its ultimate rib in praise of this beautiful and memorable picture.

"Men of Tomorrow" will tell you how sensitive young men at Oxford fall in love with girls from Gurton, punt on the river, get debagged by the hearties, write pamphlet attacks on the university, and recover from it all by going to London and writing a novel. In brief, it is the worst of all the Oxford novels that one has read thrown into the awful relief which only the screen can achieve. Although one had expected from Leontine Sagan at least a little of the honest verisimilitude which characterized "Mädchen in Uniform," the film does no more than offer another rather terrible example of the purifying effects of the British studios.

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WITH this issue of *The Nation* its ownership passes to The Nation Fund, Inc., a foundation established by Maurice Wertheim, who has for eleven years been a valued member of its board of directors and one of its most helpful advisers and supporters. The Nation Fund, Inc., is a non-profit-making corporation, thus insuring this journal's future as an independent weekly of free and untrammelled opinion. The present board of editors will remain unchanged, and their present policy and editorial freedom will be maintained. Oswald Garrison Villard will continue his weekly signed articles as contributing editor, and will be a member of the board of directors of The Nation Fund, Inc., which board will also include among others Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, director of the New School for Social Research, and Freda Kirchwey and Joseph Wood Krutch, of the present editorial board. It is our belief that the change means not merely the safeguarding of this historic journal, but also an invigoration of its efforts to make a contribution to the welfare and progress of our American democracy.

THE FAILURE of the Treasury to boost the domestic price of silver a fourth time in response to speculation abroad is a welcome indication that the Administration has at last awakened to the catastrophic possibilities of its silver policy. If it were merely a question of paying a bounty of

ten or fifteen million dollars to Western Democrats, the issue would be disturbing but scarcely of world importance. But when the effects of a policy bring disaster to a country of 450,000,000 inhabitants and threaten to disrupt the monetary system of our neighbor to the South, it ceases to be primarily a matter of domestic log-rolling. The Administration claims that its recent actions have been mandatory under the agreement reached at the London Economic Conference and the Silver Purchase Act of 1934. This excuse will not bear close examination. The silver agreement was literally forced upon the London conference by the American delegation, while the Silver Purchase Act was passed at the urgent request of President Roosevelt. There is nothing in the London agreement which commits the United States to the purchase of foreign silver or which compels the government to pay more than the market price for domestic silver. Even the provision in the Silver Purchase Act which specifies that the United States should ultimately maintain one-fourth of its monetary reserves in silver is capable of various interpretations. Instead of buying silver on the world market at inflated values, the United States could attain the specified ratio by disposing of a large share of the eight and a half billion dollars' worth of gold now lying idle in its vaults. Since the maldistribution of gold has been one of the main causes of the depression, such action would have the additional advantage of laying the basis for genuine world recovery.

NO THIRD PARTY was born at Des Moines when only Senator Long of the potential rebel leaders appeared to address the Farm Holiday Association at the invitation of Milo Reno. Father Coughlin changed his mind about accepting; so did Governor Olson, we think wisely. Huey Long entertained the Iowa farmers but had nothing new to say, and the occasion was not one to frighten the Roosevelt Administration or to cheer up the Republicans. Father Coughlin stayed at home to launch his League for Social Justice as an active organization, first in Detroit, then in Cleveland. The Detroit meeting was only a moderate success, the crowd growing weary of speeches, possibly, which it could not shut off. The league, Father Coughlin was careful to announce, is not a new party, as though to disclaim the name were to govern the ultimate destiny of the organization. The radio priest is not ready for party politics and is showing a canny restraint in avoiding it. He denies any alliance with Huey Long and keeps one foot within the chalk circle of loyalty to Roosevelt. A ready shiftiness is being displayed in meeting the criticism that he is a fascist. Though he still keeps the plank in his platform in which he promises to save labor from the "vested interests of wealth and intellect"—the vested interest of intellect undoubtedly meaning the American Federation of Labor—the league is now to indorse the Wagner Labor Disputes bill, thus disproving that its labor philosophy is purely fascist. At the same time Father Coughlin specifically denies that he is a fascist or indifferent to democracy. It is late in the day for such assurances to be convincing.

THE GENIUS of German officialdom for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time was never displayed to better effect than in the announcement to the British that Germany is building submarines. The Germans may argue that they are logical, and that equality obviously must include this forbidden weapon, but they could have done nothing more skilfully calculated to estrange what was left of British good-will. The British were startled by German air power, but they are alarmed by German submarines, particularly as they are told that the new German craft are superior to the war-time U-boats which nearly starved them into defeat. Though only of 250-ton displacement, they are said to have a range of 6,000 miles and to be as spectacular in efficiency as the German pocket battleships. This surprise for the British was held in reserve during Sir John Simon's visit, and was sprung as a preliminary to the Anglo-German naval conversations. The British now will have to consult with the French and Italians, as these two have consulted with them. This time the British will be alert and anxious, knowing that their existence is more obviously threatened by a fleet of German U-boats than by any number of well-drilled German infantrymen. Hitler's one remaining diplomatic asset was the disposition of certain elements in British conservatism to look tolerantly on his demand for expansion in Eastern Europe. If only they would remain tolerant, the iron ring about Germany might never be forged, and German isolation might be averted. He now has thrown this asset away, opened the submarine school at Kiel, and is preparing to maneuver with six of his projected twelve submarines, which according to the *London Daily Herald* are already completed. Hitler thus promises to achieve his own encirclement with a talent unequalled by all the statesmanship of Europe.

WE SHALL BE INTERESTED to learn whether the British and French ambassadors call upon Secretary Hull to point out the threat to relations with their countries in the statement of General F. M. Andrews, chief of the General Headquarters Air Force, before a committee of the House. These ambassadors, it will be recalled, leaped to a similar duty as soon as investigators of the Senate Munitions Committee invaded the office of their agent, Morgan and Company, and its affiliate, the Guaranty Trust Company. General Andrews bluntly told the committee that in an "emergency" the United States must be prepared to seize British and French islands near to American shores. He did not describe what constituted an emergency, but listed the possessions of our friends to be seized. "The enemy," he said, "would have available for bases (if Canada remained neutral) Newfoundland, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Trinidad, British Honduras, and the Lesser Antilles. To insure against air attacks from these bases," he continued, "they must be kept under surveillance to discover any evidence of preparation of such bases, and we must be ready to bomb such installations as soon as they are discovered." We trust that Secretary Hull, as he did with the munitions committee, will summon General Andrews and point out to him the delicacy of the international situation, and that the President will back him up by inviting the General to the White House for a talk about good neighborliness. If General Andrews were a Nazi and had made his assertion in Berlin, the earthquake

would have registered in every chancellery in Europe. We are fortunate that our professional militarists blurt out their inanities at a safer distance.

THE ALDERMANIC COMMITTEE investigating work and home relief in New York City will probably soon disband for lack of additional appropriation. We believe that all intelligent people will welcome its dissolution. The investigation has in the main been a Tammany show, for the Hall has been extremely eager to get its hands on the 12,000 jobs involved. The "corruption" and inefficiency charged have been either piddling or non-existent. Boondoggling and eurythmic dancing may not be ideal projects for the unemployed, but there has been far less of either than Lloyd Paul Stryker, counsel to the committee, has led the public to believe. Some people, to be sure, have been receiving relief under false pretenses, but to date only sixty-eight such cases have been verified, and the amount of money involved seems to be in the neighborhood of \$25,000, which is trifling when compared to the many millions of dollars expended. As to the charge of "foreigners administering relief," Edward Corsi, Director of Home Relief, has scotched it completely. The TERA regulations for choosing relief supervisors are so strict that relatively few social workers in New York City can comply with them and the officials have had to bring in qualified people from Connecticut, New Jersey, and other such "foreign" parts. Mr. Corsi has long been in favor of relaxing the TERA regulations, as he recently testified before the Stryker committee.

INSUFFICIENCY OF FUNDS is the real problem in the relief situation. Under the present budget a family of five on home relief receives \$12.55 a week, whereas private charity organizations would consider \$20 as the minimum. Those on work relief, who number less than 70,000, get \$52.50 a month, or \$1.90 more. There are 320,000 families on work and home relief, or more than 1,500,000 persons. They are undernourished and underclothed, and the suffering which this state of affairs is inflicting upon minor children is appalling. Now there is talk of a drastic cut in the relief budget. If the cut is effected and the cost of living continues to increase and more people are thrown upon the relief rolls, more widespread misery will exist in New York than the city has ever seen.

THE RUSSIANS have finally built themselves a subway. It has indirect lighting, glazed tiling, and mosaics, and is reported to be without equal for beauty or comfort. But the financing and building of the system disclose the most primitive methods and show how much the Soviets still have to learn. They simply appropriated the money and built the subway, and now charge a half-penny a ride. How much better we should do the same job! A droshky once ran over the route of the subway, then a horse car, later a trolley. The Soviet authorities, blind fellows, see in them only outmoded means of transportation to be abandoned, but in this country such relics are the material of our financial artists. The history of transit in any American city shows how much more efficiently we do these things. First we organize a Droshky Transportation Company and get a perpetual franchise. Then we organize the Imperial Moscow Horse Car Corporation, which takes over the franchise at a fat rental. His Majesty's Trolley Company

takes over the Horse Car Corporation's rights in the Droshky Company's franchise, paying the Horse Car Corporation a rental. The subway company rents the rights of the trolley company in the horse-car corporation's rights in the droshky franchise. Old Colonel Morganbiltsky owns the stock of the droshky, horse-car, trolley, and subway companies, but that fact is never referred to in public. With all these rentals to pay himself, he proves before the Moscow Public Service Corporation that a seven-cent fare is needed for a fair return on his subway. From the seven cents the Colonel pays himself a 10 per cent return on the (inflated) value of a droshky that went to pieces in the blizzard of 1888, a 6 per cent return on horse cars last seen in 1903, a 5 per cent return on trolley cars that will now carry no passengers, and a 7 per cent return on the subway, including its going value, good-will, franchises, replacement cost, and atmospheric displacement. Later Colonel Morganbiltsky organizes an All-Russian Subway Holding and Management Corporation which charges the subway so much to manage its managers that—in order to safeguard a fair return—the Moscow Public Service Commission raises the fare to ten cents. True, the people of Moscow will be paying ten cents instead of a half-cent a ride, but think of the advantages in up-to-date capitalistic financial methods. Anybody can *build* a subway.

MR. HEARST doubtless felt that he had scored a knockout blow against the "red menace" when he employed Harry Lang, former Socialist and member of the editorial staff of the *Daily Forward*, to give his name to the most recent series of anti-Soviet articles. Mr. Lang has admittedly not been in the Soviet Union since 1933, but his tales of starvation, torture, terrorism, and despotism have been featured on the front page of the *New York Evening Journal* during recent weeks. "News" to Mr. Hearst consists, apparently, of the discovery of a new man who will attack Soviet Russia. The Socialist Party and most of the outstanding Socialist leaders have unequivocally repudiated Lang and his stories. But the spectacle of a professed Socialist, no matter how renegade, combining forces with the most unscrupulous and reactionary journalist in America in a campaign of misrepresentation regarding the first socialist country is bound to be misleading. Hearst knows that his readers are not in a position to judge the accuracy of the charges. And he knows, too, that his ends can be best served by throwing a smoke screen over the amazing progress which the Soviet Union has made in the past two years. By attempting to discredit communism in distant Russia, he is merely resorting to an easy and dishonest method of attacking radicalism of all varieties in America.

AMID INSPIRED REPORTS from Washington regarding an impending business revival, it comes as somewhat of a shock to learn that world trade for 1934 was the lowest for over thirty years. Total trade, measured in gold dollars, was \$23,375,000,000 as compared with \$68,600,000,000 in 1929, a decline of 67 per cent. Between 1933 and 1934 the drop was approximately 4 per cent. To Germany goes the unenviable distinction of having suffered the greatest loss in exports, though it was one of the few countries to have an increase in imports. Only Japan enjoyed a rise in both branches of trade. The large decline in American imports—over 12 per cent—must be attributed

primarily to the effect of the Roosevelt monetary policy. Exports declined also, but to a relatively small degree. The fact that the United States bought only seven-eighths as much from the outside world as in 1933 and only 22 per cent as much as in 1929 is in itself an important factor in prolonging the depression both abroad and at home. Paradoxical though it may seem, the chief evil lies in the increase in America's "favorable" balance of trade. As a creditor country the United States can normally support an export surplus only if it resumes foreign lending on a large scale. Otherwise it must attract gold and silver from abroad in payment of balances, a development that is bound to accentuate deflationary forces throughout the world.

THE DREISER-HAPGOOD LETTERS published in *The Nation* for April 17 have created general excitement, and rightly so. Intelligent people have come to look upon Mr. Dreiser as a champion of sense and decency in public affairs, and it was a distinct shock to them, as it was to the editors of *The Nation*, to discover that he entertained opinions about the Jewish race which were almost an exact duplicate of those held by the Nazis, the Ku Klux Klan, and other anti-Semitic groups. The *New Masses*, whose cause Mr. Dreiser has long befriended, immediately asked him to justify his position, and the result of its editors' talks with him was printed in its issue of April 23. Mr. Dreiser hemmed and hawed and protested his "good intentions" toward the Jews, but he retracted almost nothing. We agree with the editors of the *New Masses* that "anti-Semitism is not something that can be temporized with or toned down." We earnestly hope that Mr. Dreiser will see the gross error of his ways and that he will not turn traitor to intelligence in the United States as Gerhart Hauptmann has done in Germany.

RACINE, WISCONSIN, has once more put in its bid for the distinction of being one of the most reactionary cities in the country. Angered by the failure of the municipal authorities to take drastic action against the strikers of the J. I. Case Company, a delegation of a hundred prominent business men, lawyers, ministers, and civic leaders invaded the office of Mayor William J. Swoboda twice during a single day to demand "that the laws of the city and state be enforced." Specifically, they insisted that action be taken against pickets and labor organizers, that the Mayor revoke the permit issued to Jack Duller, strike leader, to carry firearms, and that the order instructing the police department not to interfere with the strike be rescinded. When the Mayor hesitated, the business leaders threatened to call upon the sheriff to deputize them so that they could "enforce the law" without the aid of the authorities. This threat is particularly outrageous in view of the fact that the Case strike has been entirely peaceful. No disturbance has occurred, for the very reason that peaceful picketing has not been interfered with by the police. Even the Case Company spokesmen have declared themselves to be satisfied with the picketing, and the federal mediator has stated that he has no complaint. To the vigilante mind, however, a peaceful strike is an ominous precedent. Several manufacturing establishments are said to have threatened to leave Racine unless the labor situation is taken in hand. The Mayor, after a genuine attempt at impartiality, has given way to mob pressure and promised that the "law shall be enforced."

Bigger Than the Government

THE Nye committee's hearing on the case of the Colt Patent Fire Arms Company produced two public issues of ■ serious nature. The first is whether it is possible for the government to enforce suitable labor conditions in the factory of ■ munitions maker who has a patent monopoly in manufacturing weapons considered essential for the national defense. Senator Clark summed up the situation with ■ clear question:

SENATOR CLARK: If ■ munitions manufacturer happens to have a patent monopoly of the most effective weapons of ■ particular kind, he may, in effect, put the government in ■ situation where they have to permit him to violate the law represented by NRA, or deprive the government of ■ very essential weapon, or go in and commandeer his plant?

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HARRIS: That is correct.

This issue, then, is clear and is not complicated by any question of the legality of the finding against the Colt company. It happens that there is a difference of opinion about the Labor Board's ruling. But if there had been no difference, the Colt company still would have been stronger than the NRA. The Colt company, it was revealed, operates the four basic Browning patents for machine-guns under license from the government, and has other patents of its own. These four patents belong to the people of the United States, and yet the Colt company is in a position to defy the penalties of the law in using them.

The other issue developed by the hearing is whether this country can long continue to operate under two interpretations of Section 7-a, one duly laid down by the National Labor Relations Board, the other adopted by Mr. Richberg and the Department of Justice. In the Colt case the company refused to sign ■ written contract with ■ joint council of its workers as representatives of their unions. That was the only issue in dispute. The joint council had been named by the unions, it was a union council, and by no hook or crook could it be considered ■ council of individuals. The company—after it had lost its Blue Eagle and while it was maintaining it had not violated Section 7-a—publicly explained that it could not sign with the joint council as representative of the unions "because it did not constitute fair treatment to those of its employees who are not members of the union." It repeated this explanation in a different form a few days later: "It cannot allow all its employees, whether or not they prefer to be represented by the unions, to be subjected to the control of outside unions." While the company was ready to bargain with the joint council collectively and sign ■ contract with it for all employees, it was not ready to sign with representatives of unions. Yet the joint council had no other being than as representative of the unions.

We agree with the Labor Board that the company violated Section 7-a. Not so Mr. Richberg and the Department of Justice. They decided that the offer of the company to make a written contract with the joint council which its members should not be permitted to sign as union representatives satisfied Section 7-a. The company's Blue Eagle

had already been taken away. But somehow or other notification of this fact did not go to the War Department, which was doing a big business with Colt. Mr. Richberg told the Nye committee he just couldn't understand why the notification had not been sent. If Mr. Richberg can't, we can't be expected to. But the fact is, it was not sent, and Colt went blithely about its business under the Blue Eagle.

Now Mr. Richberg, who can behave as ingenuously as anybody in Washington, led the Nye committee to believe that the National Recovery Board as such disagreed with the Labor Board about its findings in the Colt case, and so made out that the Labor Board was in the minority as against the Recovery Board and the Department of Justice. Here is the record:

MR. RICHBERG: The Department of Justice and the Recovery Board were in agreement that the cause was not an adequate one for prosecution and defense. . . . That is the issue presented as to compliance with Section 7-a . . . and on that the Labor Board takes the position that this [the company's offer] is not compliance with 7-a; the Recovery Board and the Department of Justice disagree with them.

MR. HISS: On that issue the Recovery Board disagrees with the Labor Board? Is that correct?

MR. RICHBERG: The Recovery Board disagrees, the Department of Justice disagrees.

We must conclude from this that Mr. Richberg was overcome not by loss of memory but by ■ confusion of identities. We wish the Nye committee had asked him: "Can you produce minutes of the Recovery Board's meeting when it decided that it disagreed with the Labor Board?" This might have brought him back to contact with realities. For no such meeting of the Recovery Board was ever held, and the Recovery Board as such never did disagree with the Labor Board. Mr. Richberg disagreed with it. No doubt Mr. Witherow, the new member of the board and a director of Mr. Mellon's Pittsburgh Coal Company, disagreed. He was Colt's active supporter in the whole affair. But they are not the board, and ■ proper decision of the board was never reached. Possibly Mr. Richberg merely meant that the board, had it voted, would have disagreed with the finding. But when Mr. Murray, as a member of the board, tried to negotiate peace between Colt and its workers, he presented ■ plan based on the finding of the Labor Board. There is an agreement between the NRA and the Labor Board to consult if any question arises as to the legality of the board's rulings. There was no consultation in this case.

Such confusion is grave enough, but is nothing like so grave as this intolerable duality of opinions about Section 7-a. By itself it constitutes a betrayal of labor. Our sympathies go out to the employees of the Colt company who used the labor machinery of the government before going on strike, who won the decision from the government's own labor agency, who had to strike to enforce that finding, and who now discover themselves hamstrung by the contrary philosophies of Mr. Richberg and the Department of Justice and their power to determine the Administration's labor policy.

Gambling on a Boom

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S radio talk, the first since his sensational victory in the elections of last November and the still more sensational collapse of the New Deal following that victory, appears to us a landmark. The New Deal is over. In its place is a weak reform program combined with the work-relief splurge, which really is no more than a gamble on a natural business recovery within eighteen months. The Roosevelt of 1933 also has changed, and is now only the affable leader of a party approaching the next election, however much his voice rings with ardor, and his social conscience appears to color his thought with the same tinge of concern. He still remains the most popular political figure in America. But the hope of building a social state on the ruins of the depression has been scuttled. Only two reforms remain for which the President is ready to do battle. One is the halfway step toward the social control of credit through a government-dominated Federal Reserve system. The other is the curtailment of the utility holding companies. No attempt has been made to use taxation socially. And social security, which should be part of the tax system, is exchanged for a meek substitute which is neither social nor security.

Work relief, despite the President's elaborate account of the mechanism by which it will be administered, cannot be disguised. It consists of four parts relief and one part work. Of the \$4,800,000,000 to be spent before the next election, only a little more than a billion will be actual pump-priming which will permanently increase the national income. The rest will increase that income for as long as the government is willing to continue the program. We do not question the ability of Messrs. Walker, Ickes, and Hopkins to create jobs enough to employ several million persons by the fall of 1936. What we question is that private enterprise will keep them employed when federal expenditure ceases. The Administration is staking everything on business recovery by 1936. The talk of a boom is in the air, and economists, we know, have assured the White House that it may develop. When analyzed, the prediction is nothing more than harking back to the cyclical theory which the President last autumn was going to render archaic with his permanent program of public works. The prediction is based first on the unlimited credit facilities and cheapness of money. It proceeds with the catalogue of needed plant replacement. It concludes with the faith that ultimately business cannot help responding to these two conditions. But business, to complete this prophecy, must have confidence in the Administration and the safety of investment. For the President the irony of his position today is that though he has abandoned a real New Deal, business refuses to believe in him. It is no mere coincidence that the National Association of Manufacturers should announce its terms for resuming business on the day after the President's broadcast. It speaks magnificently of the money waiting to be spent: on plant expansion, \$20,000,000,000; on machinery, \$18,000,000,000; delayed demand for durable goods, \$49,275,000,000. It cites the estimate of Colonel Leonard Ayres, a "noted Cleveland economist," that \$80,000,000,000 is the measure of waiting demand. Business, in effect, will pro-

ceed to spend these sums if "uncertainty is eliminated." "This means," says the statement, "the laying aside temporarily of any legislation which is not aimed directly and positively at ending the depression and restoring the millions of idle persons to work within private industry, and the adjournment of Congress as soon as possible." The legislation to be shelved is stated to be the unemployment-insurance bill, the banking bill, the utility holding-company bill, new railroad laws, the Wagner labor-disputes bill, the extension of the AAA, and the Guffey coal bill.

The country hears its master's voice. Big business boasts that it can restore prosperity if its terms are met. They are the same terms which were put forward less stridently a year ago, and to which the President already has yielded the essence of his own program. But his compromises have not made him acceptable. Business will have nothing but complete surrender. The economists who believe there will be a boom in the face of this ukase may prove to be right, but it looks to us as though the President has made his peace with business to no avail, and that all he is sure of is the continuance of a \$46,000,000,000 national income until the next election. In 1929 the income was \$83,000,000,000. We seem to be doomed to remain five-eighths prosperous until big business has its way.

Cotton and the South

THE current campaign of the textile industry against the processing tax has served to stimulate latent opposition to the Administration's cotton program from a variety of disaffected groups. Tories led by Mark Sullivan profess to see a growing trend toward regimentation which must inevitably lead to communism and/or fascism. Radicals are deeply perturbed over the fate of the South's two million share-cropper and tenant families. Cotton consumers, as represented by the textile interests, complain that the high cost of cotton is reducing domestic consumption; while many of the more conservative growers, with Governor Talmadge as their spokesman, fear the elimination of the South's most lucrative industry. That there should be any significant opposition to the AAA in the South is surprising in view of the fact that this section, on the whole, has enjoyed more than its share of recovery. The income from its two main crops—cotton and tobacco—has more than doubled since 1932, and the cotton-loan program has given growers an unprecedented protection against unfavorable fluctuations in the market.

Against these indubitable gains, however, must be set the burden imposed upon the share-croppers and the apparent deterioration of the South's premier industry. The report of the committee sponsored by the Rosenwald fund, together with the series of brilliant articles in the *New York Times* by F. Raymond Daniell, have made the plight of the share-cropper a matter of common information. It has been estimated that approximately 400,000 families, or 20 per cent of the dependent farm population of the South, have been thrown off the plantations and on relief by the operation of the AAA crop-reduction program. Most of these families will probably never be taken back as tenants, since the owners have discovered that it is cheaper to grow their

cotton by employing transient labor during the active working season, some three or four months a year. The problem of the share-croppers has been accentuated, moreover, by a sharp rise of class feeling where they have sought to protect their livelihood by organization. Although no strikes have been called or demands made, more than twenty instances of actual or threatened mob violence against members of and sympathizers with the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union have been reported in northeastern Arkansas alone since last July. No effort has been made to arrest the perpetrators of any of these acts of violence.

To the physical and psychological hardships imposed upon the underprivileged masses of rural workers by the AAA must be added the threat of a permanent dislocation of the economy of the South. Owing to the rise in cotton prices the government-imposed curtailment of production in the United States has been almost completely offset by increased foreign production. Since more than half the cotton grown in the United States prior to the New Deal was sold abroad, the importance of this development can scarcely be overestimated. American cotton exports have fallen from an average of approximately eight million bales annually prior to the depression to less than four million in 1934-35. In contrast, Brazil has more than tripled its production in the past five years; the Soviet Union has doubled its crop; and China, Peru, and Mexico have added materially to their output. Although the United States formerly contributed at least 60 per cent of the world's supply of cotton, it now grows only about 45 per cent of the total. In view of the existing spread between the price of American and foreign cotton, a further reduction in American production is practically inevitable unless the Administration drastically modifies its present policies. Added to the sharp drop in exports, moreover, has been a disquieting decline in domestic consumption. With the sole exception of the 1931-32 season, the per capita consumption of cotton in this country is now at the lowest ebb in many years.

The AAA subsidy is essentially an attempt to compensate agriculture for the losses imposed by the American tariff policy. But if the Triple A is to continue its present course, a complete reorganization of the economy of the South is inescapable. Some means will have to be discovered for absorbing into productive employment from 600,000 to a million share-croppers and their families, who must continue to bear the brunt of any reduction program. This implies the discovery of new enterprises on a vast scale which are more profitable than cotton growing. Whether this is in fact possible is doubtful. The presumption is strong that cotton and tobacco are the crops best suited to the climatic and soil conditions of the South and as such are likely to yield a higher cash return than any substitute. Thus while some diversification is doubtless desirable, intelligent planning would look toward an increase rather than a reduction of the commodities which the South is best fitted to produce, and would direct itself toward enlarging rather than diminishing the market for such products. A courageous attack on the tariff problem is the one step which offers hope of a basic solution of the South's problems. Failing this, a modification of the cotton-loan policy and an elimination of the processing tax might help, but the subsidy will have to be continued even though it wrecks one of America's greatest industries. This is the price of economic nationalism.

Kapitza Stays Home

A FEW weeks ago the Russian physicist Peter Kapitza made the headlines by producing in a Cambridge laboratory the lowest temperature ever recorded by man. A little later he went back to his native country for some conference or other, and he has just been informed that there he will stay. At a cost of \$75,000 Cambridge had equipped for him the laboratory to which he was expected to return, but last week (according to the *New York Times*) the Soviet Embassy in London stated:

As a result of the extraordinary development of the national economy in the U. S. S. R. the number of scientific workers available does not suffice, and in these circumstances the Soviet government has found it necessary to utilize for scientific activities within the country the services of Soviet scientists working abroad. Professor Kapitza belongs to this category.

He has, the announcement adds, "been appointed director of the New Institute of Physical Research."

Evidently times have changed since the utterance of the famous French dictum, "The revolution has no need of scientists"; and a cynic might discover some symbolical significance in the fact that a great capitalist country is vying with a great communist one for the honor of having absolute zero reached within its borders. Slightly more seriously, however, we suggest a debate, "Resolved that the scientist should be allowed complete liberty to go where he likes and to conduct such investigations as he selects." What is more we will offer a brief for both sides.

Argument for the affirmative: Science has conducted a long battle for freedom from official interference by church or state. The rapidity of its advance steadily increased as such freedom was won. The essence of its spirit is daring nonconformity, and most of its greatest triumphs have been achieved by persons without official encouragement. Like all creative workers, the scientist is temperamentally unfit for discipline for the simple reason that he knows better than any constituted authority what he ought to do. All state academies tend to favor both official doctrines and those lines of investigation which seem to promise immediate utility. Yet experience has shown how often the official doctrine is wrong and the disinterested study useful.

Argument for the negative: The most striking paradox of contemporary society is the contrast between the powers which science has developed and the failure of society to use them for social welfare. The first duty of any modern government is to put the scientist to work for social ends. Professor Kapitza is not and should not be a free agent. Besides, he will have much better working conditions in Russia than he would have under a capitalist economy, where he would be at the mercy of a patron's whims.

Rebuttal from the affirmative: Professor Kapitza was kidnapped. The argument that the individual and his own desires must be sacrificed to his work is dangerous and typical of the tyrannical Russian temperament. And if conditions in Russia are more favorable than in England, why does the Russian government use force to prevent a great scientist from choosing to work in England?

Rebuttal from the negative: Professor Kapitza is in Russia and he is going to stay there.

Issues and Men

The Progressive Republicans

PLEASE take notice that hereafter when I speak of the "progressive Republicans" I do not mean the little band of liberal Senators and Congressmen who for so long put their right to conscience and independence above party fealty. No, indeed, I now mean the Republican Party of Herbert Hoover and the national Republican chairman, Henry P. Fletcher, who has just announced with pontifical gravity that, "contradictory as it may sound," the Republican Party "is progressive because it has been conservative"! Undoubtedly the hearts of millions of bankers and business men leaped with joy when they read this new definition of what constitutes progress. It is a slogan which, I venture to assert, will carry far. Those are surely the truest patriots who stand still, who resist change, who oppose every new idea and suggestion of something different. This is exalting the mentality of the D. A. R. to the highest degree. Won't it be wonderful in the next campaign to see the banners going up Fifth Avenue borne by chanting hosts, and reading, "We Progress by Refusing to Move," "We Advance by Standing Still"?

If this should come to pass, it would have the merit of letting us know exactly where the Republican Party was standing. Yet, despite Mr. Fletcher's appeal, it is perfectly obvious that his party is not going to be united on any such program. The Westerners are insisting that they will write their own platform, and although they are personally friendly to Mr. Hoover and Mr. Fletcher, they have not the slightest intention of letting them run the next campaign. Senator Borah also is out for "a complete and bona fide reorganization of the Republican Party." He demands the selection of an entirely new slate of national committeemen, "with preference for women and young men," and he wants an aggressive declaration of principles in preparation for the 1936 national convention. Other Senators are reported as protesting against the frontal attack which Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Hoover would like to make on Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Senator Capper of Kansas, for example, had a good word to say over the radio on April 21 for some phases of the New Deal, and rejoiced in the fact that the Republican Party is "being forced to get down to brass tacks and to deal with fundamental principles." He then proceeded to define the task of the party in the following words: "Its job is to determine how much individualism we can retain, how many parts of our national economy must be owned in common or controlled in common." Exactly; that is the main problem before all the governments in the world, namely, where to stop in the process of socialization. But his next assertion, "We must seek to retain a democratic system of government under the Constitution that will make government, finance, industry, and business serve the people; the welfare of the people is the end," indicates the essential cleavage that exists today in the Republican Party. Mr. Fletcher is for the continuance of the old order, which means that government, finance, industry, and business will work hand in hand not for the people but for the further

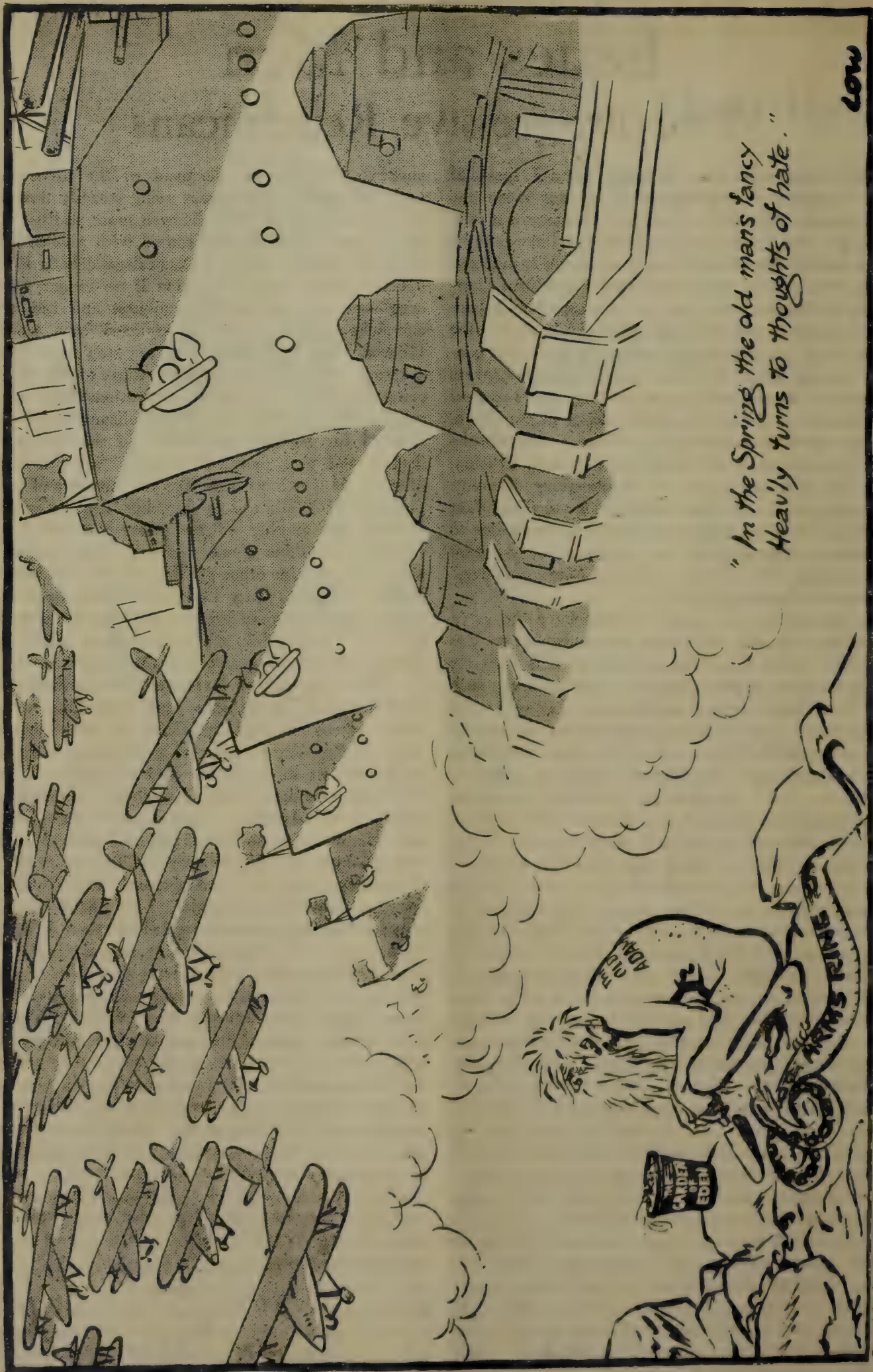
enrichment and aggrandizement of the privileged classes, with the unprivileged masses going steadily downhill.

William Allen White is even more realistic than Senator Capper. "We are confronted with a débâcle," he says, "of a mechanistic civilization. Perhaps débâcle is too strong, but this mechanistic civilization is no longer a going concern"—an amazing bit of frankness and radicalism from one who supported and championed both Coolidge and Hoover. But Mr. White does not stop there. Asking the question, "What do Republicans think of the challenge this collapse makes to democratic institutions?" he answers with a frank "No one knows what Republicans think." Hence his demand for regional conferences in the next few months in the hope that they will develop "a creed—an attitude of mind in which we can face the future and its unsolved problems." Well, this is fine, but while Republicans are meeting one another on the street and saying, "Brother, what do you think about a central bank, and agricultural aid, and forty-nine other problems that I could list for you," Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and others are swinging into action; and Chairman Fletcher is bringing up the rear with cries of "Don't think, don't plan, don't talk! Just stand still and be as you were before the crash."

Other Republican statesmen, like Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, who thinks that the thing to do is to stand on the Michigan platform which he wrote, believe that the Republicans must be progressive, but not *quite* so progressive or so radical as Mr. Roosevelt. That may be sound doctrine, but it is the last doctrine to make a winning appeal to the American electorate. "Friends, vote for us, and you won't go so far as you will with Mr. Roosevelt. We offer you just 60 per cent of Mr. Roosevelt's program. The other 40 per cent is dangerous. Come with us. Vote for the halfway New Deal." How many votes will that win for the Republicans, especially if there is a third party with a clear-cut program more radical than Mr. Roosevelt's? And where will it land dear Mr. Fletcher with his slogan, "We progress because we conserve"? It is of course too early to venture any prophecy. We are in an extraordinary political flux, and what the next twelve months will bring forth no man should venture to say who cares for his reputation. One can, however, point out that today it seems impossible that the Fletchers, Hoovers, Borahs, Cappers, and Whites can be bedfellows in the next campaign, and that the Republican Party's disorganization, lack of vision, and lack of complete readiness to cut itself off forever from its policy of exploiting the masses in order to enrich the masters of privilege must make President Roosevelt feel quite certain of his reelection next year, barring economic collapse.

Lowell Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



Behind the Kirov Executions—I

By LOUIS FISCHER

RECENT years have brought many far-reaching changes in Bolshevik methods, changes so fundamental that in the eyes of outsiders they may create an entirely new impression of Marxism in practice. These changes might all be roughly grouped under the heading of "G. P. U. Dictatorship and Democracy."

In March, 1919, President Woodrow Wilson, in Paris at the Peace Conference, sent Lincoln Steffens and William C. Bullitt, now United States Ambassador at Moscow, to negotiate with Bolshevik leaders regarding the terms of a peace settlement. Steffens and Bullitt met Lenin in the Moscow Kremlin and discussed all phases of their mission with him. Finally they said: "We have also been asked to ascertain when the Red Terror will end." Lenin wheeled around in his swivel chair, narrowed his Tartar eyes, and pointing a finger at them, exclaimed: "Who wants to know? The statesmen who have just sent ten million soldiers to their death in the trenches of Europe?" This reflects the attitude of the Bolsheviks in that day and this.

Yet on their own account and without prodding a change has come recently in Russia which must certainly be regarded as a crucial turning-point in the evolution of the Soviet State. It began in 1931 in the midst of the first Five-Year Plan. The suffering and the shortage of food and goods caused by the enormous capital expenditure of that plan had provoked considerable opposition within the ruling Communist Party and among certain elements of the population, notably the peasants and intellectuals. A right wing in the party, led by Prime Minister Rykov, Tomsky, the head of the trade unions, and Bukharin, the stormy-petrel theoretician, had quarreled with Stalin and insisted that the tempo of construction and upbuilding was too rapid for the country to bear, that to prosecute intensive industrialization in a backward country and simultaneously to collectivize or socialize 120,000,000 capitalistic peasants involved too great a burden and political risk. Stalin would hear none of this. And in order to go ahead with his program he decided to wipe out his opponents in the party leadership, and also those intellectuals, professional men, and government officials who supported or might support Rykov, Tomsky, and Bukharin.

This purge was carried out by the G.P.U. (O.G.P.U.). The G.P.U. had already done a similar job with the Trotskyists. The knowledge which it acquired in these activities and the gratitude which such services earned it in the eyes of the leaders, plus the fact that at all times the G.P.U. had been a far-flung, efficient organization, made it a most powerful body with a status unique in the Soviet Union. Its uniqueness lay in the fact that whereas all other governmental departments enjoyed only such authority as was delegated to them by the supreme Central Committee of the Communist Party, the G.P.U. possessed rights and authority within itself, and frequently used them to excess. The trouble came to a head through the prosecution of the intellectuals in 1929, 1930, and 1931. It is true that a large number of intellectuals were violently opposed to a

socialist economy, skeptical of Soviet success, and ready to sabotage it. But so many engineers were arrested on little or no suspicion that Soviet industrial leaders complained that factories and construction projects were without adequate technical guidance. Moreover, those engineers who remained at liberty were so afraid of making a technical mistake for which they might be judged culpable that they refused to take any risks.

For these reasons, and because by this time the left and right oppositions had been crushed, Stalin called a halt in the summer of 1931. He did so by appointing Akulov as the actual leader of the G.P.U. Menzhinsky, the titular chief of the G.P.U., had been inactive on account of serious illness. His first assistant, Yagoda, was running the organization. Now Akulov, an old friend of Lenin's, a staunch Communist and a Central Committee man, supplanted Yagoda, and Yagoda was demoted to the position of Akulov's aide. Akulov immediately began to discharge numerous old bureaucrats in the G.P.U. and to appoint in their places intelligent workingmen who had a correct conception of the G.P.U.'s role in the state. Meanwhile Yagoda sulked. Not many months had elapsed, however, before, as the Russians say, "the apparatus ate up Akulov"—the permanent officials thwarted his efforts and made his work impossible for him. Akulov was accordingly removed, and sent away to be the Communist secretary of the Donetz coal basin. Yagoda resumed his duties as master of the G.P.U.

Stalin's first attempt at taming the G.P.U. had thus failed. Stalin, however, is not a man to accept failure. In the spring of 1933 he brought Akulov back to Moscow and created a special office for him, that of Procurator or Attorney General of the Soviet Union. The decree announcing the appointment specifically stated that the Attorney General was authorized to review and supervise the operations of the G.P.U. In other words, Akulov, who had found it difficult to liberalize the G.P.U. from within, now undertook to do it from without. Akulov forthwith proceeded to release many persons wrongly accused or imprisoned for minor and inflated misdemeanors. A quiet struggle set in between the G.P.U. and the Attorney General's office.

Meanwhile, several highly important events intervened which struck body blows at the G.P.U. The first of these was the trial of the six British Metro-Vickers engineers in April, 1933. There was then, and there certainly is now, sufficient proof to convince any impartial mind that at least two of the engineers, MacDonald and Thornton, and probably also one or two of the others, were guilty of espionage in the Soviet Union. One of the accused, Cushni, only a few months ago delivered a lecture on Soviet secret military preparations at a closed course in a British naval academy, and there is scarcely any doubt that these men, employed by one of the most powerful links in the great international armaments ring, were engaged in collecting data on the U. S. S. R. which subsequently found its way into the hands of certain British and Japanese officials. Yet the Moscow trial might have been dispensed with. The Soviet govern-

ment might have informed the British government, and deported the suspects. The hand of Moscow, however, was forced by the unexpected arrest of the men. The political embarrassment and the loss of foreign trade which followed these events were booked to the discredit of the G.P.U. In the same year an event of tremendous importance intervened which did even greater damage to the position of the G.P.U.

In April, 1920, Marshal Pilsudski suddenly marched a Polish army into the Ukraine and captured the Soviet city of Kiev. The Red forces quickly drove him back, and met little or no resistance until they reached the gates of Warsaw. With the Red army that penetrated into Poland went a young Ukrainian Communist named Konar. In the precipitate retreat of the Soviet legions from Warsaw, Konar was captured by the Poles. His personal documents were taken from him, and he was subjected to a lengthy and most detailed cross-examination regarding his origins, his family, his personal habits, and his ideas on every subject. Then Konar was executed by the Poles, and a Polish spy named Poleschuk took Konar's papers and made his way into the Soviet Ukraine as Konar. In view of the chaos and disorganization that reigned in the Russia of those days, it is not difficult to see how this "Konar" soon found a job in a Soviet office, and began to make himself at home. Poleschuk-Konar was a man of parts, and before long he began to advance in the Soviet hierarchy. To make the story short, it was not many years before the new Konar occupied the very pivotal post of Assistant Commissar of Agriculture for the entire Soviet Union. From his office in Moscow he directed an organization of some thousand spies who, a few consciously and many unconsciously, supplied him with information on Soviet conditions which "Konar" regularly transmitted to the Polish military attaché in Moscow. As Assistant Commissar of Agriculture, "Konar" attended meetings of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the supreme authority in the U. S. S. R., and even delivered reports to the highest body in the land, the Politburo of ten, of which Stalin, Kaganovich, Molotov, and Voroshilov are members.

About 1931 "Konar" married a beautiful Russian girl, a Soviet film star. By this time he began to feel that he had reached almost the political heights in the Soviet Union, he was personally happy, and his secret Polish connections were only a burden and a danger to him. He accordingly tried to break his ties with the Poles. But the Poles would not let him. A man so highly placed in the Soviet system was too valuable to them, and they threatened to disclose his identity if he dared to desert them.

One day, at a parliamentary meeting in Moscow attended by delegates from all parts of the country, "Konar" was introduced to a Ukrainian Communist. The Ukrainian Communist stepped away, watched "Konar" for a long time, and then said to himself: "But this is not Konar. I knew Konar very well." He reported his suspicions to the G.P.U., and the G.P.U. began to watch "Konar." One fine day an agent of the G.P.U. saw "Konar" delivering papers to the Polish military attaché Kovalevsky. "Konar" was arrested and tried. He confessed, told the story of his protracted espionage on behalf of Poland, and was shot.

One can imagine a conversation between Stalin and Yagoda, the head of the G.P.U., at this juncture. "What good are you," Stalin might have stormed, "if you cannot

keep spies out of my own office, and out of the front rank of our government?" In the case of the British engineers, the G.P.U. had caused the Kremlin embarrassment. Here it had proved its inefficiency.

Now at this time, 1933, general conditions in the Soviet Union had improved, and it was felt that the strict repression of the G.P.U. was not as necessary as it had been in the difficult years preceding. The bourgeoisie had been wiped out. The kulaks, or recalcitrant peasants, had been "liquidated" and exiled to distant parts of the country. There was no opposition to Stalin within the party, the intelligentsia had in part been won over to the Soviet side, and the menace of foreign attack had somewhat diminished. The situation warranted a let-up.

Beginning in 1934, the fruits of the first Five-Year Plan made themselves apparent. The stores began to fill with commodities, queues grew shorter, and an air of prosperity and hopefulness filled the city and the countryside. Collectivization in the villages was firmly rooted, and any discussion of its permanence became unreal. The Kremlin was registering significant successes in foreign affairs. The Bolsheviks had built up a large, highly mechanized army commanded by Communists and containing a large percentage of Communist and proletarian soldiers who could be depended on to defend Soviet Russia's frontiers.

All these circumstances were soon reflected in an atmosphere of relaxation. The G.P.U. was making few arrests, and Attorney General Akulov was releasing thousands of citizens who had been falsely accused or too severely sentenced. Akulov, moreover, was insisting that a defendant's confession was not evidence, and while this attitude may be axiomatic in Western jurisprudence, it constituted a most radical departure in Soviet criminal practice.

Dancing had been anathema in the Soviet Union. The authorities had regarded it as "demoralizing" and "bourgeois." Now dancing became as popular and universal as in any Western country, and for Red Army officers a course in dancing was made compulsory. From being a persecuted class, the engineers and intellectuals became a privileged class. Some engineers, accused and sentenced for counter-revolution and sabotage, were considered absolved by their services in behalf of the Soviet government in constructing canals and railroads, and were released, rehabilitated, and awarded orders of distinction. Many kulaks were reprieved. The Kremlin began to put more faith in the loyalty of non-Communists, and a decree declared that non-Communists must not be discriminated against in the appointing of factory directors, presidents of trusts, and so forth. In the universities and schools, where the professors and teachers had been at the mercy of their classes, strict discipline was introduced.

By this time the G.P.U. had come definitely under the everyday control of the Central Committee of the party. Weakened by its role in the Metro-Vickers affair, stunned by the Konar disclosure, and undermined by the activities of Akulov, the G.P.U., in Stalin's opinion, was ripe for reorganization to accommodate it to the new mood of the country. In January, 1934, accordingly, it was decided to abolish the G.P.U., transfer many of its functions to the public courts of law, and in its stead constitute a Commissariat of Internal Affairs with limited prerogatives. For months a struggle went on behind the scenes as to how

this reorganization was to be effected and who would be the new commissar. No outsider knows the facts, but rumor has it that Stalin had no enthusiasm for Yagoda as Commissar of Internal Affairs, and preferred Rudzutak. Yet the preference was not a decided one, and meanwhile Maxim Gorki, an intimate friend of Stalin's, who wields considerable political influence, pressed for the appointment of Yagoda. Finally, in July, 1934, the new commissariat was established, its reduced authority was distinctly demarcated, and Yagoda was named as its head.

The trend toward normality continued and an interesting development took place. Previously the motives with which the authorities had tried to inspire the population were hate and fear of the domestic and foreign enemy. But the number of such enemies had become too small to inspire a whole nation. Moscow, therefore, looked about for new motivating impulses. Hate and the class war were somewhat outmoded. For, without having acquired the attributes of a classless society, the Soviet Union had actually rid itself of hostile classes. Instead of the class-war slogan, therefore, the Bolsheviks began toying with the idea of "Soviet nationality." All citizens must unite in the "Soviet Fatherland." The citizenry was told that capitalism abroad was decaying, while the Soviet Union was registering unprecedented progress. Had not the courageous collectivistic behavior of the Chelyuskin crew, marooned for two months in the Arctic on a perilous ice floe, and their gallant rescue by seven intrepid Soviet aviators impressed all the world with the supremacy of the new Soviet man?

The new motives were positive. The press and such plays as, for instance, "Personal Life" at the Theater of the Revolution stressed the importance of friendship between people. Simply to be comrades in the same party was not enough. With 1934 began a period of respite from the epoch-making struggles of the Five-Year Plan and collectivization. Soviet leaders and newspapers found time to

devote themselves to minor matters. Serge Ordzhonikidze, Commissar of Heavy Industry, told his engineers and factory directors that they must shave every day. Articles in the dailies dilated on the advantages of creased trousers. Adults and school children were urged to give their street-car seats to the aged and invalided. Good manners and politeness had ceased to be "bourgeois."

Then came the highly significant First Congress of Soviet Writers in Moscow in August, 1934. Long years ago Lenin once wrote, "Down with non-Communist writers." At the congress Gorki told of a meeting between Stalin and a number of Communist authors. Stalin criticized the authors for their bad work, and said, "You must learn to write from the non-Communists." Was Stalin thus contradicting Lenin? No. But in the course of time those non-Communist authors had accepted socialism. They were actually Communists, except that they had no party cards. Therefore it was possible for Stetsky, the "dictator" of Soviet culture, to say to the congress, "You have taken the road to socialism, and, for the rest, there is only free creative activity."

All the time economic conditions improved; articles of consumption which Russia had never seen, or which Soviet citizens had never seen, appeared in the shops in abundance. Arrests by the new Commissariat of Internal Affairs were few, and releases by Akulov were many. In December, 1934, the government announced that as of January 1, 1935, bread rationing would be abolished, and the population, tired of the red tape, long queues, and bad quality connected with the card system, breathed a sigh of relief. "A new era is really dawning," people said.

Then, crack! Suddenly on December 1, 1934, Serge Kirov, the fourth most important Bolshevik leader in the country, was shot.

[Part II of Mr. Fischer's article will appear in next week's issue.]

Nazi Jew-Baiting in America—II

By CHARLES ANGOFF

THE Friends of New Germany have had plenty of sources of trouble besides Lüdecke. Although they have been in existence for almost eight years, they applied for incorporation only recently. Justice Edward J. McGoldrick of the New York Supreme Court refused their application on January 10, 1935, on the ground that he had "definite reports" "indicating serious internal dissension within the ranks of this proposed membership corporation." So the Friends incorporated in New Jersey, but they still use a New York address. Whether or not it is legal for an organization now incorporated in New Jersey, which has been refused incorporation in New York, to continue transacting business from a New York address remains to be decided. The office of the Attorney General of the State of New York is studying the matter. The questions of law involved are of a highly technical character. The *Beobachter*, which at this writing is still in the hands of the American National Socialist League, lately has had tough going. Its circulation has fallen off badly, and the league, according

to latest information, is seriously thinking of discontinuing it. The paper has changed printers at least twice. The last two editions were printed by H. W. G. Gerlach, 81 East Tenth Street, New York City.

Both the Friends of New Germany and the American National Socialist League have thus had their difficulties, but both had a stroke of luck in the Hauptmann case. They seized upon it to make all sorts of insinuations against the Jews, and especially to let loose a new version of the ancient lies about ritual murders. The following handbill, which is reproduced in photostat, could be obtained less than two months ago at the offices of the American National Socialist League, 228 East Eighty-sixth Street, and in the employment office (*Arbeitsdienst*) of the same organization at the same address. Precisely where and when it was printed is not certain at the moment, but I shall not be surprised if final investigation proves that it was set up by the Zenger Press, of 308 East Forty-sixth Street, and printed by the Hubner Press, situated at the corner of Lafayette and White

streets. According to very reliable information 3,000 copies of the handbill were printed but only 300 were distributed. The remaining 2,700 were destroyed because "the police showed an interest in them." Copies are now being distributed by the National Socialist Workers' Party of America.

The Lindbergh Baby Affair

Jewish Ritual Murder

LE MIROIR (Montreal) in its issue of 3rd of July, 1932, says:—"The presence of ■■■■■ Jews, like Spitalo and Bitz, etc., around Lindbergh after the kidnapping of his child last March, ■■■ well ■■■ certain particular aspects of the murder, have given rise to the suspicion in certain European papers, that the child was the victim of Jewish ritual murder."

The child was kidnapped ■■■ 1st March; the body was found on 12th May 72 days later, with fractures of the skull, and the reports published in the "New York Times" of 13 5 32 said that it was estimated that death must have taken place ■■■ least 2 months before the discovery of the body.

Jewish Ritual Murder ■■■ practised ■■■ Christian children on the occasion of the feast of Purim, where Jewish hate ■■■ worked up to frenzy in the Synagogues. "Purim" is the annual celebration of the death ■■■ Haman, who had decreed the massacre of all the Jews in Asia but ■■■ betrayed by Esther; whenever the ■■■ Haman is uttered in the reading of the book of Esther on this day, the Jews cry out "Let his memory perish."

These ritual crimes ■■■ not legendary; they ■■■ real enough. In the Universal History of the Catholic Church, by Rohrbacher, 1845, many ■■■ cited. Sometimes the blood of a perfectly formed child is taken for the making of ceremonial bread by the Rabbis; sometimes the child is simply tortured to death. It ■■■ Sir Richard Burton who gave publicity to the celebrated ritual murder in Damascus in 1840, wherein a Capuchin, Pere Thomas, was kidnapped, his throat cut and his blood taken in ■■■ bottle to the Rabbis for their foul rites. For reporting this, Sir Richard ■■■ removed from his appointment by Jewish influence. The detected culprit escaped the death penalty by the money power of the Rothschild family, acting through the Alliance Israelite Universelle, ■■■ fine of half a million piastres being paid by the prominent Jews Adolphe Cremieux, Moses Montefiore and Munck. Details of the trial are given ■■■ a pamphlet "Jewish Ritual Slaughter," (published "Britons.") obtainable from ■■■ 3½d. post free.

The Lindbergh baby ■■■ evidently slaughtered in March, and the Purim of 1932 fell on 22nd of that month. Lindbergh ■■■ the Nordic hero of the United States, and his child ■■■ supposed to represent Gentile perfection. As we have already reported in THE FASCIST, Lindbergh appointed Jews (Spitalo and Bitz) as his negotiators with the kidnappers, and the all-Jewish "Purple Gang" of Detroit ■■■ the object of the Police search. Jewish money then, ■■■ doubt, stepped in and silenced revelations which would have shaken the Christian world out of its torpor.

Information about Ritual Murder is impossible to obtain in the Encyclopedia Britannica, because the article thereon is written by a Jew, Israel Abrahams, who carefully avoids any facts and merely croaks out "anti-semitism."

Reprinted from THE FASCIST, London (England). No. 40 (New Series), Sept., ■■■

Immediately after the Hauptmann verdict another handbill about the Lindbergh baby was circulated in Flemington, New Jersey, in New York City, and in several other cities east of the Mississippi, and some even reached Los Angeles. When and by whom it was printed and distributed is still a mystery. Some quotations from it follow:

Since the trial against the accused Bruno Richard Hauptmann had begun early in January, 1935, it was observed that practically the entire Jew-controlled press in the United States grabbed this very opportunity to manufacture reports which on the whole were nothing short of camouflaged fanatical expression of hatred against the accused man's home country, Germany. . . . During the Hauptmann trial the Jew papers have left no opportunity unused in referring at every instance, but foremostly in the newspaper headlines, to the Germanic origin of the accused. The specific origin of all the people involved in this trial in so far as they were identified with the Jewish people has clearly been concealed. The entire Jewish-controlled press during the proceedings of this trial has by no means anything substantial to create a greater sense of justice within the reading audience, but that very press has on the other side featured an extreme sense of exploitative activities in so far as the professional types who are handling the business of profiteering from the

human dramas have shown themselves only too eager to increase their amount of publicity and to advertise themselves and their business. . . .

The voluptuousness with which the Jew press of this city of New York tried to shift the public sentiment against Hauptmann and his home country has been demonstrated day after day in such terms applied to Hauptmann as the "Nazi killer," the "Nazi kidnapper," the "German machine gunner." Such a fact, however, raises the question of "Why are these antagonistic elements so extremely active in using their medium of expression against ■■■ man who has not been convicted at all as the actual killer and kidnapper of the Lindbergh boy, except by circumstantial evidence?" Is it in order to actually hide or veil the true evidences that may be known within certain Jewish circles? Is this accusation ceaselessly being repeated in order to convict a man quickly before some of the actual evidence penetrates to the limelight of American justice? Is the kind of accusation as expressed by the Attorney General, David T. Wilentz, idiomatic [*sic*] with that standard brand of American justice which could be termed as "The American sense of justice"? . . .

Furthermore, in the contemplated Hauptmann appeal, undertaken by public collection of funds, have been variously suppressed by Jews, the latter using their influence in demanding from the Gentile bosses that in such and such establishment no collection be taken for a defense fund for the accused. This prohibition of making collections from sympathizers of Hauptmann has found a parallel in that various banks have refused, by order of their Jewish heads, to permit the use of their banking facilities for the purpose of making collections for the Hauptmann defense fund. This entirely un-American attitude of the Jewish element in this country undoubtedly will be remembered in time to come when the Gentile majority is aroused.

This megalomaniacal and despotical attitude of a number of Jews toward a temporarily defeated member not of their race gives reason to recall the fact that in most European countries the Jewish criminal outnumbers the Gentile 18.55 times to one as one of the latest surveys revealed. Since no official figures pertaining to the Jewish criminality in the United States are obtainable, it is at this moment impossible to determine the exact number of criminals belonging to the offspring of Judah in the United States. This fact, however, does not relieve the Gentiles of this country from assuming that the actual Jewish criminal figure in the United States is not much behind that of the majority of European countries. For this reason these arrogant acts as committed by a large number of Jews within the past months are entirely out of place, considering the fact that the Jews have such an accumulation of unsettled guilt. . . .

The Jews' attempt to stir up the American Gentiles against a member not belonging to their own Oriental race may prove fatal to them, ■■■ fact which is witnessed in the present Hauptmann appeal and its intermediate occurrences.

The question of "Who murdered the Lindbergh baby?" awaits its correct solution from justice not influenced by any fanatically tempered offense lawyers. In reference to the alleged ritual murder in connection with the Lindbergh affair as quoted from certain papers that serve as specific organs of pronounced Gentiles, no positive evidence has yet been produced. However, the number of alleged ritual murders ■■■ the tragic deeds of a race which avowedly has a far greater number of cases of

individual insanity than any other, is evidenced by our researcher's finding, who reports such crimes as having occurred in the following years and places:

- A. D. 418 in Antiochia
 " " 419 in Chalcis
 " " 1017 in Blois (Loire)
 " " 1137 in Norwich . . .
 " " 1349 in Rothenburg
 " " 1350 in Cologne
 " " 1380 in Hagenbach
 " " 1401 in Diessenhofen . . .
 " " 1503 in Langendenzlingen
 " " 1504 in Frankfort
 " " 1509 in Bofingen
 " " 1510 in Berlin . . .
 " " 1824 in Beyrut
 " " 1826 in Warsaw
 " " 1829 in Turin
 " " 1831 in St. Petersburg
 " " 1834 in Tripolis
 " " 1839 in Rhodes and Damascus . . .
 " " 1881 in Kaschau, Steinamanger, Alexandrien, and Lutscha
 " " 1882 in Tiza-Eszlar and Galata
 " " 1884 in Skurz
 " " 1885 in Mit-Kamar
 " " 1886 in Grodno and Constantinople
 " " 1887 in Budapest, Pressburg, Saloni, Samacoff, Kaschau, and Caiffa
 " " 1888 in Budapest and Breslau
 " " 1889 in Kustendji, Varna, Aleppo, and Pressburg
 " " 1890 in Damascus and Beyrut
 " " 1891 in Xanten, Philippoli, Yamboli, Smyrna, Budapest, and Korfu
 " " 1893 in Malta, Cologne, and Posen
 " " 1899 in Polna
 " " 1900 in Konitz
 " " 1911 in Kiev
 " " 1926 in Breslau
 " " 1928 in Gladbeck
 " " 1929 in Manau
 " " 1931 in Jerusalem
 " " 1932 in Paderborn

All these murderous crimes committed against non-Jewish society which, until now, are more or less unsolved, not to mention all the millions of Gentiles killed in Russia during the past eighteen years, through direct or indirect Jewish assistance, all these acts of violence still cry to heaven.

Why, then, ye Jews, do you try to put something over on a man who by chance happens to belong to a nation and race not yours?

Is this half-bridled fanaticism of yours anything else but a desperate attempt to hide the Jew Isadore Fisch, from whom Hauptmann says he received the box with

the ransom money, and whose guilt would reflect upon your own race? Or is all that feverish activity of yours against the accused Bruno Richard Hauptmann anything else but your revengeful attempt to express your antagonism against Germany of whom you consider Hauptmann a representative? Why, ye Jews, then exploit the Lindbergh baby murder case politically with the veiled intention of satisfying your own racial antagonism? Such a procedure possibly might not turn out exactly to your own benefit.

The only legend appearing on the second handbill is this end line: "Single copies, 10 cents; 10 copies, 75 cents; 100 copies \$6." Where copies are to be obtained is not stated.

The legend of ritual murders has plagued the Western world for centuries, and only lately have Jews thought of bringing it before a court of justice. An extremely important case of this nature was recently tried before the King's Bench of Winnipeg, Canada. A violently Nazi monthly, the *Canadian Nationalist*, the "Official Organ of the Canadian Nationalist Party," had been published in that city for some time, and had been causing grave concern to the local Jews. In the issue distributed late in January, 1935, the paper printed a long and extraordinarily vicious libel against the Jewish race. The following two extracts from the leading article, signed by A. S. Leese, give an idea of its contents:

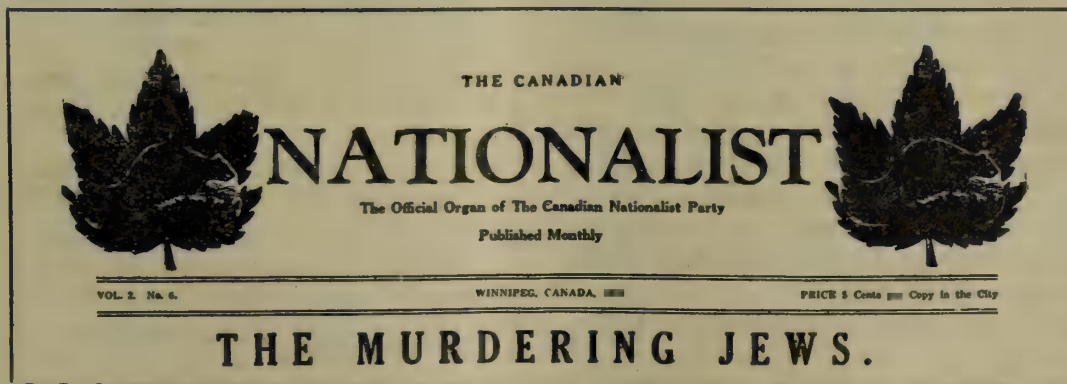
It is an established fact that ritual murder is practiced by Jews and there are scores of recorded cases.

However unpleasant it may be, Aryans should realize that this pestilential Jewish nation has attained its present world power largely through the great British people. The Jew is essentially different from the Briton; the same Jew who will smile and fawn upon you when he wants something from you will injure you cheerfully if it suits him. No Aryan can have the slightest social contact with Jews without detriment to himself.

A Winnipeg Jew, William Tobias, immediately sued the editors, owners, and managers of the *Canadian Nationalist*, to wit, "Herman H. Neufeld and Anna K. Neufeld, carrying on business under the firm name and style of Rundschau Publishing Company, and William Whittaker." The Honorable Mr. Justice Montague heard the case, and on February 13, 1935, handed down this decision:

This court doth order and adjudge that the defendant, Whittaker, his servants and agents be perpetually restrained from further continuing writing, printing, or causing to be printed, circulating, dis-

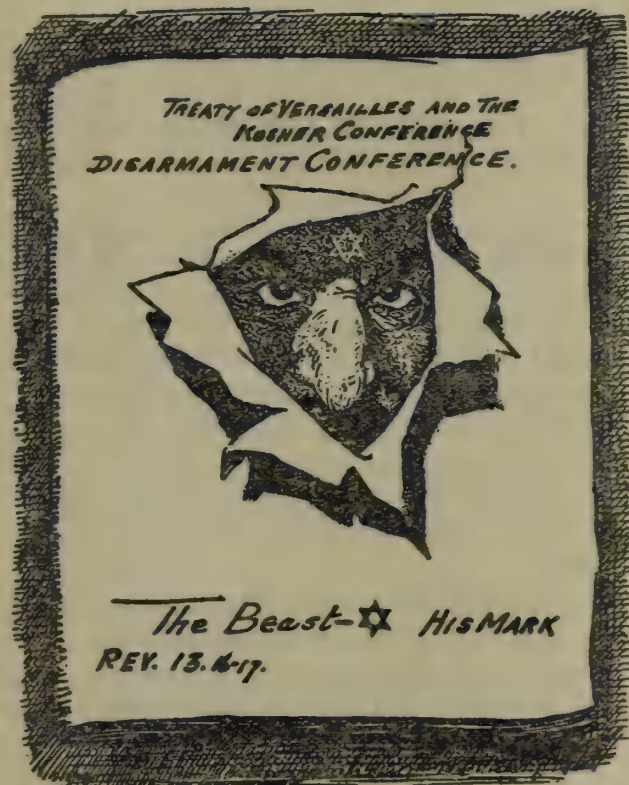
tributing, or otherwise publishing the libel on the Jewish race and those professing the Jewish creed contained in the issue of the *Canadian Nationalist*, Vol. II, No. 6, referred to in the statement of claim or any similar libels injuriously affecting those belonging to the Jewish race or professing the Jewish creed.



The court also ordered the defendants to pay the costs of the trial, and the Canadian *Nationalist* never appeared again.

Since the World War several American states have adopted laws penalizing the spread of false news. Such laws

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY



The Swiss medal presented to the Delegates of the Disarmament Conference bears on one face the double triangle, or Solomon's Seal enclosing the Sun, representing the Jewish domination of the Aryan at Geneva.

Illustration and Comment from Page One of the *Canadian Nationalist*

are a definite danger to free speech, but since they are on the statute books it might be interesting to experiment with them toward the end of curbing anti-Semitic propaganda. Even under the ordinary criminal-libel statutes in the United States a group which has been libeled can prosecute provided it is fairly definite in the number of its members. A case in point was tried in the state courts of Illinois several years ago. A local American Legion post carried out a successful prosecution in the instance of an attack upon its membership. But apparently it is still possible to libel with impunity a whole race in Illinois, as the Friends of New Germany and the American National Socialist League have been libeling the Jews in Chicago for several years.

Before leaving the American National Socialist League, there is one important fact to be noted. I have very reliable information to indicate that some time in January three of the leaders of the League—Meyer, Brinck, and Procht—conferred with ex-Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania, or with his representatives, for the purpose of launching him as a Presidential candidate in 1936. Under what party label it is impossible to say at the moment. Mr. McFadden was defeated for reelection in November, 1934.

He is a notorious anti-Semite and has been convicted of embezzlement in New York State.

Mention has heretofore been made of Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, who sold a Gutenberg Bible to the Library of Congress and who has carried on Nazi propaganda in the United States. He testified before the Dickstein committee that he had paid thousands of dollars of his own funds to circularize anti-Semitic and fascist "memoranda." He also testified that Ambassador Hans Luther had warned him not to "mix in American politics," and he promised that he would cease his propaganda work and not return to Germany. But he did return to Germany within ten days of his testimony, and while he was in Germany, in January, 1935, another Nazi "memorandum" was circulated in this country from his Los Angeles address. He returned to the United States some time in February. He has been going back and forth for the past thirty-five years. While he was in the United States early in March, he decided to make an innovation in his Nazi activities. His "memoranda" now contain almost no mention of Jews, but refer in a rather high-toned, academic manner to "the racial question." The following copy of a letter by him is revealing:

DR. OTTO H. F. VOLLBEHR
2424 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES

March 5, 1935.

Mr. J. C. Prechtel,
Terre Haute Advocate,
Terre Haute, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Prechtel :

During my recent visit in Germany, I met the Director of the Racial-Political Department of the NSDAP, Dr. Walter Gross. In the course of the conversation I asked him to write down for me his point of view about the racial question, possibly in form of an article. Today's mail brought me his write-up, and I take pleasure in sending it to you for publication in your esteemed newspaper. The theme is a most timely one, and I am sure it will be of interest to you as well as to all your readers. No other newspaper has as yet received a copy of it for I wanted you to have the first chance of printing it. If, however, for any reason, you should be unable to give it space in your newspaper, I would greatly appreciate your returning the manuscript to me.

In case of publication kindly let me have three copies of the edition.

Sincerely yours,

O. H. F. Vollbehr
OTTO H. F. VOLLBEHR

Encl.

Mr. Prechtel, who is the editor and manager of the *Terre Haute Advocate*, did print Dr. Walter Gross's "write-up" in the issue for Friday, March 15, 1935. It appears on page four, directly under the masthead, and is entitled *The World and Racial Idea in Germany Today*. It is as "scientific" as the writings of Dr. Lothrop Stoddard, and it is full of "good-feeling." A quotation follows:

It must be emphasized with all firmness that National Socialism has not the slightest intention of disparaging other races or branding them as inferior. What we do combat is the old fable of the equality of all people and the contention that no difference whatever exists between them. But in determining the dissimilarity of the large groups of races on earth we do not by any means criticize disapprovingly any one of them. We only lay stress on the necessity for all races and peoples on earth to preserve their special individuality according to blood as the Creator designed. [All races other than Aryan are the guests of Germany.] And our enemies are all those out in the world who spread false reports, or . . . try to misuse hospitality at home which the Führer and with him racially proud Germany offers to her guests from other nations.

Dr. Vollbehr and his crowd of Nazi anti-Semitic propagandists were made very happy some weeks ago by the report of the arrival in this country, on the North German Lloyd liner Europa, of General Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck, a high official in the Gestapo, the Nazi secret police. His purpose, it was said, was to try to bring peace and harmony between the Friends of New Germany and the American National Socialist League. The publicity department of the North German Lloyd told me, however, that Lettow-Vorbeck had not come to this country, having "postponed his visit," and that he was still in Germany. A close check reveals that this is probably so. In a further article I shall have more to say about him, and shall also present documents dealing with other varieties of vicious propaganda.

Wallace the Great Hesitater

By PAUL W. WARD

BOTH Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, and Rexford Guy Tugwell, his Under Secretary, were born beyond their time. Tugwell, a third-rate Voltaire trying to be a second-rate Rousseau, should have been a French or English courtier when the Industrial Revolution was in its infancy. Wallace, one of the most admirable and ridiculous figures of the New Deal, should have been born in the Middle Ages and set himself in the quiet of a cloister garden to commune with his soul and the infinite while finding out the laws of hybridism, "untroubled," as Bateson says of the nineteenth-century monk, Mendel, "by any itch to make potatoes larger or bread cheaper."

The tardiness of their nativities is important. It helps to explain why Wallace persists in hoping, and Tugwell in believing, that they and their end of the New Deal are opening the gates to the more abundant life when in actuality they are only holding them open for the Trojan horse which the forces of reaction are building. Each thinks he is describing the future when each—Wallace with his "new frontiers" and Tugwell with his "third economy"—is merely describing the past. Neither can see that there is no time for the gradualist programs they espouse. Neither can see that there is no time or need for America to repeat the history of Europe, and that unless drastic action is taken to rout permanently the forces of reaction before they rally for their next attack, the United States will plunk straight into fascism instead of first taking the preparatory steps followed by Germany, Italy, and Spain.

It is doubtful whether either could bring himself to advocate or direct a drastic course of action, even if their White House boss would let them. In the present crisis each is psychologically immobilized by his middle-class roots. Each makes preservation of "human liberties" a prerequisite to change, mistaking "human liberties" for the minor privileges and creature comforts to which their middle-class rearing has wedded them and forgetting that, as Stolberg and Vinton have put it, "under capitalism not man but property is free and equal."

Of the two men Wallace is the more difficult to explain, for his is a tripartite personality. There are Wallace the politician, Wallace the scientist, and Wallace the Chris-

tian mystic, and of these three personalities the third is dominant. Wallace, in short, is a queer duck. Isadora Duncan would have loved him. So would Gandhi, Krishnamurti, and Bernarr Macfadden. He has almost as many idiosyncrasies as Upton Sinclair. He dabbles in astrology and numerology, consorts with poets ranging from "Æ" down to obscure ones with such noms de plume as "The Alabama Wildcat," and corresponds regularly, it is reported, with an Indian medicine man. He is, in addition, a vegetarian. When the 1934 drought was at its height and the prospects of a food shortage formed the chief topic at Wallace's press conferences, his aides stood by in fear and trembling lest he suddenly burst political bonds and lecture the nation on its dietary needs, advocating a shift in the human cuisine to peanuts, Russian thistles, and swamproot.

These idiosyncrasies probably are traceable to the loneliness of Wallace's childhood among the corn and hogs of Iowa. So, too, perhaps is the most puzzling aspect of his temperament—his religiosity. Though he comes of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, his faith at times seems to be an amalgam of Buddhism, Judaism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, and Eddyism. His sincerity awes all beholders, even when he grows remorseful over the savageness of his tennis strokes, fearing that the will to win thus displayed is a departure from the cheek-turning Christian ethic.

That there is nothing smug or self-righteous about the man is shown by the way he impresses persons in frequent contact with him. They readily excuse his inaction at critical moments, though hating its effect. They say it is due to his belief that behind all things there is an Unseen Power mysteriously at work for the greater good of all, or to his feeling—he is given to bursts of Spenglerian pessimism—that what is done by or happens to so insignificant a mote in the universe as man matters little today or tomorrow. The skeptic can reply only that the same might have been said for Pontius Pilate, a reply that brings up the manner in which Wallace washed his hands of Frank, Pressman, and Jackson when those champions of the public interest were fired from the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in the "purge" last February.

There have been several public manifestations of Wal-

lace's etherealness. For example, there was the time when, after telling the American Association for the Advancement of Science that he was for "a Christian, cooperative, democratic state," he added: "I fear, however, that in our social and economic life the objectives must always come from that mysterious realm which all engineers and scientists should treat with the greatest respect but with which engineering and scientific methods are totally unable to grapple."

That was in December, 1933, when he had been in office nine months. The passage of time has not changed him. Neither has it clarified his views. Last February, when he had been in office nearly twenty-four months, he proclaimed before the National Education Association his personal opposition to both communism and fascism, saying: "They are all materialistic and godless." It was in the same speech that he asserted his belief that capitalism "is going to be modified," and that "if we endeavor to escape [from the depression] by cheap temporary means, we will eventually suffer intense chaos and disintegration and there will be no escape." But the closest he could come to defining a way out was a vague reference to some Land of Tomorrow—one of his favorite phrases—where there would be a "balance between liberty on the one hand and security on the other."

That speech before the Education Association is noteworthy for having been an extemporaneous utterance. It is unsafe to place great dependence on Wallace's state papers as a key to his mentality, for they are in large part the work of ghost writers. Thus his *Collier's* piece, suggesting that a Supreme Economic Council—nine more wise old owls—be set up to convert the Constitution into a ticket for all of us to the Promised Land, was at core the work of Russell Lord, a free-lance writer then attached to the federal payroll. There is some doubt that Wallace saw the core before the whole appeared in print. At any rate, Mr. Lord's brain child, appearing over Mr. Wallace's signature, won the latter ten demerits from the liberals or, as he himself more coyly put it, "a spanking." More amusing still is the fact that many of the articles and speeches with which Wallace keeps New Deal spurs cemented to his heels are written for him by a professionally obscure gentleman named Jack Fleming, who with equal facility used to compose state papers for two Old Dealers, Jardine and Hyde. Mr. Fleming is the dean of the Agriculture Department ghost writers.

Although Wallace is the ablest social philosopher inside the New Deal's picket lines, he has had at bottom only two things to say. One of his two themes is, "This hurts me more than it does you." The other and less disarming one is, "Two wrongs don't make a right but at least they help a lot." Pied-piping skilful variations on these two themes, he has charmed a continent and turned both the public's and his own attention away from the whopping fallacies of the AAA program he is administering. He has persuaded millions, including himself, that the AAA really offers a new deal to the farming masses—that whereas crop reduction is wrong and to him abhorrent, it is agriculture's sole means of recompensing itself for industry's scarcity economics, and it not only can but will be abandoned when, as, and if America's tariff walls are razed. In the process he has won for the AAA the title of "most successful New Deal agency," whereas closer examination proves the AAA

to have been astonishingly like and no more successful than the NRA. For himself he has won almost universal acceptance, in Washington at least, as the strong man of the Roosevelt Cabinet.

Strangely enough, the only important personage who has been deaf to Wallace's siren piping is his boss, President Roosevelt. Months ago, by semi-official courier, word was carried to Wallace that the New Deal Messiah's affection for him was ebbing fast. It was no news to Wallace, and on second thought it should not be news to anyone else. Presidents traditionally do not like to hear talk of their successors, and people were talking of Wallace at that time as a President in bud. Furthermore, Wallace, a man of surpassing candor and dignity, had not seen fit to wet down his state papers with lathers of praise for the President, referring to him only in such tepid terms as "the most popular President of recent times." Finally, Wallace publicly had criticized some of Roosevelt's basic ideas; he had slashed at the tariff, punctured the NRA balloon, said a number of unkind things about Roosevelt's pet, the subsidized merchant marine, and ridiculed his monetary manipulations, calling them "money magic."

There are several other small but no less important reasons why Roosevelt probably was bound to sour on Wallace. Roosevelt likes smart, dazzling fellows like Richberg, Moley, and Farley. Wallace is shy and sincere and, in addition, looks like a cultured clodhopper. Worst of all, he is full of profound abstractions, and abstractions, especially profound ones, make Roosevelt uncomfortable. Then, to cap the climax, there is Tugwell, that peacock in the AAA's back pasture. Tugwell is another of Roosevelt's pets and Tugwell has soured on Wallace. The tie that once bound them closely together has turned out to be a rope of sand. Drenched in the sinfulness of Columbia University, Rex has no patience with Wallace's monastic inclinations. He has come to regard Wallace as being too much under the spell of those Tory clans, the regular farm organizations, and as having a point of view limited to the acres of a Midwestern farm.

Of course, the way Wallace unconsciously held Tugwell up to ridicule at the time of the AAA "purge" may have had something to do with all this. The victims of that catharsis were all friends of Tugwell's, and when Wallace was asked whether Tugwell had been consulted in advance of the guillotining, honesty compelled him to answer that Rex, the grand panjandrum of the now vestigial Brain Trust, had had nothing to do with the AAA for eight months. Dr. Tugwell, he vouchsafed, was busy "coordinating the scientific work of the Department of Agriculture." All of which forced Tugwell to come panting back to Washington from Florida, dash straight to the White House, and emerge a little later with a complimentary ticket from Roosevelt to a seat on the AAA's operating council. When Wallace was questioned about this display of Tugwell's White House strength, he replied with one of his self-conscious grins: "Dr. Tugwell has an unusual understanding of the sociological forces in this country."

Roosevelt would have liked to make Tugwell his Secretary of Agriculture at the outset, had it been good politics and had Tugwell been willing. Tugwell was not only unwilling to be Secretary; it took a rich share of persuading to get him to accept the post of Assistant Secretary in which

he began his New Deal career. Although he once wrote a poem asserting, "I will roll up my sleeves—make America over," he is essentially an academician, aloof and cold almost to the point of snobbishness. In him there burns no fire such as singes Wallace's soul. Furthermore, his political ineptness time after time embroils him in situations that make him yearn to be back on the campus.

Wallace, who also dislikes administrative work, was not Roosevelt's second choice for Secretary of Agriculture; he was third choice. Second-choice man was the Dutchess County apple boy, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., but politics overruled that one too, and the lot then fell to Wallace, who was surprised but willing. Not the least of the reasons for his willingness was the fact that he needed the job; his family's paper, *Wallace's Farmer*—founded by his grandfather, a farmer and minister, and kept alive by his father, the late Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture under Harding and Coolidge—was in financial difficulties. It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that a Cabinet member's salary was all that lured Wallace from his editorial sanctum. What really uprooted him was the tumult in his evangelical heart on getting the call from Roosevelt, who so avidly and flatteringly had sopped up Wallace's ideas for campaign use in 1932. Some of them were good ideas, too, for Wallace has a sound technical background. His work with seed corn and his contributions to the statistical methods of scientific research and economics had won him a fame among agronomists that would have lasted had he never attained a seat among the elect of Washington.

The Democratic way to the nation's capital had been prepared for Wallace four years earlier. A Republican, he had plunked for Smith in 1928 rather than vote for his father's old foe, Herbert Hoover, who as Secretary of Commerce in 1923 had spent half his time throwing monkey wrenches into the farm bloc's machinery and time after time had capsized the McNary-Haugenites' craft while the elder Wallace valiantly strove to keep it afloat. It was Tugwell who brought the younger Wallace into the Roosevelt camp. Tugwell also had been a member of the Smith camp in 1928, but his usefulness there had been limited, for Al couldn't savvy the agricultural program Rex drew up for him. Moley recruited him for Roosevelt in 1932 along with Chester C. Davis, present Agricultural Adjustment Administrator, and his predecessor, George N. Peek. Peek and Davis had run Smith's Presidential campaign in the corn and wheat belts.

Davis, one-time publisher of the *Montana Farmer* and former Commissioner of Agriculture in that state, where he was regarded by the copper interests as a "dangerous liberal," had worked with the elder Wallace at Washington. He was a staunch McNary-Haugenite like Peek, who, with General Hugh S. Johnson, in 1922, when both were struggling to sell Moline plows, had evolved the "fair exchange" or "parity payment" idea that later was to form the backbone of the Agricultural Adjustment Act drafted by Peek's personal counsel, Fred Lee. Into this group Davis brought M. L. Wilson, a former Montana State College professor of agricultural economics. Now Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Wilson is popularly credited with originating the domestic-allotment plan now applied to wheat, because from 1931 on he had been chief propagandist for

the idea, which was really evolved by W. J. Spillman, a Department of Agriculture economist.

Tugwell, Wilson, and Wallace had met and sworn blood brotherhood at a land-use conference at Chicago a few years earlier. So it was in truth an interlocking directorate instead of an ill-assorted group that shaped the New Deal's agricultural program, the only one of its programs that had attained more than foetal outlines before Roosevelt took over the White House. It was forecast in the essence of its present form when Roosevelt made his "farm" speech at Topeka in September, 1932, and that speech was the work of the group just mentioned.

It may seem strange that with men like Peek and Johnson having had so large a share in its making the AAA should have been able to live down its initial abortions—the useless slaughter of pigs and the plowing under of cotton—and attain repute, while its industrial counterpart, the NRA, was sliding into disrepute. But that is understandable on closer view and not merely because Johnson and his Blue Eagle stole the show, drawing attention away from Wallace's circus. For one thing, the AAA from the beginning was a smoother-running organization than the NRA. It had a definite, honestly stated goal—to push farm prices up until the value of the farmer's dollar in relation to the city slicker's dollar was the same as in the 1909-14 period. It was narrower in scope, agriculture not yet having attained the manifold variegations of industry, and it had no Section 7-a to give it toothaches. It had a mass of authentic data illuminating almost all the problems with which it had to grapple, and for grapplers it had ready at hand an almost inexhaustible supply of trained personnel in the Department of Agriculture, with its Extension Service reaching into every county, and in the state farm bureaus and agricultural-college faculties. Finally, and most important, it needed no Blue Eagles, no threats of boycott, to enforce its program; it paid "benefit payments" for compliance to the tune of \$800,000,000 a year.

But despite all this and despite the additional fact that the AAA, far more than any other New Deal agency, has had the benefit of Brain Trust ministrations, it has failed, and now, with its second birthday in sight, is hanging on the ropes. Prices on only two of the fourteen basic commodities under its control—corn and flue-cured tobacco—have reached parity levels, and consumers already are thundering protests with such force that the AAA in self-defense must advertise another aspect of its failure by pointing out that of every three dollars spent by consumers for food less than one dollar goes to the farmer, the rest being gobbled up by middlemen. Its cotton crop-control program is rapidly closing foreign markets to this once great export crop and leading to the preemption of those markets by cotton producers of other lands, while it is promoting increased misery among those twentieth-century serfs, the share-croppers, and leading to bloodshed in eastern Arkansas because the planter psychology of the AAA's cotton experts and Wallace's fear of the Southern contingent in Congress prevent remedial action.

Its marketing agreements, fostered largely by H. R. Tolley, furloughed director of the Giannini Foundation, which is financed by California packers and their bankers, rival some of the worst NRA codes in their monopolistic aspects. Its milk program is in shambles, rent by adverse

court decisions and the Administration's unwillingness to come to grips with the milk trust, though dairying accounts for one-fourth of farm income in the United States. Lobbies backed by manufacturers, packers, shippers, and distributors threaten to destroy by Congressional action the processing-tax mechanism by which it raises funds with which to purchase compliance, and its personnel is torn by petty jealousies fanned by a system of espionage disturbingly fascist in its nuances.

Neither the razing of tariff walls on which Wallace counted nor the "quarter turn of the human heart" on which he once said economic salvation depends has come about. Nor would it do much good if they did, for after

two years of the New Deal the farmer's central problem—debt—still remains untouched. Out of every dollar spent on farm relief, it has been estimated, only six cents sticks to the farmer's fingers, the rest going to the creditors.

With a sentence of doom ringing in his ears, Wallace stands among the ruins of all he surveys, still posing dilemmas and muttering, "America must choose," but unable to choose himself—still brilliant of mind but unable to make that mind up. He is, as somebody else recently has dubbed him, the Great Hesitater.

[The fourth article of Mr. Ward's series on "F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room," Harry Hopkins, Tailor to the Existing Order, will appear in the issue of May 22.]

Get Your Winning Colors

By LEFT WING

THE traveling salesman put his suitcase down and looked across the room at the group of giggling boys and girls. "What kind of celebration is that?" The man behind the information booth leaned both elbows on the counter, shifted a toothpick to the other side of his face, and replied: "Young fella from the high school over to Hopkinton, breaking into big-league baseball. Yep, they're giving him a try out on the Cards. He leaves for the training camp on the 4:38."

It was hard to pick out the hero in the crowd because everyone was dressed alike. The girls wore cheap dresses, cheaper coats, socks without stockings, while the boys were hatless, dressed in sweaters and mackinaws, and carried bunches of books under both arms. The sound of their voices echoed cheerfully through the huge room, but the cheerfulness seemed not to communicate itself to a boy of eighteen who stood about twenty feet from the group talking earnestly to another boy and girl. He was hard to recognize as a hero, hard, that is, unless you realize that in American sport our heroes are picked for us. We do not choose them; they are there, and high-school boy or college graduate, we worship as we are told.

This particular hero was a gawky youth not out of his teens, young, it appeared, to undergo the strains of big-league baseball. But the frown on his face indicated that he appreciated what lay ahead. He had on a freshly pressed blue suit and a new necktie and carried an overcoat. On a bench beside him were a girl and a woman, his mother and sister. Had the scene been laid in a European railway station, you would have merely put it down as another youth going off to perform his military service, and paid no more attention.

An announcer pushed open the outer door and threw life into the room: "Hartford, New Haven, New York, and points south." There was a rustle and stir along the benches. Awaiting the cue from their hero, the crowd of boys and girls followed him toward the exit at a correct distance, one lad carrying his overcoat, another his suitcase, to which was strapped an oiled and well-tanned bat, the only visible emblem of his trade. All eyes in the station were on him as he slouched across the floor. But the role of celebrity was not enjoyable; he mooched up the stairs to the train with relief.

His followers had ceased giggling, there was not a smile in the crowd; they were as impressed by the seriousness of the moment as the hero himself. Round him they crowded with fumbling, awkward handshakes; then they retreated a few feet off across the platform while he leaned over, kissed the thin, parched old lady, embraced the girl, and hopped up the steps to the coach as if the train had been pulling out.

The train, however, remained stationary. There was nothing for him to do but sit rather foolishly at the window, his mother and sister standing below and the camp followers across the platform curiously gaping. Last week he was Bill, a boy sitting with them in the history class throwing spit balls at odd moments; that afternoon he was a hero, he had been chosen to join the elect of the earth. He might get a berth on the Champs. He might get his name and picture in the paper. Might even collect a cut on the World's Series. No wonder they stood apart, awestruck and silent, as one of their number rode out to fame.

The end came with a whistle from the engine. The old woman gave a gesture of goodby and an attempt at a smile. The group came to life, a few grinned foolishly and waved their arms, most of them simply stood with open mouths as they had been for half an hour. There was no noise or cheering, nothing to indicate that one of them was embarking on a great adventure. They were too impressed to yell; it must have been that which gave an air of solemnity to the occasion. The last sight our hero had was of a gang of gawkers standing on the platform like bums before the corner store. Then the station disappeared. He picked up a copy of *True Stories* and started reading as if he had never seen a magazine before in his life.

* * * * *

The Director of Athletics rose to polite applause from the five hundred Harvard graduates seated on uncomfortable chairs in the big hall. He was the typical American athlete reached forty—flabby, pudgy about the neck and chin. But with that brisk, business-like manner he might have been the second vice-president of a metropolitan bank trying to explain away some shady deal at the annual meeting of the stockholders.

Indeed, he was just a little put to it as he began to introduce the new football coach of the university. The

difference between the standards of athletics at Cambridge and the personality of the newcomer was not easy to reconcile for anyone who read the newspapers, and the director found some difficulty at the start in explaining why one of the most notorious go-getters in college athletics should have been called to Harvard. He did admit that the gentleman's unfortunate reputation had preceded him, but explained this away by some curious logic. It appeared that an investigation had proved that notwithstanding the new leader's proselytizing at his former post, his freshmen had lost twenty-eight out of thirty-five games. This astonishing ratiocination drew no objections from his listeners, and the new coach, R. C. Harlow, stood up.

Why was he chosen at all? Simply because Harvard couldn't take it any more. Five or six years of unsuccessful football teams were too much; the graduates rebelled. They couldn't take it, neither could the Director of Athletics, who saw his gate receipts falling away in an alarming manner and his job endangered. That Harvard had in the past been an oasis of sanity in an athletic-mad college world meant nothing. Standards of value were not considered. The only solution was to get a winning team, a winning team at any cost. That meant the right kind of coach, and Harlow of Western Maryland turned out winners. Never mind his methods, results count. So there he was, the new executive being officially presented to the stockholders of the corporation.

In a sentence, he is the kind of man you'll never meet in a psychoanalyst's anteroom. For he is a typical extrovert—the big, broad-shouldered type who calls you by your first name ten minutes after he has met you. He looks like what he is, a successful football coach. No doubts about life. Football is a great game. Those who deserve to win will win. Fight to the end. Morale. Team play. Block. Tackle. Fight.

He knew his audience—or was it that he had been warned? In any event he dealt wisely in generalities which could mean everything or nothing according to one's point of view. He gave them exactly what the majority had come to hear, ringing sentences that seem full of significance when heard but when taken to pieces are fustian. "I have long dreamed of being here with you men of Harvard tonight... your generous loyalty... your unwavering support... the wonderful bunch of boys at Cambridge... justify the trust you have placed in me. . . . Football is a dike against the flood of soft living. . . . Never saw a football player at the head of a Communist parade. . . . Let's keep the old game rugged... the fine spirit of Harvard..."

He cleverly avoided any details about important matters at issue, neglecting carefully to inform his hearers just how he would obtain prep-school stars if prep-school stars showed a tendency to matriculate at New Haven and Princeton. Nor did he explain that a slightly different attitude toward sport would prevail at Cambridge, that next fall each man would have his name plastered across the front of his jersey. These and other details were left in the background. He said just enough and not too much. Deftly flattering, subtly insinuating that victory was just around the corner, he ended with a paean to the Harvard spirit and its sudden effect upon the Sassenach from the South, which left his hearers in a rosy glow.

Who were they, those open-mouthed idolators? They

were not merely citizens of the metropolitan area; their mental existence was not, as Ellis Roberts remarked, "bounded by a cocktail shaker and the *New Yorker*." No, they were graduates of a great university. Heaven help us all, they were educated men.

But we do not choose our heroes. They are made for us; high-school boy or college graduate, we worship as we are told. Like sheep those men sat transfixed by the platitudes and banalities from their hero's mouth, exactly like the boys and girls on the station platform staring at their friend in the coach. The man standing before them was the new head coach. Above criticism, a superman, as aloof and mighty in his sphere as the recruit for the Cardinals was to the boys with whom he had attended classes.

If a single person in the audience realized that this was a formal surrender of Harvard, one of the last ramparts of sanity in sport, to the god of victory-at-any-cost, he kept still. If one listener untouched by mass emotion retained enough perspicacity to raise a voice of protest, he was unheard. Not a word of criticism for this man coming to change all the athletic traditions of a great university. In this body of presumably mature men were the same wide-eyed admiration, the identical signs of hero-worship, that shone on the faces of the boys and girls who watched their friend and schoolmate ride off to the training camps of Florida. The hero of the high school is the hero of the college man.

Reflection on the South

By MARTHA GRUENING

SHARP attacks have been made in the Senate upon the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill. Among the most vocal of those opposed to the bill is Senator Smith of South Carolina. According to the *New York Times* for April 17, Senator Smith "described the bill as a reflection on the South, insisted that Southern womanhood be protected, demanded that the matter be left to the states, and said the measure indicted the South as lawless and barbarous."

The provisions of the Costigan-Wagner bill—which are not restricted to Southern states—give jurisdiction to federal courts over local violence. The bill provides severe punishment for peace officers who are convicted in a federal court of failing to protect their prisoners from a mob, and still more drastic penalties for officers thus found guilty of conspiring with the mob; and it establishes indemnities payable by the counties involved to persons injured through such dereliction of duty or to families of persons killed. Some states, notably South Carolina, have laws containing similar provisions, but these laws are almost never enforced.

On July 4, 1933, Norris Dendy, a colored man, was lynched near Clinton, South Carolina. His alleged offense was striking a white man who had become abusive in a heated argument between them. Dendy, a powerful man, left the scene of the quarrel unmolested but later in the day was arrested on a charge of "reckless driving" and lodged in the Clinton jail. That night a mob dragged him out of the jail, threw him into a waiting car, and drove away with him at high speed. Next day his body was found some miles away from Clinton. He had apparently been beaten and strangled

to death. In spite of the sworn testimony of the Denby family and other eyewitnesses, who named several white citizens of Clinton and three of the town's police officers as members of the mob, the coroner's jury, composed of friends and relatives of the lynchers, decided that Norris Dendy met death "at the hands of parties unknown." Later, largely through the untiring efforts of the dead man's brother, Robert Dendy of New York, the evidence was brought to Governor Blackwood's attention. As a result presentments for murder were drawn up against five white men and placed before the grand jury which met at Laurens, South Carolina, in February, 1934. This jury adjourned without taking any action, and the next grand jury to consider the evidence, meeting in June, 1934, also failed to find indictments.

In the meantime anonymous threatening letters sent to the aforementioned witnesses had effectually deterred two of them from returning to South Carolina to testify. A letter written to Mr. Dendy by a state detective on stationery bearing the seal of South Carolina sums up the matter as follows: "The grand jury at the past sessions court at Laurens . . . *regardless of the testimony of witnesses*, found a no-bill. It is just like I told you in the beginning; when a grand jury refuses to indict, *officers of the state and county are helpless*." (Italics mine.) Federal juries cannot be so easily counted on to refuse to indict or to find that lynchers posing proudly for photographs "could not be identified." This may explain Senator Smith's objection to federal juries.

Perhaps no recent lynching offers more complete justification for the Costigan-Wagner bill or shows up more effectively the flimsiness of the usual excuses for lynching. The protection of Southern womanhood, white or black, was not involved, though the mob in its zeal did knock down Norris Dendy's mother, a woman over seventy, as she pleaded vainly for her son's life. The lynchers are well known in the community; yet after two years no one has been punished or even indicted for the crime. The accused police officers were not even suspended while the charges against them were being investigated, and the victim's family has not received one penny of the compensation provided by the South Carolina law in such cases.

Senator Smith to the contrary notwithstanding, there have been white South Carolinians, too, who could bear witness to the inadequacy of state protection against lynchers. There was, for instance, Sheriff John Thomas of Walhalla. He was clubbed into unconsciousness on the night of April 23, 1930, by the mob that took the Negro, Allen Green, from jail, tied him to a tree, and riddled him with bullets. Green was accused of raping a white woman on evidence so patently faked that the sheriff explained his unpreparedness for the attack—the mob had found him asleep—by saying that he had not supposed anyone really believed the charge against his prisoner. Eventually seventeen of the lynchers were put on trial, but in spite of positive identification of two of them by the sheriff and his son and strong evidence against several others, all were acquitted. Two years later one of these defendants, Laudy Harris, confessed publicly that he had been the leader of the mob that lynched Green.

Is it necessary to recall the Aiken cases? One of the three Negro victims of mob savagery in that affair had been acquitted by a directed verdict and the other two, a woman and a fifteen-year-old boy, were awaiting trial, having suc-

cessfully appealed from a conviction for "conspiracy to murder." The grand jury failed to find indictments though the lynchers were well known. Has Senator Smith, "insisting that the matter be left to the states," also forgotten Anthony Crawford? Crawford was lynched in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1916 under circumstances that closely resembled those in the case of Norris Dendy. He was a substantial and respected farmer of Abbeville County and saw no reason for taking a white man's abuse. In the course of a dispute with a white merchant over the price of some cotton seed, Crawford cursed the white man. For this he was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and fined fifteen dollars. A white mob, outraged at such leniency shown to an "impudent" Negro, pursued him with the avowed intention of giving him a beating, finally cornering him in a cotton gin in which he had taken refuge. When Crawford struck the leader of the crowd in self-defense he was partly blinded, then kicked, stabbed, and beaten into insensibility. Rescued by a fluke, he was thrown into jail, only to be seized again and then with further torture dragged through the streets to the fair grounds, where he was hanged and then shot. As usual, no member of the crowd could be identified, but the decent white citizens of Abbeville were aroused. They were not able to secure the punishment of the lynchers, but they called meetings and passed resolutions condemning them and their apologists, and these resolutions ended significantly—nearly twenty years ago—with these words: "That if it be necessary . . . to carry out this determination the aid of *the state and federal government be called*, in order that every man may enjoy his rights under the constitution." (Italics mine.)

Correspondence

From Angelo Herndon

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On Friday, April 12, I sat in the first of the two rows reserved for spectators in the Supreme Court of the United States, listening to the oral argument in the case of Angelo Herndon vs. the State of Georgia. I listened as Whitney North Seymour, retained by the International Labor Defense, made a brilliant and eloquent plea in which he proved that the old Georgia slave-insurrection law under which I was convicted and sentenced to from eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang was a direct violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

My first trial in Georgia, back in January, 1933, came sharply to my mind when J. Walter Le Crow, who had helped prosecute my case in the lower courts too, began his speech. The same ranting and raving and shouting. The same open call to race hatred. He asked the Supreme Court to uphold my sentence because I had in my possession Communist literature—he kept saying it was in a shoe box that I had under my arm when I was arrested, actually it was confiscated from my room without a search warrant—that said, "The Communists want to seize the land and give it to the niggers." After that first slip he was careful enough to say "Nigras."

But his appeal to the highest court was no different from the prosecution in Atlanta. No evidence was produced against me to prove that I advocated "force and violence." Even the

Supreme Court judges kept asking him, "But what did he do to prove that he was organizing force and violence?"

What did I do to get a living-death sentence to the chain gang? About the middle of June, 1932, the State of Georgia closed down all relief stations. Even the official statements showed that this left more than 23,000 families to starvation. At the same time a drive was organized to send all the jobless "back to the farms." The reason for this was, so they said, that all funds for the unemployed had been completely exhausted. The officials also said that all those who were actually starving could come and present their cases to the commissioners of Fulton County.

At that time I was the organizer of the Unemployment Council in Atlanta. We decided to accept the officials' invitation. And more than a thousand unemployed, white and Negro together, marched to the offices of the city and county officials to present our demands for relief. It was very peaceful and orderly. When we got there we reminded them of the \$800,000 that the Community Chest had collected, of which not one cent had gone for relief. The next day \$6,000 was voted for relief.

About a week later, on July 11, 1932, I went to the post office to get my mail. I was arrested. I was held for eleven days without any charge against me. I was held *incommunicado*. On the fourth day the man who was in the cell with me died, and his corpse was left there for twenty-four hours.

Finally, after eleven days, the state returned an indictment against me charging me with "inciting to insurrection," under an old statute passed in 1861 when the Negro people were still chattel slaves. The statute read:

If any person be in any manner instrumental in bringing, introducing, or circulating within the state any printed or written paper, pamphlet, or circular for the purpose of exciting insurrection, revolt, conspiracy, or resistance on the part of slaves, Negroes, or free persons of color in this state, he shall be guilty of high misdemeanor which is punishable by death.

Since the days of the Civil War that law had lain unused and almost forgotten. At the trial, which lasted for three days, the State of Georgia displayed the literature that had been taken from my room and read passages of it to the jury. They questioned me in great detail. Did I believe that the bosses and government ought to pay insurance to unemployed workers? That Negroes should have complete equality with white people? Did I believe in the demand for the self-determination of the Black Belt—that the Negro people should be allowed to rule the Black Belt territory, kicking out the white landlords and government officials? Did I feel that the working class could run the mills and mines and government?

I told them I believed all of that—and more.

The Reverend Solicitor Hudson loudly demanded the death penalty, but the jury recommended "mercy," and I was sentenced to from eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang. The two young Negro attorneys, Ben Davis, Jr., and John Geer, who had been retained by the I. L. D. to defend me immediately got to work on an appeal to the state Supreme Court. For twenty-six months I stayed in Fulton Tower jail.

I wrote letters, never knowing whether they would leave the jail or not, and I read what books and papers I had, and I waited. The day I heard that the International Labor Defense had had bail set for me, I packed up my belongings and got ready to go. The jailers laughed at me. "Bail set ain't bail raised," they said. But I knew I'd go. And I went. Penny by penny the enormous sum of \$15,000 to get me out of jail was raised.

And now the decision is before the United States Supreme Court. If the verdict against me is upheld, it will mean much more than sending Angelo Herndon to die on the chain gang. It will mean upholding the right of the courts to take away

every civil right of the American people. It will mean justifying the use of anti-labor criminal-syndicalism laws against every worker who tries to organize in a union for better conditions and higher pay. That's what is really the most important factor in my case.

New York, April 25

ANGELO HERNDON

Emma Goldman and Hearst

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I see much to my distress that the unscrupulous Hearst concern has made use of parts of my article on communism which appeared in the April *American Mercury*. I would like you and your readers to know that I had no truck with Hearst. That I never had in the past. Much less would I now have any with the black forces of which he is one of the worst in the United States. Permit me to explain that the article was ordered by Charles Angoff for the *Mercury* while that magazine was still owned by Alfred A. Knopf. Indeed, it was suggested by Mr. Angoff that I write on communism as conceived in Russia and from the anarchist point of view. Thereupon I wrote the article. The last chapter, which deals with anarchist communism, I naturally considered the most important as I didn't wish merely to give my critical opinion of the Russian brand. In addition, my title was Two Communisms—Bolshevist and Anarchist. It was agreed by Mr. Angoff that nothing was to be deleted from the article without my consent. Inasmuch as the proofs were read by a responsible person, Saxe Commins, I know that he didn't touch the last chapter. May I say here that the article was to appear last September or October. I don't know why it was delayed. Anyway, I was shocked beyond words to find the title changed and the last chapter left out entirely.

Now, as to Hearst. It is hardly necessary to point out that he did not make use of my article because he is interested in what is going on in Russia. Rather was it to bolster up his pernicious work in America. Unfortunately, there are many liberals and radicals who may not see the sinister motivation of Hearst's act. It is for this reason that I want the readers of *The Nation* to know that I have loathed Hearst and his papers ever since I can remember. It will amuse you to learn that in 1901 Mr. Hearst was willing to spend \$20,000 on a scoop interview in order to help put me in the electric chair. He probably would have spent another \$80,000 to achieve that worthy aim. It is therefore a travesty on human decency that he should use my work to back his own despicable designs. Frankly, I don't care so much about myself. It isn't the first or the last time that I have been charged with everything except kidnapping babies. But I do care intensely about the fight you are all making to rescue what few liberties America can still boast of. Keep up the good fight to stem the tide of the black forces let loose by Hearst and his clique.

Toronto, April 13

EMMA GOLDMAN

[I did not at any time "order" an article from Miss Goldman. She knows very well how her article reached me, and why she was paid for it. It is true that I kept the article for months. I refused to print it in the *Mercury* because I did not like it. It is true that her article, as it appeared in the April *Mercury*, was very different from the article as it originally reached me. But I am in no way responsible for the drastic cuts which were made in it. For them the present editor of the *Mercury* is alone responsible. I agree with Miss Goldman that the published form of her article does not present her point of view in its entirety, and I deplore the use which the Hearst papers made of it.—CHARLES ANGOFF.]

What Can the American People Do ?

How Can They Break The Big Business Grip?

The campaign of 1936 is beginning; and no one can understand it who has not read the story of the EPIC campaign of 1934, an experiment and a prophecy. The story has been told from the inside in

I, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR: And How I Got Licked

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Concerning the book the London *Times* writes:

Mr. Upton Sinclair was defeated in his bid for the Governorship of California, but no one is ever likely to beat him as his own publicity agent. He began the writing of this account of "how I got licked" ■ bare three days after the campaign's ending, completed it in less than five weeks, and had it appearing almost instantly in some sixty American newspapers! To be fair to him, it must be said that it is not himself but his ideas for which he seeks attention. Considering the circumstances of its writing, this record of the campaign is an astonishingly vigorous and good-natured piece of work.

John Haynes Holmes writes in "Unity":

The literature of Upton Sinclair's EPIC movement promises to become *epic* in proportions and character. This is the fifth volume of the series—and a thriller! The story it tells, of how the author captured the Democratic Party of California, ran for Governor, and was beaten by the most hideous eruption of demagoguery, slander, and personal betrayal known to contemporary annals in America would be incredible, were it not written by an honest man and backed by quotations, documents, pictures of facsimiles of unimpeachable authenticity. We can recall nothing like it since Ben Lindsay's "The Beast."

First and foremost among the impressions created by this book is that of sheer amazement at Sinclair's accomplishment . . . How it was done still remains a mystery. The reading of the exciting pages of this book, which gives an almost day by day account of the affair, leaves a wild and whirling impression. . . . Sinclair is ■ skilled writer, his soul was seared, and never has he done ■ better piece of work. The pages are like the successive explosions of a bunch of fire-crackers. Comedy mingles with tragedy, and irony with the plain, straight narrative of crime. No review can even begin to convey the sheer wickedness of those who fought the EPIC crusader. Words fail even to suggest the ingenuities of falsehood, chicanery, and treason which make up the catalogue of planned and plotted offenses. . . . We found ourself again and again laughing aloud at the sheer ridiculousness of successive episodes, and at the utterly comical way in which the writer set them forth. . . .

We recommend this book to all. It should be read for its own sake as ■ story of absorbing interest. It should be known as an unforgettable chapter in the political history of this country. Above all, it should be recognized and treasured as ■ first-hand account of ■ great uprising of the people in what every day becomes more clear as an era of supreme crisis in the destinies of America.

224 pages, 40 illustrations from the cartoons of the campaign, the faked circulars, the forged documents, etc. Price, paper bound \$1, cloth bound \$1.50.

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STATION A

PASADENA

CALIFORNIA

Jacques Roumain

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Since you are already acquainted with the fate of the brilliant young Haitian writer, Jacques Roumain, and the seven other intellectuals who have been imprisoned in Haiti since October of last year, you will be interested in knowing that a committee has been formed to work for their release. We feel that the most effective means of achieving this aim will be to arouse nation-wide protest in this country against the injustice done to Haiti's leading intellectuals.

Despite the fact that Roumain comes from one of the best and wealthiest families in Haiti—his grandfather was President of the Republic—he has devoted himself to the liberation of the oppressed and illiterate masses of his country. In 1931 he held the post of Secretary of Education, which he subsequently lost as the result of defending strikers in Port-au-Prince. Since that time he has been constantly watched and his mail confiscated. Efforts of President Vincent to dispose of a popular opponent to his policies were successful in the summer of 1934. Roumain had formed a committee to procure financial aid for the Scottsboro boys and had ordered literature from New York. A letter in French announcing the shipment of these books and pamphlets was confiscated and one word, "matériaux," conveniently interpreted as bombs and munitions to overthrow the government of M. Vincent. A search of Roumain's house brought to light only books and newspapers. He was nevertheless arrested, court-martialed, found guilty of treason on the ground of importing arms, and on October 23, 1934, sentenced to three years in prison.

Against seven other former government officials who opposed the President's terroristic tactics a pretext for imprisonment also had to be found. They were accused of reprinting and distributing an article describing conditions in Haiti taken from a Negro periodical published in France, *Le Cri des Nègres*, were sentenced to one or two years in prison, and fined \$1,000 each. Like Roumain, they are not permitted to receive mail, are denied reading and writing materials, and must endure the hardships of a damp, vermin-infested prison.

We feel that the injustice meted out to Roumain and the others should be the concern of everyone who believes in the right to voice opinions freely and is opposed to the degradation of culture and liberty.

New York, April 10 FRANCINE BRADLEY, Secretary,
Committee for the Release of Jacques Roumain

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, brought out this spring a new book, "Soviet Journey."

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

MARTHA GRUENING has made several investigations of lynching for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

GEORGE L. KNAPP, author of "Lone Star of Courage" and other books for boys, is at present living in Washington and contributing to various magazines.

NORMAN THOMAS, leading member of the Socialist Party, is the author of "America's Way Out—A Program for Democracy," "Human Exploitation," and other books.

DOROTHY BREWSTER, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is coauthor of "Modern Fiction."

Labor and Industry

Guilded or Gelded

By HEYWOOD BROWN

IT was not a publisher but a first-string man who eyed me coldly from across the table and said, "The Guild idea is all wrong from the start and of course any talk about affiliation with the A. F. of L. is preposterous. You are too old, Heywood, to remember much about reporting and you were never much of a reporter anyway. It's well enough for a columnist to have his whims and prejudices, but when you're responsible for the news you must cut yourself away from every emotion and shade of personal opinion. You are the dispassionate fact-finder and you can't afford to retain convictions or opinions. A good reporter is the man from Mars. You've got to be hard-boiled."

I could afford to smile a little, for all this I had heard before, and there was a time in my romantic youth when I accepted it. The good reporter knew neither mother, nor faith, nor father. His job was to get the story no matter what the cost to him or to those with whom he came in contact. Of course I remembered all this. Hadn't I worked for seven years under the plaque set up to Gregory Hume in the city room of the morning *World*? It was Hume who was mortally injured in a railroad wreck and who, when the stretcher-bearers came, would not suffer anyone to minister to him until he had first arranged to have the paper notified that a big story had broken up New Haven way.

When the *World* was sold down the river, nobody quite knew what to do with the plaque. I learned years later from an article by Isabel Keating in *Harper's* that it was finally shipped up to the Columbia School of Journalism, where all the students would be too young to appreciate the irony of this bronze tribute to a man who died for the *World*. The paper was no more because its publishers came to a spot where its continuance would have entailed very heavy financial losses. Only by scrapping it could they save any substantial portion of their fortunes.

But if the privates in the ranks enlist under the stipulation that they must be faithful to the paper even unto death, it would seem no more than fair that the rule should also apply to the major generals. Moreover, what shall it avail a man if he gets a story at the risk of his life only to find that the owner doesn't want to print it because of some matter of policy?

A young man in charge of a great paper told a Guild committee not long ago that he was quite prepared to admit the right of newspaper men and women to organize for the sake of economic betterment but that he felt they should forego that privilege for the sake of the freedom of the press. But he made no offer to withdraw from his own membership in the association of publishers.

The convention of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association was held in New York last week and the talk was of advertising, circulation, and costs. Of course some of this discussion was carried on under the label, "the freedom of the press," but the problems in hand were precisely like the problems of other business men. Under some circumstances there could be no reasonable objection to this. Unless

a paper pays its way, or thereabouts, it cannot exist in a fiercely competitive civilization. The same economic forces which have brought the chain store into existence are responsible for the growth of newspaper chains. The economies of large-scale production are even more palpable in the newspaper industry than in any other business. It is not impossible that in the next fifteen years even the largest American cities will have but one morning and one evening paper of standard size. It may even be that two leader writers, two columnists, and some half-dozen comic-strip artists will suffice to provide the entire nation with features.

But it is a curious contention which holds that while publishers are and must be actuated by economic motives they still have a right to say to reporters: "You are the dedicated priests of a holy craft. You must strip yourself of all emotions including the urge of self-interest. You must take the rap so that we may continue in the style to which we have been accustomed."

I sat in the gallery and listened to the program of speeches which marked the closing banquet of the publishers' convention. I wish it could have been broadcast to the entire country. Possibly it would have been a little unfair. The publishers are really a little better than this performance would have indicated. But still, here was an actual cross-section of the men who set themselves up as the full and all-sufficient judges of what the public should get in the way of news and of opinion. I am not complaining particularly of the fact that there was evidence on the dais and off that New York is the world's greatest playground. I was much more shocked at the evidence that this collection of very small men was so obviously drunk with a smug sense of power and self-righteousness. The ghost of Thomas Jefferson was sent whirling along the flying trapeze as Bainbridge Colby, exhumed from heaven knows where, uttered dreary tory platitudes about big business and its sacred rights. I was struck by the fact that, with the mild exception of Glenn Frank, all the spokesmen and invited orators of the publishers were old men. And they did not talk of journalism but of the industry. If a man from Mars had happened in, I think he might have spent an hour and still remained puzzled as to whether he had happened in upon a convention of bankers, cotton-mill owners, or the makers of bathroom supplies.

I went not as an invited guest but as a spy, and lacking a ticket, I had a little difficulty in gaining admission. I asked the waiter at the door for the press table and he looked puzzled. "The table for people covering the dinner," I explained, "the table for newspapermen." He still looked blank and said, "There isn't any table for newspapermen. This is the publishers' convention."

And by a curious coincidence all the sessions except the final dinner were secret. This was a slight handicap to me because one delegate asked me in the lobby, "Are you going to make any reply to the attack which Harvey Kelly made on you this afternoon?" I said I couldn't very well

unless I knew what Mr. Kelly said or in what newspaper it would be printed.

"Oh, it won't be printed," I was told; "it was in a secret session."

"He just said," my informant continued, "that nobody need pay any attention to the Guild any more, and he commented on your personal appearance."

I hardly know why the throat of the Guild should be cut by the sharp crease of my trousers, and seemingly the attitude of the publishers toward the question of employee organization isn't news. It will remain a secret. That I

suppose has something to do with the freedom of the press. Almost everything else has. The publishers decided that they would accept no sort of code of fair practice whatsoever. They decided not to disturb carrier boys between the ages of ten and twelve who are already on the job. They condemned the mild Copeland bill on foods and drugs. H. W. Flagg, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, chairman of the Open Shop Committee, unofficially offered the services of his committee to all publishers, members and non-members, for strike-breaking purposes. And so you see once more the publishers have saved the freedom of the press.

Tobacco Greed

By GEORGE L. KNAPP

THE Research and Planning Division of the NRA has begun its investigation of the tobacco industry, and will probably finish its work well in advance of June 16, when the present cigarette code is due to be revised or replaced. President Roosevelt directed this investigation when he signed the code, much of which he found unsatisfactory. Organized labor finds nearly all the cigarette code unsatisfactory. The forty-hour week which it provides will make scarcely a start at furnishing jobs for all workers who have been drawn into the cigarette industry, especially in view of the probable changes in machinery. The 25-cents-an-hour minimum wage makes the government approve a wage of \$10 a week; and the 40-cent top pay for unskilled labor puts a ceiling of \$832 a year on the possible earnings of more than 90 per cent of the workers. Most workers are classed as unskilled.

Tobacco labor attributes this unsatisfactory code chiefly to the influence of S. Clay Williams, former president of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, probably the strongest of the Big Four concerns dominating the tobacco industry. At the time the code was signed and for some months before, Mr. Williams was chairman of the National Industrial Recovery Board, but he has since resigned. His going is an encouragement to labor. Another reason that labor hopes for a much-improved code is the fine report written by the Research and Planning Division on the automobile industry. Tobacco workers believe that no other industry can show abuses which tobacco cannot match.

Under the mastery of the Big Four, tobacco is much closer to being a monopoly than are automobiles, closer even than steel. For years it has been the most prosperous large industry in the United States, and that prosperity has been concentrated in the hands of insiders to a degree not rivaled in any other branch of big business. Its wage scales are little above those of the textile industry. They are unbelievably low when compared to the value of output. For every dollar that the big tobacco companies get for their cigarettes at wholesale, they pay a minute fraction more than two cents to the cigarette workers. According to the United States Census of Manufactures, the wholesale value of cigarettes produced in 1933, the latest year for which figures are available, was \$637,579,000. The cigarette wage bill for the same year, according to the same authority, was \$13,818,000. Figure out the proportions for yourself.

The Big Four companies are the American Tobacco

Company, the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, and the P. Lorillard Tobacco Company. The first three are about the same size; Lorillard is much smaller than any one of the others, but far larger than any independent tobacco company. Together, they produce about 85 per cent of the nation's cigarettes. All four companies were formed in 1911 from the parts and properties of the old tobacco trust which the United States Supreme Court ordered dissolved. The way in which the Circuit Court carried out this mandate was lenient, to say the least. The independents, whose chief counsel in the suit was Louis D. Brandeis, now of the Supreme Court, declared that twenty-nine persons controlled the vast properties of the trust before it was dissolved, and that the same twenty-nine persons controlled those properties after the dissolution. In their most important relations with the public the Big Four have acted very nearly as a unit. They pay the same prices for tobacco, and according to the Federal Trade Commission, keep down prices by the same maneuvers. They charge the same prices to dealers—and actually raised those prices in the disastrous year of 1931. They pay substantially the same wages for the same work. Turning to the Census of Manufactures again, the average wage in the cigarette industry was \$870 a year in 1929, \$727 in 1931, and \$614 in 1933. This represents a drop of \$256 in four years, nearly 30 per cent.

There was no such drop in the profits of the Big Four tobacco companies. Without exception they made more money in the first three years of the depression than they had ever made before; and while there was a decrease in 1933, any other industry would have thought itself in clover with the tobacco dividends of that year. In the four years from 1930 to 1933, inclusive, American Tobacco paid \$122,551,977 in dividends; the R. J. Reynolds Company, \$120,000,000; Liggett and Myers, \$77,970,000; and P. Lorillard had available for dividends profits amounting to \$15,396,000. Figures for 1934 are not yet available.

American Tobacco claims 23,000 workers; the Reynolds Company and Liggett and Myers, 20,000 each; and P. Lorillard, 6,000. Average the dividends of each company over the four-year period, divide the sum by the number of that company's workers, and you will have a startling result. Reynolds paid during that period an annual dividend amounting to \$1,500 a year for each employee; the American paid a dividend of \$1,328 a year for each employee; Liggett

and Myers dividends came to \$974 a year for each employee; and Lorillard had profits available to pay dividends equal to \$644 for each worker—sums considerably larger than average cigarette wages in 1933. Reynolds, by the way, kept up its \$30,000,000 payments in 1934.

The three largest companies of the Big Four—American, Liggett and Myers, and Reynolds—have bonus systems which throw a large share of the profits to a small group of insiders. There is not room to describe them all here; but in the case of the American Tobacco Company they have been made a matter of court record. George Washington Hill, president of that company, got \$75,000 as salary in 1928, plus \$280,203 as “other compensation,” or bonus—a total cash income of \$355,203. That was just a starter. The next year he got \$144,500 in salary and \$461,113 as a bonus—\$605,613 in all. In 1930 his salary was \$168,000 and his bonus \$842,567—or \$1,010,567 in all. In 1931 his salary was \$160,000 and his bonus \$891,630, which adds up to \$1,051,630, or fourteen times the salary of the President of the United States. In 1932 Hill’s salary and bonus were \$120,000 and \$705,607, respectively. This made a total of \$825,607—or about what 1,500 cigarette workers received as wages in the same year. The belief of all who have studied the matter is that the Reynolds bonuses run larger than the American. Certainly the sum available for bonuses is larger, but just how it is divided is not known.

An industry which pays such bonuses to its officers and such profits to its stockholders has no right, reason, or excuse for paying wages so low that on them no man can rear a family on a level of minimum decency. Yet the wages thus far cited in the tobacco industry are the comparatively high wages. To plumb the depths of Big Four greed, one must turn to a form of work of which most Northerners never hear. Tobacco leaf must be separated from the stem before actual manufacture can start. This process is called “stemming.” It is usually done by hand, and the hand stemmers are nearly all colored women. The Women’s Bureau of the Department of Labor made a study of stemmers’ earnings last fall, and this is what was revealed: 10.7 per cent of all stemmers studied earned less than \$5 a week; 16.7 per cent earned \$5 but less than \$8 a week; 21.2 per cent earned \$8 but less than \$10; 38 per cent earned \$10 but less than \$12; 12 per cent earned \$12 but less than \$15; and only 1.3 per cent—13 persons out of 1,000—earned \$15 a week or more. But even these figures present too favorable a picture of the stemming business. In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, not very long ago, 400 families on public relief had workers employed in the stemmeries, but their earnings could not support their families. In other words, Uncle Sam—for he pays more than 90 per cent of the relief bill—was subsidizing the tobacco industry to the extent of keeping a large group of its workers alive. The Women’s Bureau reports that the labor costs of stemming tobacco are less than one mill on a package of twenty cigarettes.

Two of the most important independent tobacco companies, Axton-Fisher and Brown and Williamson, have telegraphed to the White House their approval of the more liberal code supported by labor. There are other grounds for hope, if labor continues to make a vigorous fight. But in the light of what has gone before no one interested in this group of underpaid workers will begin to count chickens before they are hatched.

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As a psychologist working in New York City schools, Edna Brand Mann gave intelligence tests to a thousand children. In an article which overflows with anecdotes, Miss Mann shows that the answer to a single standardized test question frequently discloses far more than an IQ rating. For example: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" "Unemployed" . . . "What does health mean?" "Health is like my teacher says 'Do you think I am screaming for my health?'" . . . "What is charity?" *Public school student:* "To get money." *Private school student:* "Charity means to give things to the poor. I'm sick of giving toys to the damned poor."

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The Oneness of Life

An Almanac for Moderns. By Donald Culross Peattie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

GOOD "nature writers" are extremely rare. If they were less so we might have a satisfactory name for ■ small but distinguished department of literature in English, and it would not be necessary to liken the author of the present delightful volume to Thoreau or Hudson. He is as different from either as they are from each other but there seems no other way to indicate the province of a man whose interest in living creatures is both warmer and more intimate than that ordinarily sanctioned by the scientist *pur sang*. Mr. Peattie is ■ biologist formerly connected with the Department of Agriculture. He has apparently done his share of systematic work, and the little essays—one for each day in the year—which compose his "Almanac" are full of precise scientific fact. But it is not fact for fact's sake which interests him most. What he writes is literature, and his purpose is to share with others something more than his knowledge. It is to share also the delight which nature gives him and his sense that to be familiar with the ways of life is to give to living a meaning which it cannot otherwise have.

Most of the little essays, usually ■ page or less long, are built around some concrete fact, and the fact is rather more often one accessible to the ordinary observer in our region than one drawn from books. To this extent the author makes a direct appeal to the ordinary lover of nature and deals with material familiar to even the most casual of amateur naturalists. But the turn of his mind is poetic and speculative. He "communes with nature" as his kind have always done. Yet he is modern both in his knowledge and in his efforts to understand by the light of that knowledge what "communion with nature" and the need for it imply. For certain temperaments—though certainly not for all—the need has survived both any Wordsworthian feeling about nature's loving beneficence and any nineteenth-century obsession with the red tooth and the red claw. What is it that draws minds like his to natural history and gives them a sense that through it they are getting as close as any human being can get to an actual participation in the whole inclusive adventure of life? What is the relevance to us of bees, and ants, and fishes, and birds—a relevance which some feel so strongly but which probably more than half of mankind neither feels nor admits?

Mr. Peattie knows much which Thoreau never suspected and which was at least unassimilated by natural historians of the Hudson generation. When he walks in the woods or observes the behavior of ■ migrating bird he is no more aware of what is happening before his eyes than he is of what the microscopist and the biochemist have revealed. The invisible life of microbe and fungus, incredibly active about their unseen business, make the world of nature far more complex and teeming than any age before ours ever suspected, and the biochemical identity of all life from the slime mold to man links all living creatures more closely than even the pantheist supposed. Our fellowship with the beasts is not most importantly revealed by the fact that their primary concerns are so often either identical with or analogous to ours—that their struggle for individual and racial survival gives rise to methods which we can understand and to actions which tempt us to suppose emotions interpretable in terms of our own. We are not one with the squirrel storing nuts for the winter or with the skunk educating her young because our sympathy goes out to them. We are one with them because we are all alive by

virtue of the mysterious capacities of one identical foamy jelly which chemists in their despair call protoplasm and which, though it reproduces itself so prolifically, no one can produce out of anything else. If life has a purpose or an intention, if it is really struggling toward something with an inscrutable determination, then the center of that purpose, the ultimate source of that determination, is not in brain or nerve or any of the other more complicated structures. It resides in the jelly out of which both the brain of man and the apparently almost undifferentiated body of the slime mold are made. If there is a world soul, if there is anything "deeply interfused," its dwelling is not the light of setting suns but every particle of the protoplasmic froth wherever a fragment of it may be found.

Of popular science we have plenty and perhaps too much. A reasonable portion of it deals with biology, and yet there is one common defect, which is conspicuous even in so admirable a work as Wells's "Science of Life." Such books are curiously remote, because biology divorced from natural history tends to seem too largely abstract, to the layman at least. It deals with things which he seldom sees and which remain, therefore, hardly more than abstractions. He may know all about cells and about the laws which Mendel discovered. He may even discourse with second-hand learning on the problems of tropism and the reflexes. But it all remains as coldly unreal as mathematics or chemistry unless it becomes intimate in the fashion which only some actual contact with nature can make it. Mr. Peattie is fragmentary and casual, but even as an instructor in biology he has one enormous advantage. To read him is to be encouraged to look for once, not at a diagram in a book, but at the bird or mammal or insect busy with his strange affairs just outside one's door.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Preparing the Way

Forerunners of American Fascism. By Raymond Gram Swing. Julian Messner. \$1.75.

SOME three years ago, before Hitler's advent to power, when I began to warn of the danger of an American fascism, many of my friends in and out of the Socialist Party took me to task for making an unlikely danger more probable by my fear. Today the pendulum has swung far the other way. Everything reactionary or brutal—and we had plenty of such things in America before fascism was invented—is called fascist. For a time it was very popular in radical circles to say that "fascism is capitalism with the mask off." It is still all too popular to explain fascism as simply and solely a big business plot. The results of this oversimplification on the American public are serious. The average American can't and won't at the same time believe that fascism is a capitalist plot, that Smedley Butler turned down a Wall Street invitation to assume a fascist crown, and that Huey Long and Father Coughlin are actual or potential fascists.

It is of the utmost importance to make plain the fact that fascism is capitalism with a new mask on; that it is dangerous precisely because it begins as a revolt of the little man against the plutocracy. It is not so much the unscrupulousness of the demagogue as dictator, or the skill of the particular plutocrats who make terms with fascism, which is responsible for the fact that fascism in power is state capitalism. It is the nature of the system itself.

For months I have been trying to make this position plain to American audiences. You can imagine, then, my delight to find what I had been trying to do done so perfectly by Mr.

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Swing, first in the pages of *The Nation*, and then even more adequately and comprehensively in this book. Mr. Swing's background of European experience and the pains he has taken to establish first-hand contact with these American forerunners of fascism give him an authority not to be denied. Everything about his book from his choice of title to his last word is good. The biographical method and the way Mr. Swing has handled his material make what he has written as interesting as it is socially important.

Clearly the men about whom he writes, even Huey Long and Father Coughlin, are as yet forerunners of fascism rather than conscious and avowed leaders of it. Some of them, like Dr. Townsend and Senator Bilbo, for very different reasons, will never, as Mr. Swing points out, be more than portents. Mr. Swing's interpretation of his facts is as valuable as his carefully tested facts themselves.

At one point only do I find some question or qualification concerning Mr. Swing's conclusions creeping into my own mind. I accept his brilliant and profound suggestion that William Randolph Hearst "is a partial projection of the people he expresses." And those people are the lower middle class. It is exceedingly important that we should realize this in appraising fascism, for fascism is an expression of a cultural as well as of an economic revolt of a class which feels itself menaced at one and the same time by the plutocracy and the proletariat. I think, however, that the lower middle class has not yet gone anything like as far as Hearst in accepting plutocracy. Here Coughlin or Long speaks far more truly for it than Hearst—as Mr. Swing will probably admit. It is, of course, significant that Coughlin and Hearst so easily made common cause in the name of nationalism against the World Court, and that Long, in support of his own Louisiana dictatorship, is already comparing Washington to Moscow after a fascist fashion made familiar in America by that very wealthy publisher, William Randolph Hearst. In spite of all this, however, the fascist demagogue who rises to power in America will have to be decidedly to the left of Hearst's present-day economics, at least in speech.

Mr. Swing, directly and by suggestion, points out how difficult will be the task of stopping the fascist demagogue in America. I agree. One thing already accomplished by the forerunners of fascism is the creation of a situation where the old hope of the emergence of an American Progressive Party, not definitely socialist in philosophy or consciously working class in ideals, has become exceedingly dubious. Enthusiasts are still working for such a party, which the more enlightened of them believe may develop into a genuine farmer-labor party. In my judgment, Long and Coughlin have already made this hope of the revival of the La Follette dream of 1924—with improvements—a dangerous illusion. Today any attempt at a progressive third party will be dominated by Long or Coughlin, or the thing they stand for, and not by the La Follette brothers or the spirit of their father. If Governor Olson should be a leader of it, it will be Olson the demagogue, not Olson the Farmer-Laborite.

No one who has been as often exhorted as I to "get together" with Long, Olson, the La Follettes, and everybody else who is "agin Wall Street" can fail to recognize how strong is the interest in a third-party movement without any class-conscious basis. It is even more dangerous than it is strong. It points the way directly toward fascism.

Our only hope is to organize workers with hand and brain, as workers, against a system of exploitation. Some encouragement in our hard but necessary task is to be found in three things:

1. Father Coughlin has already incurred sharp labor criticism, and Huey Long's labor record is vulnerable, especially since he has allied himself with Governor Talmadge of Georgia,

infamous for his concentration camps during the textile strike. Long's complete and profound silence about the plight of the share-croppers at his door can also be made a telling indictment of his sincerity. He did not lift his voice when a Negro share-cropper was murdered in cold blood, even when the victim with pathetic hope wore one of his own buttons.

2. Our very backwardness in social evolution may help us. For a variety of reasons we are not quite ready for the fascist synthesis. Meanwhile the economic failure of fascism in Europe is becoming more apparent to our people, and some of its charm is gone.

3. Both Mussolini and Hitler have been able to give emotional satisfaction in nationalist terms to their people, oppressed with an inferiority complex. This emotional satisfaction, apart from real economic achievement, will be harder to give in the American situation.

These hurdles, plus the more familiar hurdle of "the American tradition" will not of themselves block the coming of fascism. The only effective answer to the totalitarian state of fascism is the cooperative commonwealth. But in the struggle for that answer we can afford to neglect no possible tactical advantage. In that struggle such illumination as Mr. Swing has shed upon the American scene is of the utmost value.

NORMAN THOMAS

A Noble Savage

Talk United States! By Robert Whitcomb. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

THE man on the bottom in Tom Kromer's "Waiting for Nothing" twice attempts a solo stick-up rather than suffer the humiliations of begging. His nerve fails him each time and the failures hasten his demoralization. But Matt Williams, bricklayer hero of "Talk United States!" getting nearer and nearer the bottom, lends a willing ear to a lad from Fall River with a scheme for going into Squedunk Center and coming out with cash. The scheme works. Matt reflects that he is a robber, but it is funny "how a little dough makes you feel and it don't matter a damn if you stole it neither." When he gets back to New York and takes a good look at the Bowery stiffs, he thinks it better to be a crook and end up in jail than sink to their level; "I ain't ever gonna panhandle." A determination the reader may be corrupted enough to applaud! But Matt, having thus unlawfully put himself on his feet, starts out, not to commit crimes, but to clean up his union. In the prosperous days of bricklaying Matt had no illusions about the way the aristocrats of labor ran the union: "So Sam Kennedy gets elected unanimous, and if anybody would of voted against him he would of been shot in the back, and if you think I'm kidding you should of seen Joe Lambuzzi and his thugs . . . lined around the wall, but everything was very pleasant, which is the way unions is run all the way up to the Chicago Federation and don't try to kid me it ain't the same thing in New York and all the whole goddam American Federation of Labor." But it wasn't until depression days that the system struck him as so unsatisfactory that he spoke his mind in meeting, and had to leave town; and it wasn't until his fellow-unionists had had several years of slump experience that they were ready to call Matt back and start house-cleaning.

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sented as not in any way exceptional. As we follow Matt Williams through his experiences and note the development of attitude and points of view, we know the author wishes us to think that as Matt thinks and feels, so think and feel tens of thousands of his kind; and that as Matt talks, so it will be necessary to talk to the millions of working stiff in this country if there is to be not merely a New Deal but a new deck of cards altogether. To this reviewer Matt seems a little too good to be true, in spite of the fine air of verisimilitude created by his "United States" talk; too beautifully free, for instance, from prejudice against Jews, Negroes, wops ("them Mexicans is human just like us"); too ready to see the truth of his old radical friend Baldy's teaching ("the Communists got the right dope sometimes—they know their onions, even if they can't talk United States").

But idealized or not, Matt is worth knowing. He will show you a lot of the country—whether he is hopping the freights or making the grand tour during the boom in his own car with his wife and son Woodrow. He will never make you feel either sorry for him or contemptuous of him—he is no hopeless mission stiff and no "little man, what now" victim. And you will leave him, hoping—unless you are a Daughter of the American Revolution—that he will succeed with his Chicago Bricklayers' Association and live up to the motto at his headquarters: "The wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Road to National Insanity

Road to War. America: 1914-1917. By Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

OF all the purely reportorial books which have been written about the entrance of the United States into the World War, this is easily the best. It succeeds precisely where Mark Sullivan's "Over Here" failed. It betrays an almost exhaustive amount of research into all the pertinent governmental, journalistic, and biographical documents; it is very clearly written; and it is devoid of patrioteering. Good as Mr. Millis's previous book, "The Martial Spirit," was, "Road to War" is even better. There is a surer handling of complicated facts, and a firmer grasp of their meanings. On the other hand, Mr. Millis has not yet rid himself of all the pat phrases of the newspaper editorial room—as, for example, when he says of the Theodore Roosevelt of 1914 that he was "an aging lion now, but still showing the old fire"—and he is still only a chronicler. He cannot at present be called a historian in the grand sense of the word.

The three years preceding our declaration of war upon the Central Powers were the most fantastic in our annals. The Wilson Administration opened with the New Freedom, the resounding trumpet call of what seemed like mature American idealism. Everything looked fine everywhere. The bitter economic and nationalistic rivalries that were daily growing more intense in Europe meant nothing to the man in the White House or to his advisers and ambassadors. Colonel House was in France in the summer of 1914, when that country was busy with war preparations, but he did not find "the war spirit dominant." The assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent at Sarajevo made no impression upon him, in so far as his published papers reveal. Brand Whitlock, our Ambassador to Belgium, boasted that the word Sarajevo meant nothing to him: "I had not the least idea where it was in this world, if it was in this world."

Our diplomatic representatives in Europe were almost all rank amateurs. Their reports, as Mr. Millis might well have pointed out, read like synopses of sermons at Ethical Culture

societies, smooth, irrelevant, and hollow. Only one of them, and he was only an underling, understood the full import of the Sarajevo tragedy. He was F. E. Mallett, the American vice-consul at Budapest, who warned the State Department of an impending war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. But the State Department paid no attention to him. The entire American diplomatic corps looked upon the assassination of the Austrian archduke as merely a local flare-up, and our newspapers held the same view.

When war finally broke out in Europe, our diplomats remained as ignorant of what was going on as before, and so did our newspapers. The absurd reasons they all gave for the conflict had this one note in common: the Central Powers were to blame for everything. The liberal New York *World* saw as early as August 4, 1914, that "all the machinery of progress is stopped by the hand of autocracy. The Kaiser plunges Europe into the most devastating conflict known to human history." The *Times* looked upon the German invasion of France as "aggression, pure and simple." On August 5 the British navy cut the German cables, and thereafter, until long after the Armistice, the only German news the American people received came via London and Paris. It is no wonder, then, that Allied propaganda was so powerful in this country, especially in view of the fact that our Ambassador in London, Mr. Page, was an almost pathological Anglophile.

Soon stories of German atrocities began to appear in the gullible press, and the United States was filled with a deep hatred of the Kaiser and his *Kultur*. President Wilson announced that we would keep a strict neutrality. Yet when the Allies put a blockade upon our trade with the Central Powers he barely uttered a word, but when the Germans put a blockade upon our trade with the Allies, he became terribly concerned about the rights of humanity and the future of democracy. Then he began his long series of notes to the German government, which reached a new low in diplomatic hypocrisy and cant. Meanwhile Colonel House was touring Europe ostensibly for the purposes of peace, but actually making thinly veiled promises to the Allied Powers that we would eventually join them "for the lasting good of humanity." The Allies showed their gratefulness by floating huge loans in this country and placing heavy orders with our industries. Thus it was to the interest of American business that the Allies should be victorious in order that they be able to pay us back. Bankers and industrialists left no stone unturned in whooping up patriotic feeling and preparedness sentiment. The newspapers were already on the right side, and it did not take long to win the educators and clergy over. The manner in which the S. Parkes Cadmans and Newell Dwight Hillises fell for the anti-Hun propaganda forms one of the most shameful chapters in our history.

President Wilson, for all his hypocrisy, long remained doubtful about the wisdom of our entering the war, but the pressure of public opinion, as influenced by Anglo-French propaganda, was too much for his Presbyterian soul, and he finally succumbed on April 6, 1917, when he called upon the Congress to declare war upon Germany in order to make the world "safe for democracy." Of the 528 Senators and Representatives only 56 voted against the war resolution, but this overwhelming vote did not fully represent the wishes of the people. They received the news with amazingly little enthusiasm. They did not rush to volunteer, and when conscription was put into effect, Mr. Millis will find if he pursues his researches, it was discovered that about 13 per cent of the drafted deserted. If we add the slackers and the conscientious objectors and take into consideration the larger number of men who submitted to the draft unwillingly, it is likely that the percentage of those who had little or no interest in the war would rise to about fifty. That our entrance into the World War was utterly indefensible

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nearly everyone now agrees, but it is quite probable that future historians will find that in 1917 about as many Americans did not want to go to war as did.

Mr. Millis, ■ I have said, reports the whole story better than anybody else has reported it. His book forms a valuable record of one of the most insane periods in our national history. One hopes that he will do ■ similar book on the hysteria and corruption in the United States during the year and a half that we fought in the "war to end war," and that this time he will venture more comment. It is permissible for ■ historian to have ideas about his material. Edward Gibbon had.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Clio in the Pulpit

European Civilization and Politics Since 1815. By Erik Achorn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

TO write a book of 400,000 words on modern history is no trivial feat; to write an interesting book of that length is an uncommon achievement. Six years ago Dr. Erik Achorn set himself the task of preparing ■ text for the last century of Western culture which would be "entertaining as well as informing" and would present ■ "more satisfactory synthesis along the lines of the New History . . ." The result, judged on the basis of style, scope, and illustrative material, is an inviting volume which takes rank with the best texts of its kind.

Of ■ third and worthier purpose, the desire to make his readers "better citizens of America and of the world," the author says little, though he has thought about it earnestly, and one regrets that here his success is more debatable. The students who read his pages will undoubtedly learn what to think about the men and the movements which have shaped modern history, but it is less certain that they will learn *how* to think about them. They will find it easy to share his contempt for the Allied "brass hats" who directed what Lloyd George called a "bloodstained stagger to victory," and they will imbibe his scorn for the architects of ruin who devised the grimmer jests of the Versailles settlement and for the opportunists who climbed aboard the band-wagon of Italian fascism. They will learn, quite rightly it may well be, to revere Wilson, Lenin, and Mustafa Kemal, while condemning Poincaré and Mussolini. But to become better citizens of America and of the world they should also learn how to interpret the forces which make for unreason, and how to endure when necessary the agony of ■ suspended judgment. This is ■ discipline best acquired under an instructor who can depersonalize his dislikes and surmount the censorious mood of ■ contemporary observer.

The modern historian who still chooses to regard history as morality teaching by example is faced by an ancient dilemma. To ascribe events such as the Versailles treaty or the Japanese invasion of Manchuria to the workings of an impersonal "what" while blaming the results upon a morally responsible "who" involves an antilogy which Dr. Achorn disguises more successfully than most. But too often the moral note intrudes in the midst of objective discussions, and his sharp verdicts sometimes close ■ case which has been judged but not pleaded.

This reviewer would have liked to see a more patient analysis of the motives which incline Frenchmen or Japanese to support unreasonable policies, before finding those policies condemned under such captions as "Carthago delenda est" and "Japan Runs Amok." In a work distinguished by so many excellences, so catholic in content, so modern in emphasis, so lively in style, it is disappointing to miss that final grace of tolerance which recognizes how men of equal honesty may

come to hold divergent views, and that bishops and bankers may be as zealous and enlightened in their service to humanity as biological chemists or liberal historians.

GEOFFREY BRUUN

Shorter Notices

Provence. From Minstrels to the Machine. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

Mr. Ford celebrates in this loose-jointed and delightful book not the French Riviera, with its "mechanical and monotonous pleasures," but the immemorial land which includes it and which will outlive it as Provence has outlived every other invasion or improvement during twenty-five hundred years. To Mr. Ford it is the only civilized portion of the earth, and his proofs, if proofs they may be called, run into the thousands. He plunders poetry and history for evidence; he makes comparisons of the economic and political sort; but chiefly he trusts to his palate, which likes the savory, humane air of this place no less definitely than it likes its wines, its spices, and its concoctions lifted from the sea. Few books have been written with a more infectious love of the South than Mr. Ford manages to put here into his expertly rambling sentences; and few books have been more merciless toward the North—meaning chiefly London, where the book was written, but meaning also every city or country of bad food, cold gloom, and unconfessed deep cruelty. It is an old issue which will never be settled, climates and religions being what they are; but any Northerner, no matter what his persuasion, will benefit by reading this book, whose gaiety is at once as modern as Ezra Pound and as ancient as Antipolis.

Archetypal Patterns in Poetry. Psychological Studies of Imagination. By Maud Bodkin. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

Basing her study on the work of Jung and on some researches into anthropology, Miss Bodkin uses the word "archetypes" to indicate such images or symbols as may cause response in the reader "because they are the psychic residue of numberless experiences of the same type, experiences which have happened not to the individual but to his ancestors, and of which the results are inherited in the structure of the brain, a priori determinants of individual experience." She points out that throughout the history of poetry the figure of the father-king-god appears, and examines the Oedipus complex as a pattern determining our imaginative experience of "Hamlet." She turns to the "Ancient Mariner" to study the "rebirth archetype" in such images as the becalming of the ship and the homeward flight. The "Paradise-Hades" pattern of imagery and its psychological responses lead her into a discussion of "Paradise Lost," "Kubla Khan," and Vergil. The "image of woman" which appears in much poetry, ancient and modern, is in her opinion an archetype of the quickening of a poet's sensitivity to all beauty, to instinctive and supernatural love—obviously related to the worship of the Virgin and of the mother. Recurrent images of the devil, of the hero, of God show the conflicting patterns of self-assertion and surrender. Much of this theorizing may have weight, but Miss Bodkin does not give sufficient consideration to the symbols built by society itself and to the changes in those symbols as corresponding changes in society occur. The racial subconsciousness may well be nothing more than social conditioning, in no way an inherited response or a subconscious racial memory. Recent anthropological researches have proved more concerning social conditioning than they have concerning any psychological inheritance. Today, moreover, we draw our



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images from the literature of all ages: the responses we make are often the result of the intellectual training which we have received.

Silver Collar Boy. By Constance Wright. E. R. Dutton and Company. \$2.

Constance Wright's brief novel of eighteenth-century England features Pompey, a small blackamoor slave imported from the West Indies to serve as page to a London belle, whose vanity finally costs him his trivial, decorative life. Pompey's story has a thin, evocative appeal: the wit, the sentiment, the barbarity, the elegance of the eighteenth century are dimly mirrored in the narrative. It is a tale which comes close to being charming, so close, in fact, that it overshoots the mark. Miss Wright works too hard for her effects. Where she means to be playful, she is roguish; where she would be graceful, she is arch. Had she not flirted with her subject with all the tenacity of an uncertain coquette, "*Silver Collar Boy*" might have been genuinely engaging. As it stands, it is a trifle silly.

Drama Nightmare

HUGH WALPOLE once wrote a curious short story about a rich and solitary old lady whose house was invaded by a band of imperturbable crooks. The leader gained entrance in the guise of a hungry beggar, stayed overnight with his wife, who was supposed to have fainted on the street, and then gradually took possession of the entire ménage. This tale has now been dramatized under the title "*Kind Lady*" (Booth Theater), and as acted superbly by no less a stranger than Miss Grace George it becomes an eerie and nerve-racking tour de force.

Obviously the plot might be treated in any one of several ways. It might, for example, be developed as a comedy and thus made the Western equivalent of that Oriental fable which illustrates what is likely to happen once the camel is allowed to get his nose inside the tent. It might, on the other hand, be made the basis of a more or less conventional crook play like "*The Post Road*," where something of the same sort happens. But both Walpole and the dramatist had other ends in view, and they have created a sort of psychological nightmare which seems to occur near the border line of sanity. Everything is seen through the eyes of the victim. Her helplessness dawns upon the audience just as it dawns upon her, and somehow the horror which she feels at the calm, unhurried usurpation of her authority and freedom is communicated to the spectator. By almost imperceptible stages a certain odd presumption in her visitors becomes a quiet insolence. Suddenly she orders them from the house, and then the dreadful moment comes when they and their stolid, commonplace confederates gather in a silent circle about her. It is they who seem slightly surprised and yet terrifyingly calm. With quiet authority they assume that she is harmlessly mad, and from that moment she has ceased to exist for anyone except herself. Like the dreamer who discovers himself unable either to resist or to flee, she is paralyzed by the very incredibility of the events, by the sudden collapse of everything upon which she had come to depend in the daylight world. They have drawn a ring about her and she can make no contact with anyone who does not assume that theirs is the legitimate authority.

Obviously the effectiveness of such a piece depends upon its success in hypnotizing the spectator into a state where he

can be affected by certain irrational terrors which probably lie deep down in every soul but which do not ordinarily rise to the surface except when isolation or sleep have taken from us the familiar, reassuring solidities of the normal world. "*Kind Lady*" is shudderingly effective, first because it does just this with great technical dexterity and, second, because the content of this particular nightmare is one with which everyone is familiar, and the situation is a recognizable analogue of dreams probably almost universal. Whatever the meaning of the fact may be, nearly everyone has experienced the horror of feeling in sleep that something essential to his safety or his position or his authority has suddenly failed. The officer dreams that the soldiers no longer obey, the teacher that his students rise up in a horrible protesting mob, the financier that the bank will not honor his check. The dream here present is a dream of that sort, and despite all the skill with which the spectator is led gradually from the waking world to the sleeping one, it would all be in vain if he did not recognize the dream logic, just as he does, for example, when Alice's card-player judges suddenly rise into the air to come tumbling about her head. As one watches the creeping helplessness gradually paralyze the victim, one remembers that one has felt sometime and somewhere the same horror in one's own soul.

Miss George gives an almost perfect performance, full of quiet dignity, and Henry Daniell, as the suave usurper, is a terrifying presence by virtue of a certain unassuming assurance which makes his incredible behavior seem almost matter-of-fact. Incidentally, I think that the dramatist was wise in breaking the spell as the curtain goes down. The audience gasps with relief and the nightmare is over.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Art Industrial Art in Eclipse

AT Rockefeller Center, in New York, is an "art in industry" show which carries national interest for two reasons.

The first is that it displays for the first time the widely publicized model of Frank Lloyd Wright's scheme for "Broad-acre City." The second is that the show as a whole is a failure, in a manner that shows clearly the pitfalls and problems that beset "industrial art."

The show is a failure for a very simple reason. It resembles a theatrical performance during which the peanut vendors work full time. Thus, even though President Roosevelt pushed the button and the Mayor opened the show, all their diplomatic agility might have been strained in explaining the presence of some of the exhibits as any kind of art. On display were such things as ordinary colored postcards like the merchandise of Sixth Avenue; there were also sewing machines that you would hide in your own home if you had to have them there at all; there were glass jars disfigured by thick drooping paint; there was "Texas candy" urged on you by aggressive salesmen; there were insurance booths, and also the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," where the salesman first attempted the explanation that "books in the home were art, weren't they," and ended more candidly by declaring that his company follows all the shows. Then there were the cases strayed from some good technical exhibit, which showed all the products made out of a single material, including as I remember it, a set of real false teeth; there was the familiar police map showing movements of radio cars; and so through the range of a miniature Chicago Fair.

Did Mr. Bement, director of the National Alliance of Art and Industry, and Mr. Harvey Wiley Corbett, who designed

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the show, really believe that all this was exemplary "industrial art"? Most of the worst stuff was simply so much paid space, like advertisements in a magazine; but in this instance there was not even the discrimination employed by a newspaper like, say, the *New York American*, which at least lets the reader distinguish between advertising matter and the publisher's text. As for the better-known designers, after their experiences of last year with the same show they joined together this year in a public protest and refused to contribute. That such men as Norman-Bel Geddes and Donald Deskey signed this declaration indicates that it was prompted by no impractical idealism. And incidentally, as evidence of the cautious state of current industrial-art reviewing in the press, Mr. Story in the *Sunday Times* neglected to mention that such a protest had been made.

Now Mr. Bement's job as director of the National Alliance is a necessary and not an easy one. Industrial art today is art that has to be sold. The industrial designer is therefore engaged in a perpetual battle. Refusing to work for industrialists he would lose access to the indispensable tools for any significant work; but let him cringe before his employers or clients and he loses all that he might call his art. In such a position he needs a business representative with a bold front. Let this representative, in a sumptuous office, talk to business men in the name of art like a Dutch uncle. Otherwise the representative is worse than useless. Particularly when it comes to any kind of exhibition setting up standards, the ruler must be the designer, not the business man.

The reason why "industrial art" is so often found cringing is that it neglects the real motives that lead the business man to art, when he ever comes. The unflattering assumption is made that it is done entirely for profits. Experience would seem to indicate otherwise. If one checked the list of business firms for which the dissenting artists have done work, would one not find most of them in that strong position where immediate profits are not crucial, and where there is room for the pursuit of "prestige"? Or are they not in the hands of owners who possess some taste themselves? Pride calls to pride.

Such a view of the industrial artist might seem to run counter to the idea of "functionalism," yet this is an omnibus idea, and at bottom, however the artist strives to interpret the common need, the sense of fitness that dictates his decisions is his own. On narrow grounds of functionalism the finest exhibit in Mr. Bement's collection would have to be omitted, namely, the model of a proposed "Broadacre City" by Frank Lloyd Wright and his apprentices at Taliesin. The subject is a separate one, yet the model is commended for serious study to all who have a chance to see it.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Films

Puppets—Two Styles

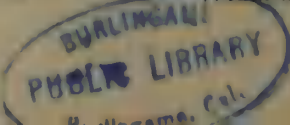
AMONG the more melancholy developments of the current season has been the deterioration of that once internationally applauded screen idol, Mickey Mouse, into something like an international bore. That the applause with which his familiar outline is now greeted is no longer notable either for its spontaneity or its volume is not a mere theory but an increasingly more evident fact. It is a fact which anyone with half an ear for such things can easily check up on this week at the Rivoli, where his newest vehicle seems to provide very little by way of relief for an audience just exposed to the unwholesome terrors of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

Theory enters only if one inquires into the reason for this sad declension from the state of popular grace. Of course it may only be that Mickey Mouse is paying the penalty of all idols who fail to endow their public appearances with the virtue of rarity. It may be that he has not given sufficient heed to the psychological law which tells us that the intensity of a response is in inverse ratio to its frequency. But such an explanation does not happen to apply to the equally noticeable decline in the response to other Walt Disney cartoon features, which have not appeared with the same mechanical regularity. The latest in the Disney technicolor series, it must be reported, succeeded not at all in lightening the dense ecclesiastical fog which settled over the Radio City Music Hall last week. No more than Mickey Mouse's troubles with his new kangaroo does its story of the kitten who runs away to become a robber impress the adult spectator as being anything more than a rather pointless interruption of the program.

To those who have followed this column's advice to lose no time in seeing "The Youth of Maxim" at the Cameo, the short subject "Singing Puppets" on the same bill will already have suggested a possibly more satisfactory explanation for the waning interest of the American cartoon film. Here are all the freshness and charm and ingenuity of the cartoon, strengthened and sharpened by a clearly defined satirical intention: a burlesque of "Carmen" by two puppets of such invertebrate flabbiness that their slightest collapse is a hilarious commentary on the romantic spirit; a sentimental duet between two wooden figures as baldly abstract as billiard balls; a White Russian gypsy-song, full of wild Oriental melancholy, rendered by a couple of dilapidated poodles. It is true that the puppet-show has its own long tradition and is not exactly the same thing as a cartoon picture. But these two forms of stylized expression are enough alike to suggest that it is perhaps because the American cartoon has more recently forgotten to add some point to its fantasy that it is losing its hold on its audience. Mickey Mouse has not done well to shed the mantle of wistful quixotism which he inherited from his comic-strip ancestor, Krazy Kat, and Mr. Disney has failed to remember that "Three Little Pigs," which was the most successful of his creations, was also the most allegorical.

Possibly the revival of "Les Misérables" at this time may be explained as an attempt to divert attention from more pressing contemporary concerns, and that of "Cardinal Richelieu" as a means of throwing out a little historical encouragement to the Coughlinites. But the support or denial of such theories would take us very far afield. What both pictures quite magnificently illustrate is the present reduced state of the Hollywood imagination. The first of them undoubtedly suffers the more from the dated quality of its theme. It is a little hard, in view of the current uncertainty as to what society is or may be, to extract much authentic interest from the story of a man who refuses to pay his debt to society. And it requires a greater actor than Fredric March to make such a man seem even momentarily credible. The real interest of the film is supplied by Charles Laughton, who has wisely discarded the socks of Ruggles for the more appropriate buskins of Javert. In his treatment of this somewhat vaguely delineated character he makes the most of his brilliant gift for portraying the sinister and evil. The effect of "Cardinal Richelieu" is of a high-school pageant for which, by some unhappy inspiration, an accomplished actor from the professional stage has been recruited for the occasion. As the wily Renaissance prelate of Bulwer-Lytton's melodramatic fancy, George Arliss gives one of the suavest impersonations in his gallery. Like Mickey Mouse, Mr. Arliss has perhaps appeared too often for his own good; but his performance in this film is on as high a plane as he has ever reached on stage or screen.

WILLIAM TROY





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IN DECLARING the Railroad Retirement Act to be unconstitutional the Supreme Court has not only struck a blow at the security of a million railway employees, but challenged the very concept of security as a desirable social objective. The issue, as it is reflected in the majority and minority decisions, is in many respects the most fundamental one before our generation. Speaking for the majority, Justice Roberts was emphatic in pointing out that "the railroads . . . remain the private property of their owners, and their assets cannot be taken without just compensation." "The pension plan," he argued, "is an attempt for social ends to impose by sheer fiat non-contractual incidents upon the relation of employer and employee." While not denying that property owners possess certain rights, the minority declared that this argument neglected "the responsibilities which inhere in the carriers' enterprise . . . responsibilities [which] . . . cannot be regarded as confined to the contractual engagements." They asked what constitutional distinction could exist between compelling employers to grant reasonable compensation for injuries and "requiring a fair allowance for those who practically give their lives to the service and are incapacitated by the wear and tear of time." No one will question that in the society in which we live there is a constant conflict between profits and human welfare. In the case of the railroads, as with other enterprises,

it is probably true to say that the profit system cannot function with full efficiency if human rights are held to be paramount. To this the obvious reply is: Why should a system be preserved which cannot meet the fundamental needs of mankind? Five men on the Supreme Bench have given another answer, but it is an answer of a generation that is already gone.

THE TRAGIC, NEEDLESS DEATH of Senator Bronson Cutting deprives the United States Senate of one of its most liberal and useful members. Only a few days before his end it was even suggested that progressive Republicans might turn to him for national leadership. The liberal group in the Senate was devoted to him; older men like Borah and Norris felt a personal attachment to him which made their unconcealed grief quite understandable. They had the most complete confidence in his rectitude and sincerity and had felt deeply outraged that the Administration apparently countenanced the effort of the Democratic candidate for the Senate, whom Mr. Cutting defeated last November, to unseat him. Still under fifty, Mr. Cutting was vigorous, fearless, and certain of six more years of increasingly valuable service. Especially in the battle for personal freedom will his loss be felt, for he was always ready to be called upon and eager to act against self-appointed censors and the denial of popular rights by officials faithless to their oaths of office. We shall not soon forget his fight against the censorship of books early in his Senatorial career, in which he routed the veteran Reed Smoot by his sarcasm, his wit, his direct and deadly attack. With fascist tendencies clearly in evidence, it is utterly deplorable to lose so outstanding a champion of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

AS SPONTANEOUS and isolated outburst, the walkout at the Toledo transmission plant of General Motors has already caused the shutdown of assembly plants involving more than 30,000 workers and may give rise to consequences which will reverberate throughout the industry. Whether General Motors will agree to the demand for a pay increase is a minor issue in the dispute. The fundamental issue is whether General Motors can be forced to accept a signed contract granting recognition to an A. F. of L. union. Should the Toledo strikers succeed in winning such a contract, other locals of the United Automobile Workers may finally come to see that recognition is not something they can win by playing pressure politics in Washington or by campaigning for the dissolution of the Automobile Labor Board. They will learn that to get recognition they must direct their attack against the employer himself, making use of the only instrument by which he can effectively be budged. If the Toledo strikers are defeated, the situation will revert to the status quo ante, and the A. F. of L. will be free to pursue its beaten path of strategy—limited at the moment to a demand for the enactment of the Wagner labor-disputes bill. In any event, it may be taken for granted that the A. F. of L. will do all it

can to localize the disturbances at Toledo. Mr. Green and his associates are even more reluctant to precipitate a nationwide automobile strike today than they were in March, 1934. But a rank-and-file success at Toledo may unleash forces which will eventually break the hold of the A. F. of L. leaders over the United Automobile Workers.

GEORGE N. PEEK'S assertion that the United States was a net debtor in international settlements last year is so misleading as to cause one to question his sincerity in making it. Statistics are notoriously tricky, and the ability to interpret an international balance of payment is not widespread. But Mr. Peek's own figures show quite clearly that the United States, far from having a debtor balance, actually possessed a favorable balance on goods and services of \$116,000,000 for 1934—rather more than in other recent years. In addition to meeting this obligation, foreign nations had to find means of paying the United States a net balance of \$265,000,000 to meet interest and dividend charges on international investments. Thus our total credit balance, after all visible and invisible items are taken into account, was \$381,000,000. In theory there are only two ways in which foreign countries could meet this obligation—by shipping gold or by borrowing in this country. But since the United States has practically ceased investing abroad, and has attracted an increased supply of foreign capital, the only course open was the shipping of gold. In all, the United States absorbed no less than \$1,217,000,000 in gold during the year—nearly 6 per cent of the world's supply. If this gold were used as a basis for a proportionate expansion in American currency, there might be some prospect of an ultimate adjustment taking place. But as long as it is merely put back into the ground whence it came, the increased world scarcity can only result in further deflation in the gold countries and further unsettling of the American trade balance. We agree with Mr. Peek that it is high time for "a review of our national policies based on . . . our international credit status." But such a review, if honestly carried out, can lead to only one conclusion—that we shall have to make some provision for payment if we expect any profit from our creditor position.

THE SHIPPING INTERESTS learned little from their experience with the Nye committee. Despite a Presidential message asking that ship subsidies be made openly and that the mail contracts and construction loans be scrapped, they tried to slip through Congress a bill which perpetuated these methods while it purported to satisfy the President's request. The Bland-Copeland bill does take from the Post Office the power to make mail contracts, but it vests it instead with a special maritime authority. And it tries to open a back door to the Treasury for shipbuilders and shipping lines by authorizing the government to donate the difference in the cost of building ships at home and abroad, and to lend 80 per cent of the balance. Republicans and Democrats appeared in accord in rushing this bill through the House Committee on Merchant Marine, Radio, and Fisheries. Fortunately Congressman Edward C. Moran, Jr., of Maine appeared before the committee to register a stinging attack on the bill, exposed its purpose, made grave charges against the shipping interests, and succeeded in prolonging the hearing until the Farley report should come

out. He was able to prove that the shipping interests had spent \$150,000 in Washington to pass the subsidies of 1928, and then duly divided up the cost among them on a basis of benefits received. Under that measure \$239,000,000 in ocean-mail contracts and construction loans are still outstanding and interest on many of the loans is in arrears. Mr. Moran proposed a system of government ownership of subsidized shipping, with private operation under charter, which the old-timers told him was "bolshevism."

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that the Japanese bogey should have been trotted out in connection with the Sakdalista uprising in the Philippines. How else can one explain why a group of Filipinos who have known the delights of American rule for thirty-five years should suddenly rise against their benefactors? Surely no one will claim that the United States has failed in its imperial role. The obvious answer must be that the rebels have been financed by Japan. The only difficulty with this convenient explanation is that it does not square with the facts. There is no evidence that the Sakdalistas are in the pay either of Tokyo or Moscow. It is a peasant revolt, directed as much against the Quezon-Osmeña coalition as against American rule. It has been motivated chiefly by discontent against exorbitant taxes, together with a desire for the immediate severing of all ties with the United States. That increased bitterness toward the United States should follow the passage of the Hawes-Cutting Act was to be expected, as its immediate effect is to curtail the market for Philippine products in the United States without conferring actual independence. Some Filipinos even question whether the United States has any intention of surrendering control of the islands at the end of the ten-year period. These suspicions may be unfair, but they are the natural result of our treatment of the Filipinos in the past.

BEFORE OUR LAST ISSUE was off the press, the President satisfied our curiosity as to what action would follow the statement of General F. M. Andrews that the United States must be prepared in an emergency to seize British and French islands near our shores. He repudiated General Andrews, also General Charles E. Kilbourne, who had made a like statement, and rebuked Chairman John J. McSwain of the House Military Affairs Committee for having allowed the testimony of the generals to be published. We commend the President's celerity, also his assertion that the testimony of the officers does not reflect the views, purposes, or motives of the United States government. But the rebuke to Mr. McSwain must puzzle the British and French governments. It is another way of saying that the misconduct consisted only in being found out. Surely the misconduct must be that generals in responsible positions in the army should make statements which do not reflect the views, purposes, and motives of the government, and Mr. McSwain's part in it is relatively innocent. We have no knowledge that the generals have suffered any punishment more painful than repudiation. To Mr. McSwain the President said crossly that if military secrets were not better guarded he would require officers to give testimony only after his approval of it. This threat should become a matter of policy, at least until the War Department learns to reflect the views, purposes, and motives of the government.

ADVOCATES of collective security will find little to which they can justifiably take exception in the recently signed Franco-Soviet treaty of mutual assistance. Although the agreement is a bilateral one and as such reminiscent of the pre-war Franco-Russian alliance, it differs from the latter in several important respects. In the first place, great care has been exercised to fit the pact within the framework of existing collective agreements. The commitments are essentially the same as those assumed under the League Covenant, and supplement rather than conflict with Locarno and the Pact of Paris. Military assistance is to be extended only in the event of "unprovoked aggression" in violation of the League Covenant. The decision as to whether such a violation has occurred is left to the League Council, and only in case the Council fails to act within a reasonable time will the obligation of mutual aid become operative. A further important difference is to be found, moreover, in the fact that the treaty is open to adherence by any interested European state. A specific invitation is extended to Germany, Poland, and the Baltic states to join in a multilateral pact having precisely the same objectives. From a strictly military standpoint the safeguards which have been inserted in the agreement are doubtless open to criticism but they are of inestimable importance in promoting security. And even though the pact may never actually be enforced, its very existence is bound to have a dampening effect on Nazi aspirations.

PEACE, it increasingly appears, is a dangerous thought from which the next generation must be shielded at all costs. At Hunter College the student peace council, a conservative organization with a limited social outlook, was recently abolished by vote of the faculty, and three students who had been particularly active in the anti-war movement were suspended. When the student body named a delegation to protest against this action, three of the leaders of the group, including the president of the junior class and the editor of the college annual, were barred from their classes on the ground of their "unwillingness to comply with college regulations." At Connecticut State College the trustees have ruled that any public discussions which "reflect upon military instruction" will be cause for removal of the students or faculty members who have promoted such discussions. The result has been an almost complete intimidation of the faculty and student body. Two meetings scheduled prior to the announcement have been canceled, although neither was to have been held on the college campus or had any direct bearing on the question of military training. One was a panel discussion of world peace which was to have been held by a local church; the other was an address on Fascism in the Colleges sponsored by the Social Problems Club of the college. The faculty was even afraid to report the matter immediately to the American Association of University Professors, though the right to entertain and teach pacifist doctrines has been specifically upheld by the United States Supreme Court. Nor are these isolated cases. They are significant chiefly because they reflect an attitude of "educators" throughout the country. "Good" students do not question the wisdom or authority of their elders. If war comes, as Mr. Brisbane recently put it, being good Americans they will fight—and perhaps it is just as well that they do not know what they are fighting for.

THE ALDERMANIC COMMITTEE investigating relief in New York City has brought to public attention some appalling facts, although most of them were previously unearthed by the Mayor's independent investigating committee. About 4,000 qualified Civil Service employees seeking work in the Emergency Relief Bureau were passed over for other applicants not so well qualified. This is inexcusable; and even more so is the amount of red tape in the various bureaus. Russell Forbes, Commissioner of Purchases, testified that it cost \$75 to do the "paper work" in connection with the payment of bills for one \$30 order. The total orders last year came to approximately \$14,500,000, while the cost of "putting them through" was more than \$1,350,000. Mr. Forbes estimated that half of this expense was waste. Bureaucracy and nearsightedness in Albany and Washington are chiefly to blame for this. The federal government persists in looking upon relief as a temporary and emergency affair, and so the local administration has been forced to run its machinery on a month-to-month basis, which makes long-range planning and wise purchasing practically impossible. Then there is the complicated division of responsibility. Almost no step in New York City can be taken without permission of some sort from an official in the state-appointed TERA, which in turn is more or less dependent upon the FERA. Thus, in the end, an individual purchase means a transaction involving five separate agencies, each with power to make rules of its own. There is no reason for this mix-up to continue. Local agencies should have complete responsibility for the administration of the relief of their unemployed.

WE STILL HOLD to the old-fashioned idea that American workers, whether they be manual laborers or office employees, have a right to organize for collective bargaining. We also believe that it is in execrable taste for an employer to make fun of his striking workers. The editor and the publisher of the *American Mercury* seem to think differently. The demands of their striking office staff of seven are these: a two weeks' vacation with pay, a minimum wage of \$21 a week and a restoration of the last of four successive pay cuts, and the recognition of their shop committee for collective bargaining. Surely these are not exorbitant demands, especially in view of the fact that not one of the staff has been there less than six years. The management greeted these demands with a statement which included references to the "world revolution [striking] the offices of the *American Mercury* at high noon today," to "manuscripts . . . being carefully searched for bombs," and to Moscow. As Heywood Broun has suggested, this statement deserves the 1935 bad-taste medal. In a series of subsequent contradictory statements the management claimed that five of the employees went on strike solely out of sympathy for two who had been fired for "inefficiency." As one of the two girls had been secretary to four successive editors for eleven years, her "inefficiency" must have been of a rare and remarkable sort. The owners of the *Mercury* have put in a new staff and granted them all the demands of the strikers except recognition of a shop committee. Thus the issue of collective bargaining is clear. We hope that both the editor and the publisher of the *Mercury* will soon realize that their cheap humor and reactionary labor policies are not suited to the year 1935.

The Nation's Index of Labor Welfare

WITH this issue *The Nation* inaugurates a feature which may seem something of a departure from the traditions of this magazine. In the past, statistics, charts, and similar features of the business or trade journal have been accorded no place in a weekly devoted chiefly to politics and the arts. But times have changed. Statistics, correctly or incorrectly employed, have come to be widely used as ammunition in present-day political struggles. The New Deal, especially, has brought a constant bombardment of figures purporting to show that substantial recovery has been achieved under the all-wise guidance of the Democratic Administration.

On most items the statistics available are reasonably satisfactory. We have an abundance of detailed information regarding all types of business and financial affairs. Data on the fluctuations in business activity have been combined into indices which show at a glance the degree of our economic health. Nor has the problem of social welfare been wholly neglected. We have amassed a vast quantity of information about wages, hours, and employment in the various industries. One may find at a moment's notice, for example, how many men were employed by the building trades in El Paso in December, 1934, the average number of hours which they worked, and their average hourly wage. But despite this mass of detail, there has been no figure which could be said to reflect the status of labor as a group. To meet this lack *The Nation* has decided to prepare and publish its Index of Labor Welfare.

The technical problem of compiling such an index is imposing. While it is comparatively easy to determine wages and the cost of living, it is difficult to combine these factors with such dissimilar data as the number of unemployed and the size of relief rolls. Yet all these elements must be included if the index is to give a true picture of the relative position of the working class. No index of this type can be more than an approximation, but we believe that the method adopted in compiling *The Nation* Index assures a result that is more accurate than any comparable figure available today. It is a weighted index which takes into account weekly earnings, cost of living, unemployment, and changes in the relief rolls. Unlike the statistics quoted by the Administration, the data on wages are for manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries combined. All figures ex-

cept those for unemployment are derived from government sources. The unemployment estimates are those of the American Federation of Labor, adjusted in recent months by the more up-to-date figures issued by the National Industrial Conference Board. Since approximately four persons out of five of the number listed as gainful workers in the 1930 Census are now employed, the real wages of industrial wage-earners, adjusted for the number on the payrolls, receives a four-fifths weight in determining the index. The plight of the jobless as reflected by the growth in the proportion of persons who, having exhausted their resources, have been placed on relief is given a weight of one-fifth.

That there has been a considerable degree of business recovery since the low point of the depression in 1932 is evident from the sharp upturn in the Federal Reserve Index of Industrial Production. But contrary to the popular impression, average weekly wages are less than 5 per cent above the 1932 average as against a 6 per cent increase in the cost

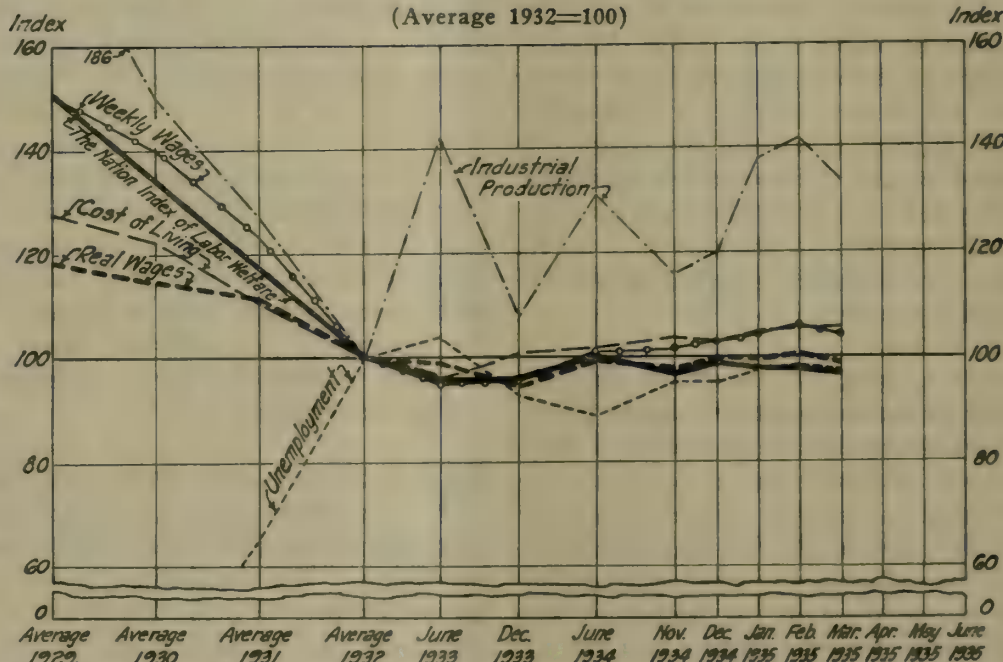
of living, leaving real wages still 1 per cent below the 1932 level. Employment is higher, but when adjustment is made for the normal increase in population, the improvement is extremely small. Compared with 1929, the picture is even more distressing. Average weekly earnings in industry have fallen approximately 30 per cent as against a decline of 17 per cent in the cost of living, which has meant a drop in real wages of about 15 per cent.

The relatively small rise in money wages since 1932 contrasts sharply with the increase in industrial profits. Figures recently compiled by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York for 659 leading business corporations show earnings for 1934 to have been 519 per cent above those for the same establishments in 1932. The effect of the New Deal on American economic life may readily be seen from the following table:

| | 1929 | 1932 | 1933 | 1934 | March, 1935 |
|----------------------------------|------|------|------|------|-------------|
| Industrial Production . . . | 186 | 100 | 119 | 120 | 134 |
| Av. Weekly Wages | 151 | 100 | 95 | 101 | 105* |
| Cost of Living | 128 | 100 | 99 | 103 | 106 |
| Real Wages | 118 | 100 | 96 | 98 | 99* |
| Index of Labor Welfare | 100 | 100 | 95 | 98 | 97* |
| Industrial Profits | 2500 | 100 | 510 | 619 | |

* Preliminary estimate.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932=100)



The Twilight of Kingship

HOWEVER sentimental the British became over the jubilee of George V they could not restore monarchy to its former role in human affairs. London has been staging a wonderful pageant, and pageants remind people of their history and only to a minor degree of the survival of the past in the present. A king lives three roles—ruler, symbol, and person. As ruler, King George's prerogatives have dwindled to nearly empty formalities. As symbol, he embodies the unity of empire, and his importance is intangible but still vast. As person, he is the leader of British aristocracy, a man who has performed his dull and wearying duties with admirable reticence and fidelity. In only one of these roles is George V of more than passing significance, as kings go. His crown is the one unifying element of the empire, a mere device if you will, but a device of such virtue that if it did not exist it would have to be invented. He is hardly a king at all, but the exigencies of modern statehood have had to make him a new sort of emperor, vested with no initiative, deprived of all power, yet a genuine factor in maintaining the loose association known as the British Commonwealth.

The British public, delighting in their king, does not distinguish between the three roles or ascribe to each its rightful weight. The decline of kingship is being obscured. Loyal Tories have been arguing that George V is no constitutional nonentity in British politics, since he played a part, if a small one, in the formation of the National Government. He did have influence in those days, for had he pleased he might have insisted on a general election. They also relate with spirit how he helped in the appeasement following the general strike of 1926. But he has done nothing so telling as his father, who was one of the creators of the Triple Entente, and perhaps his best service to British democracy has been his acquiescence in the decline of his own power.

Americans who consider republicanism more democratic than constitutional monarchy, simply because it has no king, reveal their ignorance of the British system. The "king business" is nearly as automatic as our own electoral college, and would be still more so were it not that the British monarch combines his two other functions with kingship. Even the slapdash American assumption that the family of Windsor is an expensive luxury does not bear examination. George III when heavily in debt made a bargain with the Commons that if it would give him a handsome civil list, the nation could have the revenue of the crown lands. At the time the bargain was all in the favor of George III, but the crown lands included Regent Street, in the heart of London, and other riches which have now developed to such an extent that the nation can pay the Windsors a much larger civil list and still make a financial profit. So the dividends are even more substantial than the cost of the continual pageantry of the royal existence.

Time was when a king was a man of great power, eligible to receive remarkable personal rewards. Today he holds down one of the most boring of jobs, without prospect of

advancement, without any human reward beyond that slightest of all payments, public acclaim. In the course of a year the king must attend innumerable public functions, open hospitals, dedicate public buildings, act a dignified part in ceremonies out of which his own reality has disappeared, be scrutinized by the curious, bowed to by the reverent—a condemnation to empty ritual from which there is no prospect of escape. The Prince of Wales a few years ago rebelled at the prospect and talked of ceding his succession to the Duke of York. But the Windsors, quite a human lot, though they may feel like running away from boredom have the stolid sense of duty of their German forbears. The Prince recanted. His father, without open complaint, has gone about the tedium of his job with calm and devotion. He knows he is enviable only in so far as he shows doggedness to live patiently. To this status, for all the fuss in London, has kingship fallen.

The Gallup Kidnapping

THE kidnapping and beating of Robert Minor and David Levinson in Gallup, New Mexico, are merely the latest and most sensational examples of the lawless violence that is rolling up wherever misery and industrial strife have wrecked orderly human relationships. In our pages we have listed a large number of similar recent acts of terror, some perpetrated by lawless police officers, some by private agencies under the orders of employers or business associations, some by vigilante groups, self-appointed protectors of the existing order. There was the mass violence during the "mopping up" of the San Francisco general strike; there were individual instances such as the kidnapping and beating of Samuel Herman by Nick Binns in Racine, the mistreatment of the organizers of share-croppers in Arkansas, the painless but equally unlawful ousting of James Rorty from California—to which Mr. Rorty refers in an article in this issue. The period is littered with even more numerous instances of arrests and trials which also partake of the nature of lynchings; the Herndon and Sacramento cases are typical.

The whole disorderly picture can be brought within the framework of a familiar formula: in a time like the present when fundamental claims are at issue, claims to life or property, the law is predominantly on the side of the owners of property. The qualifying adverb leaves a loophole quite large enough to admit all the honest judges and impartial juries, all the decent citizens who will stand for the rights of strikers, the unemployed, or their supporters.

So Bob Minor and David Levinson, whatever their humiliations and discomforts, must be content to be looked upon as mere symptoms of a disease which has reached the proportions of a nation-wide epidemic. The case in which they are involved is, to be sure, severe; all the elements are present which tend to decrease the resistance and insure a virulent attack. The story of its earlier stages was printed in an article by Katharine Gay of the American Civil Liberties Union in *The Nation* two weeks ago, but the whole case may be briefly reviewed here.

Taken together, Gallup and Chihuahuita, its mining-settlement suburb, are inhabited or frequented by a typical

Southwestern population of townsfolk, ranchers, Indians, and Mexican miners and their families. Ever since the long-drawn mine strike in 1933, with its violence and months of martial law, tension has grown between the workers and the "American" population. The feeling in Chihuahuita has been intensified by prolonged unemployment, meager relief, and finally by eviction notices served on poverty-stricken miners, unable to meet payments on their shacks. The first actual eviction early in April brought immediate resistance on the part of the aggrieved population. Several persons restored the furniture of the dispossessed family to their former home. Three persons, including the tenant and the owner of the house, were arrested. When the prisoners were arraigned in Gallup, a crowd of sympathizers gathered outside the office of the justice of the peace. As the sheriff brought out the prisoners, a riot took place in the course of which the sheriff and two miners were killed. Five others were wounded. Two of the prisoners, Victor Campos and Esignio Navarro, escaped. Wholesale arrests followed, and forty-six persons were held on a charge of first-degree murder.

The men and women under arrest had no personal means of defense, but the American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense sent attorneys to Gallup, and two local lawyers assisted the defense. As the result of a preliminary hearing ten men of the forty-six arraigned have been held on charges of murder and of helping a prisoner to escape, and another man and three women on the latter charge. Their cases will be tried early in June. During the hearing the prosecution presented so flimsy a case that many observers expected that the charges would be dismissed. In a letter written after the hearing Miss Gay reports that the defendants were bound over on the uncorroborated assertions of Sheriff Roberts, the man who killed the two workers, that the slain men had shot at him and that plans had been laid in advance for freeing the prisoners. There was no evidence, however, that guns had been found on any of the workers, including the two who were killed, nor were any guns subsequently identified as having belonged to them. The state's witnesses themselves testified that no weapons of any kind were used by the so-called rioters with the exception of one light wooden stick, which was afterward picked up near the scene of the shooting.

The bitterness aroused by the indictment of the miners has its inevitable counterpart in the mood of a large part of the population of Gallup. They resent the attitude of the workers, they want them put down and kept quiet, they resent the intrusion of outside lawyers and sympathizers. Behind the Minor-Levinson kidnapping hangs the regulation backdrop for a drama of American fascism: industrial tension, racial antagonism, economic privation, the ominous presence of armed gangs looking for trouble. The attack upon the two men, one a Communist, one a Jew who may also be a Communist, both "outsiders" who came to tell Gallup how it should manage its own affairs, was as logical as fever following a chill. The whole train of evil cause and evil effect could be checked if the state and federal government determined that it should be. But this will happen only if enough citizens care enough for civil rights and human well-being to insist that they be maintained—even when men are out of work and rents can no longer be collected.

Speak the Speech

WHEN "Desire Under the Elms" was produced in Germany some years ago there was a rubber plant in the New England farm parlor and a crucifix over the Puritan bed. If memory serves us, it is also true that Verdi located a mountain range just outside of Boston in one of his less well-known operas, and of course the one thing every student knows about Bohemia is that its rocky seacoast is a terror to sailors. Such errors are merely the result of an amiable ignorance and not hard to forgive, but there seems to be something stubbornly malicious in the persistence with which the English go out of their way to write a clumsy jargon which they represent as American slang.

We do not blame them for not understanding our complicated dialect. We remember the bewilderment of one earnest student on shipboard who had just heard a companion criticized for "pulling a long line of soft moral stuff," and we sympathize with his difficulty in understanding both what was meant by "pulling a line" and just how "soft moral stuff" might be said to differ from other varieties of "moral stuff." But if they can't get the hang of it, then why, in heaven's name, should they persist in murdering the President's American?

Take the case of a sketch called "For Crying Out Loud" in the issue of *Punch* for April. It pretends to report a conversation on the subject of education—the author has the grace not to sign his name—but it illustrates about all the faults into which the Britisher can fall when he thinks he has mastered our lingo. "Well, sir, I ain't no gilded nutmeg myself, but I've got dollars in the bank" is one good example of pure if not very fortunate invention, but on the whole the phrases which no American ever heard are not so painful as those grotesquely misused. Your Englishman is firmly convinced that the slang of 1880 is still current today and that the New York gangster so mixes his particular vocabulary with the vocabulary of the farmer as to use "Well, I swan" in the same sentence with "gun Moll" and "gat." Thus our "gilded nutmeg" bets "dollars to doughnuts" and thinks that something "beats the Dutch" only a few seconds before he calls the object of his affection a "hot patootie" who refused to "middle-aisle it" with him because he is a "palooka." He also refers to a "fried [boiled?] shirt" and speaks of someone as "dead from the hoofs up" and of "a gaxissey [sic] with a dial like a painted doormat."

Punch has been committing crimes of this sort for years, and inasmuch as it has not changed any of its jokes during the past half-century it will probably not change this either. Indeed, that industrious poet Berton Braley once protested against just this sort of thing to Sir Owen Seaman and got as a reply the following declaration of principles: "In caricature it is more essential to give what our clientele will recognize as a familiar likeness than to follow the very latest portrait from life." We can only reply that in that case the editors—who doubtless favor international amity—should forbid the exportation of what is intended for home consumption. Our familiar speech may not be good English but it is our very own, and we don't think what the British "recognize as a familiar likeness" any improvement.

Issues and Men

Come Laugh at California

THE funniest comedy in the world is now being played in the great state of California, and it's all the funnier because so many who are taking part in it are in such deadly earnest. "Our readers will remember" that last summer and fall a wicked man known as Upton Sinclair convulsed California because he dared to propose that poverty was an anachronism in so rich and beautiful a state, and urged a plan which he thought, and thinks, will end it. Thereupon all the well-to-do people in California and the entire press of the state went into spasms of horror. Chief among them was an estimable weekly paper in San Francisco, the *Argonaut*. It fairly frothed at the mouth. "California," it wrote, "is not a laboratory in which the well-being of 6,000,000 human beings can be tampered with for the pleasure of giddy amateurs of government, theorists who are anxious to wreck the work of nearly a century simply because they believe their way is the only way to deal with an emergency." It admitted that a lot of people were out of work and that this condition was man-made. "Mistakes, errors, and lack of vision—not only here but throughout the world—caused the condition," it confessed, "but it will not be cured by adding catastrophe to mistake." And on another occasion it said, "California has known crises, but never one like this. . . . The enemy is within, parading in familiar and formerly honorable raiment, breathing milk-and-honey promises to beguile the gullible to destruction." Fortunately the man of the hour was at hand. Governor Merriam, governor by accident, who was in office as a result of the death of his predecessor, was the very man California needed to stave off chaos, ruin, and bolshevism. "The catastrophe of Sinclair's election," the *Argonaut* opined, "would be drastic enough to overthrow all that is fine and good and stable in California life. In Merriam the people of California have a promise and a symbol of strength, progress, and stability of traditional growth—in Sinclair a promise and a symbol of ruin."

Well, the forces of righteousness triumphed, the symbol of strength, progress, and stability took office—and lo and behold, it is not righteousness but wickedness that rules in Sacramento now. Listen to the *Argonaut* today: "Would Upton Sinclair have done worse in the gubernatorial chair than the man who defeated him? It may well be doubted. He might even have done better, for he has an atom or two of genius in his composition while all one can discern in Merriam is *cobwebs from an empty skull*!" It appears that this ex-hero is playing politics, and rotten politics; he is imitating Nero in his use of the violin. The prosperity, yes, "even the safety of California is trembling in the balance today." Incredible as it seems, he has put the Townsend old-age plan before everything else, and if the *Argonaut* is to be trusted, he has listened to those who talk of him as a future Presidential candidate. But that is not the worst. Governor Merriam is proposing a state income-tax law. Citing Charles G. Norris and his wife as an example, the *Argonaut* declares that these distinguished

authors are paying about 52 per cent of their income now to the federal government, and that if Governor Merriam's income tax becomes law they will pay an additional 18 per cent, or 70 cents out of every dollar; and that, as the *Argonaut* remarks, "would be coming pretty close to communism." The people of California voted, it appears, for Merriam in order to avoid confiscation, which is merely another name for communism, and now, you see, they have jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

The trouble is that at bottom the Governor is "a moral bolshevik" because he was a prohibitionist, a fact that the press of California failed to bring out last fall, and a fellow who is a moral bolshevik is so close to being the real thing that it is only a step to the full-fledged article. The *Argonaut* shrieks in its anguish: "Heaven help us before we perish from the folly of having chosen such a man as governor." Where, it asks, oh, where is the Governor Merriam who during the campaign was going to move heaven and earth to "pull California from the abyss of deficits and confiscatory taxation"? What the San Francisco *Chronicle* cannot stomach is that Governor Merriam is a natural ally of Huey Long. It noted that the legislature considered asking Huey Long to address it, and it suggested that Governor Merriam "preside at the meeting and present his fellow-exponent of the doctrine that twice two is fifty-seven. Birds of this particular feather in common should flock together for once, no matter how much the remainder of their plumage may differ." Plainly, if Governor Merriam keeps up these wicked tactics, California may yet beg Upton Sinclair to run for governor again.

And what are we to say of the fact that the Assembly has unanimously passed a bill for a production-for-use program! Yes, just think of it—the very thing for advocating which Upton Sinclair was denounced as a Communist, a destroyer, public enemy No. 1. It is a self-help cooperative measure sponsored by the Sinclair Democrats to foster and develop cooperative organizations for the unemployed. Those bulwarks of safety and sanity, the possessing classes and the embattled editors of California, must indeed be overcome with horror. Here is treason in their own ranks. Nothing but the facts that the legislature is considering a lot of anti-red bills—one of which has elicited a protest from eighteen professors at the University of California because it makes it a felony to possess or transport revolutionary literature—that a twenty-year-old girl student has been sentenced to twenty-five days in prison for distributing handbills demanding peace, and that after nineteen years Tom Mooney is still in jail can preserve one's faith in the glorious state of California. But I tremble for the future. Shall we see a soviet elected in California before June 15?

Isabel Garrison Villard

Dodging Taxes with Mellon

By THOMAS O. SHEPARD

IT is clear that Andrew W. Mellon does not understand the significance of the economic order under which he lives. How else explain his reluctance to pay taxes when taxation is the method by which capitalism pays its running expenses? For who should be more willing than Andrew W. Mellon to keep the capitalist state solvent? Yet in the year 1931, when he was seventy-six years old, he decided to whittle down his responsibilities to the government which had protected his enormous fortune. No sane government would have allowed such a fortune to remain in the hands of any one man; not only because its possession meant control of thousands of human lives, but because Mr. Mellon had acquired it by inheritance. Mr. Mellon was not appreciative of this paternal government. Instead, he employed five out of a theoretical maximum of nine devices in order to escape contributing his share of its running expenses.

When a man is seventy-six and wealthy, it is natural that he should think of two things: how to pass on his wealth to his family, and how to atone for past sins, committed or imaginary. Mr. Mellon, after much cogitation, apparently thought that the only sin would be to fail to preserve the full quantity of his wealth. He had a son and a daughter. If he took no precautions, the fortune they would inherit from him would be greatly diminished by taxation. In these circumstances a man must be careful. Mr. Mellon was. He formed a holding company, named it the Coalesced, and as the government counsel has pointed out, gave it all its assets and chose its personnel:

Its directors consisted of two of his old and trusted employees, his two children, and his tax attorney. . . . The books were kept in his office, kept by the bookkeeper who keeps all his books. He owns all of the preferred stock, which absorbs all of its income, and he has divided the common stock equally between his children, who get no income from it. Every dollar paid out from its earnings has been paid to Mr. Mellon.

Thus Mr. Mellon created the almost perfect instrument to enable him to enjoy the income on some of his wealth while he lived, and to allow his children, Paul and Ailsa, when he died, to appropriate to themselves this wealth and its income without subtraction of costly estate taxes.

However, Mr. Mellon had a problem. He wanted to move about \$68,000,000 in the form of securities to Coalesced. Some of these securities were worth more than he had paid for them. Therefore, if he sold them to Coalesced he would have to pay a tax on the profits. To avoid this ghastly consequence, he gave the securities to Coalesced in a non-taxable exchange for its stock. But there were 123,000 shares of Pittsburgh Coal Company common stock on which he could claim a \$5,700,000 loss on the basis of prevailing market prices, a hypothetical loss which could be utilized in reducing his income-tax return for 1931. If he exchanged these shares directly for Coalesced stock he would not be able to utilize the loss. How to utilize it and still not lose control of the shares was the problem.

In his dilemma Mr. Mellon went into conference with

the president of the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh. Mr. Mellon was a founder of this bank, he had been its first president, and he and his corporations had always been among its largest customers. His brother was a vice-president. In addition, the Mellons owned large blocks of the bank's stock. All these facts may be immaterial. Nevertheless, Henry C. McElDowney, president of the bank, agreed to "buy" for the bank's account the 123,000 shares at a price of \$500,000. This was done on December 30, 1931—the next to the last day on which transactions affecting a 1931 income-tax return could be made. Not a word was said about the "sale" in public, although the shares represented a dominant interest in the largest coal company in the world.

The Pittsburgh Coal Company underwent no change of policy or management. Three months later Paul Mellon was elected to the board of directors. The usual theory of directorates is that the more stock one owns, the more representation one is entitled to. However, the name of Mellon carried such magic that this foolish practice was abandoned and the Pittsburgh Coal Company, to show its iconoclasm, said in effect to Mr. Mellon, "The less right you have to be represented the more representation you get." Mr. Mellon's brother, Richard, owned 70,000 shares of Pittsburgh Coal common stock. Together the two blocks represented 51 per cent of the common stock, but Andrew apparently had no compunction in breaking up this control and lessening the bargaining value of his brother's shares by "selling" his own. After all, he wasn't his brother's keeper.

The Union Trust Company "paid" Mr. Mellon \$500,000 for his stock. But an old loan extended to Mr. Mellon by the bank was immediately reduced by exactly the same amount. It was probably just a coincidence that Mr. Mellon decided to pay off \$500,000 of his bank loan at the same time the bank "bought" his stock for \$500,000. In any event, 118 days elapsed, and then the Union Trust Company "sold" the same stock to the Coalesced Corporation. According to Frank Hogan, Mr. Mellon's counsel, it happened something like this:

. . . the Union Trust Company asked Mr. H. M. Johnson [Mellon's personal financial secretary, who among other things was a director of the Pittsburgh Coal Company] whether any of the [Mellon] interests he was connected with would be interested in buying this coal company. He did not quote and was not asked to quote a price, because Mr. Johnson told him so far as he knew none of the interests he had any knowledge of was interested in its acquisition. Two or three times thereafter officers of the Union Trust Company again approached Mr. Johnson to ascertain whether or not the stock which they had bought in December would be purchased by some interests with which he was connected, using that general term. . . . [Mr. Mellon] was in Europe. Mr. Johnson took the matter up with his fellow-directors on the board [of Coalesced, including Paul Mellon]. . . . Calling for a price, they were quoted [by the bank] \$517,000 plus.

And in this charmingly casual manner the "sale" was

consummated. The price of \$517,000 is interesting for three reasons: first, because Coalesced had no hesitancy about paying for the stock a price higher than the Union Trust Company had paid, even though the market had gone down since the original "sale" by Mr. Mellon to the bank; second, because it is made up of that ever-recurring figure of \$500,000 plus \$17,000, the latter sum just happening to work out as the total cost of the transaction to the Union Trust Company in taxes and in interest at 6 per cent on \$500,000 for 118 days; and finally because, in the words of Robert H. Jackson, counsel for the Commissioner of Internal Revenue:

... the price [per share] is one that never was heard of before in any business transaction, one that shows on its face that it was not a negotiated price between any two business men. I cannot read it . . . I would not vouch for my being correct, but it is \$4.18435399, a price that never was quoted on any stock between two business men in the whole world. A price that shows on its face that instead of being a negotiated transaction it was a synthetic price built up to reimburse the Union Trust Company.

The government, it may thus be seen, has developed a cynicism about the validity and reality of the sale of the Pittsburgh Coal stock, charging it was a "shadow sale" and a fraud, not entitling Mr. Mellon to the claimed tax reduction.

Mr. Jackson says further that the Union Trust Company, around which the transaction pivoted, was not a disinterested factor. He charges that Andrew W. Mellon was the largest single stockholder of the Union Trust Company at the time of the "sale" and in a position to dominate its every action, though at that time Mr. Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and as such not allowed by law to own stock in any bank. If the charge is substantiated, it means in effect that Mellon deposited 123,000 shares of stock with his right hand in a safe-deposit box—whose key was in his pocket—and that he withdrew the same shares with his left hand and claimed that he had lost \$5,700,000 in the process.

The question then is whether he made a bona fide sale of his bank stock in 1921 when he became Harding's Secretary of the Treasury. The following are the facts: In 1921 he "sold" his 3,300 shares of Union Trust Company stock to his brother for \$10,500,000. The "purchase" contract called for the payment of interest on the "purchase" price at the rate of $5\frac{1}{3}$ per cent annually, approximately the same rate at which dividends were then being paid on the stock. Although Richard Mellon was a millionaire, he never paid a cent of the "purchase" price, nor was any demand ever made by Andrew in the ensuing nine years for payment. Preliminary figures of the government show that Richard Mellon collected between 1921 and 1930 about \$6,068,000 in dividends on the stock and paid his brother about \$6,063,000 in "interest" on the purchase price.

The curious approximation of these sums was of interest to the government. As Mr. Jackson told the Board of Tax Appeals:

You see the dividends advanced on these stocks, the dividends increased, and the payments of alleged interest increased to keep pace with the dividends, so that, as Mr. Hogan has said, eventually on a $5\frac{1}{3}$ per cent contract Mr. R. B. Mellon was paying to his brother some 7 or 8 per

cent. Of course he was getting 7 or 8 per cent from the stocks, and now we have this explanation, that Mr. A. W. Mellon raised the interest rate from time to time. It is the dividend rate that was raised.

Twice the dividends on the bank stock were increased. And twice Andrew raised the interest rate on the \$10,500,000 which Brother Richard owed him. He did this in a period when money was scarce and thus, as Mr. Jackson pointed out, practiced usury on his brother. Brother Richard never protested. He had taken on a \$10,500,000 liability and yet he never received a nickel profit on the whole deal. Brother Andrew, on the other hand, received after 1921 more than \$6,000,000 in "interest" from Brother Richard, and yet Mr. Hogan flatly declared that from the day of the "sale" on, "A. W. Mellon never owned or had the slightest monetary or personal interest in one share of that stock."

Brother Richard was apparently something of a philanthropist, too, as the following will bear out. Between 1921 and 1930 the Union Trust Company plowed millions of dollars into its surplus as its earnings increased. The market price of the stock advanced from \$2,750 a share in 1921 to about \$10,500 in 1930. But in the latter year Richard Mellon "sold" to his nephew Paul, Andrew's son, the same stock at exactly the 1921 price. Historians need not search for the motive which prompted the generous uncle to waive a neat net profit of about \$25,000,000. Mr. Hogan said that he was "actuated by a motive so commendable that it must even yet be recorded in high heaven in R. B. Mellon's favor," which motive was "that he was not going to profit out of a transaction with his brother at the expense of his brother's children."

The cynical Mr. Jackson, however, was not moved by this touching recital. He said:

Since 1921 every benefit that there was in those stocks came to this taxpayer [Andrew W. Mellon] and at the end of that time [1930] they moved to his son, and then they moved into a subsidiary, the Coalesced Corporation, and today every dollar of dividends that the Union Trust Company is paying on 2,000 shares of this stock is moved through the Coalesced Corporation into Mr. Mellon's own possession by way of the dividends of Coalesced.

Besides the 2,000 shares mentioned by Mr. Jackson there are the other 1,300 shares of the original 3,300-share block. In 1932 Paul Mellon executed notes to his father for \$2,000,000 in "payment" of the other 1,300 shares (Paul having assumed Richard's obligation to Andrew). These notes carry no interest and do not mature until 1947, when Andrew will be ninety-two years old, if he lives. But the notes are so arranged for payment that Paul will merely be turning over to his father dividends from the 1,300 shares in the form of instalments on the "purchase" price. In this way Mr. Mellon will obtain \$180,000 a year from the dividends but he will not pay an income tax on it, since the money represents the sale price of his stock in form. Furthermore, the stock will not be taxable as an inheritance.

In addition to the Pittsburgh Coal "sale," the government claims that two other transactions were fraudulent and made only to establish a tax loss. One involved the "sale" of 54,000 shares of Western Public Service stock jointly owned by Andrew and Richard Mellon. On December 2, 1931, the stock was "sold" to the Union Trust

Company at ■ claimed loss to the brothers of \$804,000. Thirty-four days later the bank "sold" the stock back to the brothers for exactly the same price at which it had "purchased" it, plus a commission of 7½ cents a share. "There was no purpose on earth for that transaction except to register a tax loss," says Mr. Jackson.

In the third fraud charge the government contends that Mr. Mellon sold securities to Ascalot Company, a holding company which his daughter, Ailsa, wholly owns, merely for the purpose of establishing a loss. Mr. Jackson said that if the Ascalot transaction stood alone, he should not feel justified in charging fraud. However, he added:

A single transaction, while it may strain the board's [of tax appeals] belief a little to believe that it is in good faith, has the benefit of the doubt. . . . This board has held that where those transactions occur again and again, it overtakes credulity, and that repetition is the best proof of ■ common plan.

Mr. Hogan stated, on the other hand, that these transactions were bona fide sales, "and when I say sales, I mean sales."

Unfortunately, reiteration is not a substitute for proof.

In addition to the fraud charges, there is the McClintic-Marshall reorganization issue. This is a technical issue, involving corporation procedure and the basis on which taxes should be computed.

The total sum at stake in the Mellon tax case is \$3,000,000, one-half of which represents the penalty for fraud. Mr. Mellon has appealed this assessment of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to the Board of Tax Appeals. Not to appeal would have constituted an admission of the fraud. At the same time that he appealed, Mr. Mellon asserted that he was entitled to additional tax deductions not previously listed. These deductions are for charitable, educational, and artistic contributions, but they will enter into the dispute only if the Board of Tax Appeals finds against Mr. Mellon in the present case. The case will go on for many months but Mr. Hogan apparently has brought up these "charities" at this early date in order to offset the deepening public impression that Mr. Mellon is far from being the servant of the people he thinks he is.

Behind the Kirov Executions—II

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE first reaction of everybody I talked to in Moscow in the days immediately after Kirov's assassination on December 1, 1934, was, "How unfortunate!" "How untimely!" "Things have been going so well." Not since August, 1918, had an attempt been made on the life of a Soviet leader. Strange that it should have occurred just at the moment when the regime was beginning to lift itself out of the serious difficulties encountered during the first Five-Year Plan. And the assassin, Leonid Nikolaiev, was ■ young man of thirty, ■ product of the revolution and a Communist.

Nikolaiev apparently had planned the deed for some time. A diary he left supports this view, and moreover he had been apprehended once at the Leningrad railway station when Kirov was about to take ■ train for Moscow. He had had ■ revolver in his pocket at the time, but he explained that he possessed ■ special permission to carry arms and was released. On the day of the assassination Nikolaiev lingered in the long corridors of the Smolny Institute, and when Kirov arrived in the building, Nikolaiev followed him into his waiting room and shot him through the neck at a distance of half a yard. Nikolaiev immediately turned his revolver and tried to kill himself, but Kirov's secretaries stopped him.

The first official act after Nikolaiev's seizure was the arrest and incarceration of the heads of the G.P.U. of Leningrad. Medved, the chief of the G.P.U. in that city, was an important figure not alone by reason of the position he occupied. He was an old Bolshevik, one of the organizers of the Cheka, and had earned three decorations of merit. Medved and his nine immediate subordinates were nevertheless clapped into jail. This summary treatment (they were subsequently sentenced to prison) served to notify the general population of the country that no wave of terror would follow the assassination.

The authorities, nevertheless, felt that drastic measures were necessary, for assassinations, like suicides, are likely to be contagious. In the fortnight following Kirov's death, accordingly, 103 persons were executed. All of them had been in prison before the assassination. The official communiqué on their quick secret trials and death sentences stated that the majority of them were foreign spies who had entered the Soviet Union illegally from Poland, Finland, and Latvia with the intention of assassinating Soviet leaders. Although this was true, there were among the 103 some Soviet citizens, including a small group of Komsomols who in 1932 had plotted the death of Stalin. Yet the fact that all official utterances insisted that the 103 were chiefly outsiders constituted further evidence of the government's intention to refrain from punitive measures against the population. The population, these utterances implied, was not involved.

The shooting of the 103 was a frank effort to intimidate terrorists. Nowhere in the world is it possible to protect public figures from the bullets of madmen or political extremists. But some hired assassins may be deterred by a realization that ruthless extirpation awaits them upon their illegal arrival in the Soviet Union. The Kremlin apparently felt that the diminution of arrests by the G.P.U. had given foreign intelligence services and White Russian organizations abroad the impression that they could now work with greater safety in the U. S. S. R. The shooting of the 103 was ■ warning that Soviet vigilance had not been relaxed. To convey this message the Bolsheviks sacrificed foreign terrorists who had already been convicted of terrorist acts. If no repressive measures had followed the Kirov murder, anti-Bolshevik circles would undoubtedly have felt encouraged to intensify their activities.

Now it is possible to hold that no government has the right to take human life. But if the Cheka had not annihilated the enemies of the revolution, the Bolsheviks would

not be in power today, and instead of the economic, social, and cultural achievements of the Soviet Union there would be just another capitalist country in crisis. One's attitude toward the Cheka and G.P.U., accordingly, depends a good deal on one's attitude toward Soviet achievements. Every state is an organ of violence and suppression. Indeed, social peace is normally maintained by the threat of both. Only the extreme anarchists have a consistent approach to government violence. Any person, however, who is not in active revolt against the essential violence of capitalism (and I do not mean only the suppression of civil liberties; I mean the wage system, the social injustice, the recurrent destruction of life, health, and material values during depressions and wars)—any such person has no ethical basis for a protest against Soviet violence if he considers all the hostility to which the Bolsheviks have been exposed since they took power. Shooting, of course, is the ultimate form of violence, but other forms surround us on every side.

The execution of the 103 was intended for its effect on certain groups abroad and at home. Yet the Bolsheviks should also have taken into account the probable effect on world public opinion. That public opinion may be misinformed and saturated with hypocrisy, but it exists and it is a factor, and some of its sections have tried to take a friendly stand on Russia. Besides, many persons who admitted the justice of executions if they were really necessary had come to believe that they were no longer necessary. The executions, too, created the utterly erroneous impression abroad that the Soviets were panicky and hysterical, and that Moscow had something to fear. The defenders of the executions have naturally endeavored to make out a case for an internal and external menace which compelled Moscow to act harshly. There is no such menace. Soviet political stability is greater than ever. Not for one fraction of a second was there any trace during the Kirov episode of the "sedition" which jaundiced commentators like the writer of *Topics of the Times* in the *New York Times* "discovered."

The executions are one phase of the Kirov affair. For sixteen days after the assassination the Bolshevik press raged against the foreign counter-revolutionaries. Then suddenly, on December 17, the Bolsheviks turned their fire on Zinoviev, Kamenev, and other ex-oppositionist Communists. But surely it could not have been both!

This has puzzled many people. They have been unable to find the link between the whites and the Zinovievists. The reason is very simple: there is no link. The former oppositionist leaders were called counter-revolutionaries, but no Soviet source ever attributed to them any connections with foreign whites. Nor was such a charge leveled against Trotsky. Nevertheless, whites had urged the assassination of Kirov, and the assassin had had dealings with the Latvian consul in Leningrad. In London recently I read an issue of *Za Rossiyu* (*For the Sake of Russia*), an émigré journal published in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. It was the issue of November, before the Kirov murder, and on the second page it contained a call for the assassination of Kirov and Kaganovich. It would be better, the article stated, to kill Stalin, but he was carefully guarded.

Now when the Kirov episode reached its height, and on the basis of Nikolaiev's depositions, the Soviet government officially stated that the Latvian consul in Leningrad had been in communication with the murderer. The consul

was thereupon recalled. This in itself would not establish that official's guilt, for he had become *persona non grata* in any case. Nor do I regard the Soviet charge as sufficient proof in itself. But a number of bourgeois foreigners in Moscow who were close to the situation were convinced that Nikolaiev had gone to the consul on several occasions and received sums of money from him. Here, then, is a basis for the hypothesis that Nikolaiev was in touch with, or informed about the intentions of, outside whites who wished to remove Kirov.

This same Nikolaiev was an ex-oppositionist in the Communist Party. In a periodic purge in January, 1934, he had been expelled. In March, 1934, however, upon delivering the regulation recantation, he was readmitted but demoted to a minor position, and it was this personal misfortune, the responsibility for which he presumably placed at Kirov's door, which must have led to the crime.

Like some other Leningrad Communists, Nikolaiev had followed Zinoviev and Kamenev into the opposition camp in 1926-27. The question is how loyal he had remained to their ideas in recent years. Although Zinoviev and Kamenev and other prominent ex-oppositionists were sentenced to extended exile after the Kirov assassination, I do not believe they had anything to do with the assassination. The ex-oppositionists in the U. S. S. R., and particularly Zinoviev and Kamenev, had no popular following and no great personal influence. In their heart of hearts they remained critics of Stalin. But the most they were capable of was a scarcely effective "whispering campaign" against Stalin's leadership. It was the contention of the Soviet government that echoes of this whispering campaign had reached Nikolaiev and his accomplices and inspired the murder of Kirov.

What happened, I think, was this: Nikolaiev had once been expelled from the Communist Party for oppositionist ideas. There was a rumor while I was still in Moscow in December, 1934, that after Kirov's assassination Stalin personally cross-examined Nikolaiev for several hours. Although rumors flew thick and fast in those days in Moscow, and many have had to be discarded, I credit this one. It must have been important to Stalin to know just what could induce a Soviet citizen and Communist to kill one of the most beloved and able of Bolshevik statesmen. In that tête-à-tête conversation Stalin may have detected oppositionist notions in the mind of Nikolaiev. In any case, subsequent events strongly indicate that Stalin came to the conclusion, "Once an oppositionist, always an oppositionist," and although his power is supreme and unquestioned, Stalin decided to proceed immediately with the complete annihilation of the small remnant of unhappy Trotskyists and Zinovievists who, through recantation, had crept back into minor posts in the party and in the government.

These unfortunate internal refugees are a mere handful, at most a few thousand. They have no political significance. Then why all these Draconian measures against them? The Bolsheviks believe in the efficacy of small forces. They insist on wiping out every trace of opposition to their regime. The greater the speed of an automobile, the more damage an imperfection in the road can do. The more a government tries to do, the less it wants to be interfered with by enemies. The cruelty meted out to enemies of the Soviets is no criterion of the strength of those enemies. It is rather a measure of the earnestness with which the Bol-

sheviks proceed toward their goal. If, for a time, the Communist Party desires to shower special favors on the peasantry, which bore so much of the brunt of the first Five-Year Plan, and suspects that "leftist" Trotskyist and Zinovievist individuals might react against such a policy, it would be the time-honored Bolshevik strategy to remove these individuals before they could do anything wrong. More prevention. If Stalin sensed a popular yearning for fewer gyrations of policy and believed that certain small elements were tugging in the direction of more gyrations, he would be likely to nip those efforts in the bud. This explains the exiling of the ex-opposition leaders and their alleged followers.

Now Mr. X and Mrs. Y are entitled to their own temperamental reaction to the events that followed the Kirov assassination, and their philosophical attitude toward the Soviet social system will in some measure determine that reaction. But the professional observer is called upon to assess those events dispassionately and to decide whether they represent a new policy. Thus, from the political point of view, the most important question is whether the repression after Kirov's murder will check or slacken the tendency toward tolerance and relaxation which had made itself so marked before December 1. Here the answer is unequivocally in the negative. Indeed, during the weeks that have elapsed since the execution that welcome tendency has continued with a consistency and clarity which prove that the Kirov assassination provoked no panic and no doubts. So far in 1935 two far-reaching reforms have been inaugurated. In the first place, a large number of kulaks or recalcitrant peasants who had been exiled and put to work as semi-convicts in the building of canals and railroads have been allowed to return to their former habitations and to enter collective farms hitherto closed to them. The second innovation is of even greater significance: heretofore, Soviet

elections were indirect and conducted by show of hands, and the vote of a peasant carried only one-fifth the weight of that of a workingman. In February, at the All-Union Soviet Congress, this was changed. Instead of a system in which citizens elect their local soviets, these soviets in turn elect district soviets, district soviets in turn elect regional soviets, these regional soviets in turn elect republican soviets, these republican soviets in turn elect the national congress—thus assuring predominance of Communist and pro-Soviet delegates—the new system provides for direct election, by individual voters, of members of the national parliament and of all smaller soviets as well. The secret ballot, moreover, has taken the place of open polling, and the vote of a peasant has been equalized with that of a workingman. Prime Minister Molotov, who introduced these bills, stressed the fact that they brought more democracy to the U. S. S. R. at a time when the rest of the world was moving swiftly toward fascism.

What does this new chapter in Soviet political history disclose? When the first constitution of Soviet Russia was drafted, the Bolsheviks limited franchise and discriminated against the peasants because they did not trust the sentiments of large sections of the population. Today, economic successes have won over huge blocks of skeptics, while agrarian collectivization and the consequent infiltration of Soviet culture and influence into all rural centers have revolutionized the sentiments of the farming millions. The state has nothing to fear and the lid can be lifted. New forms of proletarian dictatorship are evolving. Political democracy is supplemented by a new economic democracy. The peasants have been told that hereafter they can run their collectives without the interference of outside bureaucrats. In the Soviet village, therefore, we are witnessing an important change toward real socialism.

Looking Toward the Election

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, May 6

THE President, according to Mr. Farley, will make the running in 1936 as a liberal. This is being interpreted in the capital as forecasting another swing to the left. The hostility of big business, expressed by the National Manufacturers' Association and the right wing of the Chamber of Commerce, suits Mr. Farley's purposes admirably. The President is made to appear liberal without reproach. He can campaign as the rememberer of the forgotten man because big business snubs him. But the situation is specious. Big business did not turn on the President because it does not appreciate his many services, but because it has one last battle to win. It wants to defeat a few measures before Congress: the utilities bill, the banking bill, and above all the Wagner labor-disputes bill. In its judgment the President is on the run, and more is to be gained by hostility than gratitude. The strategy loses nothing, since the battles won during the winter will not have to be won again. Nobody will now insist on work relief paying standard wages; nobody can rewrite the security legislation so that it changes the social fabric of American life; above all, no-

body can restore the fighting spirit of the New Deal. The "liberalism" of the President is confined to five "must" measures: the security legislation, the extension of the NRA, the banking bill, the utilities bill, and railroad legislation. Of these the sting of reform is to be found only in the utilities bill, and intimations of social change only in the banking bill. These are the remnants of Roosevelt's liberalism, and they are not first-rate campaign issues. They are not so useful as the denunciations of the manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce. So Mr. Farley is pleased, and Mr. Roosevelt himself is pleased. That they are pleased is of course significant; big business has made them a present, and they are going to use it. What big business has not done is to make them angry, or determined, or inspired to break its control over the national destiny. The President countered the Chamber of Commerce attack by asserting, accurately, I think, that the majority of business men are not hostile to the Administration. But the President's reply does not change the truth that he has yielded to big business without appealing it, and its appetite for complete victory is sharper than ever. All he gets out of the double attack of the manu-

facturers and the Chamber of Commerce is to be called a liberal by Jim Farley.

The Farley strategy from now on is to head off a third-party movement. It is too early to say how well he will succeed. If there is no third party—or if there are too many third parties—it will not be the President's or Mr. Farley's doings at all. The third-party elements are too diversified to fall naturally into a coherent whole. Coughlin's people are currency fanatics in the main; Long's potentialities as a popular leader are still to be tested outside a few Southern districts; the Farmer-Labor radicals are conferring and studying, with both fire and intelligence, but they cannot know whether they are going to meet any popular response. Long and Coughlin might work together in time, but not yet. And the Farmer-Labor radicals, so far at least, feel sure they will have nothing to do with either of them. From Farley's standpoint, the safest solution for the President would be to have the Farmer-Labor radicals come out with a socialist platform, as outspoken as possible on the abolition of profits, and to have them pull considerable weight in the country. Here the Farmer-Labor radicals are being helpful, for they appear to be ready to adopt such a platform. It is a good one, too, and it will have profound educational value. It will preach the doctrines of abundance and real security. But they must be realistic enough to see that they cannot hold the balance of power as soon as 1936. However much they speak of "production for use," that is socialism, and the label will be a liability. But the stronger they are, so long as they are not too strong, the harder they make it for Long and Coughlin, the real men for Farley to fear. They will show that Long and Coughlin are not genuine radicals. They will drive a good many discontented middle-class people back to Roosevelt. Without them in the field, the millions behind Long and Coughlin might more easily coalesce into a party of discontent which would split the Democratic vote and give the Republicans a walk-away in 1936.

The assumption of most political observers is that the Republicans are certain to nominate a conservative next year. They will have to move to the right of Roosevelt, narrow though the President has made that space for them. For their choice is to do this, or to compete with the President for the middle of the road, or to espouse all the things the New Deal once stood for and failed to achieve. Young Republicans, and wise old Republicans from the Middle West, may know that the best policy would be to drive the President to the right, and to make the Republicans the party of the future. But if the leopard cannot change his spots, the Republican elephant cannot be expected to change his anatomy. So the Republicans can either fight as reactionaries—disguised as individualists—or become middle-of-the-roaders. And as they cannot expect the country to change one zig-zagger for another zig-zagger, they have nothing left but to run a reactionary. So the set-up next year, as it now looks, is propitious for the President. The Republicans, backing up the verdict of the manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce, will supply him with a halo of liberalism which he has done little to merit. And on the left, even if the opening for a third party is gapingly wide, it probably will not be filled by any solid, organically united group.

It may be true that the President will now publicly wash away a good deal of the stain left on his hands after his

traffic with big business during the winter. He may court organized labor, which always is hanging around praying for his friendly nod. The A. F. of L. has valiantly come forward to help him continue the NRA for two years, after his own party leaders in the Senate were ready to extend it only till next April. In return, he may be moved to help force the Wagner labor-disputes bill through Congress in a useful form. Certainly he has this opportunity. But to expect this is to assume that the President is a great liberal, and not just a liberal to Jim Farley. It would be more consistent with experience to expect him to appear to be fighting for labor and then to accept something which, like Public Resolution 44, turns out to be a well-planned victory for the employers. Both he and Miss Perkins have the idea that the way for labor to win battles with big business is to lose them, accept what it is offered, and "bore from within" in confident faith in an evolutionary millennium. The measure of the President's liberalism is taken in his five-point program. The Wagner bill is not among them, as it would have been had he been planning a real swing to the left. However much he makes left flourishes, they will not be signs of profound change. Senator La Follette, one knows, does not count on White House support in the fight he is planning for social taxation. And there is no mercy in wait which will make unemployment insurance and old-age pensions into instruments for redistributing wealth.

The President is not counting alone on what Farley calls his liberalism to reelect him. Judging from some of his recent private conversations, he trusts principally in recovery, and here he is encouraged by a growing body of economic thought. It is worth recording that men of national standing and careful judgment are predicting that the logjam will be broken, with consequences which vary in the prophecies from a mild boom by the autumn of 1936 to a "blowing off of the roof." These prophecies are another way of saying that durable goods, as distinguished from consumers' goods, are coming into demand. Now Roosevelt has banked on this recovery, and if it comes he is entitled to the benefit of it. For his surrenders to business after the election are not the result of stupidity but of carefully deliberated choice. He saw that recovery might not be coming, and was frightened by genuine forebodings. Without recovery there would be no end to federal relief, no escape on that account from ultimate inflation. He made his peace with business in good conscience, no doubt. The one alternative to surrender he did have was to put the government into business on a gigantic scale, and to build a mixed economy of state socialism and private enterprise. Why, when he weighed this alternative, he plumped for a return to big-business supremacy, his biographers will tell in later years. Big, historic, epoch-beginning decisions have not been in the President's line. He had his first great chance when the banks closed and he might have taken them over. His opportunity came again last November. Both times he shied away from going beyond "his mandate," and now, having had to scrap the substance of the New Deal, he is fighting chiefly for its shadow, satisfied with the shadow so long as he gets the fruit of his bargain with destiny, reelection. He did not surrender simply to win a second term, for he is no time-server. He surrendered because he found he could not reform capitalism and make it work at the same time, and he was not the man to take on the task of reconstructing it.

Black Chauvinism

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

FOR the American Negro the Civil War was the first American Revolution. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments redecored the Constitution with a black bill of rights, which enfranchised the black man as a bourgeois citizen. Now the slave was free to enjoy the privileges of political democracy in an expanding economy of *laissez faire*. He could run for the Presidency or he could force the House of Morgan into bankruptcy.

All this the Civil War did for the Negro in theory, which indeed was an enormous step in the history of freedom. But none of it did it accomplish in fact. For one thing, the war was not fought *by* the Negro, and no revolution can be won vicariously. For another thing, the war was not fought *for* the Negro. It was fought to establish the hegemony of Northern industrial capital over the feudal agrarian South. And to achieve this hegemony it was necessary to change the slave market into a wage market. The kennel economy of chattel slavery had to be transformed and absorbed by the jungle economy of "free" labor. The bill of rights was the slave's permit to sell his labor in the open market. In short the Negro became a *bourgeois* citizen at the very historic moment when he was most valuable as a *proletarian* helot. Hence the Northern industrialist was not really interested in expanding this permit beyond the Negro's privilege to be exploited as a worker. And when Reconstruction got under way, the Northern industrialists and the Southern planters came to terms about him. The South was permitted to start the counter-revolution of the white terror, which did not allow the black worker to hoist himself by his newly won civil liberties above the social status of the slave. The Negro's American Revolution came ninety years too late. Had he received his bourgeois rights at the same time as the white worker, the color line would have bleached into the class line long ago.

This historical dislocation in his class structure caused a deep split in the psychology of the American Negro. It turned him into a sociological caricature, exaggerating a hundred-fold the contradiction between the middle-class ambitions and the proletarian destiny of white labor. And in the years since the Civil War black leadership has never really grasped the significance of this gap.

This leadership, since Reconstruction, has always been divided into two schools which in the last analysis are one, as has been brilliantly shown by Dr. Abram L. Harris. The outstanding figure in one school was the late Booker T. Washington, who founded Tuskegee, and in the other it is W. E. B. DuBois, who founded the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Booker T. Washington carried over from slavery the Uncle Tom psychology of getting off the sidewalk of social equality and pleading merely for the right of economic opportunity. His theory was that the Negro should wholeheartedly enter our competitive economy by perfecting his skill as an industrial or agrarian worker. At Tuskegee he trained excellent craftsmen and skilled farmers to graduate into an industrial technology which was obliterating skill

or to become mere tenant serfs. This country swarms with skilled graduates of black industrial schools who are red-caps, share-croppers, and the worst-paid common laborers. For this strategy of racial segregation Northern white philanthropy gave Washington and his kind millions of dollars, for it effectively deepened the racial antagonism between white and black labor. The Rosenwald Fund is still subsidizing this policy of compensating the black worker for his social inferiority by teaching him needless skills.

In 1900 Washington took the next logical step and founded the National Negro Business League to promote business enterprise, not realizing that in a dominant white economy the black man could exercise such "enterprise" only as the agent of white finance capital for the exploitation of his own race. Obviously the Washington policy led into a blind alley. And as far back as the late 1890's young Dr. DuBois decided that economic emancipation is impossible without a militant insistence on civil rights. DuBois never recognized, for all his early vindictiveness against the Washington school, that civil libertarianism under capitalism is merely the political counterpart of the *laissez faire* economy which Booker T. Washington wholly accepted and in which Negroes, with their particular historic handicaps, could never be more than a reservoir of proletarian labor. DuBois failed to integrate with his struggle for civil rights a new economic policy.

For this battle for civil rights he needed a black intelligentsia, because the belief in civil libertarianism in a capitalist economy means liberalism, and liberalism requires a formal education in social misunderstanding. Under the DuBois banner hundreds of colored men and women went in for a liberal education. In the brilliantly edited *Crisis* DuBois hailed every new M. A. and Ph. D. as a shock trooper for political freedom, social equality, and economic advance. Unfortunately a doctor of philosophy is far less likely to be a shock trooper than a shock absorber. And while Booker T. Washington's Negro masses were trained not to care for social equality, Dr. DuBois's militant intellectual Negro finally cut himself off from these masses by seeking preferential treatment in the white world as the New Negro. In short, Booker T. Washington's "good nigger" came to be led by Dr. DuBois's spoiled Negro, which meant of course that the black masses wound up without any leadership. When DuBois, a truly noble spirit, realized that thirty years of unremitting effort for civil liberties had led to racial chaos, he resigned from the N. A. A. C. P., and having never developed an economic philosophy, turned to black chauvinism. His latest battle cry is that the Negro must recognize the curse of segregation and build a black economy of his own. With what? Is Wall Street colored? Is finance capital high yaller? Today DuBois winds up pretty much where Booker T. Washington started. And so the colored people are leaderless.

The N. A. A. C. P. refuses, from sheer impotence, to adopt a modern economic program and is reduced to the functions of a black Civil Liberties Union and an anti-

lynching lobby. The National Urban League, which continues the Booker T. Washington policy of toadying to white wealth through "scientific" social work, has in recent years supplied strike-breakers in Chicago, Cleveland, and other industrial centers. The Negro Business League and the "left" New Negro Alliance are petty Rotary clubs, arousing the black masses into fury against white shopkeepers in the black ghettos. Under these circumstances, the black masses naturally fell for the likes of Marcus Garvey. Today they are falling for Father Divine, who claims to be "God." After six years of depression, which hit him harder than any other section of our working class, the Negro finds himself discriminated against by business, labor, and the various relief administrations. He is jobless, hungry, bewildered, and rapidly finding escape in racial chauvinism. And the Communist Party, anxious for a "mass base" in the black world which it lacks in the white, is catering to this very chauvinism. It promises to take the Negro into the Green Pastures of an independent black republic in the Deep South. Last May Day the Communists marched in "united front" with Father Divine, whose divinity is subsidized by the worst white reaction and by the grossest exploitation of his followers.

There is no future for the American Negro in chauvinism, right or left. There can be no black economy or black autonomy. Our first duty is to fight for the complete economic, social, and spiritual de-segregation of the American Negro. Otherwise he will continue to be used as a counter-revolutionary force in the American class struggle.

The Writers' Congress

By KENNETH BURKE

THE first American Writers' Congress, held in New York City from the twenty-sixth to the twenty-eighth of April, turned out to be an extremely impressive matter. Particularly to those of us who had been taught to think of a literary renaissance as six men assembled in the back room of a saloon to discuss the need of a new magazine, it was a revolution in itself to behold four thousand people packing the pit, balcony, gallery, and stage of Mecca Temple to consider the problems of literature.

The congress was a matter of deep concern to its members. The "vested interests" of the writers were fundamentally involved. When a speaker made a speech that attempted, let us say, to define what is meant by a "proletarian novelist," he was not merely in search of material to fill twenty minutes. He was fighting for his life. Again and again, as one heard these speeches, if one knew the work and methods of the speaker, one could read behind his remarks, no matter how general, the specific consciousness of his own role. He was trying to "write himself large," not in the sense of self-glorification, but in the sense of justifying his way of working and seeing by reference to general criteria.

It was for this reason that the congress had such a note of vitality, of deep engrossment. The members, no matter how little concerned they may have been with abstract philosophies, were every one of them exemplifying the philosophic mind: that is, their integrity as individuals depended upon the way in which they could link their work

with historic movements as a whole. A speaker, in saying that art should do such and such, touched them at the roots of character, since his statements either admitted or rejected their own patterns of writing.

So much for the relation between the individual and the discussions. Above this and beyond it there was another attitude, equally important in vitalizing the congress. For the internal sectarian distinctions derived their whole point, their entire shaping, from a still broader basis, a basis on which the divergencies merged into unity. I refer to the general feeling that all these writers must somehow enlist themselves in a cultural struggle; that however meager their individual contributions may be, their work must be formed with relation to historic necessities; that what they say, and the way they say it, must involve fundamentally a concept of social responsibility, of *citizenship*. Maritain once made an important distinction between the artist and the citizen. On occasion, he said, their functions coincide. But on other occasions the requirements of the individual *as artist* are somewhat at odds with the requirements of the individual *as citizen*. And when these occasions arise, the requirements of the individual as citizen must prevail.

There were few members of the congress who would have listened without impatience if one had mentioned the name of Maritain. Yet this distinction of his was in the air. To consider art in relation to political necessities is really, in essence, to exemplify his thesis, though the temper of these members would certainly lead them to entertain far different concepts of the citizen than the Catholic Maritain would hold. There are many definitions and obscurings of such matters as "propaganda" and "political criticism," but after listening to the many different speakers I should suggest that the meaning of propaganda be conceived along the lines of this distinction: the "propaganda attitude" holds that *the tenor of an artist's work should be judged with reference to the needs of citizenship*.

While attempting to enlist cultural allies on the basis of the widest possible latitude, this congress was unquestionably made possible only by the vitality and organizational ability of the Communist Party. As one who is not a member of the Communist Party, and indeed whose theories of propaganda, expressed at one session, even called down upon him the wrath of the party's most demonic orators, I can state with some claim to "impartiality" my belief that no other organization in the country could have assembled and carried through a congress of this sort. The results justify the assertion that those who approach the issues of today from the standpoint of cultural survival must have sympathy at least with communism as a historical direction. Show me any brand of "Shirts" that could convoke a similar assemblage of "cultural allies." The thought is in itself enough to suggest a caricature: a Congress of Writers assembling to prepare for the burning of the books.

Out of the congress a League of American Writers has been formed to consolidate in one organization the efforts of those who, whatever their positive divergencies, can at least unite on the basis of negatives, as enemies of fascism and war. The league is to found a magazine that will print material embodying this attitude. The fact that a writer of such broad sympathies as Waldo Frank has been elected secretary should go far to guarantee the likelihood that the league's avowed policy of latitude will be maintained.

Letters About Dreiser

Anti-Semites Both!

It is to laugh! Dreiser says, They are a noble people, for all their faults; let's kick 'em out. Hapgood counters, Why kick 'em out? Given half a chance they'll stop being themselves and become something else. The words are different, but the meaning is the same. For both, apparently, Jew *qua* Jew is undesirable.

Hapgood is a "liberal" who believes in tolerance. What sort of "tolerance" is this that accepts a man on condition that he "assimilate"; that is, lose those features that make him what he is? What is the sin that a man commits who is a Jew in religion and "race" at the same time that he is an American in culture and allegiance?

Easton, Pa., April 23

JOSHUA TRACHTENBERG

Dreiser and Haman

Any doubt as to Theodore Dreiser's anti-Semitism is removed by a rereading of the passage in the Book of Esther, Chapter 3, Verse 8. Haman seeks to persuade King Ahasuerus of Persia to destroy the Jews, saying: "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the peoples in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from those of every people; neither keep they the king's laws: therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them." . . . Dreiser's arguments are as ancient as Israel itself, and as futile as the hostility of all anti-Semites from Haman to Hitler. Against Dreiser's condemnation of modern Jews as "very pagan" must be placed the words of the late President Charles W. Eliot, praising the social morality of Jews. We who are Zionists condemn Dreiser's criticism of Jewish life in the Diaspora, and we believe that the upbuilding of Palestine will strengthen rather than lessen Jewish self-respect and idealism in all lands. We are grateful to Hutchins Hapgood for his defense of the Jewish name. We caution our champions, however, against believing that "assimilation" will lessen anti-Semitism and that intermarriage will "dispose" of the Jew. There will always be considerable marriage between Gentiles and Jews on a voluntary basis, but the main body of Jews will prefer to marry among their own people, and so, too, the Gentiles. . . .

New York, April 20

LOUIS I. NEWMAN

Common Sense Protests

I know nothing of the circumstances surrounding this correspondence with Dreiser. Nor had I ever before heard of the person who presumes to "expose" him. . . . Anyone who knows Dreiser at all knows the following about him. First, he is not a politician, much less a diplomat or a theorist. In conversation or in correspondence he may say things merely because they come into his head or perhaps because at one time or another he believed them strongly or felt them. Second, he is absolutely honest and as a consequence frequently steps on people's toes; undoubtedly he wrote as he did because he felt as he did, whereas most people with similar views, while they would not suspect even a mild form of literary blackmail, would certainly be more guarded and tactful. Third, Dreiser came from the Middle West and he is still a Middle Westerner. It would be naive to expect him to retain all of that section's great virtues with none of its prejudices. Fourth, any-

one who knows Dreiser knows that, prejudice or no prejudice, he would be among the first to rise up and protest if either fascism or Jew-baiting became widespread in this country. Fifth, Dreiser is a great and good man; for many years, both with the might of his pen and in action, he has proved himself not only always on the side of the oppressed but one of the strongest and most reliable allies that the liberals and radicals have.

It is for that reason that I find it distressing to catch *The Nation* in the act of attempting to cut Theodore Dreiser's throat. Distressing, because it means that once more liberalism is cutting its own throat: in attempting to fell an oak, it may prove to have amputated its last toe. . . .

New York, April 25

SELDEN RODMAN,
Editor, *Common Sense*

Dreiser's Chauvinism

The Dreiser correspondence proves again that in spite of the psychological analysis of the author of "The American Tragedy," when it comes to the Jewish question, the prejudices of centuries take the upper hand. In other words, instead of Dreiser's concentrating and using his intellectual power to counteract the destructive forces of chauvinism, he becomes himself a victim of those forces. As a Jew I am very thankful to Mr. Hapgood for his wonderful reply to Dreiser's ridiculous assertions. It shows again how all liberty-loving people must be on guard in order to ward off fascism and its by-products if a man of Dreiser's caliber can so easily be recruited into the forces of the "Black Hundreds."

New York, April 18

ABRAHAM ROTTENBERG

The Logical Solution

After a careful reading of Herr Dreiser's remarkable letters with their unique statistics, I have come to realize what should have been obvious before—that the poor unfortunate Aryans are so sadly in the minority in the United States and at such a disadvantage that the only logical conclusion is for the Aryans to withdraw to some land where they will find the streets more pleasantly crowded on Yom Kippur and where there will be opportunity for all in banking and legal circles.

Ridgewood, N. J., April 15

LEONARD D. WEIL

Making the Jews Responsible

Mr. Dreiser suggests two solutions, segregation in a separate country somewhere on earth or assimilation in the country in which the Jew resides. Segregation, as pointed out by Mr. Hapgood, is impossible even if it were desirable. Assimilation means that the Jewish religion is to be forsaken. For what other religion is not stated. Should Jews become Catholics, Protestants, or non-believers? Why is the Jewish religion singled out as the religion that must be dropped for the good of the world and especially for the good of America? Why not assimilate the Catholics into the American pattern by dropping Catholicism? Why not assimilate Protestantism by dropping Protestantism? . . .

Jews cannot overrun America or any other country, and never in their history have they manifested that tendency. . . . The Jewish religion is not a religion of expansion. It does not proselytize. Nor can a person not born a Jew become Jewish even though he may choose to live as a Jew.

Jews are not alien to the United States any more than any other religious group that migrated here. America started

with Jews as a part of its population. . . . Unfortunately we began our life as an independent nation by borrowing an economic system from the Old World without inquiring into its inherent defects. As the system functioned somewhat satisfactorily until 1929, its defects were overlooked. Indeed, they were not even considered. We acted like a child who has inherited a fortune and then is suddenly brought face to face with the problems of finance taken for granted until then. The Jews did not plant the seeds of an economy solely for profit on American soil. This economy was the recognized economy, and Jews together with all other Americans adapted themselves to the rules by which it is run. Today the economy of our forefathers has proved to be inadequate and America is threatened with disaster because of the magnitude of its fundamental defects. And, lo and behold, the Jewish religion is blamed and the remedy of Jewish annihilation is prescribed.

"Is Dreiser Anti-Semitic?" That is not the question involved as I see it. These appear to me to be some of the questions involved: Is Mr. Dreiser attempting to make the Jewish people the "goat" of our present era of economic chaos? Is he trying to divert attention from the real cause of America's misery today? Is he trying to stir up religious strife and religious excuses so as to prevent a proper solution of our malady? Can we solve inherent defects of a cruel, inhuman, despotic, ruthless, irreligious, unsound economic order by focusing attention upon the manner in which a minority group of our American melting-pot worships God? Can we blame our troubles on any religion? Do not those who fear revolution delight in seeing the victims of uncontrolled capitalism quarrel about their gods?

Cleveland, Ohio, April 20

PHILIP SCHOENBERG

Racial Solidarity—a Myth

In his letter of December 28, 1933, Mr. Dreiser states that he would like to have the opinions of ten different Jews in various walks of life. I don't know in which walk I fit; but I have dabbled in all that he enumerates except the religious and legal. . . . I am in the advertising business—have been for fifteen years—and during this part of my career I have served hundreds of Jews and Gentiles, in practically all the walks of life Dreiser mentions. I have spent much time in the study of Jewish lore, ritual, customs. I am acquainted with the contents of Maimonides, Rashi, Talmud, Gratz. I spend more time with the Jewish Encyclopaedia than with the dictionary; and a copywriter must spend time with a dictionary. My mother's family played an important part in the renaissance of Yiddish folk literature in Warsaw, yet I haven't been in a synagogue since my Bar Mitzvah—except to get subject material. I do not react emotionally to ritual. When I think of Jewish holy days I think of special dishes that are nice to eat once a year, or of the bellyache that matzoth give me. When I was young I worked in factories where Jewish labor predominated; I observed it acutely during the transition into unionism that finally became so strong and eventually caused the disintegration of local industries with which I was connected. I managed a factory near New York that boasted many hundreds of Jewish workers. And for ten years I traveled on the road meeting Jew and Gentile in hundreds of cities and hamlets from coast to coast. I think I know something about Jews and Judaism. I think I know something about the Gentile's reaction to both. Racial solidarity among Jews could be accomplished only through some alchemic miracle.

The Jews I met in Germany looked with contempt on the Russian and Polish Jew. The Russian Jew chides his co-religionist by calling him a Galitzian Jew. The Park Avenue gang is very uppish about those who live west of Broadway.

The West End Avenue Israelite can't stomach those who live above the Harlem River. The Grand Concourse crowd won't touch a Ghetto Jew with a ten-foot pole. Racial solidarity, poppycock! If Dreiser had studied our race half as closely as he studied the Troy collar worker he would have been appalled by the intra-racial incompatibility. As for the menace of the second generation of Jews: a Nazi doesn't have half the enmity for the Jew that the second generation has for the first. The menace of the second generation is something for Jewry to worry about.

Now let me tell Mr. Dreiser something: Jewish life is breaking up in America—breaking up very quickly. Jewish life can't maintain itself unless the Yiddish language is maintained; unless the orthodox synagogue is maintained. Get the story from the Yiddish newspapers. See what has happened to their circulations. Note the pitiful attempt they make to snare the second generation with English sections. As for the synagogues that Dreiser sees springing up all over America; that's news to me. Surely he doesn't mean the few "reform" churches with their hot-diggity Americanized "reverends"? They are as closely related to the orthodox synagogue as a Yogi meeting house is to a Catholic cathedral. . . .

I know at least a thousand second-generation Jews in this country but I don't know ten who speak Yiddish, much less read it. I don't know five who go to an orthodox synagogue even on Yom Kippur, the holy of holy days. I don't know ten who have ever been inside a Yiddish theater. I don't know one who speaks Hebrew. Some know how to pray in Hebraic but they can't translate the words they speak—they were just taught how to read the ideographs; and these latter are not young by any means. The third generation doesn't know what it is all about: do I have to tell Mr. Dreiser what has happened to immigration since the war?

I used to know many academic anti-Semites but unfortunately the larger number were Jews. Mr. Hitler has driven most of them back into the fold. Despite Mr. Hitler to the contrary, the Jewish Communist is anti-Semitic. Some of my best friends and worst enemies are Jews. Some of my best friends and worst enemies are Gentiles. The reasons for these extremes are definitely not racial. When I am cheated by a Jew the reason is either economic or psychopathic. When I am cheated by a Gentile the same reasons prevail. I have heard many Jews discuss money. But I have heard more Gentiles discuss money because I know more Gentiles—because there are more Gentiles. . . . The best client I have is a Jew. I will take his word for anything—he has never broken it to me. More Gentiles work for him than Jews; because his organization is the result of a series of sequences; because that is the way it accidentally shaped up. The second best client I have is a Gentile. His word is also inviolate.

I believe that the Jewish bourgeoisie hates the Communists just as much as the Gentile bourgeoisie does. I believe that a record of Jewish votes cast in the last generation would show them to be preponderantly major-party conscious; typical solid citizens. Those who march on May 1 and wave red flags do so because their economic situation is precarious. . . .

I hate anti-Semites for the same reason that I hate anti-anything; for the same reason that I hate the professional pro-Semite. But I hate more intensely any man . . . who arouses controversy with guesswork and ignorance. But I am sorry that the real Jew is nearly extinct. I refer to the devout, unmeddling Jew who kept to his class, who had a tremendous respect for his religion and ritual, who had an austerity about him that was positively aesthetic; a salty fellow who is dying out because the Jews have no hierarchy. The curtain descended when the Russian Revolution put the boots to Jewish traditions within the Muscovite realm.

New York, April 13

HARRY SERWER

Labor and Industry

Insurgency in Equity

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE actor in America was the first white-collar man to realize that he had a part in the labor movement. Approximately twenty years ago an organization was formed, and by 1919 affiliation with the A. F. of L. had been completed. That was the year of the big strike. The movement took the managers by surprise. They had heard talk, even from the actors themselves, about the impossibility of players using the strike as a weapon. Then there was the tradition of the theater: "the show must go on" and so forth. And naturally there was a great deal of talk about romance and glamor, and many a manager was eager to point out that the actor was a creative artist and that it was preposterous for him to adopt the devices of bricklayers and truck drivers.

Nevertheless, the actors did strike and with a good deal of effectiveness. Actors' Fidelity, the company union, contained some of the great names of the stage, but the rank and file was solidly for Equity and it also enlisted its own group of stars, many of whom made distinct sacrifices for sheer principle since they themselves had no immediate stake in organization. The royal family of Barrymore joined up, and Uncle John Drew came over from the Racquet Club to pledge his allegiance. Mr. Drew was probably the only person who belonged to both the A. F. of L. and the Racquet and Tennis Club, and he was certainly the Park Avenue organization's only striker.

One of the first moves of Equity was to get a war chest and to that end the actors gave a show over in the Lexington Avenue Opera House. Many actors were surprised to find that it was possible to get along without a producer. They were treading on new ground and finding out certain things which were heady and exciting. Whether by design or accident all the dramatic values were in their favor. For instance, there was the debut of Jim Barton. He had been a burlesque comedian for a number of seasons before he got his first chance to play on Broadway. When the strike call came, he was rehearsing in a production of the Shuberts. He walked out and joined the strike. When he was announced at the strike benefit along with the Wynns and the Barrymores and the famous names known to the readers of electric lights, there was something of a let-down. Here was a break in the procession of stars. But Jim came out and danced and the walls came tumbling down. That was a debut, and fitting for a man who had cast his bread upon the waters.

I want you to gather the impression that even on the picket line the actor and the actress carried glamor and color. No labor war ever had such a romantic surface. And in the long run that was unfortunate. A great many actors today have forgotten everything about the strike except the hip! hip! hurray! Some of the leaders, indeed, seem not quite aware that Equity is a labor union. And the strike would not and could not have been won but for the fact that the players had made alliances with their fellow-workers in their A. F. of L. affiliation. I was a dramatic

critic at the time of the strike and I remember that I was assigned to an opening. Not until I reached the theater did I learn that the strike call had just gone out and that there would be no opening that evening nor any show in town save one fly-by-night venture which, as I remember, had made a separate peace.

But the triumph of the first skirmish by no means indicated eventual victory. The managers, although taken by surprise, were themselves well organized. They had names to draw upon in their Fidelity group and the world is filled with talented amateurs. William A. Brady, the most able and the most pugnacious of the managers, undertook to break the strike by reopening a melodrama he had put on a few weeks before. I think it was called "At 9:45." Mr. Brady took a part himself and filled out the rest of the cast with Fidelity folk and a few newcomers.

But at this point the stage hands and the musicians stepped in. They refused to work with strike-breakers. There would be no one to raise the curtain and no one to handle the lights. It was the solid front which defeated the managers. They made proffers of peace and Equity won a victory all along the line. Unfortunately all this happened more than fifteen years ago. Not very much water has flowed under the bridge since. Equity has drifted. In fact during the last few seasons its leaders have more or less taken the attitude, "What's the use of making any demands. The theatrical business is in too sad a plight and you can't whip a dead horse."

In addition to drifting a great many Equity members have done a deal of forgetting. I have heard actors denounce the stage hands and the rules of their union with the same vehemence employed by the managers. A distinct wedge has been driven between the workers. And now an insurgent movement is well under way. The Actors' Forum has been organized as a group within Equity. It has openly promised that it means to use no splitting tactics and that it has no belief in dual unionism. But it does seek representation in the leadership of Equity. Quite frankly it is boring from within. Its program, however, can hardly be termed radical or fantastic. Before the Equity strike a manager was privileged to rehearse his company without pay as long as he pleased. The strike established a four-week period for dramatic shows and a five-week period for musicals. And now actors are asking why the theater should be the only institution in the world where the employee gives his services gratis for even a limited period. The Actors' Forum asks a payment of \$25 a week during rehearsals.

The rulers of Equity have been less than scrupulously fair in meeting the drive of the Forum. They have raised the red herring and whirled it over their heads with fury. At the membership meeting on March 1 a policeman was called in to remove a member who demanded the privileges of the floor. It is true, to be sure, that some of the newer theatrical groups are heavily represented in the Forum, but many actors have allied themselves with this wing upon the

simple belief that Frank Gillmore has been president too long and has grown just a wee bit inefficient. One would hardly think that this constituted communism. Mr. Gillmore may be as good as his supporters assert but he is a little lacking in tact. One of the candidates for the council

on the orthodox slate is a young actor whose stage debut was as a strike-breaker in Mr. Brady's production of "At 9:45." That was fifteen years ago, but actors are noted for long memories and they are beginning to ask whether Equity is still a labor union.

Lettuce—with American Dressing

By JAMES RORTY

WHAT happens in the Imperial Valley in California—the strikes, killings, arrests, kidnappings, beatings—is both shocking and interesting, as I can personally testify. But what is more interesting is why these things happen—why "law and order" has broken down, why there is no prospect of peace in the valley, and why thus far neither the state nor the federal government has been able to do much about it.

I visited the valley during the last week of February, while a strike of the lettuce packers and trimmers was in progress. Eager for information, I asked questions of everybody I could get hold of—for the brief period of less than three days. Then the blow fell. I was a very aggrieved reporter when the sheriff's deputies, after keeping me incommunicado overnight in the El Centro jail, escorted me across the line into Arizona. The Imperial Valley is a fascinating hell-hole, and I hated to leave it. I wanted to talk at length with the pea-growing sheriff who arrested and deported me—not, I am convinced, because he wanted to, but because Chet Moore, the secretary of the Western Growers' Protective Association, told him to. I wanted to talk to the vigilantes, the automobile salesmen and bank clerks, who beat up liberal lawyers, strike organizers, and journalists like myself, not because they want to, but because they must, on penalty of losing jobs or business. I wanted to talk with the gentle, fine-featured Mexicans whose present servitude is not very different from that imposed upon them by the conquistadors and the padres. When the cantaloupes ripen, the pickers will probably strike again, not because they want to but because it is as impossible to live forever without hope as it is to live without bread. Finally, I wanted to talk with the growers—the "patriots," as they call themselves—and find out how they were able to suppress two honest government reports on conditions in the valley. I was not permitted to do any of this. In fact, I was a hundred miles the other side of the California border before I could even send a telegram. But here is the essential pattern as I saw it. It is not unique. Conditions are as bad or worse in Arizona, Colorado, and southern Texas.

The major crops in the valley are lettuce, cantaloupe, and peas—all grown "out of season" with respect to Eastern markets, all highly perishable, all produced on irrigated desert land lying from 50 to 150 feet below sea level. The conditions of production are industrial rather than agricultural in the older sense. Ninety per cent of the crops in the valley are grown or financed by a small group of large shipper-growers. Through a pro-rating agreement the lettuce acreage in the Imperial Valley, which was approximately 30,000 acres in 1933, was reduced for the 1934-35 season to 16,789 acres. Of this acreage only 3,510 acres are

titled by so-called "independent" growers—whose independence, incidentally, is qualified by the fact that the big shipper-growers to whom most of them sell control the facilities for packing and shipping, and hence can more or less set the price paid to the growers. The same situation is found in the other major crops.

Labor in this industrialized agriculture divides into two categories: the shed workers and the field or "stoop" labor. The former, in general, are 100 per cent American fruit tramps. Many of them have a semi-permanent employee status with respect to the large shipper-growers and move from one area to another as the crops mature. Since the depression, however, the number of these migratory workers has been greatly increased by the accession of all sorts of destitute and dispossessed people—industrial and white-collar workers from the cities, whole families of dispossessed sharecroppers from Oklahoma, Texas, and the deep South.

The field workers, or "stoop labor," are chiefly Mexicans. In the report made by Will J. French, J. L. Leonard, and Simon J. Lubin to the National Labor Board a year ago, it was estimated that there were then in the valley about 15,000 Mexicans, 3,000 Filipinos, and smaller groups of Japanese, Negroes, and Hindus. Since then there has been a considerable "repatriation" of Mexicans, for whom there was no employment. But to compensate for this there has been a fairly constant movement of Mexicans across the border, as well as a steady influx of migrants from the East into the valley. So that whereas there were in January, 1934, between 4,000 and 5,000 unemployed in the valley, plus their women and children, the number had increased rather than decreased a year later when I was there. John R. Lestner, the deputy labor commissioner in El Centro, estimated that with opportunities for employment for from 5,000 to 7,000 stoop laborers, there are now in the valley from 8,000 to 10,000 Mexicans plus 5,000 Filipinos. In 1932 the hourly scale for stoop labor dropped to as low as 10 cents; this year it was 25 and 30 cents, but despite the efforts of the labor commissioner to enforce the state law, the workers continue to be exploited by the labor contractors, who sell them at so much a head to the growers.

The three-men-to-one-job surplus of stoop labor is fully matched by the surplus of shed workers. It was this surplus, together with the strong-arm methods of the growers, that broke the strike of lettuce packers and trimmers this year. The shed owners simply went out on the highway and picked up migratory workers, with the result that by the end of the strike about a thousand new packers and trimmers had been added to the labor pool.

All this labor is heavily subsidized by relief. Both for stoop labor and shed labor the wage scale is so low and em-

ployment so intermittent that only at the peaks of the harvest seasons do the workers make subsistence wages. You hear tales of the big stakes made by the fruit tramps when the harvest is heavy, but the sober estimate of the United States Department of Labor representative in the valley was that the *family* income of the average fully employed fruit tramp was under \$600 a year, and that the family income of the stoop laborers ran under \$400 a year.

Concerning the living conditions of both the fruit tramps and the stoop labor, the Leonard-French-Lubin report is admirably frank:

This report must state that we found filth, squalor, an entire absence of sanitation, and a crowding of human beings into totally inadequate tents or crude structures built of boards, weeds, and anything that was found at hand to give a pitiful semblance of a home at its worst.

Words cannot describe some of the conditions we saw.

What I saw during my brief stay in the valley fully confirmed this statement. During the peak of the lettuce harvest men and in some cases women, although this is against the law, are worked under the frantic speed-up of the split-bench system from four in the morning until ten at night. Hence the demand of the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union of California for the ending of the split-bench system (a combination of piece work for the packers and hourly wages for the trimmers which speeds up both), for time and a third for all work over ten hours a day, and for the privilege of hiring a "booster" or substitute to relieve a packer or trimmer when he is about to drop in his tracks.

To complete the picture of this below-sea-level, sweated, overpopulated, 130-degrees-Fahrenheit Eden it is only necessary to add that, with the exception of the banks and individuals—including Harry Chandler of the *Los Angeles Times*—who own the land and lease it to the shipper-growers, nobody has been consistently making money in the valley since 1930. The Labor Board report states that "in spite of all economies, and with wages during 1933 as low as 12½ and 15 cents per hour, the shippers point out that they have lost an average of \$3,500,000 per year for the past four years." To these losses there might well be added the heavy relief bill paid by the federal government, and also the cost of bringing water into the valley by tank car during last year's drought. (What little water there was appears to have been preempted by Harry Chandler to irrigate the several hundred thousand irrigated acres he owns south of the line in Mexico.)

Off-season lettuce is grown all the way from Florida to California. The industry has yielded huge profits in the past, but its economics are extremely fragile and also subject to fantastic forms of racketeering. The shipper-growers have an organization—the Western Growers' Protective Association—but as far as I could learn from its secretary, C. B. Moore, its activities are restricted to fighting adverse legislation and breaking strikes. Mr. Moore stated flatly that the association is not interested in marketing: that was left to the individual responsibility of the grower or shipper-grower. The result is a sort of chronic chaos; the price, set by commission merchants in the Eastern and Middle Western markets, varies from day to day. If you are a shipper-grower, you load and "roll" your cars, and then attempt to divert them while they are on the road to whatever market seems to offer the best price at the moment. Since all or most of the growers in all the producing areas

are doing this, markets are frequently glutted, hundreds of tons of lettuce are spoiled and dumped; other huge quantities of lettuce wither and blow away in the fields; racketeers flourish. A favorite device of the less scrupulous commission merchants is to buy a given crop of lettuce, for which the grower pays the cost of harvesting, trimming, and packing. The commission merchant then reports that as the Kansas City market was glutted, he sent it to Chicago, which was also glutted by the time it got there; then it went to Baltimore, and by that time it had spoiled. Maybe it was and maybe it wasn't. The grower loses in any case. Everybody I talked to in the valley agreed that the small independent grower, the man who cultivates forty acres or less, practically always loses. His condition is little better than that of the fruit tramps and the stoop labor; which makes the suggested remedy of subsistence homesteads as a device for anchoring the floating labor seem highly questionable.

Is it any wonder that law and order and human decency have gone completely to pot in the valley, that we are presented with a matured and functioning vigilante terror directed not only against Communists but against labor marching under whatever banner? In his report to the Department of Labor, the Department of Agriculture, and the National Labor Board, General Pelham D. Glassford wrote nearly a year ago:

After more than two months of observation and investigation in Imperial Valley it is my conviction that a group of growers have exploited a "Communist" hysteria for the advancement of their own interests; that they have welcomed labor agitation which they could brand as "red" as a means of sustaining supremacy by mob rule, thereby preserving what is so essential to their profits—cheap labor. . . .

After the Communist-led strike of the Agricultural and Cannery Workers' Union last year, the growers indicated their willingness to enter collective-bargaining relations with a bona fide A. F. of L. union. They had their opportunity to do this when the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union made the extremely moderate request that they permit the enforcement in the Imperial Valley of the strike settlement approved by the Regional Labor Board last year in the Salinas Valley, which involved many of the same grower-shippers and many of the same fruit tramps. But the barons of El Centro stood pat. They hired gunmen as strike-breakers and the sheriff deputized them. They broke the strike, and now C. B. Lawrence, secretary of the union, declares that "there are at least 700 men under arms in the valley, taking the law into their own hands."

Peace in the Imperial Valley? Europe has a better chance of it.

In an Early Issue

Fort Peck: An American Siberia

By JAMES RORTY

Poem

By LINCOLN REIS

You who have questioned the moment, who have asked
If I have loved love itself, your heart but desire's
Convenience; you, become suspicion,
Othello now, Francesca soon forgotten,
Have with this doubt measured eternity.
Let us advance no further, love retreats
Dead before its birth; but your lips
Commend argument, and I would remember
The word forgotten.
This is the end of silence, begins
The tongue's intensity, the body's death.

The Law of Recovery

The Formation of Capital. By Harold G. Moulton. The Brookings Institution. \$2.50.

FOR five and a half years economic science has been virtually prostrate before one of the most severe crises in history. The feebleness of current economic thought has not been due to lack of capable theoreticians or, as popular fancy would have it, to dissension within the ranks of the profession. On the contrary, there is no sphere in which orthodoxy has such a paralyzing and all-embracing grip. Even today most economists would argue that our economic system is by nature self-regulating. While granting that in recent years the adjustments have been halting and inadequate, they cling to the belief that this depression, like former ones, must ultimately be overcome by "natural" forces such as the need for replenishing stocks and replacing worn-out capital equipment.

In their concern for restoring business activity, orthodox economists dare not be too squeamish regarding such questions as the distribution of wealth and the location of economic control. They begin with the simple and incontestable fact that the urge for profits is the mainspring of the capitalist mechanism. From this it follows that any step which increases the prospect of earnings is bound to stimulate production. In a period of business expansion this process is almost automatic. But in a period of economic stagnation it is evident that profits can be increased only at the expense of other types of income, notably wages and salaries. Although the reduction of payroll temporarily serves to curtail the demand for consumers' goods, it is argued that this loss will be more than offset by the new construction that will be stimulated by the prospect of higher profits.

Until recently the necessity of wage-cutting as a way out of a depression has been accepted by practically all professional economists. But with the growing power of organized labor and other economic blocs, it has become politically impossible to apply the ruthless measures of deflation which orthodox economics prescribes as a means of restoring profits. Consequently there has emerged a group of younger writers who believe that the same end can be achieved by the expedient of raising prices. Some of this group are impelled by the logic of their argument to advocate an increase of wages as well as higher prices, in the belief that an expansion of consumer purchasing power will stimulate general business activity. This contention, which formed the theoretical basis of the NRA, is rejected by most economists on the ground that increased

wages mean higher business costs, and thus tend to diminish rather than encourage profits. But when prices are increased independently of wages—or in excess of wages—it is obvious that the result of price-raising is similar to that of cost-cutting except that the wage reductions are concealed.

For the past few years a violent intellectual and political battle has centered around the conflicting programs of the wage-cutting and price-boosting camps. From the standpoint of pure theory, the former unquestionably has maintained the upper hand; but in the political struggle the price-raisers have won in all countries except in the so-called gold bloc—where inflation has an ugly connotation. Twenty-five million unemployed throughout the world will testify to the fact that neither program has been successful, yet no serious attempt has been made, until recent months, to use the tools of modern research in probing to the roots of our difficulties.

Under these conditions it is impossible to overemphasize the importance of the factual studies of the Brookings Institution, analyzing the forces which make for stability or anarchy in our economic system. The first two of these, "America's Capacity to Produce" and "America's Capacity to Consume," were significant but scarcely revolutionary in their findings. "The Formation of Capital" assembles in the compass of 200 pages data which not only undermine the theoretical structure of orthodox economics, but are equally destructive of the views of the price-raisers. On the constructive side it advances an explanation of the paradox of want in the midst of plenty which offers at least a hope that it may be resolved.

The flaw in the reasoning of the classical economists is to be found, according to the study, in their explanation of the process of capital formation. They have invariably assumed that the rate of expansion of capital goods—factories, machinery, and equipment—depends directly on the proportion of the national income which is saved. Obviously some such relationship has to exist if the economic system is self-adjusting. According to theory, if exceptional opportunities for profit-making are discovered, the interest rate will rise and people will be induced to limit their consumption and to increase their savings so as to invest in new enterprises. Lowering of the interest rate, on the other hand, will discourage savings and increase consumption. This assumption was doubtless justified in a simpler economy where men used their savings to repair fences, build barns, or otherwise extend their capital equipment. But its validity has been challenged by certain modern economists, notably Keynes and Schlichter, who claim that under present conditions savings and investment have practically no relationship to each other. Individuals place their surplus funds in banks or they buy securities, but they rarely invest directly in capital goods. The decision regarding the expansion of a factory or the adoption of new labor-saving machinery, upon which economic activity so largely depends, rests in the hands of corporations and their banking affiliates, while the actual financing is carried out through the use of credit without regard to the volume of available savings.

The validity of this objection has been fully borne out by the Brookings study, which presents statistics to show that new factories are built and up-to-date machinery installed when consumption is expanding rather than contracting, and this process bears little or no relationship to the rate of savings. Mr. Moulton points out, for example, that the amount of money going into capital construction increased uniformly in the United States from 1922 to 1929 without regard for the phenomenal rise in savings. In fact, the new financing for such purposes seems to have been greater between 1924 and 1926 than in the halcyon days of 1927-29. Savings, on the other hand, appear to be related to the manner in which

income is distributed rather than to the rate of interest. Only the wealthy can save substantial amounts. In "America's Capacity to Consume," the Brookings Institution found that the 219,000 families in the United States which had an income of more than \$20,000 in 1929 accumulated 54 per cent of the total savings of all families, while at the other end of the scale 59 per cent of the entire number had only 1.6 per cent of the savings. Or, to put it more graphically, the 24,000 families with an income of more than \$100,000 were able, on the average, to save from 40 to 66 per cent of their income, without sacrificing comforts or even luxuries, while the 5,900,000 families whose income was less than \$1,000 went into debt to the extent of \$60 per family. The tendency toward inequality in the distribution of income was accentuated during the twenties, and the rate of savings also increased rapidly, but there was not in this period a corresponding rise in capital development.

Thus thrift, after long service in the hero's role, has been cast for the villain in the modern economic drama. And the result has been disastrous. During the second half of the last decade the supply of funds available for investment increased out of all proportion to the volume of securities being floated, while consumers' incomes, rising only moderately, became increasingly less able to absorb the potential output of our existing plant and equipment. This led to a tremendous expansion in the volume of our foreign investments, followed in 1928 and 1929 by an extravagant inflation in the value of common stocks. Large amounts of potential purchasing power became frozen in the security markets, and were destroyed by the subsequent deflation of credit. The much-vaunted self-regulating mechanism, clogged by tariffs, monopoly control, and the unsound use of bank credit, became wholly useless. Prices and costs failed to adjust themselves to the lower volume of consumer buying power. As further expansion became clearly unprofitable, the capital-goods industries collapsed, throwing hundreds of thousands out of employment and further decreasing buying power.

The key to our difficulties, then, lies in the distribution of income. True, this is not altogether a new discovery. A German economist by the name of Karl Marx suggested some years ago that the tendency toward an increasing concentration of wealth might lead to difficulties in disposing of the product of industry. But the Brookings study shows us *how* the process operates. If its analysis is correct, the traditional remedy of increasing profits at the expense of the working class can function only when there is an actual shortage of capital in relation to productive opportunities. Otherwise the profits which are obtained at the expense of mass purchasing power merely pass into the coffers of a class which has satisfied its needs. Lacking constructive outlet, they stagnate as idle bank deposits or are absorbed to meet government deficits.

An intuitive recognition of this difficulty has led to a veritable avalanche of proposals for increasing consumer purchasing power, several of which have been incorporated in the New Deal. Upon analysis, however, most of these—including the NRA, the AAA, and the Roosevelt monetary policy—prove to be merely price-raising devices, which tend to increase profits at the expense of real wages. The others are definitely inflationary, and would either discourage production through increased costs, or ultimately lead to an accumulation of profits in the hands of a minority.

Nor can there be any easy remedy for the maladjustments of our economic structure. In theory, social taxation is an ideal tool for effecting that redistribution of wealth which is essential to economic stability. But social taxation has not prevented Great Britain from suffering acutely from the depression, nor has it appreciably lessened the inequalities of income. Applied with sufficient ruthlessness it might prevent

the accumulation of great fortunes, and thereby avert a repetition of the events leading to the 1929 boom. But although this would bring greater stability it would not assure the full use of our productive resources unless simultaneous steps were taken to prevent underconsumption. What is needed, apparently, is some device which will assure a constant flow of consumers' purchasing power, and yet will neither interfere with profits nor be inflationary in its effect on the general price level. Consumer credit meets the first two of these demands, but runs afoul of the third. A system of unemployment reserves, financed by a tax on industry, would tend to stabilize purchasing power, but would constitute a burden either on industry or the consumer, depending on how much of the cost would be passed on in higher prices. It is extremely doubtful, moreover, whether such a scheme could pay large enough benefits to maintain buying power at an undiminished level in case of a serious crisis. The only device which would seem to meet all technical objections would be a security program giving all workers the equivalent of full pay when thrown out of employment, with these payments financed by a tax on incomes rather than on business or consumers. Granting that certain dislocations are inevitable under any system, this scheme should prevent such maladjustments from having a deleterious effect on consumer demand and thus tend to stabilize the growth of the capital-goods industries. It would give freer scope for individual initiative and profit-making, but would prevent these profits from accumulating in the hands of a few persons.

Two serious objections may be raised to these conclusions, one theoretical, the other political. In the first place, it may be argued that even if the above-mentioned measures were put into effect, the profit system would inevitably produce new inequalities in income, which, in turn, would produce new dislocations. This, indeed, is possible, and may in the long run constitute an irremediable defect in the capitalist system. The more immediate difficulty, however, is the practical one of obtaining any fundamental redistribution of income—by social taxation, security legislation, or any other means—as long as wealth remains entrenched in the seat of political power. It is significant that in all the New Deal legislation there has not been one measure that attempted such a redistribution. This may have been defensible as long as economic theory gave little hint of the seat of the maladjustments in the capitalist mechanism. But it will be difficult to avoid the obvious implications of the Brookings Institutions' epoch-making study.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Simple Annals

Hungry Men. By Edward Anderson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

Not for Heaven. By Dorothy McCleary. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

THE only reason for reviewing these novels together is that they were joint winners of a certain prize. Were it not for that circumstance the first of them would deserve little attention beyond the modicum allotted to it merely by virtue of its concern with the dispossessed. The members of the prize committee probably felt themselves bound to recognize the proletarian note, however feebly struck; and doubtless they were not sorry to settle upon a novel which, while it showed the state of the country to be bad, tended nevertheless to say that nothing was going to "happen" as a result. Mr. Anderson, it seems, does not expect a revolution in America, and his novel gives his reasons. They narrow down to a single observation, which is that the dispossessed, lacking both the desire and the ability for action, will go on almost indefinitely

in the hope that things will somehow get better for them. But it is questionable whether Mr. Anderson's hero, an aimless and foolish jazz-musician out of a job, proves any such thing. He is too feeble, and his odyssey is too tame, to prove anything except that he is just what he is. He does not succeed in seeming representative. And "Hungry Men" is the kind of novel which if not representative is nothing at all.

Miss McCleary, on the other hand, aims at an individual, and so completely achieves one in Mrs. Bostwick that the achievement itself, like all individual things, remains indefinable. Mrs. Bostwick would seem to be defined by her passions—for growing vegetables, for feeding her old horse Ned, for remembering her girlhood with Mame Towser, for being unclean. But the sum of these is far from giving us Mrs. Bostwick, who rather gives us herself in every move she makes. She is one of the most entertaining and appalling old fools in fiction. Original from the ground up, fiercely herself and stubbornly inviolable, she is possessed of an energy the source of which is never stated because it could not be stated and in fact did not need to be stated. Her relations to her son and daughter, to the son's wife and to Mame Towser, to the neighbors and to the Methodist preacher who vainly wishes to convert her—these relations express her, and yet here again it is rather that she seems all along to be expressing herself. She would be what she is in a world in which there were no people, though in that case we should not be there to appreciate her. What we appreciate in her is something over and above her humanity—something purely heathen, primeval, and timeless. It doesn't even describe her to say that she is Irish. Indeed, I shall make no further attempts to describe her, but shall simply recommend her as one of the most valuable persons I have encountered in American fiction. She seems to me to be what fiction is for, and I find it difficult to believe that I shall ever forget her.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Legendary Hero

Hindenburg and the Saga of the German Republic. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. The John C. Winston Company. \$3.50.

IN 1866 a young lieutenant is wounded by an Austrian bullet in the battle of Königsgrätz. In 1934 he dies as the first President of the Third Reich. Between these dates lie the rise, the glory, and the downfall of the Second Reich and the ill-fated inception of the Third.

If I were to offer criticism of Emil Ludwig's work, it would be that he leans over backward to be fair to the man who was so largely responsible for the misfortune of hundreds of thousands of persons who, like the author himself, were driven by Hitler into exile. Himself a republican and a pacifist, Emil Ludwig brings to his subject that sympathetic understanding without which no biographer can depict the personality of his hero with anything approaching objectiveness. The reader follows the young Hindenburg through the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 and through the bloody shambles of Gravelotte and St. Privat in the Franco-German War (1870). He sees him in Sedan, an eyewitness of Napoleon's surrender. Then, a comparatively young man, Hindenburg is appointed to the General Staff, and later becomes lieutenant general and commanding general of an army corps. Life becomes a matter of deadening routine, and in 1911, at the age of sixty-four, General von Hindenburg retires from active service with the intention of spending his remaining years placidly in Hanover. Three years later the Great War put an end to this idyl. Casting about for a leader who would retrieve Germany's fortunes on the eastern front, the General Staff remembered Hindenburg, made him

Colonel General, and sent him to the front together with General Erich Ludendorff to stay the Russian offensive. A few days after their arrival the German army won its greatest victory of all times at Tannenberg. Hindenburg became the object of frenzied public adulation. His position in German history was made.

A vast amount has been written about Tannenberg and its real hero. No serious historian has ever acknowledged Hindenburg's responsibility for this achievement, but in the eyes of the masses he has always been the victor of Tannenberg. It was as the hero of Tannenberg that he was made President of the Republic in 1925 and as hero of Tannenberg he induced the German people to accept his decision when, in the last years of his life, he delivered the nation into the hands of Hitler and his National Socialist followers. Herr Ludwig devotes a considerable part of his book to the investigation of the Tannenberg legend. Besides Hindenburg there were two men who claimed credit for the victory which decided the fate of East Prussia. One, General Ludendorff, has just received belated recognition from the Hitler government. The other was General von Prittwitz. Major General Hoffmann of Brest-Litovsk "fame," who went through the battle of Tannenberg as first officer of the General Staff, is Emil Ludwig's authority for the contention that neither Hindenburg nor Ludendorff had anything more than an accidental connection with that historic event. When the two arrived in East Prussia von Prittwitz's plan of operation was practically complete. Hindenburg and Ludendorff played a purely passive role. They stood by while von Prittwitz launched his campaign. Tactical directions given by Ludendorff, nominally on Hindenburg's authority, were so impossible that his subordinates refused to carry them out. General von François, who commanded the first infantry division, years afterward remarked scathingly that Tannenberg was won not with but in spite of the assistance of Ludendorff-Hindenburg.

Hindenburg remained a demi-god through all the vicissitudes of his later years. "How will posterity judge me?" he once asked a friend. "I lost the greatest war in history." And well might he ask! "It was Hindenburg," Emil Ludwig says, "who demanded a truce and forced Max von Baden to enter upon negotiations . . . who insisted upon acceptance of the enemy armistice with his hammering words, 'Nevertheless you must sign.'" Later, to be sure, the great General insisted that "a cowardly government and an exhausted people were to blame for it all." The same Hindenburg invented the legend of the "stab in the back," which Hitler and his followers have revived to vindicate their brutal aggression against "Socialists, Communists, and other traitors."

Ludwig does not oppress his readers with theories or dissertations on motives. He presents facts in interesting and thought-provoking juxtaposition and leaves it to the student to draw his own conclusions. Thus, without once charging the Field Marshal with bad faith, he points to the contradiction between Hindenburg's avowals of belief in and support of the German constitution and his countless violations of this instrument. He describes the events which led with inexorable certainty to government by decree and to the old President's betrayal of the radical parties to National Socialism and Hitler. This "grand old man," this man of "faith and trust," this personification of Prussian military honor and military spirit, betrayed the supporters who had given him the highest honor it was in their power to give.

Much of the force of an Emil Ludwig biography lies in the author's recognition of the fact that events make the man, not the man events. His Hindenburg is a mediocre German Junker who was whirled by the maelstrom of world events into the center of German happenings. A period in history which is rapidly receding from view, which the younger gener-

ation sees as a wearying epoch of petty contradictions and partisan politics, emerges under Ludwig's pen as a tortured era of conflict and uncertainty, bearing in its womb all those furies of hell which infest the Germany of our day. The student of contemporary European history will profit from Ludwig's clear analysis of political conditions as much as from his vivid characterization of the man who stood immovable in the swift stream of German post-war events.

LUDWIG LORE

Disinterested Intelligence

Morals and Politics. By E. F. Carritt. Oxford University Press. \$2.25.

THIS book is a splendid demonstration of the function of disinterested intelligence in politics, even though it is made at a time when many political-scientists still need to be reminded to what degree interest colors all political opinions and how difficult, if not impossible, "objective" analyses of political problems are. Professor Carritt's objectivity and fairness in dealing with various political theories are convincing, partly because he confines his examination to the moral philosophy which underlies various political programs without attempting an assessment of their social objectives, partly because his thought is an actual vindication of the power of intelligence, at its best, to transcend at least the obvious prejudices which usually color political opinion.

The task essayed by Professor Carritt is to review the moral and political theories of the most representative thinkers of modernity, and in the light of the conclusions drawn from these analyses to assess the legitimacy of such socio-moral concepts as rights, duties, liberty, equality, contract, and the general will. The systems examined are those of Hobbes, Spinoza, Rousseau, Locke, Kant, Hegel, Bosanquet, T. H. Green, and Marx. The task is performed with such neat precision, so clear an eye for the essentials, such quick detection of the ambiguities and inconsistencies, and so comprehensive a view of the problems involved that the book, in spite of its brevity, must be regarded as an important contribution to philosophical, ethical, and political thinking.

The author's own convictions are stated in his consideration of John Locke: "Locke's account of political obligation, by no means without ambiguities or confusions and even manifest errors of historic fact and detail, is yet fundamentally sound, as opposed to all those we have been considering." Professor Carritt is particularly anxious to expose the inconsistencies in the thought of those who identify interest with obligation, and to that end subjects the thought of Hobbes, Spinoza, T. H. Green, and Marx to the most rigorous criticism. He believes that the errors of Rousseau's idea of the general will flow from this identification of political obligation with enlightened self-interest. After tracing the relation between Rousseau's concept of the general will and the metaphysical theory of the state as found in Hegel, Bosanquet, and others, he analyzes the ambiguities of the Hegelian theory: "The doctrine expounded might be taken to mean either that a perfectly good man would conscientiously obey a perfectly good state or that he would blindly obey any state"; but the ultimate effect of the metaphysical theory is to enjoin obedience to the actual state as "the visible image of God" or the incarnation of the rational will."

In considering dialectical materialism Professor Carritt is particularly concerned to expose the error in the doctrine of inevitability. "The problem of organic development, as distinct from mechanical rearrangement, arises simply from the fact that something really new and therefore unpredictable comes

about." The determinism in Marxism is, in other words, incompatible with the dialectical emphasis in its materialism, since the dialectic is really a symbol for reality as organic. About Marxism the author declares: "I know of several weighty arguments to show that some form of communistic society is the best cure for our present economic and social troubles but none of them seems to involve any philosophical doctrine, materialist, idealist, or dialectical." In criticizing the idea of inevitability in Marxism the author is probably not completely fair, certainly not to the Marxism of Lenin, who declared that there is always a way out for capitalism if a revolutionary class does not bar the way. The relation of social will to the objective factors of history is conceived in dialectical terms in Marxism, and at its best does not therefore arrive at as unqualified a determinism as he assumes.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

"Life, Warm and Stirring"

Roll River. By James Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

MOVING with the majestic sweep of deep-running waters, "Roll River" carries James Boyd's talent to true literary achievement. It is a long book, covering 603 pages, but its length is not the result, one feels, of the present vogue of prolixity. "Roll River" is not unduly extended; you turn the pages and as you read you feel the story could not be told completely in less space. Always a serious and conscientious workman, Boyd has here lived up to his highest standards.

"Roll River" is a narrative of two lives and loves. It is the history of Clara Rand, daughter of the solid and sound small capitalist, John Rand, leading business figure of the town of Midian on the shores of a Pennsylvania river. It is also the history of Thomas Rand, Clara's nephew, and grandson of the fine old middle-class aristocrat who founded the Rand fortunes. The river of water and the river of life give the book its title. Boyd sets down his theme in one sentence: "Life, warm and stirring, had now renewed itself along this river down which he had rolled." It is of this unending stream of living and dying, the eternal flow of succeeding generations, that he writes.

As the book opens, Thomas Rand, close to death, half dreaming, half sleeping away the end of his days on this earth, lies in a hospital bed, thinking of his life, of his beloved Aunt Clara's life, of the many lives with which he has come in contact. So the dim and poignant memories of earliest childhood come to mind—the pathetic love affair of his Aunt Clara, a fruit of the repressed and unnatural conventions of the eighties and nineties, his school days, his own marriage and marital disaster, World War years in France, and frantic rescue efforts to save men entombed by a coal-mine disaster in one of the Rand properties.

Boyd has recreated an age, the spirit of an America that is past. His picture of life in the closing years of the nineteenth century is a successful recapture of days that are gone never to return. He has commemorated not only the physical attributes of that era, but, more deeply, the mental and spiritual qualities of a bygone time. In the story of Clara's tragic love he has reached a high point of fictional writing. And in his portraits of Clara and of that sturdy and fine old man, her father, he has created personalities that will linger long in the memory.

Boyd has also given expression to those old and enduring characteristics of human life—faith and courage and hope and love—that epitomize the finest traits of man on earth. He writes as a romanticist, but a romanticist who is also truly

realistic in his knowledge of the enduring elements of man's spirit. In Clara's words to her nephew as he lies in the dim border country, there is the shining glory of eternal verities:

"But if there's anything," she said, "I know it's fine."

She put her cheek down on his hands and quickly sat up smiling. "Look what we have made here from so little."

JAMES L. C. FORD

Preventive Justice

Declaratory Judgments. By E. M. Borchard. Cleveland: Banks-Baldwin Publishing Company. \$8.50.

PROFESSOR BORCHARD is perhaps best known to the general public as a writer on questions of international law and relations. But he has not only filled the role of international publicist. He has also been an ardent law reformer. He has long championed the assumption of liability by the state for the wrongs of its servants, the recognition of which has been prevented by reasoning based on the medieval maxim that the king can do no wrong. Not long ago in "Convicting the Innocent" he dramatized the plight of the innocent who have been the victims of miscarriages of criminal justice. For more than a decade he has also been interested in the procedural reform represented by the declaratory judgment, and has done more to secure its adoption than any other person. The present monumental treatise on the subject is a fitting culmination of this activity.

The declaratory judgment is a procedural device to establish preventive justice, which in a civilized state is as essential as preventive medicine. It is intended to enable courts to give binding declarations of legal rights when these have in some manner been brought into question. Such power is an obvious mechanism of social appeasement, particularly important in a period of long-term legal relationships and intensive legislative activity. The adjudication of controversies before actual breach tends to prevent insecurity and uncertainty with respect to legal rights, and makes it possible to conduct litigation with some degree of objectivity and gentlemanliness. To be sure, even preventive litigation is a luxury with which most reasonable men would gladly dispense, but there can be no doubt that it is a lesser evil than the classic remedial lawsuit.

Yet the declaratory judgment in this country is entirely a post-war development. Like many American legal reforms it has had to wait upon the force of English example, although in Continental countries it has roots which go back to the Middle Ages. That such a useful procedural device should be so long in coming can be explained only by the mumbo-jumbo of the lawyers. With but a few exceptions the classic common law contemplated only judgments to which there was annexed a decree of execution. Because of the use of the expression "case and controversy" in American constitutional jargon, it was supposed that the declaratory judgment did not fall within the "judicial function." The courts could not be bothered with rendering "advisory opinions," although the declaratory judgment differs from the latter not only in its binding character but in the existence of an actual legal controversy. Curiously the declaratory judgment, far from representing a new element in the legal tradition, is actually a throwback to the ancient stage of legal history when the judgments of courts were primarily declaratory. The primitive judge who was little more than an arbitrator could declare the existence of rights, but against recalcitrant parties could enforce them, if at all, in only the most indirect fashion. As Professor Borchard well puts it: "A weak state dare not go beyond the judicial declaration of rights, whereas the modern strong state has no need to go beyond."



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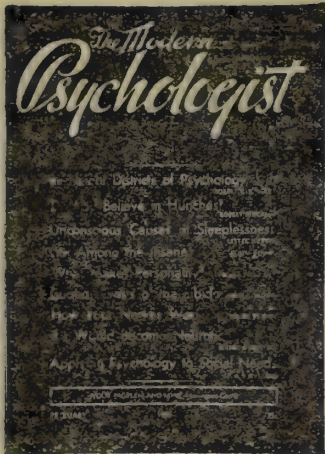
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Happily the early resistance to the introduction of the declaratory judgment has been largely overcome. It has been adopted to date in thirty-four states and territories, and a federal act was passed by the last Congress. Doubts of the constitutionality of the declaratory judgment have been almost entirely dissolved, although there is still some doubt as to the position which will be taken by the Supreme Court of the United States, which, overburdened as it is, may not welcome a further expansion of jurisdiction. Professor Borchard's treatise will be influential in the decision of this issue and in the development of practice under declaratory-judgment acts. Incidentally, the great need for the declaratory judgment is itself a rather sad commentary upon the quest for certainty which has dominated the legal systems of the West.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Shorter Notices

The New Temple Shakespeare. Edited by M. R. Ridley. With Designs by Eric Gill. E. P. Dutton and Company. Forty Volumes. 65 cents each.

The Temple Shakespeare was popular, and so will this successor of it be, since the volumes are beautiful, small, readable, and cheap. The critical apparatus is slight sometimes to the point of perfunctoriness, but that will help rather than hinder the general reader, who nevertheless may benefit by Mr. Ridley's novel device of arranging his glossary in the order in which the words to be glossed occur, thus calling attention to certain usages which are less understandable than they appear. Mr. Ridley is so far up to date as to have followed Dover Wilson in the choice of the second Quarto of "Hamlet" for his text of that play, and to have incorporated some of Mr. Wilson's emendations. But here and there he abandons the Quarto text without explanation, and from Hamlet's famous exclamation, "What a piece of work is a man!", he unfortunately omits the first article. Seventeen volumes of the forty are now available; the rest are promised by the end of the year.

Letters of Laurence Sterne. Edited by Lewis Perry Curtis. Oxford University Press. \$10.50.

This would appear to be as complete a collection of Sterne's correspondence as ten years of search by the editor could make it. The total is 222 letters, ten of these being new and all of them being annotated with great fulness. The volume, indeed, is in effect a critical biography of Sterne, whose "Journal to Eliza" and "Memoirs" find their place in it as a matter of course, and whose character emerges here quite intimately and entirely. Anyone who has been curious concerning Sterne's relations with other women than his wife—Mrs. Draper and Kitty Fourmantel particularly—will learn from this book all that can be known two centuries after. Mr. Curtis's reasons for excluding forty-seven letters as forgeries by William Combe are on the whole convincing; and so is he convincing in his theory that Sterne's daughter pieced together the first famous letter to her mother out of plagiarisms from the "Journal to Eliza." It has hitherto been supposed that Sterne himself borrowed from the letter for the "Journal." By and large the volume meets the highest standards of editing set by any contemporary university press.

Weep Not for the Dead. By Michel Matveev. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

In more than one way Michel Matveev's "Weep Not for the Dead" is a remarkable narrative. Humanly speaking, it is a heart-breaking story of persecution and pain; technically, it is an astonishing tour de force. Told in the first person by a

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THE NATION

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Jewish ballad singer, it has all the monotonous agony of a Jewish chant. A family of Jews is driven out of Russia by the post-war pogroms to seek peace and security in Palestine, but is never lucky enough to glimpse the Promised Land. In Rumania, in Greece, and in Egypt, its members are hunted down, spied upon, tortured, imprisoned, with endless, unbelievable regularity, until at last by chance they find a doubtful haven in alien France. This saga of Jewish woe is not so much a novel as it is a lamentation. Characterization, plot, intellection have no place in it; it is all feeling. Its protagonists are faceless, nameless; their personalities are blotted out by the utter, doglike misery which is their common attribute. From the first shrill sentence to the last, Matveev pounds the same, excruciating chord. In the whole of this exhausting novel there is not one moment of resignation, of relaxation of suffering. "Weep Not for the Dead" is a feat of endurance. One may be offended by the continual, abject self-pity in which Matveev wallows, but one cannot fail to be impressed by his virtuosity.

Westering. By Thomas Hornsby Ferril. Yale University Press. \$2.

The reader of this book will understand why Sandburg and Frost, as the blurb says, admire Ferril. He views the world, especially the Western world of New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas, with fresh eyes. Many of his long, rather loose blank-verse poems have a surprising folk quality. Mr. Ferril like Lindsay and Sandburg is a myth-maker for America. He knows the feel of his country, records its history, gives sharp impressions of its peoples, retells its legends. He does not possess the lyric gift; he has neither the economy of expression nor the sense of form of the technically good poet. But he is a good story-teller, he has eyes in his head to see things sharply, and he has an amazing feeling for the arid and dramatic landscapes of the West.

Drama

What of It?

THE popular English novelist E. M. Delafield is responsible for a fairly pleasant but extremely tranquil little play at the Ethel Barrymore Theater. "To See Ourselves" is the title, and the story concerns itself with a very familiar situation—the romantic woman married to a kind but unromantic husband. She almost rebels, and then decides that she had better not. Her husband makes a feeble effort to do better but doesn't. And that is the play.

It was, I believe, very popular in London, where they like those undramatic dramas whose chief distinction seems to be the care which is taken to prevent anything from really happening and whose chief originality seems to consist in the unprecedented extent to which a familiar situation is toned down. There are, of course, various ways in which the theme that this play so mildly suggests has been made to yield very striking effects. Flaubert, for example, by a remorseless concentration upon one aspect of romantic discontent, not only wrote a great novel but succeeded in imposing the name bovarism upon one of its forms. On the other hand, Sir James Barrie—for whose dramaturgy I make no general defense—espoused the romantic point of view in order to produce in "What Every Woman Knows" a *locus classicus* for the defense of the theory that women are delicately sensitive and imaginative beings doomed to make the poor best they can of the stupid creatures composing the only other sex which God in his carelessness provided to procreate their children. But Miss Delafield—and

in this she is typical of a whole generation of British playwrights—will not go as far as either. Neither, of course, will she imitate the innumerable plays in which the outraged wife kicks over the traces and runs off with someone more capable of appreciating her needs. Nice people like those with whom Miss Delafield deals don't do such things, just as sensible authors like herself do not feel as strongly as Flaubert or Barrie about romantic wives or anything else. Hence her play is a play about a woman whose dissatisfaction fell just short of the point where it would have caused her to do something, and the conclusion to be drawn is that if women would learn to expect a very little bit less from husbands, who might possibly give a very little bit more, then it would not be necessary to write any more plays even as mild as this one.

The English attitude seems to be that such works as the present should be praised for being so sensible in attitude and so true to the life of the average man and woman of the middle class. They are generally less enthusiastically commended in New York, since Americans still cling to the idea that if a play is about completely undistinguished people, it ought either to say something original about them or at least say something unusually well. Mr. Van Druten once wrote a piece which he called "After All," but which, so it seemed to me, would have been more appropriately entitled "What of It?" "To See Ourselves" produced much the same impression, for the simple reason that the author seems only to be saying very quietly what everybody knows. Patricia Collinge does everything she can do to make the thoroughly commonplace wife interesting, and the rest of the cast is good. But it is hard to become much concerned over something which doesn't happen to a set of very undistinguished characters.

"Something Gay" (Morosco Theater) is a rather wobbly farce-comedy which would be nothing without Tallulah Bankhead. What it is with her will depend largely upon one's taste. She is attractive and often amusing, but to me her spontaneity seems extraordinarily premeditated and her impulsiveness very carefully thought out beforehand.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

THOMAS O. SHEPARD is a Chicago journalist who has written extensively on financial matters.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has recently published a new book on Russia, "Soviet Journey."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, coauthor with Warren Vinton of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," is commenting regularly in *The Nation* on current American developments.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of "Permanence and Change."

JAMES RORTY, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," spent last winter in the West investigating social and economic conditions.

LUDWIG LORE, formerly the editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, now conducts a daily column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post*.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

JAMES L. C. FORD is a New York newspaperman.

WILLIAM SEAGLE was assistant editor of the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences" until its recent completion.



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THE PRESIDENT returned from his fishing trip with his chief political advisers—Senators Harrison and Robinson, Vice-President Garner, Speaker Byrns, and Jim Farley—with plans laid to veto the Patman bill or any other measure providing for immediate payment of the bonus. He apparently believes the veterans will not be vengeful if defeated, because they are divided by party lines, and because he is certain the Republican candidate in the next election will not promise immediate payment. He probably concludes he stands to lose little by a firm veto, and to gain much with those who will be worried in the next campaign by his spending program. Whether the combined forces of the inflationists and the Legion can override the veto in the Senate remains to be seen at this writing. They make a powerful combination, one which if frustrated by the President today might be rallied into a radical third-party movement if the third-party leaders could unite on a simplification of programs. That is why Father Coughlin is directing the bombardment by telegraph of the White House, and Huey Long is leading the Senate fight for the bonus. But Father Coughlin has repudiated Long's share-the-wealth program, evidently feeling himself strong enough to draw the Kingfish into his retinue on his own terms. While we do not expect an early consolidation of third-party forces, the com-

bination of veterans and inflationists would establish a national radical bloc that would be a dangerous approximation to national socialism.

THE MEN around the President have not yet agreed how to spend the four-billion-dollar works-relief appropriation. Two schools of opinion are vying for control. The one led by Harry Hopkins is pressing for literal fulfillment of the President's promise to find work for every able-bodied person on relief. This entails the hurried creation of projects which will do little to stimulate the capital-goods industry. The other, led by Fred Walker, General Wood, and Secretary Ickes, believes that slower spending, if it creates a greater demand for durable goods, is preferable, and that relief need not be stressed. It is therefore urging a long-term public-works program which adds to the national income and wealth of the nation. The President must decide whether to abandon Mr. Hopkins or to authorize what amounts to a revival on a vast scale of the CWA. If he heeds the voice of business and concentrates on recovery he will of necessity aggravate the privation of millions of families. If he holds to his thesis of finding work for all he runs into the certainty that he must ask Congress for another great works-relief appropriation when this one is exhausted. So far he has not slackened in his support of Hopkins, who now ranks as the chief authority in the spending administration. Natural personal rivalries explain some of the drive to reduce Hopkins's program, but it also expresses a profound desire on the part of business to improve business first without emphasis on human needs. If the President were not committed to the abandonment of cash relief, he could accept the long-term public-works program and still maintain a tolerable standard of life for the unemployed. Now either choice is bound to be unsatisfactory, and he undoubtedly will make whichever offers the best political returns.

ONLY the most vigorous action by the League Council at the meeting on May 20 can avert war between Italy and Abyssinia. The recent report of the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs not only alludes to the possibility of such a war, but actively sets about creating a war psychology by enumerating in detail the occasions on which Abyssinia is alleged to have violated its treaty obligations with Rome. Although the report quotes the noted French colonial administrator, General Lyautey, to the effect that it is advisable to show one's strength in order not to have to use it, it adds ominously "that it is completely out of keeping with Fascist style to have force at hand and not to use it." Two divisions of the Italian army are already in Africa, and four others are being prepared for war service. Three of Italy's most capable generals are now on duty in the African colonies. Alarmed by these preparations, Abyssinia has threatened to mobilize its forces if the Council fails to act. Unconfirmed reports suggest that European munitions makers are already doing a flourishing business with the African kingdom. All of this puts the League in an extremely embarrassing position. The recent rapproche-

ment between Italy and France and the necessity of maintaining a united front against Germany make it difficult for the powers to interfere with Italy's imperialist ambitions, even if they desired to do so. On the other hand, failure of the League to take definite action on an issue as clear-cut as this would destroy the moral basis for possible future punitive measures against German aggression.

ONE OF THE ARGUMENTS against dictatorship is that when the dictator dies he leaves a heritage of conflict. Poland without Pilsudski must now put that reasoning to the test. The Marshal was not a tyrant except on occasion and for limited objectives, as when he "pacified" the Ukraine with cold-blooded barbarism, followed by an immediate appeasement. He was one of the ablest statesmen thrown up by the creation of Europe's new nationalities after the war. Minorities make up twelve million of his country's thirty million people, and he understood how to punish and cajole them while the Polish state was being forged. With the same skill in foreign policy he gave Poland a breathing time of independence by playing back and forth between Germany and Russia, a delicate undertaking which would have baffled a lesser man. It is significant that he was not the creator of Polish independence, his policy at the outbreak of the war having been to gain Polish autonomy within the German Empire; that is, he did not judge the future optimistically enough, a fact for which history no doubt will somewhat disparage him. But he became the dominating force in the new country, created its military strength, and gave it unity. A jealous, arbitrary, gruff, and sinister man, he won the esteem of his countrymen by his accomplishments. That after passing from socialism to ultra-nationalism in his personal evolution he ended by providing his country with one of the worst constitutions in the world must count heavily against him. But the judgment will be tempered by the fact that if he was not the first to dream the new Poland, he realized it chiefly through his own rugged character.

THE CONSEQUENCES of Pilsudski's death cannot be foretold until the inevitable conflict for the succession has been fought through. None of the second-string men about the Marshal was of any real stature, the over-rated Colonel Beck included. Beck, Pristor, several times Prime Minister, and Slawek, the present Prime Minister, will vie with one another for leadership. Pristor is the best of the lot, and has more than average political ability. Probably the ablest of Pilsudski's lieutenants is General Rydz-Smigly, who would have played a much greater part had not the Marshal been jealous of his popularity with the army. He would be the natural nominee to succeed Pilsudski if it were not certain that Beck, Pristor, and Slawek will unite to keep him down. Poland has been ruled for some years by the non-party bloc which Pilsudski created, but no one but he could have held it together. Its decline will give the National Democratic Party a golden opportunity to come back. Dmowski, its leader, signed the Versailles treaty, which created Poland, and he can make telling use of the fact that he was fighting for Poland's independence in days when Pilsudski was content with autonomy. Dmowski's party is reactionary, anti-Semitic, anti-minority, and bitterly anti-German. Should he come into power, the days of friendship with Germany will be brief, and Poland would be easily lured into partnership in the new Franco-Soviet pact. The

return of Dmowski would also mean a revival of party politics, in itself a desirable enough change, though safer at a later time. The place of that admirable, non-political chemist, President Moscicki, though he is vested with enormous power under the new constitution, is negligible. He has been no more than Pilsudski's executant, and will perform the same services for whoever wins the succession.

WE DOUBT whether many Americans have been made war-minded by the naval and air maneuvers centering in Hawaii, but we are alarmed by their effect on the Japanese. The dispatch of an enormous air fleet west of Hawaii was announced without explanation, and must have appeared like a fist thrust under Japan's nose. That this westward flight was to be a mock attack by an "enemy" on Hawaii was announced later, and the Japanese could quiet themselves by the thought that if we did want a war in the Pacific we were concerned about our ability to hold Hawaii. War maneuvers mean a great deal to professional fighters, who are not to be censured for wishing to perform in the Pacific under as nearly warlike conditions as possible. But the air force and navy are instruments of the government and it is for the government to decide what latitude is to be allowed them. We see no possible excuse for these Pacific tests. They are inflammatory in the highest degree; and they do not safeguard the United States, for only a fool can believe that the Japanese, engrossed with their problem on the continent of Asia, will provoke a war with us. We regret the accident which caused several casualties at Pearl Harbor. They must be written down as a far more inexcusable waste of life than the disasters that occurred when the air-mail contracts were canceled. At that time, at least, an issue of public service was involved.

THE SACRAMENTO BEE, recipient of the Pulitzer prize for journalism, has surpassed in toxic content even the Hearst papers in California on such subjects as the release of Tom Mooney and the recent Sacramento criminal-syndicalism case. It was a reporter for this paper who, during the Sacramento trial, slipped a note to Albert Goldman, Non-Partisan Labor Defense attorney, apologizing in advance for the fact that the *Bee* would distort the report of his speech to the jury. Without the background of pressure and agitation provided by the *Bee* the jury might never have arrived at the verdict which acquitted six and convicted eight equally innocent defendants. Two of the jurors held out sixty-six hours for acquittal but finally accepted a compromise which included a recommendation that Norman Mini of the Workers' Party and Lorine Norman of the Communist Party be put on probation. This was the best trade that could be made with the reactionary majority. The convicted defendants are now in prison, Norman Mini and Lorine Norman having refused probation. Appeals for the convicted eight are being prepared by the International Labor Defense and the Non-Partisan Labor Defense. An affidavit by H. S. McIntire, one of the two jurors who held out for acquittal, that the verdict was the result of a "horse trade" in the jury room should alone be sufficient evidence to produce a reversal in the higher court. In view of the Mooney case, however, it is unsafe to be too optimistic. As for the prize-winning *Bee*, it hailed the verdict as a triumph of justice and denounced "the liberal weeklies" which printed the truth about the trial.

SOME WEEKS AGO the *Williams Record*, the student newspaper of Williams College, circulated a petition calling on the manager of the local theater to cease showing the Hearst Metrotone News because of its ill-concealed militaristic propaganda. Before the petition was presented, the manager voluntarily withdrew the Hearst reel. Immediately a procession of interested visitors descended upon Williamstown, bent on ferreting out the *Record's* Moscow connections. They included the publisher of the Boston *Record*, a tabloid carrying Hearst features; a reporter from the Boston *American*, admittedly Hearst-owned; the son of the editor of *Liberty*; and a representative of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer interests. As it turned out, they might better have stayed at home. If Stalin has ever heard of Williams College, his agents have been careful not to leave documents around for enterprising reporters to pick up. Even the manager proved adamant. Unwilling to court trouble with the students, he resisted all efforts to force him to reconsider his decision. Meanwhile, the Association of College Editors took up the battle. Copies of the petition were mailed to the eighty-nine college papers affiliated with the association. The first to follow the *Record's* example was the *Daily Princetonian*, which hastened to launch a petition of its own accord. At Wesleyan the cinema proprietors had already agreed to expurgate jingoistic items from their newsreels. In several other colleges the student newspapers have given editorial support to the campaign. Needless to say, our sympathy lies with the students, not only because their rebuke to Mr. Hearst is well deserved, but especially because we find in their action a healthy sign that students are coming to recognize social responsibilities beyond the campus.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY strikers have won a complete victory before the Regional Labor Board. The board found that the discharge of the two secretaries "can only be interpreted as a threat to other union employees and so in violation of Section 7-a as embodied in the Graphic Arts Code." It recommended that the Office Workers' Union be recognized as the collective-bargaining agency, and that all the strikers "be reinstated immediately without prejudice and with back pay." In reply the management issued a statement typical of reactionary employers everywhere, denying all the findings of the board and adding that the *Mercury* "refuses to see its business taken over and managed by its employees or by a union or by the United States government," and that the whole procedure of the Regional Labor Board "is but a short step to an open attack on the freedom of the press." It is reported that the publisher and editor of the *Mercury* will "fight the case to the Supreme Court if necessary." If they carry out this threat and fail to reinstate the strikers, they will have lined up with those reactionary newspapers which are content to purvey generous ideas in their pages while resisting legally established standards in their own offices.

THE LAST PUBLIC HEARING of the Aldermanic Committee investigating relief in New York City was enlivened by the appearance of Park Commissioner Robert Moses, who added to the mounting evidence of inefficiency and almost incredible red tape in the municipal relief organizations. He suggested that work relief be taken over en-

tirely by the federal government, and that home relief be left to the state and city. Surely this would be a better arrangement than the one now in effect, under which all three agencies are involved in the minutest items of purchase. He urged that work relief be conducted along the broad lines of the CWA, which, in his opinion as in ours, "was getting somewhere" just when the Roosevelt Administration dropped it. Further public hearings of the investigating committee will probably not be held, because the original appropriation of \$25,000 has almost run out, and there is little possibility that additional money will be voted. For this all intelligent people should be grateful. The investigation was from the beginning a bluff on the part of Tammany to enable it to get its hands on the 12,000 jobs involved. The hearings have disclosed little of importance which was not previously known. Not a single instance of large-scale graft has been exposed, and not a single official has been proved grossly dishonest or wilfully negligent. On the other hand, the investigators have barely said a word about the insufficiency of relief funds, the denial of the right of collective bargaining to relief employees, or sectional discrimination.

WHILE ENGLAND celebrated its Jubilee, the unemployed of its oldest dominion and newest crown colony, Newfoundland, rioted in a demonstration for work relief. Nearly a year and a half has elapsed since the island's desperate financial plight led it voluntarily to relinquish its dominion status and accept the rule of a commission appointed by the king. The move has apparently been satisfactory from the standpoint of the British bondholders, but the improvement in the island's credit position has been achieved by means of drastic governmental economies which have adversely affected a large share of the population. Relief has been grossly inadequate. Labor conditions are said by competent observers to be worse than at any other period in Newfoundland's history. As the chief cause of the island's plight is to be found in the decline of international trade, it is evident that the solution of its difficulties lies deeper than mere constitutional changes. Responsibility for the necessary adjustment must be placed at the door of Great Britain.

THE Woodrow Wilson Foundation has awarded its gold medal to President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia in recognition of "his unceasing struggle for the rights of individual human beings against tyrants who would usurp them, of classes against social injustice and exploitation, and of nationalities against the domination of alien rulers." This is an excellent choice in this hour of fascist menace. Certainly President Masaryk's steadfastness when surrounded by dictatorships is worthy of the highest praise and all possible recognition. He has been sorely beset on many sides, and he must daily be aware of the growing sympathy for Hitlerism among the Bohemians of German descent. None the less he has so far declined to suspend anyone's rights or to accept the extraordinary doctrine recently enunciated by Walter Lippmann, among others, that it is justifiable for democracy to violate free speech and free press in order to preserve them! We note with gratitude also the foundation's gifts of \$4,000 to the University in Exile, and of \$3,000 apiece to the League of Women Voters and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

The Court Rules Out Security

THE Supreme Court of the United States has laid its paralyzing hand upon the Railroad Retirement Act in such a way as to prevent all compulsory pension schemes except those based on the use of the government's taxing power. Not only is the present act unconstitutional, but any other attempt to provide security for employees in interstate commerce by required contributions to pension funds is beyond the power of Congress. The court held that in regulating commerce between the states Congress may consider only efficiency and safety in transportation. Social problems created by the displacement or retirement of vast armies of employees must become so serious as to interfere with transportation before Congress may act. The procedure clearly indicated in the opinion of Justice Roberts is to allow the situation first to get so completely out of hand that something like a general strike impends. Then, under the famous decision of *Wilson vs. New* (in which the Adamson Act establishing an eight-hour day to avoid a general railroad strike was sustained), it may be held that the emergency justifies such sudden and hastily considered action as seems necessary. But any planning which might prevent emergencies is beyond the power of Congress.

The court puts this suggestion indirectly:

The legislation considered in *Wilson vs. New* was drafted to meet a particular exigency, and its validity depended upon circumstances so unusual that this court's decision respecting it cannot be considered as a precedent here.

Had the Supreme Court invalidated the Retirement Act on the ground that the cost was greater than the railroads could bear and thus constituted an undue burden on interstate commerce, their action would have been understandable however great the difference of opinion about the facts. In the face of such a decision Congress might have amended the act either by reducing the pensions or contributing to the fund through taxation. But Justice Roberts expressly discards this basis for the decision. "We are not prepared," he says, "to hold that if the law were in other respects within the legislative competence, the enormous cost involved would invalidate it."

The complete lack of common sense in a theory of government which rewards only the disorderly and acts only after an emergency is not the concern of the court, which, it asserts, must take the Constitution as it finds it. Justice Roberts points this out clearly: "Though we should think the measure embodies a valuable social plan and be in entire sympathy with its purpose and intended results, if the provisions go beyond the boundaries of constitutional power we must so declare." (There is an implication here that Justices Hughes, Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo either do not understand constitutional law or have shirked their duty, but perhaps, since the logical paradox involved in declaring acts unconstitutional by five-to-four decisions has never been satisfactorily resolved, it was not intended.) Having established this point, Justice Roberts proceeds throughout his lengthy decision to discuss little else than the wisdom and desirability of the act and its separate provisions. The government, urging that pensions do have something to do

with the efficiency of railroads, produced affidavits in court to show that a sense of security among employees induces a morale which is indispensable to the functioning of a great organization. Justice Roberts replies that morale is based on gratitude. Therefore "the surest way to destroy it in any privately owned business is to substitute legislative largess for private bounty and thus transfer the drive for pensions to the halls of Congress and transmute loyalty to employer into gratitude to the legislature."

The majority opinion is a curious document. It lacks the fire and moral conviction of the dissent in the gold cases. It is as dry as a common-law pleading, piling up objection after objection without any apparent sense of the relative importance of the points made. The fact that railroads are efficient today is used to prove that the problem of superannuated employees has nothing to do with the efficiency of railroads. It is a combination of pure fantasy and legal syllogisms with little persuasive power, but its bland assumptions that railroads are just little groups of private individuals and that the security of employees has nothing to do with efficient organization must shock any realistic mind.

We may be grateful for the irritating effect of the decision upon Chief Justice Hughes, whose dissent is the boldest, frankest, indeed, the greatest opinion of his career. He is alive to the danger involved in the sweeping generalizations of the majority, which emasculate the power of the legislature over commerce. In his opening paragraph he says:

The gravest aspect of the decision is that it does not rest simply upon a condemnation of particular features of the Railroad Retirement Act, but denies to Congress the power to pass any compulsory pension act for railroad employees. . . . That is a conclusion of such serious and far-reaching importance that it overshadows all other questions raised by the act. . . . I think that the conclusion thus reached is a departure from sound principles and is an unwarranted limitation upon the commerce clause of the Constitution.

What will be the effect of this decision? While it does not appear to put any obstacles in the way of pension plans the funds for which are raised by taxation, many informed persons fear that Justice Roberts has revealed such an ingrained hostility to pensions—as undeserved "bounties" or "largess"—that he may find a way to dispose even of acts which are based on the taxing power. The decision puts him in a key position. Everyone else seems to be accounted for. Van Devanter, Sutherland, McReynolds, and Butler are opposed to everything new. Hughes, Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo may be depended upon to approve of any reasonable security plan. Roberts is unpredictable; the present opinion shows that he has little respect for former decisions of the court which interfere with his moral judgments. A dangerous lack of confidence and general morale on the part of those who are pushing pension plans is almost sure to result from this uncertainty. Indeed, this effect will be shared by all progressives. The menace of the Supreme Court will continue to hang like an ominous cloud over all legal attempts to solve the social problems that are crowding upon us.

Wanted: A Labor Movement

THOSE who accepted the Wolman ballot in the automobile industry as proving the indifference of the workers to organized labor will have difficulty in explaining the strength of the Chevrolet strike in Toledo. Had it been timed a few months earlier it might have grown to establish the union throughout the industry, excepting probably Ford and a few smaller units, and exerted enough pressure to have enforced necessary reforms in wages and labor practices, among them the abolition of the Wolman board. Coming when it did, it served chiefly as a reminder of the opportunity still open to organized labor of entering this industry and enrolling its workers in an industrial labor movement.

It is a reminder which should not go unheeded. The record of the A. F. of L. in giving birth to and then crippling industrial unions is notorious. The steel workers, rank and file, are now sitting in their own secessionist organization, consigned to outlawed existence by the few thousand unionists still paying dues to the Amalgamated. The rebels came to Washington, begged for recognition from the A. F. of L. council, and were overwhelmingly defeated. The rubber workers, asking for an international charter, were told by the council that they would get it with "certain exceptions," these proving to be exceptions to benefit some twenty crafts. Not one of the industrial unions has yet obtained an international charter, which would provide autonomy and enable the union to set itself on its feet, independent of the indifferent leadership of the A. F. of L. In each instance the craft unions have shown their true nature by raiding the ranks of the new federal organizations. The delay in granting international charters is due principally to the refusal of the craft unions to forgo raiding. The American Federation of Labor lacks interest in a real labor movement, and its executive is without the experience to organize one. It is a relic of the Gompers era when craft unionism was doomed to be the substitute for a labor movement. Today, thanks in part to the new self-awareness awakened in labor by the New Deal, a labor movement is seen to be necessary not only for labor itself but for the survival of democracy.

It has grown increasingly clear this last year that a labor movement cannot be created from within the American Federation of Labor, and that secession of industrial unions from the A. F. of L. may be inevitable if the young industrial unions are to grow. Leadership will naturally fall to John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers and to Sidney Hillman of the needle trades. Lewis, being close to steel, would have to organize the steel industry. If the coal strike comes in June, it will probably spill over to the steel industry, and give him his opening. That would form a nucleus of industrial unions which might ultimately include seven groups—mining, steel, the needle trades, automobiles, rubber, textiles, and aluminum. The new unions have not been able to enlist help from the A. F. of L. That parental organization has acted like certain low forms of animal life which try to survive by eating their young.

A split in the A. F. of L. would probably mean a long and bitter feud which would last until the industrial unions had established themselves. Dread of this conflict may be restraining those who otherwise would throw themselves into the development of a labor movement. The craft character of the A. F. of L. is keeping labor in the old rut of trying to increase its power through legislative means. We do not criticize the legislative method, and we should rejoice if it won a victory in the passage of the Wagner labor-disputes bill. But this of itself would not insure the organization of the key industries, and it would be folly to rely on such a law to create for labor a power that can come only from action and organization. The October meeting of the A. F. of L. will see once more the struggle between craft habits and industrial potentialities. At San Francisco the industrial unions won only a hollow victory, and in the next session even this hollow victory may be forfeited. We are tempted to hope that it is, that the A. F. of L. goes back to the task it understands—craft unionism. That would leave the founding of a labor movement to those who are fitted for it by outlook and experience.

The evolution of a sordid machine civilization is rushing forward more rapidly under the depression than it did in the boom. Unless economic power in industry can be shared by labor with management, political democracy itself will have little reality. The development of a labor movement becomes one of the first essentials if the country is not to be managed altogether by industry and finance.

The Pulitzer Prizes

LAST year we complained that the Pulitzer Prize was rapidly losing whatever significance it may once have had. Contemplating now certain of the awards for 1935 we can think of only one happy solution to the difficulties which the committee has made for itself. Why not consolidate with that monthly department of *Vanity Fair* which is called "We Nominate for Oblivion"?

Of course there always are and always will be opportunities to quarrel with the specific choices of any prize committee. If, however, those choices are made upon the basis of any principles or prejudices, avowed or understood, then they can become the occasion for stimulating debate. But the whole trouble with the Pulitzer prizes is just that the complicated machinery for bestowing them has been so set up that the decision is bound to go, not to the person whom anyone is enthusiastic about, but to the writer against whom no one of a large number of "advisers" and "advisers to advisers" can raise any possible objection.

Mr. Pulitzer's intentions were doubtless of the best. He vested in the trustees of Columbia University the formal power to bestow the prizes, but the trustees have always left the choice in the hands of the Advisory Committee of the School of Journalism—a large, various, and widely scattered group of newspaper editors. These gentlemen, apparently realizing that they were hardly in a position to familiarize themselves with all the novels, poems, plays, biographies, histories, editorials, cartoons, and so forth produced during the year, wisely appointed certain groups of specialists to advise them, and up to this point the arrange-

ments were sensible enough. Then, however, the Advisory Committee began, for mysterious reasons, to disregard the advice of the persons whom it had presumably appointed because it believed them in a better position than the committee itself to make a choice. Last year, when the so-called play jury found its selection snubbed for no apparent reason, it resigned in an understandable huff. Thereupon the Advisory Committee asked three other gentlemen to serve with the understanding that they should have power only to submit a list of eligible plays from which the committee itself would make a choice.

As usual the play award has aroused the most controversy, and thanks to that controversy we can see just how the system works. The "jurors"—John Erskine, William Lyon Phelps, and Stark Young—began by eliminating all the plays favored by one or more to which any of the three objected. This is said to have disposed immediately of "The Children's Hour," which Professor Phelps thought "unpleasant" but which had been generally regarded as the most prominent candidate for the prize. Presumably, other likely choices were ruled out in the same way, and a list of three plays, including "Personal Appearance" and "Merriily We Roll Along," was compiled. From this list—presumably again because no member of the Advisory Committee could think of any strong objection—"The Old Maid" was finally singled out. It is our opinion that either "The Children's Hour," "Awake and Sing," "The Petrified Forest," or "The Farmer Takes a Wife" would have been a more suitable choice than any play on the "jury's" list. But that is not the point. The point is that the play selected is neither good nor bad but exactly the sort of old-fashioned mediocrity which the method of selection almost inevitably singles out by the process of elimination.

The other winners were all perfectly safe, though some of the prizes happened to go to works of real merit. The "best biography," Douglas Freeman's "Robert E. Lee," is pretty universally respected, and so is the "best history," Charles McLean Andrews's "The Colonial Period of American History." Josephine Johnson's novel "Now in November" was not liked by *The Nation's* reviewer, but it was widely praised and moderately popular, while the prize volume of poems "Bright Ambush" is a collection of conventional if literate verse by an obscure poetess named Audrey May Wurdemann.

In the end it all comes down to a question of what the Pulitzer prizes are supposed to be for. The donor probably did not intend them specifically to encourage either radical thought or radical artistic experiments. There is no reason to insist that they should be used in the interests of any particular movement, and one may expect the standards to be fairly conservative. But it also seems safe to assume that Mr. Pulitzer wished the prizes to reward distinction. At present the recipient gets a gift of money. In addition the sale of his book is stimulated. We cannot see, however, that the prize means very much else either to the winners or to the public, and under the circumstances the phraseology of the awards should be modified. Instead of giving prizes to the "best play," the "best volume of poems," and so on, the committee should frankly say, "To the play undistinguished enough to meet no objection from either the play jury or the Advisory Committee, \$1,000." And so on down the line.

In Reply to the *Times*

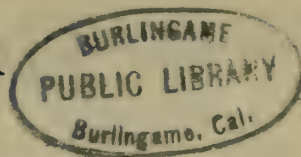
THE editorial comment in the New York *Times* of May 13 on *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare does justice neither to the enterprise nor to the accuracy of that great newspaper. After commending this journal for performing a much-needed service in compiling a labor index, it raises a number of questions regarding the methods used in computing the index which could have been answered with comparative ease if the editorial writer had taken the trouble to make a telephone call. As in any weighted index, the details of computation are of such a technical nature as to be of interest only to those who are statistically minded. To such persons *The Nation* will be only too glad to give full explanation of its methods. The *Times* asks, for example, "How can individual weekly earnings be averaged against unemployment?" In this case the answer is relatively simple. The index of real wages is multiplied by the percentage of gainful workers who are employed at a given time to indicate the status of the employed portion of the population. This figure is given a four-fifths weight in the final index.

A further question raised by the *Times* is in connection with the use of the number on relief rolls as an indication of the plight of the unemployed. It suggests that a rise in relief rolls may sometimes mean an improvement in the position of labor. This objection has a certain amount of validity. There are, indeed, occasions when an increase in the number of persons on relief may only mean that the unemployed are being better cared for. But these instances are relatively few. Relief workers are almost unanimous in testifying that the majority of men and women do not apply for relief until their personal resources have been completely exhausted. And the index measures the number on the rolls, not the adequacy or inadequacy of the relief given. Perhaps the best proof of the legitimacy of this assumption is to be found in the sharp decrease in relief rolls during the months when the CWA was in operation.

However, the *Times* insists that "the greatest avoidable falsification of the index comes through its complete failure to take account of the reduction in working hours." It is true that *The Nation* Index takes no account of the fact "that hourly wage rates have been substantially raised." Needless to say, the omission is a deliberate one. The increase in hourly wages is merely a reflex of the reduction in the length of the working week. We do not deny that the decrease in the number of hours in the working week has been pleasant for labor, but we have excluded this consideration as irrelevant to an index dealing with the relative economic status of the working class. In a final attempt to explain away the unpleasant implications of *The Nation's* index, the *Times* itself indulges in "falsification." It takes the figures for manufacturing industries—where the improvement has been the greatest—and cites these figures as proof that *The Nation* Index, which covered all industry, could not be correct. As a matter of fact the very figures cited by the *Times*, with the exception of those on hours, form an integral portion of *The Nation* Index. The *Times* has merely lifted those which are most appropriate to its argument. It was this type of irresponsible use of statistics that *The Nation* hoped to eliminate through its index.

Issues and Men

Senator Cutting



THE more one reflects upon the death of Senator Cutting the worse his loss seems. That is not to say that he was an intellectual or political giant, or that he was the most outstanding figure in the little group of Senators who decline to wear party chains. But he was a genuine liberal, a man who endeared himself to those who knew him best, and he was growing in intellectual stature. If it is true, as the press reported, that Senators Borah and Norris could not restrain their tears on hearing the news, that is about the finest tribute which could be paid to him, for they are much older men, veterans of the Senate, long accustomed to the incidents and accidents of life. I remember being in Senator Norris's office when the news came to him that Mr. Cutting's seat was to be contested by former Congressman Chavez, and that Postmaster General Farley obviously approved. The feeling Mr. Norris showed revealed a deep personal affection for his colleague.

Just what caused Mr. Roosevelt to turn against Senator Cutting and send speakers direct from the White House to New Mexico to defeat him remains a mystery. I asked Mr. Cutting the last time I saw him if he knew; he said he did not. It must, however, have been something that cut the President to the quick, for he does not often display personal resentments. It is interesting, too, that the President, so far as I have seen, has sent no message of condolence to any relative of the Senator. Perhaps he felt it would be improper or hypocritical under the circumstances. Yet when one recalls how many failures the President has dismissed to civil life with glowing words of eulogy, it seems as if some expression of regret, despite differences of opinion, might have been voiced at the White House. Plainly the wound was too deep. So the Senator died with his title to his seat besmirched and it must remain clouded, especially as the Governor of New Mexico is to appoint Mr. Chavez to the vacancy in the Senate. The pity of it is that there are many in New Mexico who honestly believe that Mr. Cutting's election was procured by improper methods; some feel that it was with the Senator's knowledge and connivance, some think that he was not cognizant of what went on. New Mexico politics are not of the best and the presence of many naturalized Mexicans makes bribery almost universal.

In the absence of any official establishing of the facts, let us take the favorable view of Mr. Cutting. His nearest friends and Senatorial colleagues believed absolutely in his rectitude and integrity. There was certainly no financial motive involved, for Mr. Cutting was very rich. It was on account of his health that he first went to New Mexico; once there he speedily saw the political opportunity open to him. He was one of those rare men of wealth—rare in the United States but not in England—who feel that good fortunes obliges and that they must justify their privileged position by giving to the public service the best that is in them. *The Nation* has recalled his splendid fight against the censorship of books, but he was always to be had for the battle in behalf of personal liberty. His wealth never

biased or influenced him. It did not compel him to join the Chamber of Commerce group, or make him a Union Leaguer, or an upholder of the status quo. He gave what he had to give simply, modestly, efficiently, and with no effort at oratory. It was this, I fancy, which so endeared him to his colleagues.

How can we get men of his type into political life? Please do not misunderstand. I am not of those who would be completely satisfied with our democratic institutions if the Senate and House were filled with "gentlemen," graduates of Harvard, like Mr. Cutting, or of Yale, or Princeton, or the University of Virginia. That would not be democracy, heaven knows; it would be a repulsive form of class government. But men of Mr. Cutting's type we shall always need, men who are imbued with public spirit; who, thanks to inherited wealth and traditions, have a knowledge of world conditions which cannot be acquired by one whose sphere of life has been limited by arduous struggle for food and clothes, for education, for opportunity to serve the public. I am even willing to take the chance of having two other types of Harvard men, men like Senator Penrose and Henry Cabot Lodge, again represented in the Senate. For it is a cross-section that the Senate ought to be. Years ago it was truthfully called "the rich man's club." Today those of great wealth are fortunately in a small minority, and when they are of as worthy a type as James Couzens of Michigan, to say nothing of the lost Bronson Cutting, their presence adds to the value of the Senate as a debating and legislative organization.

I must say here, as I have said before, that one of the best achievements of the New Deal has been the bringing into public life of an extremely fine group of men and women of an entirely different type from the familiar spoils-men, politicians, and boys from the home town who did not make good. Of course Farley has put a lot of spoilsmen into office in the well-known political manner, with the full knowledge, consent, and approval of Franklin Roosevelt. But when I think of the many fine men and women who have entered the public service I feel as if I could not express my thanks often enough. The much-criticized college professor is a vast improvement over the type of man that was specially selected for preferment by Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. I hope that many of the Roosevelt appointees will continue in public life. There is beyond doubt a dearth of executive ability and force in the top rank in Washington today, but in the second and third grades there is splendid material. Who knows how many of them may have been inspired by Bronson Cutting and the other members of the progressive group in the Senate to offer themselves for government service?

B. Wall Garrison Villard

How Honest Is Life Insurance?

By MORT and E. A. GILBERT

WHEN a life-insurance company sells you expensive insurance, its most vital concern is that you keep it and continue to pay for it. The companies are greatly perturbed by the fact that thousands of policy-holders have successfully cut their insurance costs and that thousands more contemplate doing so. The method followed in most cases, the only practical method, has been to rewrite, that is, to buy new protection at a lower cost and cancel the old expensive insurance. This rewriting is known in insurance circles as "twisting."

What effect does rewriting have on the companies? As policy-holders drop old policies they automatically cancel all policy loans—on which they have been paying a 6 per cent annual interest charge; at the same time they automatically retrieve the cash still in the policies. When the cash is retrieved, it cannot be confiscated by the company at the death of the insured. For regardless of the amount of cash value, or "reserve," in a policy, only the face amount is paid to the beneficiary at death. Again, the retrieved cash ceases to earn interest for the company; any interest now earned goes to the policy-holder. And to add to the company's chagrin, most of the rewritten business is in lower-premium contracts. Rewriting tends to deprive the companies of the chance to confiscate principal and interest.

So the companies have begun a war on "twisting and rewriting." They are determined to block the movement to retrieve cash and decrease costs. They have declared war against their policy-holders. The first shots were fired long ago, when the companies began to flood the mailboxes of their policy-holders with misleading propaganda. The following stereotyped statement appeared wherever the policy-holder would be likely to look:

IMPORTANT NOTICE

This policy cannot be replaced by a policy in another company without loss to you. Beware, therefore, of any agent who suggests that you discontinue this policy; such an agent is not looking after your interest. He is thinking only of a commission he will receive on the policy he sells you.

Nearly all policy envelopes bear that notice. If it fails to convince you, the company mails along with your premium notice a circular entitled "A Policy Twister's Gain Will Be Your Loss."

Not depending upon mere propaganda, the companies set ingenious traps. Once they get wind of your intention to "twist," a substitution is almost impossible. They can reject your application on physical, moral, or financial grounds. A question included in all applications for insurance reads: "Is the policy for which you are hereby applying intended to take the place of insurance carried with this or with any other company? If yes, give particulars." If you answer yes, the company frequently finds cause to reject you. And when one company rejects you, the information is promptly broadcast to the other companies. In the following fact lurks another restriction upon the policy-holder: all companies require evidence of insurability, frequently at the

expense of the insured. Changes to higher-premium contracts as of original date may be made without examination. No more eloquent evidence could be presented to show where the interests of the policy-holder lie.

The chief fomentor of twists, of course, is the agent. The companies, therefore, drum into his ears holy commandments like the following, which appeared in the 1932 rate book of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York but are absent in the one for 1935:

POINTS FOR THE AGENTS

Never speak disparagingly of any policy issued by any responsible company.

Never advise a man to give up a policy in another good company to take one in your company.

Agents who "twist" policies should be driven out of business by their fellows.

Thousands of agents, incapable of seeing the hypocrisy in these "points," have swallowed them hook, line, and sinker. If you ask the average agent about twisting, he will reply without hesitation that it is impossible. And yet in the face of this united front of companies and agents to prevent you from getting help, twisting has continued and increased. A few agents defied the commands of their companies and went ahead to aid the policy-holder. How did the companies deal with them? They resorted to the most despicable practice that can be employed by our vested interests. They influenced legislatures in many states to pass laws making it a criminal offense for an agent to advise you to change your policy.

These "anti-twisting" laws cannot be enforced. In the few cases in which twisters have been haled into court on charges of "misrepresentation," the company has been forced to drop the case before the accused proved the company guilty of the identical charge. A story in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* shows how an early anti-twisting case ended:

ANTI-TWISTING RULE UPSET IN INSURANCE SUIT

Special to *Post-Dispatch*, Jefferson City, Missouri.—Circuit Judge W. S. Stillwell of Cole County has issued a "permanent" mandamus directing the State Insurance Department to license Ray P. Prewitt of St. Louis, Missouri, who was denied a license to write life insurance on the ground that he had violated a rule on "twisting." The Insurance Department admitted that Mr. Prewitt spoke the truth in his dealing with policy-holders. Judge Stillwell said: "Violated a ruling?—It was nothing more than a frame-up on the public."

Judge Stillwell's opinion is not an isolated instance. The same attitude has been expressed, more or less openly, by honest actuaries everywhere. Joseph B. Maclean, assistant actuary of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, wrote in the *Eastern Underwriter* on October 7, 1927:

A change of an established policy as from original date to a cheaper plan, thus releasing the difference in cash values, is not in itself twisting, but on the contrary may be a very proper and desirable transaction.

By harping on the anti-twisting laws, the companies forced most of their agents into submission, although a few refused to be intimidated and went right on twisting or rewriting. When the courts failed them, the companies resorted to other tactics. They said in effect: "Never mind the courts. We will pass our own private laws, and we will be our own judge and jury." And so they struck at rewriting in the most effective way possible. The Metropolitan, for example, formulated a "No Credit—No Commission" ruling. This provides that if, after an agent sells a man insurance, the insured within six months surrenders any amount of insurance he had in force, in any company, prior to the purchase of new insurance, the agent will receive no commissions for the equivalent of the amount dropped. (The Prudential outdoes the Metropolitan; its 1935 ruling specifies no time limit at all: "... if the issuance of the policy specified above replaces, or directly or indirectly causes the cancelation of, a policy or policies previously issued by this or any other company, the company [the Prudential] reserves the right to adjust the payment of commissions as the circumstances of the case seem to warrant or to pay no commissions, as the company may decide.")

More contemptible rulings have never been contrived. The companies strike at the policy-holder by making it profitless for any agent to give him honest service. As a matter of fact, these rulings are even more vicious than they sound. They permit the companies to steal the commissions of agents who have no intention of rewriting. If an agent sells you insurance, necessity now forces him to encourage you to keep your old insurance—and your excessive costs—until he can get, beyond contestability, the commissions on the new policy. Therefore the agent is not only prevented from giving you honest advice, advice that will promote your best interests, but is prompted in self-defense to give you deliberately dishonest advice.

We will cite an actual instance showing how the "No Credit—No Commission" rule works in practice, and how it makes the agent the slave of his company. As you read the letter below, take especial note of the iron-handed fashion in which the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company applies the ruling. It admits that the agent had no intention to make a rewrite, and yet it confiscates his commission. We believe that the agent could collect this commission, lawfully due him, through legal proceedings in court. We know of a case where an agent, threatening to contest the "No Credit—No Commission" rule, received not only his lawful commission but an apology stating that an "error" had occurred. The reference to the insured relates to letters which he wrote to the company completely exonerating the agent of any suggestion of a replacement. All names are blanked to protect the agent.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, President

New York City

IN RE: [the insured], Pol. No. —

Mr. —, Manager, —

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of —, addressed to Mr. —, manager of the Renewal Division, has been referred to us for attention. We are really very sorry to learn that you have again written Mr. — [the insured] regarding the circumstances under which our business was obtained, for

this is the second letter you have sent us and in which you ask Mr. — [the insured] to write you. You really should not have bothered this man any more about it, because, as we told you in our letter of —, even though we were applying the "no credit, no commission" rule, and to which no exceptions are made, we did not infer that your agent had acted unethical [*sic*]. You seem to stress the point that your agent knew nothing of Mr. —'s intentions to discontinue insurance in other companies, and we are not inferring that he did, but the fact remains that insurance in other companies did lapse, and since it followed so shortly after the writing and issuing of our business, no credit and no commission will be allowed.

—, 1934

[Signed] JOHN R. HARRIS

Manager, Ordinary Application Division

Now let us consider the case of an agent who, despite the stratagems of his company, was still determined to sell insurance from the point of view of the client. The amount of business handled by this agent indicates the tremendous demand for such service. The agent wrote more than half a million dollars of insurance during 1932 and 1933. In these years the officials of the Prudential Insurance Company were either unaware of the circumstances under which the business was written, or rewritten, or willing to ignore them, since it was business twisted from other companies. The following is a letter of commendation written to the agent:

DEAR MR. —:

It affords me a great deal of pleasure to write you now that the year has closed to congratulate you on having reached a high place in yearly net issue amongst all our special agents and brokers. The splendid work you have done is very much appreciated by us all. I hope that we may continue to be favored in the future with your business, and I can assure you that we at the home office stand ready to aid and assist you in any way we can. With occasional glimpses of the sun through the dark clouds overhead, we have high expectations for an improved 1933, and we confidently look to you to continue among the leaders. With kind regards,

[Signed] SAYRE MACLEOD, Jr., Supervisor

February 20, 1933

Again, early in 1934, we find George H. Chace, assistant secretary of the Prudential, writing: "We are indeed pleased to congratulate you on having qualified for the inclosed Gold Merit Emblem showing \$200,000, your net issue for 1933 having just passed that figure. With it we extend the best of good wishes for continuing success." But this could not go on. Observers believe that pressure from the other companies was exerted on the Prudential to drive this agent from the field. It became extremely difficult for him to place business, and for a few months he made no attempt to write insurance, hoping that the pressure would be lifted. When he made an attempt to resume work, however, he discovered he had been released. He wrote to the home office of the Prudential asking why he was no longer in good standing. This was the letter he received in answer:

DEAR MR. —:

Replying to your letter dated August 18, I wish to inform you that it is not our practice to continue to keep accounts open indefinitely without a reasonable amount of

new business production. According to our records, you have had no business issued to your credit for the current year.

[Signed] W. D. LEMON,
Assistant Supervisor

August 21, 1934

The shabbiness of the pretext is obvious. There are agents in the service of the Prudential who have not written any business over a much longer period. The agent, depending upon insurance writing for his livelihood, wrote again, telling the company he had a large number of clients ready to sign applications. It seemed unlikely that the Prudential would continue to use the "non-production" pretext in the face of a large amount of assured business. They did not; they didn't bother to use any pretext:

DEAR MR. —:

Answering your letter dated September 28, we regret to inform you that we are not in position to avail ourselves of the opportunity of reopening your account. Trusting, however, that you will be able to make other contacts,

October 3, 1934

[Signed] W. D. LEMON,
Assistant Supervisor

How impossible it is to "make other contacts" is appreciated by those familiar with the interlocking character of the companies.

The company, in this obvious case of twisting, did not dare to admit its real reason for dropping the agent. If it did, the case could be brought to court and truths unpleasant to the companies would be disclosed. Above all, the companies fear such disclosures. Incomes have suffered a drastic reduction; the insurance burden continues to grow. The American policy-holder has been forced to borrow on his cash values to the tune of \$4,000,000,000. Having thus decreased his insurance-protection by that amount, paying an annual interest toll of a quarter of a billion, the overcharged and bewildered policy-holder is looking for a way out. His only immediate solution is to rewrite. The entire strategy of the life-insurance companies is designed to prevent that solution. So far, in their war against policy-holders, the companies appear to be winning. With policy-holders unorganized and offering no resistance, it has been an easy victory. It is time for a counter-offensive.

Dirge for Mr. Hopkins

By PAUL W. WARD

SUCH are the ways of Washington that it is only a matter of time when a "going out of business" sign will be hung on the shop of Harry L. Hopkins, Tailor to the Existing Order. But it is Hopkins, not the shop, that will be going out of business. His days as a New Deal hero are numbered. They have been numbered ever since Roosevelt formally elevated the FERA chieftain to the post of No. 1 man in the four-billion-dollar works-relief program and thereby placed him in the grand and fatal succession of Moley, Johnson, Tugwell, and Richberg.

No man can long survive such eminence in the nation's capital. If it does not infect him with megalomania and unfit him for anything less than a metaphysician's role, it at least makes him, under the New Deal, a target for all the slings and arrows of outraged fortunes. It is not, however, the missiles hurled by embattled wealth that will ultimately couch the New Deal's swiftest spender. Far more primitive weapons will lay Hopkins low, and they will be wielded not by the enemy outside the New Deal's gates but by its friends and in its inner sanctum. In short, Hopkins will be brought to earth by his fellows, wielding dirks tipped with the poison of jealousy.

There has always been heated competition for a President's favor but never before has it been so hot as under the New Deal. For this there is a very simple explanation. Never before have the devices of modern publicity been woven so intimately into the federal government's structure. Each croupier of the New Deal has his press agent. Several have a battery of them, and they consider spewing out formal statements, announcements, and speeches but a minor part of their work. Each is a king-maker at heart and lies awake nights thinking up ways and means of making his master preeminent. To promote that ideal the press agent resorts not to the mimeograph but to the whispered confidence, planting here and there in the capital's press corps

sly tales illustrative of his master's moral and intellectual superiority over all other New Dealers, including, quite frequently, the President himself. Meanwhile the master, sharing the servant's faith in his own superiority, is busy striving to impart that same faith to the President with varying degrees of tact and persuasiveness. The result is that the Roosevelt Administration, full though it is of high-minded searchers for the More Abundant Life, is rent with internecine strife. Only when one member succeeds in pushing himself out in front of all others is there a momentary semblance of unity, and it is the unity of fratricides—the pack converging to bring down the leader.

Hopkins will not be an easy victim. In the first place, he is a man after Roosevelt's own heart—gay, erratic, and full of those amiable prejudices that are the New Deal substitute for profound social and political convictions. In the second place, he has in Eleanor Roosevelt a powerful friend at court; she is largely responsible for his and the FERA's original appearance in the New Deal picture and we have it on the word of a member of the royal family that "so long as Franklin is married to Eleanor, Franklin will be wed to Hopkins." Neither of these ties, however, will avail Hopkins in the long run. As "progress administrator" of the four-billion-dollar works-relief plan he is saddled with responsibility for a program foredoomed to failure, and his rivals within the Administration will make certain that he pays the cost. The question then arises: When he is relegated to the New Deal discard, how much will he be missed? And the answer comes: Less than he would have been had the discarding come when the New Deal was in its infancy.

In those days Hopkins burned to make America over and he thought Roosevelt had the same fever. His best work was done while he was still solidly under that impression. Much of it since has been undone, and the flame

that was in Hopkins now smolders under wet blankets from the White House. "Hi," as Hopkins's intimates call him, should have been prepared for all that. He had known Roosevelt for five pre-New Deal years. They met in 1928 when both were striving to further the Presidential ambitions of Al Smith. Hopkins at that time was director of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association and for many years had been what Washington has spoiled him for ever being again—a social worker.

After being graduated from Grinnell College with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain, he headed for a newspaper career but was diverted into social work in the East and early thrown into contact with Frances Perkins, Lillian Wald, and other leaders in that field in New York. He became a supervisor for the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and then, from 1918 to 1922, was executive secretary of New York's Board of Child Welfare, a post he relinquished to become for the next two years division manager at New Orleans for the American Red Cross. From New Orleans he went back to New York to take, first, the post of assistant director of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and then the post in which he was employed when he met Roosevelt.

It is questionable whether Hopkins, the son of a Sioux City, Iowa, harnessmaker, ever was completely at ease in the role of a social worker. He appears to regard it as rather too ladylike for a man. He likes to have it understood, though he is far too astute to advertise it himself, that he is a two-fisted poker player and as a college athlete had a reputation for roughness. It is a manifestation of the Nimrod complex, of which President Roosevelt also is a victim.

Whether Hopkins was ever a particularly good social worker is another question. He was not a nationally known figure in that profession, and his appointment to the FERA chieftainship puzzled many of its members, who otherwise were delighted with the recognition thus given to their clan. He had been enjoying Roosevelt's favor for two years when that came about. In 1931 Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, had set up that state's Temporary Emergency Relief Administration and made Hopkins its executive director. In 1932 Hopkins became its chairman at a salary of \$12,500. It was therefore at a considerable financial sacrifice that he accepted Roosevelt's call to the FERA chieftainship in May, 1933, for the federal post then paid only \$8,500; it now pays \$10,000.

While Roosevelt still was Governor of New York, Hopkins had inoculated him with the idea of the state's responsibility for relief of the unemployed, and the inoculation lasted well into the second year of his Presidency, when its effect began to fade rapidly despite Hopkins's desperate attempts at reinoculation. Today the only real difference between Roosevelt and his predecessor on the relief question is that Hoover, being opposed to federal relief for the unemployed, managed to keep out of it, whereas Roosevelt, having got into it in what latterly must seem an aberrant moment, now finds himself unable to get out and strives to make a virtue of necessity. His true frame of mind shows through his assertion that the federal government "must and shall quit this business of relief." Although the phrase is uttered in much the same tone as Hopkins's fre-

quent "I don't like this business of relief," it has a far different underlying significance, for in Hopkins's case it bespeaks distress over the gross inadequacy of relief at best, whereas in Roosevelt's case it is a manifestation of the panic that rises in him each time the American Bankers' Association and the United States Chamber of Commerce renew their clamor for a cessation of government spending.

Roosevelt is at bottom a budget balancer. As late as March, 1933, he asserted that a balanced budget provided the only sound and practical way of reviving business, and in October, 1932, he had expressed horror at the thought of borrowing to meet the federal deficit. Hoover's resort to that practice, he maintained, had intensified the depression. Earlier still—in 1931—he had vowed that it was dangerous, that it was banking on "fool's luck" to add to the public debt, "for we don't know what the future holds for us." I cite these things in some detail to sharpen my point that Roosevelt is subject only to periodic infatuations with the spending theory of government. That fact explains, in turn, a great many of the New Deal's false starts and contradictions and especially those of the FERA. It explains, for example, the brief career of that amazing enterprise, the Civil Works Administration.

The CWA was Hopkins's own idea, conceived on the fringe of the New Deal's first winter. You will recall that it involved putting to work on projects created by the government 4,000,000 persons—half from the relief rolls and half from the ranks of the still self-sustaining unemployed—and that these persons were to be engaged not at work-relief's hybrid tasks but at bona fide jobs. You will recall, too, that the scheme involved no caustic attempt to say that some work is work and that other work is not work. Under the CWA, workers were to be workers doing a thirty-hour weekly stint and paid therefor the same wages as men in private employment, regardless of the fact that, as a result, they might stuff their larders with one loaf of bread too many.

It is characteristic of Hopkins that he wasted no time meditating upon the stupendous problems and conflicts such a revolutionary scheme might engender. He talked it over with his aides—Jacob Baker, Aubrey Williams, and Corington Gill—and from their brief discussions there emerged an equally brief memorandum outlining the scheme. With this memorandum in hand he trotted off to the White House one Wednesday afternoon in November. He went merely to enlist Roosevelt's interest. He expected to be told to develop the idea and come back with a fuller outline. He still expected that when he left the White House that evening. But it so happened that he had caught the New Deal Messiah in one of his periods of infatuation with the spending art, and Hopkins literally woke up the next morning to discover that Roosevelt without further ado had proclaimed the CWA in effect.

Most of the ills that subsequently beset the CWA are traceable to that bit of Presidential impetuosity. "Full speed ahead," the White House ordered, and Helmsman Hopkins, though lacking compass and charts, strove to obey. It is a tribute to his administrative skill—and particularly to the sublime butchery with which he operates upon the thwarting tentacles of bureaucratic red tape—that, brief though the CWA's life was, it stands out as the most successful of New Deal endeavors. It progressed to the accompaniment of

screams from the right, and one of the loudest screamers was General Hugh S. Johnson, then Lord High Everything Else of the New Deal. It seemed the CWA had committed the cardinal sin of paying wages higher than those sacred minima written into the Johnsonian code and was blocking the wheels of the only true and beautiful industrial progress—private industrial progress. Johnson's screams reached the White House and he trailed them there. So did Hopkins. Growling that "some people just can't stand seeing others make a decent living," the CWA's progenitor grappled with and promptly floored the Blue Eagle's champion.

But the din of battle outside his door had frightened Mr. Roosevelt. Furthermore, though Hopkins's verbal strangle-hold had throttled Johnson's bellowings, it could not choke off the bellowings of chambers of commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the wheat ranchers, and the cotton planters. Nor could it stop the keening of the banking fraternity as they watched the bill for the CWA mount and mount until it reached nearly \$950,000,000. More difficult to combat, however, than all the bellowing and all the keening was the whispering. Because the CWA had been launched with such incautious speed, neither its personnel nor its projects could be chosen with proper care and the whole structure soon was riddled with charges of graft and nepotism. In the final analysis, few of those charges stood up, but they sufficed in the interim to put the needed moral overtones in the anvil chorus of reaction. How Hopkins helped with the orchestration of that chorus comes later in the story. What concerns us at this point is the fact that it was not the classic scandals of the CWA that caused Roosevelt to cut short its life.

His heart went out not to the moralists but to the wage- and penny-pinchers, to all those who, as Hopkins has put it, "apparently think the primary object of relief is to save the government money." The first symptom of that Presidential heartburn was a reduction in working hours on CWA projects—wage-cutting in a polite form. Later—in January, 1934—the death blow was struck. The forces of reaction had triumphed once more in the White House and they had triumphed just when the CWA was beginning to hit a smooth stride with what seemed to be a clear field ahead. Characteristically, Roosevelt did not order Hopkins to end the CWA. He asked him if he *could* end it. It was a rhetorical question, of course, and the meaning was perfectly clear to Hopkins, who was stunned by the suddenness of it.

He set about the wrecking process in one of his fine hysterias, and that hysteria did not end until one day late in January when he discovered that in his frenzy he had filled the nation's press with a sweeping repudiation of the whole CWA idea. What had happened was that at a press conference the previous day Hopkins, maddened by a sort of grief over the CWA's impending burial, had inveighed bitterly and at length against the chiseling business men and politicians, whom he blamed for the CWA's untimely death. It was a show such as Washington never had seen before, a "father disowns his child" performance, and the proceedings were broadcast far and wide the next day. Unwittingly, Hopkins had seemed to confirm all the charges of graft and corruption whispered about the CWA.

Learned pieces were written at the time about the po-

litical cunning or lack thereof that provoked Hopkins's outburst, but the real reason is to be found in his tremendous will-to-believe-in-Roosevelt. That will, which has survived many tests, is, in turn, the product of three factors. One is Hopkins's deep loyalty to the President, a loyalty born in no small part of gratitude to him for giving a humble social worker so large a place in the national sun. The second factor is Hopkins's eagerness to keep that place in the sun; he has told friends that after two years in Washington he could never adjust himself to being a social worker again. The final factor is Hopkins's sophomoric delight in the chess-play of politics; he regards Roosevelt as a heaven-sent master of that art and accordingly stands somewhat in awe of him. Slight though that awe may be at times, it usually suffices to make Hopkins surrender principle to the greater good of political expediency as argued by his White House hero.

It was in response to just such an argument by Roosevelt that Hopkins in November, 1934, lowered another one of his banners—the thirty-cents-an-hour minimum rate for work-relief labor. It was not a spoken argument in this case, for Roosevelt did not even bother to explain why he wanted the minimum abolished. The reason, however, shows itself in what followed. A survey made by the FERA showed that the effects of the abandonment were almost wholly confined to the South and that there the minima promptly dropped to 15, 12½, and 10 cents an hour. Will the reason be any clearer if I add that Southern Congressmen are the chairmen of the House's most powerful committees, and that in the Senate the president, majority leader, and whips are Southerners? All Hopkins's other surrenders could be traced to similar causes, including his acceptance of the less-than-a-wage-more-than-a-dole provision in the President's four-billion-dollar works-relief bill. That was Roosevelt's own idea in so far as its appearance in the works-relief bill is concerned. Before that the idea belonged to the White Sulphur Springs conference of industrialists and financiers and they imbedded it in their program. It was one of the provisions of that program that caused Hopkins to rush, jeering, to the White House. It also was one of the provisions at which the White House affected to do a little jeering on its own account. Naturally, then, Hopkins was surprised to find it later written into the bill. That leaves him the job of affecting to see no reason why things should be otherwise.

It is a hard task for one whose published utterances yield the following:

Wherever local existing wage levels have been disturbed by work-relief wages so that, as is occasionally alleged, workers refuse private employment because they can make more from relief, the true state of affairs is apt to be that the local wage level is no level at all but a subcellar. . . . It is easy for well-fed people to sit around a table and say the cheapest way is the best way. . . . Give the poor \$1,000,000, it is said, and they will still want beans, pork, and molasses. It is the well-fed who say it—the old and popular fiction that poor people don't really mind being poor. . . . I have said, and I say again, that while relief has met the emergency needs of the unemployed, it is not an effective and satisfactory method of meeting this problem over a long period of time.

[The sixth article in Mr. Ward's series on "F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room," a study of the Department of the Interior and Mr. Ickes, will be published in the issue of June 5.]

Dust Changes America

By MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

VITAMIN K they call it—the dust which sifts under the door sills, and stings in the eyes, and seasons every spoonful of food. The dust storms have distinct personalities, rising in formation like rolling clouds, creeping up silently like formless fog, approaching violently like a tornado. Where has it come from? It provides topics of endless speculation. Red, it is the topsoil from Oklahoma; brown, it is the fertile earth of western Kansas; the good grazing land of Texas and New Mexico sweeps by as a murky yellow haze. Or, tracing it locally, “My uncle will be along pretty soon,” they say; “I just saw his farm go by.”

The town dwellers stack their linen in trunks, stuff wet cloths along the window sills, estimate the tons of sand in the darkened air above them, paste cloth masks on their faces with adhesive tape, and try to joke about Vitamin K. But on the farms and ranches there is an attitude of despair.

By coincidence I was in the same parts of the country where last year I photographed the drought. As short a time as eight months ago there was an attitude of false optimism. “Things will get better,” the farmers would say. “We’re not as hard hit as other states. The government will help out. This can’t go on.” But this year there is an atmosphere of utter hopelessness. Nothing to do. No use digging out your chicken coops and pigpens after the last “duster” because the next one will be coming along soon. No use trying to keep the house clean. No use fighting off that foreclosure any longer. No use even hoping to give your cattle anything to chew on when their food crops have literally blown out of the ground.

It was my job to avoid dust storms, since I was commissioned by an airplane company to take photographs of its course from the air, but frequently the dust storms caught up with us, and as we were grounded anyway, I started to photograph them. Thus I saw five dust-storm states from the air and from the ground.

In the last several years there have been droughts and sand storms and dusters, but they have been localized, and always one state could borrow from another. But this year the scourge assumes tremendous proportions. Dust storms are bringing distress and death to 300,000 square miles; they are blowing over all of Kansas, all of Nebraska and Wyoming, strips of the Dakotas, about half of Colorado, sections of Iowa and Missouri, the greater part of Oklahoma, and the northern panhandle of Texas, extending into the eastern parts of New Mexico.

Last year I saw farmers harvesting the Russian thistle. Never before had they thought of feeding thistles to cattle. But this prickly fodder became precious for food. This year even the Russian thistles are dying out and the still humbler soap weed becomes as vital to the farmer as the fields of golden grain he tended in the past. Last year’s thistle-fed cattle dwindled to skin and bone. This year’s herds on their diet of soap weed develop roughened hides, ugly growths around the mouth, and lusterless eyes.

Years of the farmers’ and ranchers’ lives have gone into the building up of their herds. Their herds were like their families to them. When AAA officials spotted cows and steers for shooting during the cattle-killing days of last summer, the farmers felt as though their own children were facing the bullets. Kansas, a Republican state, has no love for the AAA. This year winds whistled over land made barren by the drought and the crop-conservation program. When Wallace removed the ban on the planting of spring wheat he was greeted by cheers. But the wheat has been blown completely out of the ground. Nothing is left but soap weed, or the expensive cotton-seed cake, and after that—bankruptcy.

The storm comes up in a terrifying way. Yellow clouds roll. The wind blows such a gale that it is all my helper can do to hold my camera to the ground. The sand whips into my lens. I repeatedly wipe it away trying to snatch an exposure before it becomes completely coated again. The light becomes yellower, the wind colder. Soon there is no photographic light, and we hurry for shelter to the nearest farmhouse.

Three men and a woman are seated around a dust-caked lamp, on their faces grotesque masks of wet cloth. The children have been put to bed with towels tucked over their heads. My host greets us: “It takes grit to live in this country.” They are telling stories: A bachelor harnessed the sandblast which ripped through the keyhole by holding his pots and pans in it until they were spick and span. A pilot flying over Amarillo got caught in a sand storm. His motor clogged; he took to his parachute. It took him six hours to shovel his way back to earth. And when a man from the next county was struck by a drop of water, he fainted, and it took two buckets of sand to revive him.

The migrations of the farmer have begun. In many of the worst-hit counties 80 per cent of the families are on relief. In the open farm country one crop failure follows another. After perhaps three successive crop failures the farmer can’t stand it any longer. He moves in with relatives and hopes for a job in Arizona or Illinois or some neighboring state where he knows he is not needed. Perhaps he gets a job as a cotton picker, and off he goes with his family, to be turned adrift again after a brief working period.

We passed them on the road, all their household goods piled on wagons, one lucky family on a truck. Lucky, because they had been able to keep their truck when the mortgage was foreclosed. All they owned in the world was packed on it; the children sat on a pile of bureaus topped with mattresses, and the sides of the truck were strapped up with bed springs. The entire family looked like a Ku Klux Klan meeting, their faces done up in masks to protect them from the whirling sand.

Near Hays, Kansas, a little boy started home from school and never arrived there. The neighbors looked for him till ten at night, and all next day a band of two hundred

people searched. At twilight they found him, only a quarter of a mile from home, his body nearly covered with silt. He had strangled to death. The man who got lost in his own ten-acre truck garden and wandered around choking and stifling for eight hours before he found his house considered himself lucky to escape with his life. The police and sheriffs are kept constantly busy with calls from anxious parents whose children are lost, and the toll is mounting of people who become marooned and die in the storms.

But the real tragedy is the plight of the cattle. In a rising sand storm cattle quickly become blinded. They run around in circles until they fall and breathe so much dust that they die. Autopsies show their lungs caked with dust and mud. Farmers dread the birth of calves during a storm.

The newborn animals will die within twenty-four hours.

And this same dust that coats the lungs and threatens death to cattle and men alike, that ruins the stock of the storekeeper lying unsold on his shelves, that creeps into the gear shifts of automobiles, that sifts through the refrigerator into the butter, that makes housekeeping, and gradually life itself, unbearable, this swirling drifting dust is changing the agricultural map of the United States. It piles ever higher on the floors and beds of a steadily increasing number of deserted farmhouses. A half-buried plowshare, a wheat binder ruffled over with sand, the skeleton of a horse near a dirt-filled water hole are stark evidence of the meager life, the wasted savings, the years of toil that the farmer is leaving behind him.

Gag Legislation in Michigan

By A. B. MAGIL

A DARK horse has emerged in the neck-and-neck race toward fascism, challenging such thoroughbred states as California, Louisiana, New Mexico, and Alabama. The state of Michigan, riding its Dunckel bill, is galloping madly into the lead.

The Dunckel bill (Senate Bill 292), sponsored by Senators Dunckel and Baldwin and blessed by William Randolph Hearst, was born without advance fanfare. It was dropped rather quietly into the Senate chamber on March 21. Shortly after, it became known that the bill had the backing of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Legion, and similar groups. On April 24 it was passed by the Michigan Senate by a vote of 21 to 11. It is now before the House.

The Dunckel bill is perhaps the most drastic of the crop of anti-labor gag bills that have come up in various states in the past few months. Under its terms a person is guilty of a felony punishable by from one to fourteen years' imprisonment or a \$5,000 fine or both, who does any of the following: advocates overthrow of the government; publishes, distributes, or sells literature advocating overthrow of the government; organizes or aids in the organization of any group having this as one of its objects; attends a meeting at which such ideas are propagated; allows a room, building, or other property owned or controlled by him to be used for such a meeting; teaches such doctrine in a private or public school; or "has in his possession or transports from any point within this state, with the intent in any way or manner whatsoever to encourage, foster, further, aid, or abet any attempt to overthrow the government, any books, pamphlets, documents, or papers of any kind, wherein or whereon appear any words, signs, or symbols advocating or suggesting" such overthrow.

"Overthrow of government" is defined as "any attempt to destroy the existing form of government by force, violence, or any unlawful means."

Messrs. Dunckel and Baldwin have entitled their ambitious project: "A bill to promote respect for the constitution, laws, and institutions of this state and the United States." This sinister threat to destroy every vestige of civil liberties and strait-jacket the labor movement has been met by the organization of a broad united front of labor and lib-

eral organizations that have temporarily sunk their differences to fight this common battle. Initiated by the Detroit branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Conference for the Protection of Civil Rights includes such organizations as the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor (A. F. of L.), the Mechanics' Educational Society of America, an independent union of tool and diemakers, the Methodist Episcopal Church of Detroit, the American League Against War and Fascism, and the Socialist, Proletarian, and Communist parties. The conference is headed by the Reverend J. H. Bollens, pastor of the Messiah Evangelical Church, who is chairman of the Detroit branch of the A. C. L. U.

Two rounds have thus far been fought in the battle against reaction. The first was the attempt to secure a promised public hearing on the bill in the Senate. This round was lost, and the Senate pushed the bill through without a hearing. The second round was fought at the public hearing before the House Judiciary Committee at Lansing on the evening of May 2. It was one of the most remarkable scenes that any American legislative hall has witnessed.

A delegation of more than 400 opponents of the bill, representing, according to Mr. Bollens, some 450,000 people, locked horns for four hours with professional red-baiters and patrioteers. Mr. Hearst's *Detroit Times* had announced that a caravan of 300 Detroit legionnaires would be joined by 2,000 others from outstate in support of the bill. Nobody knows what happened to all this formidable patriotism, but the fact is that only about fifty of the legionnaires showed up.

Spokesmen for the bill included ex-Governor Wilber M. Brucker; Carl Smith, member of the American Legion National Committee on Law and Order; Lester O. Moody, Michigan Commander of the Legion; John Kruze, White Guard Russian World War aviator; Father Joseph Luther, S. J., dean of men at the University of Detroit, who spoke in the name of the Detroit Council of Catholic Organizations; Mrs. Agnes Dunn, chairman of the Americanism Committee of the Legion's Michigan Women's Auxiliary; Frank G. Mitzel, vice-president of the Michigan division of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; and, believe it or not, Harry A. Jung of Chicago, the same Jung who was

exposed by John L. Spivak in the *New Masses* as the head of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, a secret espionage and anti-Semitic organization.

Let no one mistake the intent of the Dunckel bill. Its provisions are so broad that anyone reading *The Nation*, or wearing a button with the emblem of the hammer and sickle or the torch of the Socialist Party, can be charged with advocating the overthrow of the government and be imprisoned. In an effort to placate the trade unions and disrupt the opposition movement, Senators Dunckel and Baldwin amended their bill to the effect that it is not to be construed as limiting the right of peaceful picketing or striking. This joker, however, deceived no one; it merely means that a striker, instead of being charged with picketing, will be accused, whenever the powers that be so please, of advocating the overthrow of the government.

The attitude of the Republican state administration is indicated in the opinion which Attorney General Harry Toy hastened to issue even before the Dunckel bill was voted on in the Senate: he declared it entirely constitutional. In other words, if it passes the House, Governor Fitzgerald intends to sign it. All of which means that the reactionary forces, dominated by the open-shop automobile companies, are not letting the grass grow under their feet in their drive to Hitlerize Michigan.

At the present writing the House Judiciary Committee has not yet acted on the bill. Meanwhile the protest movement is growing. Trade unions throughout the state are adopting resolutions against the bill, the president of the Flint Federation of Labor is touring A. F. of L. locals, urging them to take action, and radicals and liberals of all shades are joining hands to prevent the destruction of the right of free speech, press, and assemblage. This movement needs the support of the rest of the country. Remember, the gag-bill disease is contagious.

The Intelligent Traveler

Outstanding Tours of 1935

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

THE ideal way to learn to know a foreign country is to visit it alone, with lots of time, knowledge of the language, some understanding of its history and of its present condition, and plenty of personal introductions. Lacking these prerequisites, the lone traveler skims over the surface of things, seeing what travel companies and other tourists tell him are the things to see. It is far better to ride along on the experience and connections of an organized group. Traveling alone is comparable to studying by oneself. The self-educated man who gets his learning by long application and the trial and error method gets something that can be obtained in no other way. But the student whose time is limited must take an organized course.

The criterion in choosing an organized tour is like that for a study course: Is it a good course? Has it content? Is it a big, impersonal affair or is it limited in size so that one gets immediacy of experience? Who conducts this course; what are his qualifications for intellectual leadership? There are few organized tours that pass these tests. The listing which follows is doubtless incomplete. But it indicates types and possibilities.

Odyssey Cruises for the tenth season will show travelers the ports of the eastern Mediterranean and the towns "around the bend" which are unvisited by the large cruise ships. For the *Odyssey* sails on a supremely comfortable private yacht, the *Prince Olav*, originally built for the royal family of England. There will be two twenty-five-day cruises this year, one out of Marseille, the other out of Venice. The minimum rate is \$595 including shore trips. This is without transatlantic passage. Address *Odyssey Cruises*, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

The University of Washington sponsors its third *European Museum Study Course* in historic textiles. The tour is for art students and teachers, home economists, and others interested in textiles and costumes. Credit is given. Grace G. Denny of the university conducts the group for the third time. The rate is \$630, third class, for the sixty-two-day round trip. Address Miss Grace G. Denny, Home Economics Hall, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.

The annual *English Study Tour* sponsored by the Drama League of America is ideal for those who want to absorb England and study its dramatic arts. The tour this year will be conducted by Julia Farnam, lecturer and director, and Dean Pearle Aiken-Smith of the University of Southern California. The plans include the six weeks' summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama attached to the University of London, and attendance at the Malvern Festival, Shakespeare Festival, Verse-Speaking Contest, and International Congress of Phonetic Sciences. The rate for the fifty-six-day tour is \$597, tourist class eastbound, cabin class westbound, travel in England by motor buses. Address Drama League Travel Bureau, Essex House, New York.

The *Art and Music Courses* of the International School of Art offer students and teachers an unequalled opportunity for observation and work in East European countries. Talented artists of each country act as leaders and instructors. The work is organized by countries and the traveler may make his own itinerary, spending his time in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, or Austria, or any combination. Arrangements are distinguished by an informal freedom which will appeal to the creative artist. The rate for the art course, which is typical, is \$625 for sixty-two days, including third-class ocean passage. Four countries are visited. Address International School of Art, 127 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York.

There are two well-established tours for colored people conducted by race leaders. The sixth *Hampton Institute Tour* visits England, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, and France, under Professor A. Ogden Porter of the institute. The rate is \$470, third class throughout, for the six weeks' round trip. Address Hampton Institute, Extension Division, Hampton, Virginia. *Adolph Hodge*, a New York teacher, will take a party abroad for the seventh time, visiting France, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and Switzerland. The New York City Board of Education grants "alertness credits" for the tour. The rate for the sixty-day trip is \$650, third class on the ocean, second class abroad. Address Paul Tausig and Son, 29 West Forty-sixth Street, New York.

A *Student Tour to Germany* bent on political and social inquiry is sponsored by American student organizations. There will be the minimum of formal lectures and the maximum of hikes, camping, parties, and sightseeing in company with German students, the idea being that such informal contacts give opportunity for an honest give-and-take of opinions. The rate is \$280, third class throughout, for the thirty-three-day round trip, the rate in Germany averaging \$4.09 per day. Various extensions to other countries may be arranged. Address the National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Guests in Europe is the name which brackets a series of

trips for college students. The plans are characterized by informality and a wide optional choice of things to do; there is abundant contact with hospitable Europeans. One unique feature is the week spent at a European student vacation center; there are three to choose from, one in Austria, one in Germany, and another in Switzerland—all in the mountains. The groups will go first to England and France, splitting up into parties of ten or fewer as soon as they reach shore. There are half a dozen possibilities after that, depending on what countries the student wants to see. The shortest tour of thirty days costs \$395, third class. The longer tours are proportionately much cheaper. Address National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Students of the classics will be interested in the cruises and tours planned in celebration of the 2,000th anniversary of the birth of Horace. Eminent Latin and Greek scholars will lead the groups and lecture en route. A cruise on the privately chartered steamship *City of London* spends twenty-four days in the Mediterranean, touching at many famous ports of the ancient world. The rate, with third-class transatlantic passage, is \$545. Those who wish may spend twenty-seven days following Caesar's conquests in Gaul, and visiting the country of Horace, at an additional cost of \$340. One may begin with Caesar, continue with the Horatian pilgrimage, and then take the Horatian cruise. Standards are first class on the cruise and combined first and second class on land. Address the Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.

The Psychology of Social Change is the central interest of a group that will spend forty-six days in Europe and Russia under the leadership of Selden Rodman, editor of *Common Sense*. There will be a week at Oetz in the Tyrol, the headquarters of the American People's College in Europe. Nine days in the Soviet Union are concentrated in Moscow and Leningrad. The rate for the round trip of sixty-two days is \$566, third class. Address Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dr. Alfred Adler, the psychologist, will conduct a party for the study of individual psychology. The itinerary is comprehensive, with ten days at the American People's College at Oetz and five days in Vienna. The minimum rate for the sixty-seven-day round trip is \$589, third class. Address Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Folk Dance and Physical Education Abroad is the special interest of a group that will visit Europe with Helen Garvin, member of the executive committee of the Folk Festival Council of New York. Folk festivals in several countries, programs of folk dances especially arranged for the group, and stays in folk schools and institutes are features of the trip, which is the fifth of its kind. The rate is \$479, third class, for the sixty-one-day round trip. Address Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Third Palestine Travel Seminar will be conducted by Leo W. Schwarz, author of "Palestine Today." The program is arranged by the General Federation of Jewish Labor in Palestine and includes a week in the new agricultural settlements. The minimum rate is \$495, third class, for the sixty-four-day round trip. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

The General Federation of Jewish Labor is host to another Palestine tour which costs \$485, third class, for the sixty-two-day round trip. The School of the Jewish Women offers a tour with an archaeological emphasis which costs \$575, with tourist passage, for the sixty-one-day round trip. Address Amalgamated Bank, 11 Union Square, New York City.

The Seminar in Mexico, conducted by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, has become a classic event. Its tenth session will be held this year in Cuernavaca and Mexico City from July 3 to July 23. The program includes

many side trips. Discussions on economics, history, art, music, literature, international relations, botany, ethnology, archaeology, and folklore are led by authorities from both countries. From New York by steamer the rate is \$398.50. From Chicago by rail it is \$363. These rates cover the bulk of the expenses in Mexico. There are optional opportunities for additional travel in Mexico at the conclusion of the Seminar. Address the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

An *Educational Field Course in Mexico* is being offered by Teachers College, Columbia University, in cooperation with the Department of Education in Mexico. During nine days in Mexico City and ten days in outlying districts, there will be lectures by Mexican authorities and opportunity to attend the joint conference of the New Education Fellowship (International) and the Progressive Education Association (of the United States). Professor Mabel Carney of Teachers College will direct the tour, for which credit is optional. Of several rates quoted, the lowest is \$296, first class, excluding meals while in Mexico City. Address the Secretary, International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

For the eighth season *Upton Close* is introducing a group of Americans to the Orient. They will circle the globe, visiting England, Scandinavia, the Soviet Union, Manchoukuo, Korea, China, and Japan. The eleven weeks' trip from New York back to New York (travel standards vary from country to country) costs \$975. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

Dr. Frank Alanson Lombard, for years on the faculties of Japanese and Chinese universities, will lead a tour through China and Japan. The ten weeks' trip from Seattle back to San Francisco costs \$795, with tourist passage on the Pacific. Address the Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.

Additional tours will be reported on in later articles.

The Third Russian Seminar, conducted by the Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts, will travel second class in the U. S. S. R., instead of third class as stated in a previous article.

Correspondence

More About Gallup

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Further investigation of the kidnapping of David Levinson, International Labor Defense attorney, and Robert Minor, journalist and chairman of the Gallup Defense Committee, by armed and hooded vigilantes at Gallup on the evening of May 2 discloses that the crime was committed on a Navajo Indian Reservation. This means that federal authorities have clear jurisdiction to intervene and to take vigorous steps toward the investigation of the kidnapping and prosecution of the participants in it.

New Mexico organizations interested in the protection of the constitutional rights of the workers charged with murder as the result of the fatal shooting of a sheriff and two workers at Gallup on April 4, in affording such workers a fair trial, and in bringing to justice the perpetrators of the mob violence against those interested in their defense are agreed on this fourfold federal program:

1. An investigation by the Indian Bureau, of which John Collier is the chief.

2. An investigation and prosecution by the United States Department of Justice, through Homer Cummings, Attorney General, and J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the Department of Justice agents.

3. A Senatorial investigation, with full powers of subpoena, by a Senatorial subcommittee.

4. A Congressional investigation similar to the Senatorial investigation proposed.

May we suggest that the readers of *The Nation* immediately communicate with the federal departments above named to urge them to take prompt action?

Those who desire to contribute to the defense fund being raised to defend the ten miners awaiting trial on first-degree-murder charges may do so by forwarding contributions to the Gallup Defense Committee, Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Santa Fé, N. M., May 6

A. L. WIRIN, Counsel,
American Civil Liberties Union
DAVID LEVINSON, Counsel,
International Labor Defense
ROBERT MINOR, Chairman,
Gallup Defense Committee

Censorship in Cuba

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, our representative in Cuba and playboy with Colonel Fulgencio Batista, the dictator of that country, who holds some four thousand political prisoners in jail, is one of the chief obstacles to the dissemination in this country of truthful news about political and economic conditions on the island. He has repeatedly attempted to influence the American correspondents to send out wholly favorable reports about the Batista-Mendieta regime. He has set himself up as an unofficial censor of Cuban news. Further than that, pressure has been brought on newspapers and editors by Mr. Sumner Welles of the State Department in the case of news which had no connection with American interests but merely put the Batista regime in a bad light.

Official quarters have admitted that the purpose is to keep the present Cuban government in power, whatever the cost to the Cuban people, at least until after elections in the United States, and to prevent any news going out which would enable the opposition to President Roosevelt, chiefly the Republicans, to criticize the Administration for its policy in Cuba.

The difficulties of sustaining the present puppet regime in Cuba, so intensely unpopular with the Cuban people, are great. One is the financial difficulty. Despite the optimistic reports put out by the American Embassy in Cuba, the government will end up the fiscal year with a deficit of about \$16,000,000. A financing scheme is apparently on foot, which will attempt to salvage the Chase Bank loans, cover the deficit, and provide about \$4,000,000 extra to be split up as graft. In this connection, Leeds, the tin-plate king, recently visited Cuba in his yacht. On board was the brother of Barney Baruch, friend of Roosevelt. At Varadero they entertained Caffery, Batista, and Steinhart of public-utilities fame over the week-end. When they came to Havana, Batista entertained them lavishly.

It is rumored that the State Department, through the Cuban Reconstruction Bank, which financed the recent silver issues in Cuba, is attempting to get some more money for the present cutthroat gang running the destinies of Cuba in return for recognition of the Chase debt with reduction in interest. It is doubtful whether any institution in this country would dare handle the issue, which would thus consolidate Cuba's debts, for the money would never be paid back. It is rumored that the American government itself will find some way of

indirectly putting up the money. This merely means that the American taxpayer will foot the bill for propping up a tyranny of the worst sort in Cuba. More American money gone after bad. More uncollectable debts.

New York, May 2

CARLETON BEALS

Protest Against the "Gag" Bills!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May we ask those of your readers who have not already done so to send letters of protest to their Representatives and Senators at Washington against the "gag" bills pending in Congress, described in your issue of April 10? These measures received a thumping indorsement from the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at its meeting in Washington last week. The Hearst press is renewing its demands for such legislation.

It is important to note that the bills are dangerous not only in their direct attack on left-wingers but because in operation they would threaten the whole labor movement. Further, these bills punish mere opinions, mere advocacy of certain ideas. Existing federal and state laws are more than adequate to punish conspiracies or acts of violence against the government. The federal proposals most menacing to civil rights are these:

1. Half a dozen sedition bills punishing the written or spoken advocacy of overthrow by force and violence of the government. Of these bills H. R. 4313 is the one most likely to be passed.

2. The establishment of a special political secret service to deal with radicals. As yet this proposal has not been embodied in a bill but it soon will be.

3. The McCormack Military Disobedience Bill H. R. 5845, punishing written or spoken incitement of soldiers and sailors to disobedience.

4. A flock of alien bills broadening the powers of the Department of Labor to deport and exclude aliens. H. R. 6795, the Administration's proposal, is objectionable largely because of its inadequacy. H. R. 7120, allegedly striking at fascists and Communists, might make any alien political dissenter liable to deportation. H. R. 7221 provides for the deportation of aliens engaged in unlawful political activity or spreading propaganda inspired from a foreign source.

Seventeen state legislatures are still in session. Nearly all of them are considering "gag" legislation of some kind. Alabama, California, Illinois, and Michigan are faced with particularly vicious bills. It is important that liberals in these states protest at once to their Representatives against any measures punishing membership in radical organizations or the expression of opinions. At present sweeping sedition bills are pending in Alabama, California, Michigan and Texas. The state measure to bar from the ballot left-wing parties, backed by the American Legion and the Elks, is still pending in California, Florida, Iowa, Massachusetts and Michigan. It has already been enacted in Arkansas, Delaware, Indiana, and Tennessee. Legislation requiring loyalty oaths from teachers, already passed in a number of states, is pending in Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas, and Wisconsin.

We are anxious to enlist the cooperation of all readers of *The Nation* in the fight against these "gag" bills. Will those interested in protesting against these measures send us their names so we may forward to them fuller data?

New York, May 7

HARRY F. WARD, Chairman
ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, Counsel
ROGER BALDWIN, Director

Schools for Workers Survive

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In view of the article on the schools for workers printed in *The Nation* of April 24, your readers may be interested in the plans for this summer's sessions.

The Bryn Mawr Summer School, which has been held on the campus of Bryn Mawr College for the past fourteen years, will this year be held at Mt. Ivy Camp, Pomona, New York, from June 7 to August 2. The plan of instruction and the faculty will be much the same as in preceding years, under the direction of Elizabeth L. Otey, Ph.D.

The Southern Summer School will meet at Wild Acres, Little Switzerland, North Carolina, from June 23 to August 3. Plans for this year include for the first time a group of selected second-year students who desire special training for some particular phase of the labor movement. Louise Leonard McLaren will direct the school.

The Wisconsin School, which is coeducational, will be held as usual as a part of the summer session of the University of Wisconsin, under the direction of Alice Shoemaker, from June 30 to August 9.

The Summer School for Office Workers, held at Oberlin College during the past two years, will this year meet on the campus of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, from July 6 to August 3. Jean Carter will be director.

We shall be grateful for any publicity you can give to the fact that we actually are having schools this summer.

New York, May 8 JEAN CARTER, Acting Director,
Affiliated Schools for Workers

Who's Always Wrong?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read Mr. See's letter in *The Nation* of April 17, in which he says, "For *The Nation* has the rare distinction of being the only publication in the country that is always wrong on every question." This is pure jealousy on Mr. See's part. For years and years he has had absolutely no competition for the distinction of being wrong on every question.

New York, April 16 HUGH R. PARTRIDGE

P. S. What has become of the letters Mr. See used to write to the daily press pointing out the shortcomings of the female of the species? Those little gems of unconscious humor are sorely missed in these parlous times.

H. R. P.

Summer Jobs

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Industry has played particular havoc with human life in the industrial towns of the South. Children of coal miners and textile workers live in the midst of terrific industrial struggle which they frequently do not understand. Public school education offers no adequate interpretation and only keeps them from following the path that offers some economic hope. An effective labor movement must recognize the need for rearing its children in labor ideology.

Pioneer Youth each summer sends club and camp leaders to help these children to find themselves in the world of labor. Teachers, industrial workers, left-wing social workers, doctors, nurses, lawyers, farmers, scientists, stenographers, and book-keepers may all find places in the program. They are expected to have some knowledge of Marxian economics.

This summer for the first time small salaries will be offered for some of the best-trained workers. Inquiries should be addressed to Pioneer Youth, 69 Bank Street, New York City.
New York, May 10

AGNES SAILER,
Director of Southern Work

Justice Holmes's Letters

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The late Mr. Justice Holmes has intrusted to Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, and to me the task of arranging for authoritative publications concerning his life and work, and by his will he appointed me executor and left to me the use and disposal of his letters, papers, and memoranda, including his rights in letters written by him. Professor Frankfurter and I shall be grateful if any who possess letters of his which may fitly be made available for publication would communicate with me or send to me such letters as they are willing to allow us to examine. All such material will be copied and the originals returned. My address is 84 State Street.

Boston, May 4

JOHN G. PALFREY

Henry Demarest Lloyd

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I use your column to state that all letters and other biographical material concerning the late Henry Demarest Lloyd and the causes in which he figured is being permanently housed in the fireproof building of the State Historical Library at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Anyone having such material is urged to send it, charges collect, to the library, where it will be both secure and available for use.

New York, April 24

CARO LLOYD STROBELL

F. Hubner & Co.

In the article, Nazi Jew-Baiting in America—II, published in *The Nation* of May 8, reference is made on page 531 to a certain handbill, "The Lindbergh Baby Affair." In that connection the article states:

Precisely when and where it was printed is not certain at the moment but I shall not be surprised if final investigation proves that it was set up by the Zenger Press, of 308 East Forty-sixth Street, and printed by the Hubner Press, situated at the corner of Lafayette and White Streets. According to very reliable information 3,000 copies of the handbill were printed but only 300 were distributed. The remaining 2,700 were destroyed because "the police showed an interest in them."

F. Hubner and Company, Inc., printers, of 54-60 Lafayette Street, New York, explain in a letter that their firm is not the Hubner Press referred to and that it has never had any connection with that organization. In referring to the Hubner Press the author of the article did not have in mind F. Hubner and Company. To the best of our knowledge that company is a reliable and honorable concern. The reference was to a different group entirely, doing business under the name of The Hubner Press. At the moment investigations of this company are not complete, but as soon as full information is available, we shall be glad to notify F. Hubner and Company, Inc., and to publish the facts if they are of sufficient importance.—

EDITORS THE NATION.

Labor and Industry

"Class Angle It"

By HEYWOOD BROWN

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at ardent radicals who see capitalist plots even in the stones and running brooks. I have done some of the poking myself. And there are a dozen anecdotes about the manner in which the true revolutionist will endeavor to propagandize through whatever medium he touches. One of the most familiar is the undoubtedly apochryphal tale that Bob Minor, sitting in the slot at the *Daily Worker*, tossed over a City News Bulletin to a rewrite man and said, "Auto crash between a Lincoln and a Buick—class angle that, will you!"

I used to think that was a very funny yarn and I would print it pretty regularly twice a year. It doesn't seem to me quite as funny any more, and of late I have had a growing belief that when it comes to "class angling," the reactionary groups are far more active than the radicals. Or, at any rate, they are in control of a greater amount of material with which they can play. I do not suppose that Nicholas Murray Butler actually issued a secret communiqué to every Pulitzer judge urging him to bear sharp right in his decisions but the end result was the same. The power of making awards seems to have been lodged in the hands of gentlemen who are expert in distinguishing between dry bread and that which is buttered.

The swing has always been in favor of the so-called safe and sane but I can remember no year in which the Pulitzer awards have been so definitely class angled. In all fairness the critics who have waxed merry over some of the aspects of proletarian literature should take cognizance of the fact that it takes two groups at least to create class consciousness. The full list of Pulitzer prizes in the 1935 award makes so pretty a picture of stout-bellied men running for their lives that it is hard not to believe it must have been premeditated. And still it may be that the retreat from the left was wholly instinctive.

Any critic worth his salt ought to admit that the dramatic season which has just ended was distinguished for one thing alone. I refer to the emergence of the radical young playwright called Clifford Odets. I am not going to quarrel with the reviewer who asserts that nevertheless "The Petrified Forest" is a better play than "Waiting for Lefty," or that "Merrily We Roll Along" was more shrewdly constructed than "Awake and Sing." But surely if the Pulitzer plan were really intended to foster cultural progress, it should lean to the recognition of new forces rather than the perpetuation of stencils. And yet, although there has been some bickering because the melodramatic "Children's Hour" was passed up, none of the judges, nor even their hecklers, has raised much of an outcry about the neglect of Clifford Odets.

The life of Robert E. Lee could hardly have escaped the laurel since Pulitzer judges of biography are invariably bowled over by anything in four volumes. I have no sharp quarrel with either the prize-winning poems or the novel although both are firmly set in the paths of tradition. But

the awards in journalism might just as well have been made by Harding or Hoover. In fact they are so glaringly prejudiced that they defeat their own ends. Surely it is not unfair to say that in a year of prodigious economic ferment and strife the American press stands convicted as incompetent if it is really true that the most distinguished reporting during the year was a series of pieces on the international yacht races. If that is true, what sort of men were assigned to cover the San Francisco general strike, or the drought, or the Scottsboro case?

Without intending to do so the Pulitzer Committee has lent aid and comfort to all of us who believe that save for one or two exceptions such as the work of Louis Stark in the New York *Times* labor news is both manhandled and underplayed in American newspapers.

The particular investigation for which the Sacramento *Bee* received a prize may have been worthy enough. I am not familiar with either the material or its treatment. But surely the judges would not have been departing from the line of duty if they had taken into consideration the general character of the publication which they delighted to honor. The last issue of the *Bee* which I encountered contained a ringing editorial attacking an Episcopal bishop as a dangerous radical on account of a defense of civil liberties which he made at a California church convention. The *Bee* has been in the very forefront of the red hysteria along our Western coast. It is tainted with that form of fascism which cries for the creation of vigilantes. Surely the Pulitzer Committee should have taken these facts into consideration before pinning a rose on the *Bee*. Come to think of it perhaps the committee did.

The prize-winning cartoon was another direct slap at labor under the guise of magnificent neutrality. It would be idle to say that no union in the long history of economic strife has ever had recourse to the use of hired thugs, but that hardly justifies a picture which says that the responsibility for shooting and slugging during a strike by imported gangsters is equally divided between capital and labor. After all there are no great and successful agencies built up around the business of renting out ruffians to labor unions. It is not the unions which have the privilege of swearing in special deputies or setting up machine-gun nests and vantage-points for the sprayers of tear gas. Even the most casual examination of the list of dead and wounded in any labor war will prove that at least 90 per cent of the violence comes from within the walls of the plant. Captains of industry in private conversation are quite frank to admit that capital can no longer expect to win without an immediate resort to violence. The National Guard does not come into a community to bring peace but a sword.

Arthur Krock's neatly varnished pieces from Washington represented the best correspondence done by an American journalist during the year, and you, dear reader, are Marie of Rumania.

How I Won a Rent Strike

By E. A. PURCELL

OUR landlord raised the rent in our apartment house two dollars a room, and those who claimed that they could not meet his increase were summarily threatened with eviction. Since similar apartments in the same neighborhood were available at lower rentals, the increase seemed unwarranted. It was, we learned, "a precautionary measure" on the part of a certain bank that was acting as receiver for the property. So I, as a member of the Unemployment Councils, and two other tenants in the house decided to organize a rent strike in protest against the increase and the evictions.

Two days of intensive work culminated in an enthusiastic meeting of the tenants in one of the apartments. The next morning the sidewalk in front of the apartment house was lined with a threatening array of police—on foot, mounted, and in cars. They were there, we were told, merely to protect the interests of the bank. We decided to call a strike then and there before the police should have an opportunity to terrify the tenants.

However, to make the strike completely effective, it was necessary to overcome the pessimism of a few recalcitrants. One woman whom I went to see pretended great sympathy for the work of the Unemployment Councils and lively enthusiasm for the strike. I was surprised, because at the meeting on the previous evening both she and her husband had expressed themselves as strongly against the strike. While she encouraged me to talk, however, her husband listened for a while in the next room and then slipped quietly out to inform the police that a "dangerous red" was about to take the house by storm.

It was a golden moment for the police. They had been waiting for some such opportunity to make an arrest in connection with the strike and they sprang instantly into action. Without ceremony two of them appeared and grabbed me viciously by the collar. When I protested and tried to explain what I was doing, they struck me on the head. Later, as the fracas continued, they blackened one of my eyes and inflicted other injuries. Then I was dragged to the police station and booked on a charge of felonious assault. "He hit a guy with a piece of iron pipe," one of the policemen explained to the lieutenant. Then, to divert attention from the fact that I was vigorously protesting against this charge, he launched into an enthusiastic description of my bloodthirsty behavior and suggested that I must have suddenly gone "nuts." At the conclusion of his talk a hammer was produced and labeled as the lethal weapon.

The harder I tried to explain the situation, the worse matters became. Mention of the rent strike and the Unemployment Councils merely increased the abusive treatment I was receiving. In unreasoning rage I struck out foolishly, although my head was swimming from the blows I had received and one eye already swollen shut. The next thing I knew I found myself fastened in a chair with my legs strapped to the rounds and my hands trussed behind the chair. A broom handle was then inserted in the knot holding

my hands and twisted around from time to time by way of emphasis, until I almost screamed.

When this diversion palled on the two policemen they began hitting me on the side of the head in a sort of rhythm, batting me back and forth between them as though I were a ball. Almost unconscious by this time, I would fall farther and farther on my side after each blow, only to be knocked back again in the sadistic manner so painfully familiar to laborers or political agitators who are unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the police. Feeling that I had nothing to lose by one last attempt to retaliate, because it was fairly obvious that I should be killed if I stayed where I was, I threw myself forward, pulling the chair over with me. Biting and defending myself in a half-insane manner, I rolled around on the floor with what seemed to be half the police force on top of me. But it was of course a lost cause, and I was soon unconscious.

When I came to, I was taking a clanging journey in an ambulance. An attempt to move my arms revealed the disconcerting fact that I was in a strait-jacket. The other passengers were a policeman, a man in a white coat who turned out to be a doctor, and a drunken old woman who had been picked up on a charge of vagrancy. As soon as the policeman saw that I was conscious he began to abuse me, calling me a "dirty Jew" and asking me who the hell I thought I was. The old woman, who had seemed to be only half-conscious, aroused herself and muttered angrily: "Why don't you leave the boy alone? He's hurt, and he ain't bothering you none. Shame on you!" "Shut up," the policeman snarled at her, "or I'll give you some of the same medicine." However, he looked slightly uncomfortable and said nothing more to me.

Soon we drew up before the gloomy walls of Bellevue, where, it was explained to me, I was scheduled for a stay in the prison ward. I was routed through the usual entrance procedure in spite of the fact that I was so ill I could scarcely stand. My head and nose were bleeding, my face was swollen, and I was bruised from head to foot. In fact, my appearance was so startling that a gunman in the cot next to me in the prison ward, after one hasty look in my direction, tearfully begged to be moved. "It makes me noivous to look at him," he explained. After I had been put to bed, I was examined by the prison doctors, who decided that my skull had probably been fractured. So a lumbar puncture was ordered. This process involves drawing a vial of cerebral-spinal fluid from the base of the spine by means of hypodermic needles. If the fluid shows any blood, it indicates that the skull has been fractured.

Under the most favorable circumstances a lumbar puncture is probably trying; in the prison ward it seemed actually dangerous. After the specimen has been drawn, the patient is supposed to lie perfectly motionless, flat on his back, for twenty-four hours, so that the spinal fluid will have an opportunity to replenish itself. In my own case this procedure apparently was not followed with sufficient scientific exactness, with the result that I now have agonizing

pains in my head a great deal of the time. Perhaps my disability may be traced to the fact that detectives, intent on taking my fingerprints, shook my shoulder very roughly when I tried to tell them that I was under doctor's orders not to be disturbed. Finally they went grumbling away, only to discover that they had been sent to get the fingerprints of a safe-blower who was also lying wounded in the ward.

The test revealed that my skull had not been fractured, and in a few days I felt better. I soon discovered that I was the object of much concern to the other prisoners. In some strange, subterranean way the rumor that I was a "dangerous red" had spread, and the hardened criminals in the ward regarded me with a strange mixture of instinctive sympathy and inimical curiosity.

"Do you want to know what I think is wrong with this revolution you're always talking about, buddy?" one of them inquired. Although I had not mentioned the revolution, I told him that I did.

"Well, the trouble is that the workers is all so dumb," my informant said condescendingly. "I can't have any sympathy for such saps. They work for eight dollars a week, and what do they get out of it? Now I'm a forger," he announced proudly, "and I make big money when I work. Six thousand here and ten thousand there. Of course, I'm a sap, too, sometimes," he added more sadly, "or I wouldn't be in this lousy hole now."

A furtive little man wistfully remarked, "I don't see how you guys is ever going to start a revolution when there are so many bulls and dicks around. A guy can't get away with anything with them hanging around all the time."

In every respect, though, the prison ward was a haven of peace and pleasure compared with the psychopathic ward, where I spent the last two nights of my ten-day stay in Bellevue. Several new patients were admitted to the prison ward, which meant that it was badly crowded. The authorities decided to lessen the congestion by assigning me to a bed in the psychopathic ward for the last two nights. There I found groups of patients in every corner, diagnosing each other's psychoses, comparing notes on the leading hospitals for the criminal insane, and describing various murderous exploits in which they had figured. This was their only diversion. Nervous and unable to sleep the first night, I went into the washroom to smoke a cigar that had been given me by a visitor that afternoon. Soon a man whose face was a crisscross pattern of scars appeared and asked me to let him have a few puffs. I handed over the cigar. Before putting it into his mouth, he wrapped several layers of tissue paper around the end of it. "I like to observe all these little sanitary precautions," he remarked. After a few puffs he replaced the tissue paper with some fresh folds and handed the cigar back to me. Thus we smoked it in rotation, and when we had finished he said thoughtfully, "I'm glad we were careful about smoking that cigar, because I have a venereal disease and I wouldn't want to give it to you."

The second night was practically a repetition of the first. Despite my exhaustion I couldn't sleep, and in the morning my head continued to ache with increasing and almost alarming violence. My left eye was still black and swollen shut and one side of my face was distended and sore. In this condition, however, I had to go to court because my case was being heard.

In the anteroom leading to the court chamber I talked to the lawyer who had been assigned to my case by the International Labor Defense. He asked me if I knew that conviction on a charge of felonious assault carried with it a two-year prison term. I explained that I hadn't hit anyone with a piece of iron pipe or a hammer and commented on the fact that the charge against me was obviously framed because the bank that was receiver of the property feared that the rent strike, if successful, might foreshadow more extensive activities in the neighborhood.

All of us, including the man who had brought the charge against me and the police involved in the case, were finally taken before the judge. One of the policemen enthusiastically told the story of my homicidal activities with the piece of iron pipe. His tale was somewhat feebly corroborated by the man who had brought the charge against me. He gave the impression of being ashamed of himself and looked as though he wished he were well out of an unpleasant situation.

The judge noticed my black eye and swollen face. "He seems to have been hurt himself," he said. "How did he get hurt?"

"He fell down, Your Honor," one of the policemen glibly told him. "He fell down and hit himself while we was trying to arrest him."

There was a pause. Even the district attorney seemed embarrassed by this obvious fabrication. Then, to my astonishment, I heard him petition that the charge against me be reduced from felonious assault to disorderly conduct and that sentence be suspended.

The judge appeared as surprised as I was. "I don't understand this," he said. "Why should I change the charge from felonious assault to disorderly conduct? And if this young Communist is guilty, why should I suspend sentence?" He pronounced the words "young Communist" with bitter disgust. After a slight pause he continued, "However, I am sorry from the depth of my heart for the defendant and I should much rather convict the active leaders of the movement than the innocent people whose minds they prey upon."

I protested that I was not being tried for my political convictions and was told from the bench to keep quiet. I was surprised, though, to discover that all pretense of a charge of felonious assault had evidently been dropped and that the political implications of the situations were being admitted. I was taken out again to the anteroom, while the judge, my lawyer, and the policeman involved in the case conferred. The purpose of this little talk was evidently to convince the judge that the charge against me should be changed, because as soon as I returned he announced that I had been convicted of disorderly conduct but that sentence would be suspended for "the tenure of good behavior."

The police looked relieved and soon drifted out in an embarrassed way. There is but one explanation of their behavior and of the outcome of the whole situation: they knew that the I. L. D., with its very effective methods of exposing police tactics, would fight a prison sentence and reveal their unenviable position.

After my release I discovered that the bank had thought better of its two-dollar raise in rent and that the tenants had not been evicted. So my headache was not incurred altogether in vain.

Books, Drama, Films

Myth as Progress

Young Joseph. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

PERHAPS the most common of the objections raised in this country against the two volumes of Thomas Mann's trilogy that have so far appeared has been the familiar one that here again a very distinguished modern writer has turned his back on his own time and sought refuge from its vicissitudes in the depiction of a remote and semi-mythical past. Mann has been denounced as an "escapist"; he has been advised by journalists to be more journalistic in his choice of materials. The implication is that any novelist who does not serve up last month's news in his works is irretrievably lost to reality. What such an objection actually reveals, of course, is the lamentably short view of so much recent book criticism, its failure to recognize a fact which even the hastiest survey of the literary past would make evident. The fact to which one refers is the preference on the part of all the more notable members of that past, from the Greek tragic poets to such more recent figures as Goethe and Flaubert, for expressing their sense of the present, or what they believed to be most essential in their present, against a more or less remote background of time. The use of a mythical or distantly historical framework for the communication of profound and universal themes has only in our time been considered an escape from what Mann in another work refers to as "the cynical aspersions of the present." When Sophocles gave vent to his feelings about filial ingratitude in the guise of blind Oedipus at Colonus, when Shakespeare raged against mankind through the lips of Timon of Athens, when Racine made Berenice and Mithridates the spokesmen of his seventeenth-century morality, it is not recorded that their contemporaries found anything unusual or suspect in the convention. Indeed, it would seem, from the examples of the past, that it is the mark of the great writer always to project the deepest experience of his own time in terms of some earlier period in human history. And it gives perhaps further strength to their claims to greatness that both Joyce and Mann, at about the same time and in the full maturity of their powers, have returned to the mythical in their fiction.

Even more than its predecessor does the present volume reveal the appropriateness of the particular myth which Mann has chosen for his trilogy. For here as elsewhere he is concerned with solving the mystery of the recurrent and often indistinguishable processes of life and death; and Joseph, as is clear from the beautiful early chapter in the grove of Adonis, is to be identified with all those half-human, half-divine creatures in every religion who rehearse in their careers the whole cycle of birth, death, and regeneration. It is this sense of the role that he has to play which induces in Joseph, according to Mann's elaboration of his character, that peculiar arrogance of spirit which in turn forces the brothers to be the unconscious agents of his destiny. When the brothers throw him into the well and later haggle over his prostrate body with the Midianites, they are not so much acting as letting things "happen." The ritual has occurred before and it will occur again but it must be carried out to the letter. Despite their envy and rage and final brutality, the brothers are good, simple folk; and Mann has delineated each of them, especially the soft and indecisive Reuben, with such fairness of understanding that it is hard not to share their resentment against the vain, brilliant, spoiled son of Rachel, the true wife. But Joseph is the man of imagination, the dreamer of dreams, the shaper of future races and religions. He is "the bearer of the blessing." And if one understands

this often repeated phrase aright it amounts to saying that in him is embodied the whole moral and spiritual heritage of mankind, the principle of true human progress, the triumph over the material in every time and place; "... for the life of mankind cometh to an end several times, and each time cometh the grave and the rebirth, and many times must he be, until at length he finally is."

Besides dispelling more completely the notion that Mann is indulging in some crudely romantic escape into the past, this second volume is in its more strictly creative presentation of character and background superior to the first. Except for a few pages relating Joseph's education at the hands of Eliezer, there are none of those prolonged excursions into the abstract which halted the narrative progress in the earlier book. Instead there are some of the most memorable dramatic passages in the whole range of Mann's work: the conversation between Joseph and little Benjamin in the myrtle grove, the wheedling of Rachel's bridal veil from the doting Jacob, the savage attack of the brothers at the end. And the book is written in a prose which comes through in Mrs. Lowe-Porter's translation as the exquisite culmination of one of the great self-conscious literary styles of our age.

WILLIAM TROY

Not Proved

Handout. By George Michael. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

PROPAGANDA at the capital is a theme deserving penetrating and balanced treatment. No one familiar with Washington will deny that there is official propaganda. As democracy functions there is bound to be, for it is a perpetual conflict of the pros and cons, with each side striving to score on the other. This may not suit the factualists, but it is inescapable.

Propaganda is the attempt to influence the public by a partisan presentation or misstatement of facts masked as an objective statement. The mask is the danger, but it is dangerous only if it succeeds in taking the public in. The Roosevelt Administration has been attacked for trying to make the radio and the press subservient instruments of propaganda. If it had not tried to do so it would be a queer Administration. It is not the attempt which needs to be demonstrated but its success.

To say that the Roosevelt Administration wishes to influence the public is to assert a truism; to say it has done so by propaganda is to convict the agencies of public opinion of servility and incompetence. "Handout," with naive indignation, sets out to prove that the Administration has put itself in the position to make propaganda skilfully. But it fails to show that the press or the radio have been negligent or spineless. Take the radio, for example. The writer builds up a case; radio stations must renew their licenses every six months; the power of renewal lies with the Radio Commission; the commissioners are appointed by the President subject to instant dismissal; hence the President can force radio stations to do his bidding. What is the result? For a time, though I think for other reasons, the stations did not permit much criticism of the Administration, but that time has passed, and this book does not deal with that aspect of the matter. What it says is that the Washington station WJS (Columbia) "sprays" the station WOR when Father Coughlin is speaking on it. One is to conclude that the President tells Columbia to increase the power at WJS while Father Coughlin is on the air, and Columbia, for fear of losing its license, complies. It is difficult to understand how such drivel is accepted for publication. In

the first place, Washington listeners regularly hear Father Coughlin without interference. In the second place, the radio chains have given the microphone to Huey Long for the most outspoken attacks on the President that the most ardent believer in free speech could ask for.

This characterizes the frivolity with which much of the book is written. Anyone acquainted with Washington newspaper work will find it bristling with inaccuracies. Dr. Ernest Gruening, for example, is listed as belonging to the propaganda section of the Interior Department, but so is every writer now employed by the government branded a propagandist. The absurd charge is made that the President at his press conferences does not answer questions of which Secretary Early has not had a day's notice. Considerable space is given to *The Nation's* article on justice in the Virgin Islands and its inadvertent importance in the Ickes-Farley feud, but the writer did not even read the article, as he describes its contents falsely. The account of the purge at the AAA is a travesty of serious reporting. This book, instead of offering a wise study of propaganda—its technique, its success, and the defense of democracy against it—is itself propaganda at a low level.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

On the Seamy Side

A World to Win. By Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

IN his second novel Jack Conroy has progressed beyond the loosely episodic and autobiographical structure of his first, "The Disinherited." Both major and minor architectural intentions can be discerned, though they are imperfectly worked out. Two half-brothers, Robert and Leo, one with a professional white-collar tradition from his mother, the other with a migratory-worker tradition from his father, grow up together in a small Missouri community. Robert's mother—a Winesburg, Ohio, repressed virgin—feebly literary, marries the Irish worker Terry, whom she takes in as a lodger with his small son. Later, after producing Robert Browning to fulfil her literary aspirations for her, she goes violently religious with a sect of Holy Rollers in the neighborhood; affronted by her stepson's adolescent sex adventures, she drives him out into the world. Young Robert Browning had told on his half-brother and is in consequence regarded with contempt by father and half-brother. Part of the intention of the book is the final establishment of cordial understanding among these three. Robert spends a year at the state university and meets an intelligent Jewish Communist, but with a sure instinct for the wrong person he chooses as friend a pseudo-intellectual Gentile, and after taking a job as clerk in the city, he plays around with his friend's inane, posturing, arty, lecherous group, and tries to write. He lives in a childless free union with a girl who presently, when the depression deepens, has to support him. Leo, equipped with a wife, five children, and a factory job, reappears, but the job fades away, and the two brothers are squeezed tighter and tighter by the depression. Now and then they catch a glimpse of the militant class struggle, but they are very dull about learning that the workers of the world should unite. The tale ends when Leo—who has had to watch his wife die in childbirth in a ditch—is thrust by sheer accident into momentary leadership of a riot of the unemployed and is rescued from a policeman by his brother; the result of these events being that both of them have no option but to get into the class struggle on the right—meaning the left—side.

The merits of Jack Conroy's first book are present in this; he has descriptive power when he is telling what jobs feel like, what being jobless feels like, what a strike riot, a steel factory, a beet field, a "Roosevelt roost" of the derelicts are like. But

his power to convey the quality of personal relationships and to develop character through the experiences of years is very uneven. Too often, when the plan of the book calls for such power, he falls into what Henry James called the platitude of statement; as in the scene where Robert bids goodby to his father and statements are made about emotions that are totally unrealized. Mr. Conroy might well follow the example of his fellow proletarian novelist, Robert Cantwell, and study Henry James, whose dictum applies to bourgeois and proletarian fiction alike: What is merely stated is not presented; what is not presented is not vivid; what is not vivid is not represented, and what is not represented is not art.

It is the custom of the moment to talk about what proletarian fiction should be and do. Two—probably un-Marxian—reflections aroused by this novel are here offered. One is that the proletarian novelist should bring out more often than he does the implications in the battle-cry "a world to win." The phrase "nothing to lose" is usually fully documented in such fiction. The life of the disinherited, as pictured by Kromer, Conroy, Greenwood, and the rest, is life on terms that should be rejected—militantly. But what about the world to be won? The values of that possible world should be glimpsed, realized in some tiny measure, seen operating in more fortunate lives. Take babies, for instance. Leo has five. They are presented with the kind of detail that would make it pardonable for anyone to throw out the baby with the diapers. There should be occasional hints of how nice babies can be under decent conditions. It can be done. Grace Lumpkin, Martin Nexö, and others have done it. Or take universities and professors—a wretched spectacle under capitalism; but there must be values, lingering in dark corners of the library or even in a classroom, worth bringing to light, and worth forming a part of that world to be won. The second reflection is about the danger of so presenting the decay, weakness, futility of the world we want to lose—its violences, irrationalities, disgusting cops and capitalists and intellectuals and vigilantes—that the militant worker will think all one has to do is to poke it hard and it will melt into putrescence. Leave the demonstration of decay to the bourgeois novelists. Let the proletarian novelists face the strength that remains in the system, attack its strongest citadels. The "Sailors of Cattaro" was one of the finest proletarian plays precisely because the naval officer on the fleet who outwitted the mutineers embodied the strength of the old order: skill in strategy, grasp of practical psychology, resourcefulness, disciplined self-control, tact—all displayed in the service of a cause which the sympathetic spectator hoped eagerly would lose. But it won, for the moment; the opposition would be no match for it till that opposition developed among its leaders and fighters greater resourcefulness, keener intelligence, better strategy. Knocking out an unsuspecting policeman—that final gesture of Robert's—may be a good beginning. But what is required to capture the fleet?

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Conservatives' England

The People's King. By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75.

The Reign of George V. By D. C. Somervell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

BOTH Mr. Buchan and Mr. Somervell have sat in the House of Commons; both of them are moderate conservatives who are loyal, according to their lights, to what is good as well as to what is bad in the English tradition—to its maintenance of individual freedom and of representative government as well as to its class system, to its freedom from militarism at home as well as to its imperialism abroad.

Both of them display the same prejudices—the same conviction that Germany was responsible for the World War, the same inability to see in the Russian Revolution anything but a catastrophe, the same confidence that British institutions will surmount the present crisis. They have essentially the same story to tell, since both of them are content to give us a chronicle of political events since 1910, saying little about the cultural and social developments which accompanied them and not attempting to decipher the meaning of the changes which they have recorded. Mr. Buchan gives more attention to the life of the king, which Mr. Somervell discusses only in his last eight pages; but Mr. Somervell has more to say about other topics, particularly about the post-war period. Mr. Buchan writes better English: some of his descriptions and his analyses of character have a genuine eloquence, though at times his love for the ornate leads him into a grotesque mixed metaphor. On the other hand, Mr. Somervell's narrative of events is considerably more objective and more comprehensive.

Either of these books may be taken as representing the point of view of the central mass of English public opinion—that solid block of instincts which are still mainly healthy and of opinions which have always been mainly irrational—which has undergone the storms of the last quarter of a century without moving appreciably either to the left or to the right. Both Mr. Buchan and Mr. Somervell respect the Labor Party, as long as it does not put its principles into practice; they admire the English workingman, as long as he is not led astray by Marxist dogmas; they approve of self-government for India, as long as British interests are protected; they dislike fascism, but not so intensely as they dislike communism; and they feel that Great Britain may properly congratulate herself on her achievements during the war and afterward.

Mr. Buchan and Mr. Somervell stress the epic note. Great Britain is victorious in a titanic conflict and may afterward be expected to collect her laurels and live prosperously. To future generations the mood of tragedy will probably seem to have been more appropriate, nor, unfortunately, have we yet reached the final act: for the tragic hero is one who has involved himself unwittingly, and yet by his own act, in the coils of destiny, and who must suffer the full penalty before destiny releases him. In such a tragedy Mr. Buchan and Mr. Somervell may be regarded not as members of the chorus but as embodiments of the protagonist in those moments when he speaks words of tragic irony. We must agree with them when they protest that nobody of influence in Great Britain wanted war in 1914, but it does not follow that some other nation must have been guilty; Great Britain played her part in that concatenation of events which led inexorably, and yet against the will of almost everybody, to the crisis. We must agree with them again when they declare that after the war Great Britain wanted, in the main, fair treatment for Germany; and yet the khaki election of 1918 and the weaknesses of English diplomacy were partly responsible for the lunacy of Versailles; and every day it becomes more probable that for her share in that treaty Great Britain will be forced to pay an even heavier price than in 1914. We must agree with them again when they praise the freedom from hysteria which has characterized the British public during the world crisis; but when they hail the return of prosperity, we must point out that a prosperity still largely dependent on the foreign market may disappear even more quickly than it came, and that a recovery which offers no employment to two million workers and which reduces the dole to thirty shillings a week is no true recovery at all. Sooner or later men must realize that in this epoch none of the traditional loyalties, however admirable in themselves, can atone for a refusal to understand the tendencies of our economic system, and that when catastrophes occur, nobody is innocent and everybody is responsible.

Those citizens of Great Britain who died in the last war, or who may die in the next war, can be regarded as victims of destiny. But destiny is merely a word, and what it means is the network of events woven by private individuals, whose actions are not regulated by a collective consciousness and a collective will. The next task of mankind is to achieve that collective consciousness and to become master of its own destiny. It is with a patriotism more genuine than Mr. Buchan's or Mr. Somervell's, because it is understanding and no longer blind, that an English poet says to those Englishmen whose eyes are turned only to what their country has achieved in the past:

You that love England, who have an ear for her music, . . .
Listen. Can you not hear the entrance of a new theme?

H. B. PARKES

Papa 'poléon

Napoleon's Letters to Marie Louise. With a Commentary by Charles de la Roncière. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

IMPARTIAL posterity, that final arbiter to which all eighteenth-century heroes and heroines commended their careers, has not been unkind to the great Napoleon. He was not above prompting it a little, viz., in his energetic scribbling at St. Helena, but that was not unseemly in a man who strove ever to "deserve well of mankind." On the whole he would have no cause for complaint about posterity's reception of these three hundred-odd autograph letters that he wrote to Marie Louise between 1810 and 1814, which recently and mysteriously came to light at a London auction. A grateful *patrie* reverently bid for them; a reputable firm of American publishers hastened their translation in a most elegant edition; W. E. W., whoever he or she may be, has provided a lofty introduction, and M. de la Roncière, chief custodian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has written a running commentary and also a foreword which is as eulogistic as it should be of "these priceless relics of an immortal man"—and of a booklover, may we add, who once wrote to his Empress: "You can present the university [of Vienna] with a collection of books and engravings. This . . . will cost you nothing. I have plenty of them." This being the case, it is almost a pious duty to record that here and there the translator has retained in English the spirit of Napoleon's sallies against the French language and that the anonymous commentator on the paintings which are reproduced has not lagged behind the Emperor in his versatile interpretation of historical events.

Piety apart, what is the worth of these highly publicized letters which the jacket describes lyrically as "the most important historical discovery of our time"? That they are interesting and valuable no one will presume to deny. That they seriously modify our basic knowledge or understanding of the great man I do hasten to deny. Some of them confirm, as only personal correspondence can, important points of information derived from other sources, as for instance the fact that the weather was exceptionally clement when Napoleon began his retreat from Moscow or that confusion and panic reigned in the Allied headquarters in March, 1814. For the most part they successfully conceal the real situation, as of necessity letters of this sort should do.

Their interest and value lie first in their vivid and ingenuous, and occasionally boring and repetitious, corroboration of the thousand and one facts that Masson, Lévy, and other hagiologists have already assembled on the score of Marie Louise and Napoleon. To be sure it should always be borne in mind that in interpreting their facts these apologists, as Gibbon said of the Christian historians of the fourth century, scorned the

profane virtues of sobriety and moderation. More important still, these letters supply the necessary material for a sounder and deeper understanding of Napoleon's attitude toward his Hapsburg bride.

Up to the time of Napoleon's first abdication neither of the principals to this marriage of convenience had cause to regret the arrangement. Marie Louise had lost nothing by moving from Schönbrunn to the Tuileries and gained a good deal—prestige, a child, a kindly, considerate husband, even though or perhaps because he was middle-aged, a husband ludicrously or pathetically devoted to their child and, for her, a model of deference and well-tempered affection. Napoleon was idyllically content. His new wife was young and fresh. She had given him an heir. She was his "good Louise," gentle, responsive, and dutiful—a bit of golden clay for him to fashion. He fashioned it and gazed with gratitude and loving admiration upon his creation, and with the assurance that she and the young King of Rome were a pledge against disaster.

This the letters make very clear. It is certain that they will add to his admirers. Already enthroned as the emperor of the peasants, honored as the Prometheus of the idealists and the mystics, worshiped as the god of the militarists, Napoleon has within his reach the final honor of being transformed into *le bon papa 'poléon*, the idol of the green-grocer's wife.

LEO GERSHOY

Shorter Notices

The Narrow Land. By Elizabeth Reynard. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

In this rich, altogether charming book Miss Reynard has brought together the long and varied sequences of stories and legends relating to Cape Cod. She says at the outset that she is offering her own interpretations, and both the narratives and their arrangement show an individual style, but her materials have been faithfully studied and their integrity kept. She begins with a bold reconstruction of the Norse voyages and of the characters who dominated them, passes to legends of the Nauset Wampanoags, some of which are still told by Cape Indians, and follows with the mixed and highly colorful lore of the white settlers as it has developed through three hundred years. Highly significant is the mingling of white and Indian fancy in some of these stories, particularly those relating to places in the "narrow land." Well-known characters appear, from Richard Bourne to Black Bellamy and Captain Kidd. The pranks of pukwudgees, witches, ghosts, and sand dobbies among the Puritans and their descendants make delightful reading. These tales might perhaps alter certain fixed notions about that famous race and its preoccupations. Miss Reynard knows the history and changing life of the Cape through and through, so that even at their airiest her stories are always dimensional. She comes down well toward the present with tales of "ghosts who still walk" and some prime yarns of the sea.

Shoulder the Sky. By James Gray. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

This second novel by a Minnesota newspaperman is half a study of modern, upper-middle-class marriage, half a romance. Mr. Gray's hero is a morbidly sensitive young Minnesota doctor; his heroine is less finely organized, a conventionally "difficult," highly educated woman. Out of their mutual neuroses a marriage is hatched. Against a background of sickness and little-theater productions, cocktail parties and bank failures, the married pair executes a complicated and painful emotional dance, in which approach forever alternates with withdrawal,

till each partner seems condemned to an eternal *pas seul*. Mr. Gray renders this dissonance so truly and so bitterly that one can even excuse him for turning magician on the next to the last page and transforming all into miraculous harmony. It is not the artificial happy ending which keeps this excellent minor novel from being a first-class work of fiction. It is, rather, that Mr. Gray, though he has a fine and subtle perception of the man-woman relationship, fails to particularize it into perfect believability. His characters exist only as symbols of their class, period, and sex; their dialogue is not human conversation but stylized smart talk. Thus in the end the novel lacks body. It is moving and it is true, but it has all the basic chilliness of a lengthy and fine-spun generalization.

In Time of Peace. By Thomas Boyd. Minton, Balch and Company. \$2.50.

It is unusual to find a proletarian novel which is not violent enough for the most sensational taste. Yet it must be confessed that "In Time of Peace," Thomas Boyd's last work, is too placid to realize the revolutionary intent. It continues the story of Hicks, the protagonist of the war novel "Through the Wheat," carrying him through boom times, through marriage and a successful, moneyed career as a newspaperman, down to the crisis, the depression, and ultimate personal failure. It is the tale of a man's brief apostasy to the working class, his surrender to capitalist interests, and their inevitable betrayal of him. To the execution of this theme Thomas Boyd brought honesty and care and fidelity of observation, but these are not enough. Such a theme demands harshness, bitterness, intensity of feeling; even a display of pyrotechnics would not have been unseemly. Lacking these things, Mr. Boyd's novel for all its seriousness of purpose falls into the large and useless class of plodding, studiously lifelike novels, which are read to pass the time away, and whose scenes and characters are so well padded with comfortable verbal realism that they are easily forgotten.

The Time Is Ripe. By Walter Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Walter Greenwood's first novel caused considerable fanfare in British critical circles. He was hailed as England's first important proletarian novelist. He was compared to Bennett, to Wells, to American revolutionary writers. Hogarth was mentioned and so was Shakespeare. All these comparisons are fantastic, and the éclat with which so meager a talent was received speaks badly for the vitality of British letters. With Shakespeare and Hogarth left out of the question, it still must be said at once that Greenwood does not exist in the same arena with Dos Passos or Halper or Cantwell, and that he is but a bad, lifeless stepchild of Wells and Bennett. His new novel, "The Time Is Ripe," should be proof enough of this. It is a dull, mechanical story, barely animated by the breath of revolution. The plot is familiar—the ancient success story, cast in what is doubtless meant to be a new and ironical light. Edgar Hargraves, the central figure, is a greedy, ambitious shopkeeper who inherits a sizable fortune and thereby becomes Lord Mayor of an English industrial town. While one watches the rise of Mr. Hargraves to his final position of eminence, one follows also the fall of Mrs. Shuttleworth, his former charwoman, whom he has had imprisoned for a picayune theft. The bare struts of this simple piece of architecture are almost everywhere evident. Mr. Greenwood has been unable to create characters to fill out his structure. He sees neither into Mr. Hargraves's heart nor into Mrs. Shuttleworth's. He has a knack of transcribing the Lancashire dialect on the printed page which gives his novel an air of superficial veracity, and he is one of the few English writers who show any consciousness of the class struggle, but these are his only virtues.

Drama

"Best Play"

THE OLD MAID," dramatized by Zoë Akins from a story by Edith Wharton, is not the best American play of the year. Neither is "Personal Appearance" nor "Merrily We Roll Along," even though the three were the only ones to appear on the eligible list submitted by the "play jury" to the Pulitzer Prize Committee. There is good reason to suppose that at least one member of that jury didn't think so either, but the award is made, and, officially if not otherwise, a stagey dramatization of a conventional old plot represents the best that American playwrights could produce during the year.

To me it seems that there are only two dramas which ought to have been considered for the prize: Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," which was rather generally expected to get it, and Clifford Odets's "Awake and Sing." Personally I should be inclined to hesitate long between them, because one cannot, I think, call one better than the other without implying the answer to a very fundamental question which involves the whole nature and function of the drama as a form of art.

So far as sheer power and originality are concerned Miss Hellman's play is not merely the best of the year but the best of many years past. For once at least the over-used adjective "unforgettable" is strictly appropriate, for the simple reason that no one who has been introduced to the fiendish child of the play is, literally, likely to forget her. She is at once incredible and convincing, a real tour de force, and the occasion of a rage which makes it almost impossible for the spectator to stay in his seat. Good as it is, Mr. Odets's drama of frustrated ambitions in the Bronx contains no character as strikingly original as she, and at no moment is it likely to arouse such tumult in the breast of an audience. Yet except for a hurried, crude, and obviously factitious bit at the very end, it is a better play in the sense that the spectator is led through a series of emotions to a satisfactory tragic conclusion, instead of being merely given a terrific blow and then turned dazed into the street.

The defect in "The Children's Hour" is not merely the result of what seems to me the obvious technical mistake of allowing the central character to disappear after the end of the second act and then attempting to persuade the spectator that it was not in her but in the two teachers whom she ruined that the interest centered. Whatever the original intention of the author may have been, it is plain enough that the play as it stands is a play about a Machiavellian child, not a play about two women falsely accused of a Lesbian attachment. But the mistake was made, partly at least, because the author could not imagine a satisfactory end to the real story and so gave us instead the end of a different one. Thus the technical defect is merely the result of a deeper difficulty and constitutes outward evidence of the fact that Miss Hellman could not contrive a satisfactory emotional issue for the situation she had devised.

The fundamental question is, then, whether or not "the best play" can be a play which, despite all its originality and power, does not resolve its own conflicts or reconcile the spectator to the events he has been compelled to witness. Is it enough to stir the emotions, or must any work of art prove its right to the name by resolving its own dissonances and supplying, not merely an emotional disturbance, but also an emotional satisfaction? Mr. Odets, being a "revolutionary playwright," would probably profess to care less than nothing for the Aristotelian purge or any of the aesthetic theories descended from it. Yet the fact remains that his play, unlike Miss

Hellman's, provides the tragic justification for itself and shapes its own materials in such a way that they become the occasion of an experience which is not only vivid but also "aesthetic" in the sense that it can be enjoyed for its own sake. Art, so it seems to me, must do more than stir. It must also please. And for that reason my vote, if I had one, would go to "Awake and Sing."

"The Hook-Up" (Cort Theater) is the only new production of the week. Ernest Truex is amusing as usual, but there is nothing in this noisy and obvious satire on the radio to make it the candidate for any prize.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Judas in Dublin

AT last this season is privileged to view a Hollywood production which for sustained brilliance of technical accomplishment can bear comparison with the best recent importations from other lands. The picture is the work of John Ford, a director who has done distinguished work before, and its story is based on one of the better novels of the sometimes powerful, sometimes incorrigibly meretricious Irish realist Liam O'Flaherty. "The Informer" (Radio City Music Hall) in Dudley Nichols's excellent version, gives a more dramatic, a more richly documented, and an even more terrifying impression of the Black and Tan troubles in Ireland in 1922 than one received from Mr. O'Flaherty's novel. This is the result partly of the greater objectivity imposed by the screen medium, partly of Mr. Ford's superior detachment toward his materials. Gypo Nolan, the underworld drifter who sells his comrade for twenty British pounds, gains in reality through being presented in terms of direct action rather than in the often diffuse interior monologues of Mr. O'Flaherty's more Dostoevskian manner. Victor McLaglen, under the superb direction, contributes to this impression of a greater solidity and roundness by giving one of the most memorable screen portrayals of the year. It matters little that the megalomania with which he endows the twisted little introvert of Mr. O'Flaherty's conception gives to the character a somewhat more heroic quality than is appropriate. The modifications of the original are all in the direction of a better realization of the character and theme in strictly cinematic terms. At the same time Mr. Ford has not ignored the drama played out in Gypo's consciousness before, during, and after the betrayal. In fact, the greatest importance of the film consists in its experimentation with the means of rendering subjective moods and states of mind on the screen. What may be called the total mood, the emotional ambience surrounding the theme and the subject, is created and sustained by the lighting—a uniform semi-darkness splotted here and there with the sinister glow of street lamps. Not only does the dimness through which people and objects are glimpsed intensify the atmosphere of hushed terror of Dublin under the Black and Tans, but it also serves to reflect the miasmic confusion of Gypo's guilt-laden consciousness. By this means outer and inner world are interfused; rarely has an American picture achieved such a consistent unity of emotional tone. It is reinforced rather than broken when doors thrust open in the fog reveal by contrast the lighted interiors of police stations, restaurants, and bawdy houses. (The scene in the middle-class lupanar is one of the most unforgettable, as it is certainly the most astonishing, in the recent American cinema.) But it is not by lighting alone that Mr. Ford has built up the unity of effect which makes this film so remarkable. Using musical

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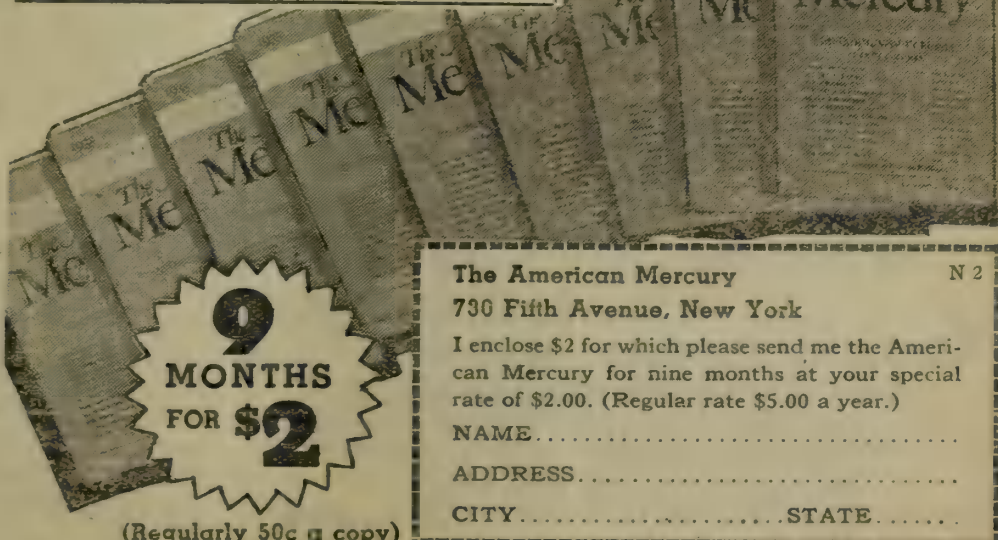
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accompaniment in the way that it was most effectively used in the silent film, recording Gypo's "second voice" or voice of conscience, and trailing both music and voices on the sound-track as a dissolve device, Mr. Ford has striven to integrate all the newer resources of the medium and restore to it that identity which it has tended to lose since the introduction of sound. What is most significant of all perhaps is Mr. Ford's rediscovery of the uses of silence. Not only is the dialogue reduced to a minimum, but it is sometimes blocked out entirely for the sake of pantomime and other effects reminiscent of the silent film. At times this leads to results which may be considered artificial and unnatural, which can be defended only as a type of stylization. When Gypo comes to the revolutionary headquarters to be examined, he and the others are forced to stand silently for several moments while a picture of his betrayed comrade burns in the fireplace. But the intention behind the effort is one of the things which make this film the best that has come out of Hollywood in a very long time.

It must be reported that Noel Coward has made his debut on the American screen in a concoction which the joint talents of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the producers, Lee Grimes, the camera man, and the author of "Cavalcade" and "Limehouse Blues" himself are unable to make even mildly palatable. Mr. Coward is amusing enough dispensing his epigrams as the diabolical seducer and moral moron of the New York publishing world; but in the later sections, in which he is required to rise from a watery grave in search of one mourning heart on earth, his embarrassment is as real as that of the audience. The incongruous mood of the piece arises out of the unhappy misalliance between the Mayfair-cum-Broadway sophistication of a few years back and the peculiar brand of Middle Western macabre which Mr. Hecht first developed in such works as "Erik Dorn" and "Fantazius Malaré." It is rather strange that the best scenes are those in which Alexander Woolcott, conspicuously in the flesh, presides over sessions of one of the more elegant cenacles of Park Avenue Bohemia. For the fundamental trouble with "The Scoundrel" is that its own worst faults are just those features of current sophistication which it endeavors to satirize.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

MORT and E. A. GILBERT are completing the manuscript of a book to be entitled "Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle," from which their article in this issue is an excerpt.

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE is known chiefly for her distinguished work as a photographer. A collection of her photographs of the Russian scene was published as a book, "Eyes on Russia."

A. B. MAGIL is a labor journalist, author of a pamphlet "The Truth About Father Coughlin."

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is director of the travel bureau The Open Road.

E. A. PURCELL is the pseudonym of a young man who is engaged in editorial work in New York.

DOROTHY BREWSTER, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is coauthor of "Modern Fiction."

H. B. PARKES is a member of the History Department of New York University.

LEO GERSHOY is the author of "Napoleon and the French Revolution."



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A NEW MOONEY CASE has been presented to the country by the Supreme Court in its refusal to interfere with the conviction of Angelo Herndon, the Negro Communist who was sentenced in Georgia to from eighteen to twenty years in prison. The court declined to consider the merits of the case but dismissed the appeal, by a six-to-three division, on the technical ground that the defendant was tardy in asserting his constitutional rights in the Georgia courts. The dissenting opinion, read by Justice Cardozo, and supported by Justices Brandeis and Stone, took an exactly opposite view of the same point. Thus, on a disputed issue of procedure, a man is being sent to spend the best part of his remaining years on a Georgia chain gang. It is not conceivable that the conviction would have been upheld, even in a conservative high court, if the case itself had been reviewed. The trial in 1932 was a gruesome exhibition of mob pressure and race and class hatred openly employed in court, and the savage sentence was protested by one or two courageous newspapers even in Georgia itself. The charge of "inciting to insurrection" was based on Herndon's activity in organizing a peaceful march of unemployed workers, black and white, and of possessing radical literature. The assistant solicitor prosecuting the case unconsciously characterized the whole procedure when he said it was a

trial not of Herndon but of "Lenin, Stalin, Trotzky, and Kerensky." The decision of the Supreme Court puts a final seal of approval on one of the most indefensible examples of "class justice" so far recorded in this country.

THE WAGE SCALE set for the 3,500,000 "employables" on the new government-works program can only be interpreted as a frontal attack on the American standard of living. Fearful lest the wages paid for relief work should compete with those paid in low-standard industries, the President has adopted a policy which cannot fail to have a depressing effect on industrial wages throughout the country. At present the average wage in manufacturing industries is approximately \$21 a week, or \$91 a month. Automobile workers are among the highest paid with \$28 a week, while employees of the cotton-goods industry in the South are near the bottom with an average of \$10.29 a week for male workers. Low as these figures are, they are from 45 to 100 per cent higher than the wages to be paid for comparable work in the new government program. The highest wage—\$94 a month—is to be reserved for professional and technical men in urban districts of the Northern states. Skilled labor is to be paid from \$35 to \$85 a month, depending on the locality; while unskilled labor is to receive from \$19 a month in rural districts in the South to \$55 in the North. The most that can be said for the program is that the wage rates in the highest category compare favorably with existing relief allotments. The worst feature is the enormous differential between the North and the South and between urban and rural areas, a differential that is far greater than can be justified on the basis of comparative living costs. Of course men are not compelled to work for these miserly wages. They are still at liberty to stand by their constitutional right to starve.

WHILE POLITICIANS row over the details of a new tax program, more than a million persons on the Illinois relief rolls have been brought face to face with actual starvation. On May 1 the regular FERA allotment of \$9,000,000 was held up by order of Harry L. Hopkins, pending action by the state to raise its share of the relief funds. With a genius for political ineptitude Governor Horner, a Democrat, sought to raise the needed funds by increasing the state sales tax from 2 to 3 per cent, only to have his plan rejected four times by an embattled Republican minority in the legislature. The proposed sales tax is particularly indefensible in view of the fact that Illinois is one of the few large and well-to-do states which have not adopted an income levy. For the first week in May there was little suffering, since funds held over from the previous month could be used. During the second week, however, many down-state communities were forced either to suspend relief or to place the jobless on emergency rations. By the end of the third week relief operations were practically at a standstill in all sections of the state, including Cook County, and thousands of social workers had been thrown into the ranks of the unemployed. In some counties actual starvation is being prevented by means of funds raised locally, but in

many places no aid of any sort is forthcoming. More than a thousand eviction notices have been presented in Chicago alone within the past few days, and thousands of others are being prepared. As we go to press the legislature is considering the sales tax for the fifth time, with the possibility that it may pass. But no last-minute action can absolve the government of responsibility for the needless mental and physical suffering of hundreds of thousands of innocent victims of the depression.

THE FUTILITY of trying to assure loyalty by passing laws has been demonstrated in Czecho-Slovakia. Two years ago the government suppressed the German Nationalists and the Nazis because they refused to avow belief in democracy and national unity. A young German gymnasium teacher, Herr Henlein, thereupon founded the Sudeten German Party, with himself as *Führer*. It paid ardent lip service to democracy and unity, but was indistinguishable from the National Socialists across the German border. In the election this eighteen-months-old party piled up 1,294,000 votes, the largest number received by any party in the country, and will have forty-four seats in Parliament, one less than the Agrarians. Since there are only 3,500,000 Germans in Czecho-Slovakia, the success is due not only to the racial issue. The tide is turning to the extremes, as it did in Germany before the triumph of Hitler. The Socialists, according to early returns, lost only one of their thirty-nine seats; the Communists hold their entire thirty. The German Social Democratic Party, heavily backed by the Prague government, fell from twenty-one to eleven, and Dr. Benes's purely democratic National Socialists dropped four and the Catholics three. A straight Fascist Party, also new on the scene, sends six men to the chamber. The result is an unhappy omen for democracy in Central Europe. The Prague government so far has handled its minorities with considerable skill, and appeared to be strong enough to escape disaster. But fascism is a rising force and democracy is on the defensive. From Vienna comes the unpleasant warning that Czecho-Slovakia must now draw closer to Austria, since they face the same Nazi danger. The democracy of Austria is as specious as that of Herr Henlein. So was the democracy of Dr. Brüning before the final Hitler victory. We hope Czecho-Slovakia will not have to repeat the pattern.

WORD REACHES US from Washington that Attorney General Cummings is grooming Wayne Johnson for the district attorneyship of New York. There are plausible political reasons for his appointment, such as his efforts to wipe out the debt of the Democratic state committee and his utter reliability, from the standpoint of big business, in the administration of the stock-exchange law and, if it passes, the holding-company act. Mr. Johnson is well known as a representative of sugar, copper, and steel corporations. His activities have made him a wealthy man, but the reward of wealth is what they have entitled him to; they have not fitted him for public service. We should consider his appointment the victory of special interests, by grace of Mr. Cummings and Mr. Farley. However convenient it would be for Mr. Farley, if he runs for governor in New York, to have this wealthy ally in a key position, the law should be enforced by a man dissociated from the interests which he is expected to control.

OPPPOSITION of Father Coughlin's Union for Social Justice to the Banking Bill of 1935 will have been considerably reduced by Secretary Morgenthau's casually introduced statement before the Senate committee that he approves government ownership of the stock of the Federal Reserve banks. The President clinched this little victory by at once supporting the idea, and Father Coughlin duly told his radio listeners that this was what he and they wanted. The actual ownership of the stock of the Federal Reserve banks is not, however, a realistic issue. The policy of these banks is no longer determined by the need to earn dividends on their common stock, and it is inconceivable that it ever should be. But the formality of ownership appears to matter a great deal to Father Coughlin, and quite as much to the financial reactionaries who are frightened by any mention of government control of credit. So far as formalities go, we too, prefer outright government ownership. The meat of the banking bill is the power it gives the government to control open-market operations, hence to increase or decrease the amount of that money which is represented by bank deposits. Senator Glass and other opponents of the social state know that this is the end of control of credit by bankers themselves, which is why they oppose it and why we favor it.

DESPITE THE APPOINTMENT of arbitrators by both sides, the Abyssinian crisis shows no sign of abatement. The war spirit is definitely in the ascendancy in Italy. The *Giornale d' Italia* refers to Abyssinia's "incapacity to comprehend and assimilate the elementary values of civilization," and adds significantly that recognition of the "European value of Italy as a civilized nation . . . signifies to recognize also these necessities of Italy in East Africa and her rights of defense." Mussolini has served fair warning that he will brook no outside interference regarding "the character and volume of our precautionary measures." With the rainy season already well under way, there is little danger of an immediate outbreak of hostilities. It is not even probable that any large portion of Italy's 900,000 soldiers will be transported to Africa until fall, when the weather will be much more favorable. But as far as Mussolini is concerned, the die is already cast. Negotiations may continue throughout the summer, but they will be mere formalities. The powers will probably put up some show of resistance, but are unlikely to intervene actively. The one hope of averting war is that the League will be forced into a position where it must act to save its very existence. It is still possible that the smaller countries may see in Abyssinia's plight a reflection of their own future if they are unable to goad the Council into action. But Italy has chosen its time carefully, and the chances are that desire for continued Italian cooperation against Hitler will outweigh more general considerations of international justice.

THE FUTURE POLICY of the South African government with respect to the native population is clearly indicated in two bills recently brought forward by a Joint Select Committee of both houses of Parliament—the Native Representation bill and the Native Trust and Land bill. With their passing the status of the South African native will be legally established on a permanently lower level than at present. More than eleven thousand natives still vote in the Cape Province under the old Cape franchise system.

Under the new bill no additional names of native voters may be added to the register in the Cape, and in the rest of the country natives will remain voteless as heretofore. The Native Representation Council to be set up is a cynical concession to appearances. It is to have only advisory powers and will consider only native matters. Even its advisory functions will be limited by the careful exclusion of any possibly critical elements. The Native Trust and Land bill creates a board of white trustees who will purchase fourteen million acres of land for native settlement on avowed segregation lines. Nothing is said as to the quality of the land to be purchased, nor is there any provision in the draft bill for the adequate schooling of the natives to be settled in the new areas—or in the old areas, for that matter—or for social services or agricultural training and assistance. The bills reveal all too clearly the determination of the South African government to keep the natives politically helpless and economically hopeless, so that they may continue to provide an unfailing supply of cheap labor for the farms and the mines and otherwise remain out of sight and out of mind.

ONE ASPECT of the pacts between the Soviet Union and its Continental bourgeois neighbors—an agreement with Czecho-Slovakia has now been added to the list—is the dilemma confronting the Communist movements in those countries. When Stalin told Laval that he had sympathy for France's policy of security, he cut the ground from under the resistance of French radicals to French militarism, and though they have decided to carry on their struggle they cannot hope to show the same spirit. Capitalist governments, if they get into a war in which Russia is their ally, will be reasonably insured against the danger of a general strike by radical labor. The defense of pacifism would seem to be left to non-resisters. In making its foreign pacts and in entering the League, the Kremlin is moved by an urgent consideration, the need for at least a few years of peaceful development. The price it is paying is the weakening of the ties of international communism. The Soviet leaders must have given the subject their most searching consideration. They may have felt that they could themselves choose whether they would be party to any war for capitalist ends. But in Communist theory all wars, unless waged against fascism as such, or for the Communist Revolution as such, are capitalist wars, and the course chosen is obviously a compromise, made like all other earnestly adopted compromises in the hope that more good will be done than harm. The judgment on this policy cannot be written until Russia, if it does secure peaceful development, shows how in its foreign policy it can become again a Communist state.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION in the United States continues to demonstrate its reactionary social outlook. The House of Delegates of the Medical Society of the State of New York, representing 14,000 physicians, at its annual meeting in Albany adopted a series of resolutions most of which would win the approval of the United States Chamber of Commerce. It passed without debate a resolution opposing all forms of state insurance against sickness, and it also came out against "the so-called medical-service bureaus . . . which solicit and contract with patients to furnish medical service." Some of these bureaus are undoubtedly rackets, and the state legal forces have been quick to track them

down, but many others—and they are increasing in number—are manned by reputable physicians banded together to offer honest medical service to persons of moderate means. The House of Delegates lumps both groups together and damns the good with the bad. The one progressive move which the convention made was the adoption of a resolution calling upon the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association to make a study of all the problems relating to contraception. This is said to be the first time that a large local professional group has even urged "recognition" of the question of birth control.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN has signed the McCall anti-nudism bill providing that a person who disrobes in the presence of two or more persons of the opposite sex who are similarly unclothed is guilty of a misdemeanor. Former Governor Smith, Tammany Hall, the Catholic church, and the more puritanical elements of the Protestant churches, all favored the bill, and argued that it was necessary for the protection of public morals. We cannot accept their logic or subscribe to their fears. There are enough laws against indecent exposure, and those who attempt to carry on an immoral business under the guise of nudism can easily be dealt with. But the sincere practitioners of nudism deserve the protection of society as do members of other harmless cults. The bill opens the door wide to professional snoopers. It is also juridically unsound, because as the Reverend Ilsley Boone, executive secretary of the International Nudist Conference, has said, "the guilt of a person lies not in the action of a guilty individual but in the action of a third party entirely beyond his or her control. . . . If a man and his wife were taking a sun bath in the nude on a river bank and a youngster came along and took off his clothes, the woman, but not the man or the boy, would be guilty of violation of the law."

THE PROMULGATION of self-disciplining rules by the Columbia Broadcasting System is a welcome sign that American broadcasting is emerging from its infancy. It is the first indication that broadcasting executives are thinking in a constructive way about their obligations to the public, and are not simply absorbed by the opportunity to make money out of a sensational invention. The limitation of advertising talk to 10 per cent of programs in the evening and 15 per cent in the daytime will be such a boon to listeners that it is sure to pay the advertiser. And the reform of children's programs, under the supervision of a psychologist, will relieve many homes of anxiety. The claim for American broadcasting that it is the one system guaranteeing free speech is of itself not enough to justify the unsatisfactory nature of many programs. By no means everything has been bad, but the good things seem to have been given reluctantly or to have happened accidentally, and the bad things have been taken for granted. Private broadcasting will only survive if it performs its service intelligently, and the range of possibilities has not been explored or even imagined. The new Columbia rules are the first intimations of the application of intelligence to the problem, and we commend them to NBC and to all private stations. We also urge the Columbia executives to examine the unlimited field of service and proceed. They have made only a modest beginning.

The Wagner Bill and the NRA

THE victory of the Wagner labor-disputes bill in the Senate is as gratifying as it is unexpected. We did not foresee such an easy success, nor did anyone in Washington, Senator Wagner included. It is an overwhelming vote for a vital democratic principle, but it does not, we regret to say, reflect a sudden philosophical awakening among Senators. It must be explained as the outcome of a complex political pressure. The Senate, in the Clark resolution, had passed a death sentence on the NRA, to take effect after a restricted existence until next April. Labor had been fighting for the NRA's untrammelled life for a full two years. Having killed the NRA the Senate had to do something to appease labor. Appeasement lay conveniently at hand in the Wagner bill, and it was adopted. The two chief attacks on the bill were in an amendment by Senator Tydings, which would penalize coercion of workers to join labor unions, and one by Senator Robinson, which would leave to the management-minded Department of Justice the prosecution of violations. When Senator Tydings could rally only twenty-one votes for his amendment, all opposition collapsed, and only twelve Senators went on record as opposed to the bill. The result testifies to the strength of organized labor as a group of voters, since the Senate knew they had to be satisfied. But as the strategy was to be the reverse only a few weeks before—the Wagner bill was to be killed and the NRA to be extended—the result cannot be read as evidence that any great conviction was behind the passage of the bill.

Many who would like to remain admirers of the President must be wondering why he did not sponsor this bill and give himself the credit of a victory for his leadership. It would have been consistent with his original policy in establishing the NRA, for he then saw that the weight of concentrated industrial and financial power had to be balanced by equal power for labor if democracy was to be safe. But he did not sponsor the bill openly; he was content to give it a whispered blessing very much "off the record." After playing the game of the right throughout the winter he was not going to let his right hand know what his left hand was doing. This may be good tactics but it is not good strategy. When the President runs for reelection he would find it an asset to be able to ask the support of labor on the ground that he had helped write its new charter.

The President, however, has grown so obscure as to be suspected of mental reservations even when he is most outspoken. One ought to be able to accept the veto of the Patman bill on its face value. The President breaks precedent by delivering the veto message in person, and in language which even overstates the danger of this specific inflation. As a result, Congress may not override the veto, and this will somewhat brush up the President's prestige. But if it overrides the veto, it still will not weaken him much. Have not Jesse Jones and Marriner Eccles testified that this amount of inflation would do little harm? And did not Vice-President Garner, after his fishing trip with the President, say he still was for the bonus? He is even reported to be advising Senators that to pass it over the veto

would be doing the President a service by taking the issue once and for all out of politics. We do not imply that the veto of the bonus is insincere. But it is much less impressive than if the President had not been so politically secure in delivering it. He is eating his cake and having it too. If the veto is overridden, his party will not suffer at the polls. If it is sustained, the Republicans can be trusted not to campaign next year for immediate payment, and he still is safe. We wish the President might be as unprecedented and eloquent when there is something more at stake.

Will he be equally fervent in backing the extension of the NRA? We doubt it. He has already told Senator Harrison that he will accept the Clark resolution if he can get nothing better. To say this is to say that he is resigned to see ended the most spectacular of his social experiments. Certainly it is no notice of a fight. Much of that experiment, in our opinion, had better end, but not all of it. The courageous course would be for the President to assert himself in favor of saving the minimum-wage and labor standards of the NRA, and to insist that they be saved not for a few months but for a full two years. The Wagner labor-disputes bill is no substitute for them, and even if it passes the House, as it probably will, the law will still be unenforceable throughout industry until reviewed by the Supreme Court. Labor would be wide open to a reduction of standards, and would be delayed for at least a year in its urgent task of organization. This is obvious to everyone, yet the talk about ending the NRA is confined to the discussion of how face may be saved for the Democrats who created it. What Congressmen do not appreciate is that the Wagner bill gives the NRA the balance it did not secure through Section 7-a, and so makes it at once a safer experiment. If the President and Congress had a clearer social philosophy they would recognize that now they have the starting-point for a reconstruction of the NRA, and not a setting for a death-bed scene. It may be that the Supreme Court will insist on the death drama, gauging its legal exactitudes by the barometer of political sentiment. But Congress would do well to continue passing realistic social legislation until the Supreme Court finds a new reading of the barometer. Another point in favor of continuing the NRA is that its life beyond June 16 will be lived without the guidance of Donald Richberg, whose retirement from the NIRB was one of the conditions laid down by labor in its recent public reconciliation with the President's Number One adviser. We believe much of the suspicion of the NRA in the minds of Congressmen and the public arises from the feeling that Mr. Richberg has not sufficient single-mindedness to be permitted to influence the destinies of so important an agency.

For our part we should be content to see the NRA abolished if minimum standards can be safeguarded in some other legislative form, the enforcement of the anti-trust law being left to the Federal Trade Commission. But if it is to be prolonged, let it be on a social basis, with the clear support of the President, and under the chairmanship of a man who does not regard a vital administrative decision as the occasion for making concessions to big business.

Stabilization—on What Terms?

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU'S assertion that the United States is no longer an obstacle to an international currency agreement is encouraging as evidence that the Administration is open to reason on this question, but the credulity with which it has been received reveals an abysmal ignorance of the fundamental conditions of exchange stability. Restoration of the international gold standard involves far more than encouraging statements by Mr. Morgenthau or Neville Chamberlain. First of all, it necessitates the establishment of definite ratios between the various currencies. These cannot be set arbitrarily but must approximate exchange quotations on the date of settlement. Such an agreement would be futile, however, without some assurance that these ratios could be maintained. And they can be maintained only if the price levels in the various countries bear somewhat the same relationship as the newly established exchange parities. Thus before a stabilization agreement can be concluded, it is essential not only that the exchanges be quiet over a reasonably protracted period but that the price structure of the various countries be relatively stable. Obviously neither of these conditions is even approximated in the world today. American monetary and economic policy remains highly uncertain, while the situation in the "gold" countries is little short of chaotic. The fate of the franc must be settled before a general agreement can even be profitably discussed.

Moreover, stabilization cannot be treated as an isolated problem. An international currency system can only exist when there is a reasonably free flow of capital, goods, and services from country to country. The contrary is equally true. Under the present conditions of monetary instability, no country dares to reduce tariffs or make any drastic move toward economic disarmament. If a genuine international system is to be reestablished, it must be through a concerted attack on economic nationalism in all its forms. Piecemeal measures are likely to be worse than useless, because their failure tends to discredit all international action and thus plays into the hands of extreme jingoistic elements.

Unfortunately there was little in Mr. Morgenthau's speech to suggest that the atmosphere at Washington is favorable to such a comprehensive program. Although the talk was widely heralded as representing a shift in American policy, and was possibly intended as such, it was devoted almost exclusively to an explanation and defense of the Administration's monetary program, with no recognition of its inherent dangers. In tone it was unmistakably nationalistic, giving aid and comfort to those who insist that our national interest would best be served by fixing the value of the dollar as low as possible. As long as this spirit is uppermost, all talk of stabilization is folly. Statesmen dare not make the necessary concessions for fear they be accused of allowing wily foreigners to out-manuever them in the economic struggle.

In the case of the United States this psychology is doubly dangerous. As a leading creditor this country has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the restoration of

world economic stability. If we are to profit by our creditor position it is obvious that we must make some provision for our debtors to pay us. By discouraging imports and subsidizing exports the Administration's monetary policy is in direct conflict with its trade policy, and has accentuated the basic maladjustments in America's economic position. When a large creditor country such as the United States deliberately depreciates its currency in order to stimulate exports, debtor nations, under pressure to accumulate foreign exchange, have no alternative except to follow suit, or to adopt further prohibitive restrictions on trade, thus completing the vicious circle.

This is not to suggest that the United States is the only creditor country which is pursuing a policy of nationalism. France has a greater per capita gold reserve than the United States, and the tariff and monetary policies adopted by the National Government in Great Britain have been fully as isolationist as our own. Nevertheless, the fact remains that over a period of years this country has been the chief offender, and it is idle to talk of economic stability until the Administration is prepared to make far more substantial concessions than have thus far been indicated. It is unnecessary to repeat that we favor stabilization, but we warn against the belief that it can be accomplished by the decision of two or three individuals in official positions, and against bringing pressure on them to negotiate a stabilization for which the groundwork is not laid. Such a stabilization would be sure to break down, and might spell the end of all international economic effort.

President Butler Explains

AMONG the alumni of Columbia University are a number of minor Walgreens just beginning to work themselves into a quiet dither over "subversive influences" on Morningside Heights. Clarence E. Lovejoy, secretary of the Alumni Federation, transmitted to President Butler a memorandum charging that radical activities were "alienating" the loyal sons under his care, and to still their fears the university has just reissued an essay by Dr. Butler entitled "Where Does Academic Freedom Begin?" It was written in 1934, and the answer is, "Nowhere that any considerable number of persons happen to be."

Dr. Butler discovers that the term *Lehrfreiheit* "is now being frequently used in the United States in a wholly indefensible way, as well as given a quite impossible application." To set matters right he goes back not, as one might expect, to, say, John Stuart Mill but to Aristotle, and he emerges with a doctrine which any Communist or fascist would enthusiastically accept but which seems odd in the mouth of a professed liberal. "The best laws . . . will be of no avail unless the young are trained by habit and education in the spirit of the constitution; if the laws are democratic, democratically, or oligarchically, if the laws are oligarchical." Liberals, so we had always supposed, looked to the schools as a source of new or progressive ideas, and we had no idea that they approved their use as instruments for preserving the status quo even if that should happen to

be—as Dr. Butler is careful to specify—“oligarchical.”

After setting us right on this point and, indeed, after citing in justification the present Russian, Italian, and German practices, which we have never before heard cited by a liberal as worthy of imitation in a democracy, he goes on to explain the extremely limited sense in which the term academic freedom can be used in a manner not “wholly indefensible.” “*Lehrfreiheit* . . . means only freedom of thought and accompanying freedom of expression as to any part of the field of knowledge which a competent scholar has made his own.” So defined it is “an essential attribute and characteristic of true university teaching and research,” but though these are ringing words one looks in vain for any equally ringing declaration concerning the methods to be used in determining who is or who is not “a competent scholar” or just when he may be assumed to have made any particular part of a field of knowledge “his own.” Presumably anyone who emerges with opinions uncongenial to the president, the board of trustees, or any sufficiently powerful alumnus beginning to find himself “alienated” may cheerfully be told to hold his tongue until he has proved himself a competent scholar or demonstrated his mastery of a particular field by agreeing whole-heartedly with the before-mentioned president, board of trustees, or powerful alumnus. Presumably, also, the fascist heads of the Italian Department can, without in any way violating that academic freedom which is “an essential attribute” of a true university, continue to keep their department pure by insisting that failure to be a fascist is *prima facie* evidence of incompetence in the field of Italian life and letters.

It is not, however, by any means to be supposed that such delirious irresponsibility as is thus guaranteed to the university professor can be regarded as also the privilege of either the mere undergraduate or the teacher in the lower schools. “The situation in respect to the elementary school, the secondary school, and in large part the college is quite a different one.” Here Aristotle is to remain the guiding light, and if “civics” is to be taught it must be with the distinct understanding that the purpose is not to provoke inquiry or to encourage criticism. Comparative study of different forms of government, for instance, “is something reserved for the well-trained student when he has put on the *toga virilis* and arrived at years of maturity with an informed and disciplined mind at his command.”

Frankly we do not see why nervous alumni should be very much better pleased with Dr. Butler’s large words than we are ourselves. He has, it is true, been at some pains to assure them that his conception of academic freedom does not mean anything in particular and that it will never be a serious embarrassment to his administration of the university. But he does not give any specific hints concerning what he proposes to do. We have long ago abandoned hope that he will take seriously the outrageous situation at the Casa Italiana: the fascist professors in the Italian Department are all “mature scholars” and so have earned not only the right to academic freedom but also the right to deny it to those of their colleagues who are obviously not competent. But what about the student members of the radical clubs and the professors who sympathize with them? We are anxious to learn whether or not the former have assumed the *toga virilis* and whether or not the latter are “competent scholars.”

The South Replies

THE first important answer to Secretary Wallace’s notable challenge in “America Must Choose” has come more than a year after the publication of his pamphlet. But it is significant that the answer should come from the South, and that it should be couched in unequivocal language. It is true that the memorandum drawn up by the Southern Policy Conference, held in Atlanta from April 25 to 28, cannot be considered fully representative of Southern thought. The group was self-chosen and liberal in its political sympathies. Still the conference drew together from more than a dozen cities in nine Southern states men who are leaders in their communities, and since its conclusions were based on preliminary studies by local groups in a half-dozen cities, their importance is far greater than the number of persons participating.

In its report the conference took a position similar to that recently expressed in *The Nation’s* editorial columns—that a continuation of the trend toward national self-containment “would throw the whole economy of the South into a paroxysm during a period of readjustment” which might last for many years. It suggested that even if new crops and industries could eventually be established, the South should not lightly surrender the great natural advantages it possesses in the production of cotton and tobacco. Since it would entail the permanent loss of export markets, the report held that any attempt to maintain a domestic price for these products above that of the world market was basically unsound, and recommended that the cotton-loan rate be lowered immediately from the present figure of 12 cents a pound to 10 cents as a preliminary to its ultimate abolition. It recognized, too, that the welfare of the South depends on a more fundamental revision of the American tariff policy than any thus far projected by the Administration.

As basic principles for regional planning, these conclusions can scarcely be challenged. But in contrast to its clarity in dealing with broad matters of economic policy, the report failed to face the full implications of the South’s sectional problems. We find it speculating not unintelligently on the need for a World Economic Council, yet apparently unable to formulate any program for meeting the South’s most immediate and difficult problem—that of racial discrimination. The question of the tenant farmer is disposed of by recommending the passage of the Bankhead bill, without any warning of the need of specific clauses protecting the rights of the Negro. For industry, the Wagner labor-disputes bill is approved, but without recommendations regarding the admission of Negroes to labor organizations. The race issue is also unaccountably ignored in the discussion of rural rehabilitation and planning.

But apart from the validity of its specific recommendations, the Southern Policy Conference represents a hopeful development. Five years ago it would have been impossible to get busy men from all sections of the South to devote a winter to the discussion of fundamental economic and social problems. The mere fact that such persons are sufficiently dissatisfied with present conditions to be willing to give time and energy to this study indicates that the South is at last awakening.

Issues and a Woman

Jane Addams and Her League

JUST as this issue of *The Nation* is going to press comes the word that Jane Addams is sinking rapidly after her grave operation. The news comes as a great shock. I find it hard adequately to characterize what she has meant to the whole country, so I shall today set forth only the picture of her last appearance in Washington on the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and her own seventy-fifth birthday. The dinner was one of the largest ever given in Washington; the conference itself, with the reception at the White House, was genuinely impressive; and the radio program of peace talks from all around the world was nothing less than awe-creating—it took the radio engineers six months to solve the technical problem of getting broadcasts from Tokyo and Moscow one immediately after the other. It was the more remarkable because of the enthusiasm for peace displayed in a period when the danger of war appears on every hand.

That the wife of the President added her words of eulogy was itself highly significant of the changed feeling about Miss Addams and her work, and so were the numerous laudatory editorials which appeared in the press. It is a curious fact that the one statement for which Miss Addams was most severely attacked during war time was an entirely truthful one—that the soldiers who were daily going to their useless deaths "over the top" were given drink or dope. The pro-Ally press fell upon her for it with rage and fury, calling it a reflection upon the noble manhood of the Allied troops, and the lying British propaganda service naturally chimed in. Afterwards it was, of course, well substantiated. Miss Addams made the statement quite casually, as a matter of course, for numerous persons had talked about it on the other side and she assumed that it was equally well known here. But no matter what Miss Addams said or did, the journalistic and pro-Ally packs would have bayed her. Anyone who kept his sanity in those days was bound to be the object of violent attack, for reason was discarded. Those who doubt this had better read Walter Millis's excellent new book, "Road to War. America: 1914-1917," wherein the insanity and hysteria of those days are adequately set forth. Only gradually is the whole truth coming out; here is Frederic R. Coudert, who was the special counsel of the British Embassy during the war, publicly stating that the conduct of his British employers during the war was so lawless and so injurious to us that we should have gone to war with them but for the German submarine policy.

Well, Miss Addams has had the great satisfaction of living to see justice done her—she has had that satisfaction, that is, if she thinks at all about the matter of justice for herself. It is true that one of the patriotic groups took the opportunity of the Washington celebration to declare that she was a menace to true Americanism or some such nonsense, but there will always be little people without souls to snarl at the truly great and to characterize themselves by doing so. Miss Addams has been dangerous to

those who wish to arrest the world's progress and evolution, for she has insisted upon being in the forefront of advance. I have no doubt that there are captains of industry in Chicago who, when Hull House was first opened, were certain that this new-fangled business of "coddling immigrants" and thereby putting false ideas into their heads was certain to lead to anarchy.

When Miss Addams got up to speak at the Washington dinner she proved at once the correctness of the preceding speakers who had referred to her as a true statesman. There were a breadth and strength and vision in her talk which made the others of us who had spoken shrink visibly—I don't apologize to Secretary Ickes, who paid an admirable tribute to Miss Addams. She is cast in a great mold; Miss Perkins would, I think, agree that it is Miss Addams who should have been the first woman to enter the Cabinet of the United States, where she would have made it uncomfortable for most of her associates by dwarfing them.] Jane Addams's countenance not only mirrors her character but bears evidence of all the needless misery and waste which she has seen, and done her best to eradicate. It reminds me always of the compelling tragedy of Eleanor Duse's aspect; yet one can never think of Miss Addams as a tragic figure, or as being anything but calm and serene in her leadership, concealing, perhaps, deep fires within, as a doctor wears a mask in the face of suffering and death lest he be emotionally destroyed.

One thing is true. If Miss Addams were of that type she could have had an extremely good time saying "I told you so," and pointing out in how many ways her war-time attitude has been justified and her prophecies have come true. I suspect she has rarely looked backward. But she must have been deeply impressed, as I am, by the fact that the advocates of peace—and notably her brave coworkers in the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose invaluable work I have so often praised—have by the logic of events been forced into the position of being the true defenders of civilization. This is established by the admissions of men like Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George. Even those who, like Ramsay MacDonald, are now all for armaments admit that armaments don't keep nations out of war. Yet they are hell bent for increasing armaments, though Stanley Baldwin has said that that can only lead to bankruptcy and invite another war. Neither he nor anyone else in high office has any suggestion as to how the catastrophe can be avoided. What a relief it was then, to hear and see someone with the statesmanship of Jane Addams! To think that we are to be deprived of that now fills me with grief. The loss to the world will be irreparable.

Walter Garrison Millis

A Cartoon by LOW



Birth Control and Obscenity

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, May 20

THANKS to Anthony Comstock's fanaticism, contraception is legally obscene in the United States, being so defined in the law whipped through Congress by his fury in 1873. Hence an effort made by the Post Office Department this year ostensibly to strengthen its hands in closing the mails to certain examples of erotic literature became at once applicable to contraception. The birth-control leaders, having despaired of passing their own bills at this session, suddenly were faced with legislation which definitely meant retrogression. Through their own vigilance and organization, and by the aid of a few Congressmen and newspapermen, they have won a respite after a nervous spring. The proposed legislation has not been killed, but it lies dormant in committees in the Senate and the House and may not come out at all in this session.

There are two theories about the purpose of the Post Office bill. Mr. Farley, being a Catholic, is under the suspicion of having meant to strike a blow at birth control while apparently aiming at erotic books. The other theory is that the Post Office Department did not have birth control in mind at all, and stumbled into a hornet's nest. It is impossible for outsiders to prove motives by objective methods. I can say that Mr. Farley himself passed on the proposed legislation, and he certainly knows that information about contraception is legally obscene. Therefore he knows that the bill covers contraceptive literature and supplies. But whether Mr. Farley intended to use the law, if passed, to prosecute reputable medical persons, hospitals, and clinics is another question. He is not troubling them now, although he is entitled to—really he is obliged to—under the law of 1873. What he hoped to do with the new legislation is not demonstrable.

The inspectors of the Post Office Department, who are trying to close the mails to certain types of printed matter, say they did not have contraception in mind. And they say they are the ones who wanted the new legislation. They wanted it because the printed matter they wish to bar is published in New York and they cannot induce the district attorney of that jurisdiction to prosecute. He has told them time and again that he could not obtain a conviction. In other words, what the Post Office inspectors consider obscene a federal jury in New York would not consider obscene. So there are two issues raised by the legislation. There is the confounding of contraception with obscenity, which is the heritage of Anthony Comstock, and which makes any sharpening of the laws against obscenity apply at once to birth-control literature and supplies. And there is the moot question of what is obscene. The birth-control advocates did not fight the bill because it made it easier to suppress obscenity; they were quite willing to have the law passed if doctors, hospitals, clinics, and government agencies were left free to use the mails for contraceptive literature and supplies. With this amendment, indeed, they saw themselves on the verge of winning their long campaign. The highly metaphysical problem of obscenity is not their

particular cause. Mrs. Margaret Sanger did speak about the difficulties of defining obscenity. "It is not a static thing," she told the House committee. "It moves with the years. It moves with the times. It changes with geographical boundaries." She described how she was nearly mobbed in Japan because her thirteen-year-old son kissed her goodbye in public, an obscene act in that country. But she would not fight the bill if it was amended in a manner which would win the birth-control fight.

The proposed bill (H 5370, S 1541) was introduced by Congressman John P. Higgins of Boston and Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona. The amendment exempting the medical profession was introduced in the House by Representative Walter M. Pierce, former governor of Oregon. The Pierce amendment was indorsed by so many leaders and organizations throughout the country that now the bill can hardly hope of passage without the amendment, although it can also hardly hope of passage with it. That is why it remains in committee. The overwhelming nature of the indorsement testifies to the immediate interest the birth controllers can tap throughout the country, but the unpopularity of the Pierce amendment with legislators shows how strong the prejudice against birth control remains in Congress.

The bill is brief and makes what at first reading seems only an obscure change in the Comstock law. It permits prosecution at the destination as well as at the place of mailing of obscene matter. But this small change is drastic. If Margaret Sanger could not be convicted in New York, she might be tried in any outlying and backward jurisdiction where local jurymen might agree with Anthony Comstock that contraceptive information is obscene. Anyone in such a jurisdiction might write for birth-control information for "intrapment" and then hale her to the distant court and send her to prison for five years or fine her \$5,000, or both. The Post Office Department tries to smile this argument away by denying that it is going to administer the law in this spirit. But the letter of the law is what Congress passes, and under the letter of the law the birth-control movement could be driven even deeper underground than it is.

The hearing before the House subcommittee in the main was on the birth-control issue and not on obscenity. Mrs. Sanger was the star witness, and she brought out that the Catholic-sponsored book, "The Rhythm," on the avoidance of conception by use of the "sterile" period, has been declared mailable by the Post Office, whereas Dr. Hannah M. Stone's "Contraceptive Practices" has been declared non-mailable. The Post Office solicitor decides on mailability, and it would contort an eel to follow his reasoning in these two decisions, made last year within a few weeks of each other. "The Rhythm," being accessible to everyone, has increased the incidence of pregnancy among high-school girls, according to a statement to the committee. Moreover, it is a book for the lay reader and can be sent to anyone, whereas Dr. Stone's book, though intended only for physicians, cannot be mailed even to them. Some of the Catholics present

were embarrassed by the revelation, and Mr. Higgins made the remark: "It is my impression that the chief Post Office inspector, Mr. Aldrich, would do a commendable thing for the Catholic church if he barred the damned book 'The Rhythm' from the mails."

The Pierce amendment at once drew the strongest Catholic opposition. Testifying against it were Monsignor John A. Ryan, director of the Department of Social Government of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Miss Agnes G. Regan for the National Council of Catholic Women, and Edward J. Heffron for the National Council of Catholic Men. Monsignor Ryan had a great deal to say about the decline of population. But on the ethics of contraception he turned transcendental. "Somewhere," he admitted, "we must rest our argument upon a proposition which we cannot demonstrate, which we accept as self-evident. This is true of all the sciences. Now, we maintain that the intrinsic immorality of contraception is self-evident. If it is not self-evident to our opponents, we regret the limitations of their intellectual training." This is faith, not reason, and appears a strange technique to use in arguing to legislators. Congressman Ashbrook put a straight question to Monsignor Ryan at the close of his testimony. Explaining first that he had not gone on record for or against birth control, and that he was a father of "five fine children and I wish I had that many more," he asked: "Do you believe that there are no conditions or circumstances under which and under the handling of a regularly licensed physician birth control is warranted?" Monsignor Ryan replied: "There are not any such conditions any more than there are circumstances justifying the recommending of abortion, which as I have said is murder of a human being." Mr. Ashbrook went on: "You think it would not be justified or warranted to save the life of a mother?" "No," replied Monsignor Ryan, "not any more than the killing of a foetus would be justified, the doctor killing the foetus, subordinating the life of the foetus to the life of the mother."

Miss Regan for the Catholic women told the committee it was "unthinkable" that "our people should be asked to accept a philosophy which would permit men and women to continue to live together as man and wife, to exercise the marital privilege, while placing some kind of mechanical or chemical device between the exercise of that privilege and the effect designed by nature—the conception of children."

Mr. Heffron, speaking for three million Catholic men, epitomized their doctrine in this way: "We believe that God gave man the reproductive faculty, very obviously, for reproductive purposes. We believe, therefore, that a positive frustration of those purposes is a frustration of the will of God." He did not, however, go on to explain whether the use of the sterile period as explained in "The Rhythm" is a "positive frustration." He did write a letter to the committee explaining church procedure in giving its sanction to the book. "Published with ecclesiastical approbation," he said, "is a technical phrase permitting the printing of the book. It carries no recommendation except that the contents are in accordance with faith and morals." Answering the charge that "The Rhythm" had increased pregnancy among high-school girls, he called attention to an addition in the fourth edition of the book (page 40): "Whilst we do not believe that under ordinary circumstances, in regular married life, extraordinary ovulation is brought on through the nat-

ural excitement of intercourse, we are inclined to believe, though we have no evidence to that effect, that intercourse had under extraordinary circumstances might stimulate ovulation and bring it on prematurely, as, for instance, in the case of adultery"; to which Mr. Heffron added, "or it would seem of fornication." He then ended with this interpretation: "In other words, the Ogino-Knaus theory will probably not work, and 'The Rhythm' explicitly says so, when used illicitly." Here indeed is a novelty, a scientific theory which only operates under benefit of clergy.

The other aspect of the bill, its threat to the freedom of the press, was analyzed by Morris Ernst. "For the first one hundred years of this nation," he said, "there was no censorship whatever through the Post Office, either of obscenity or birth control. If you read the papers of the founding fathers, you will find that Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and others were bitterly opposed to the use of the Post Office for censoring anything. The theory, you will find, is very clear. The only things that should be kept out of the mailbags are those things which would harm other mail, such as explosives or moist commodities." Mr. Ernst wanted to go back to this freedom. The proposed law, he explained, would make it possible for the federal power to choose a district where it was sure of conviction, arrange for trial there, obtain a precedent, and thereby dominate the literature of the nation. "It seems to me this is the most direct attack on the freedom of the press ever made in my lifetime in this country, and it seems to me to be far more serious than anything Anthony Comstock ever suggested."

The belief that someone was trying "to put something over" in introducing this bill, and that it is not as innocent as the Post Office inspectors aver, is strengthened by a queer happening in the Senate. Senator La Follette is a member of the Senate Post Office Committee and was ready to oppose the bill when the committee met. To his astonishment, the bill was reported unanimously to the Senate, though he had not known that the committee had passed on it. He was able to protest and have it referred back to the committee. What had happened was that the committee had met without notifying him. This can be put down to inadvertence, or it can be explained as a deliberate effort to circumvent Senator La Follette and the opponents of the bill. The Senate committee has not felt like holding a hearing on the bill since then, and the present intention is not to hold one.

To sum up, here is a bill explained by the Post Office authorities as one to enable them to prosecute publishers of New York or other cities outside their home jurisdictions for acts which would not be considered violations of the law in those jurisdictions. In other words, it submits city persons to the moral prejudices of any backwoods jury, and is quite candidly intended to do so. The Post Office argument is that damage by obscene literature is done where it is received. But the legislation goes farther: it gives additional power to the Post Office to prevent the spread of the knowledge of scientific birth control since that knowledge still is classified by the law as obscene. And finally it gives the Post Office the power to dominate the literature of the country, to measure it, if it chooses, according to the most benighted taste to be found in the most backward region. That the Post Office blithely promises not to use the power in this way is at best a queer argument for giving it the power.

Hollywood Plays with Fascism

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

HOLLYWOOD has suddenly become a fascist recruiting station. No one knows precisely how it happened or who began it or what it means, but the evidence of flamboyant militarism is incontrovertible: flags decorate the night clubs, bugles trumpet from the lodge halls, and the roll of drums is audible along the boulevards. Since the first of the year the Light Horse Cavalry, the Hollywood Hussars, and other saber-rattling gangs have been conducting intensive recruiting campaigns. Almost any actor one meets in Hollywood nowadays is apt to be a clandestine major or a night-time once-a-week colonel. Such brilliant militarists as Gary Cooper, distinguished as a movie-lot Bengal Lancer, and Victor McLaglen, whose military prowess is known in all movie palaces, and George Brent, whose cinematographic gallantry is notorious on the sets, have permitted their names to be used as sponsors for fascist groups in Hollywood. Such have been the success and popularity of these groups that other stars will unquestionably join in the business of promoting fascism.

Within a short period of time Messrs. Cooper, McLaglen, and Brent have promoted three successful fascist units: the Hollywood Hussars, the Light Horse Cavalry, and the California Esquadrielle. When Mr. McLaglen pioneered in this business, it was the fashion to wisecrack about his light horsemen. But now that three such groups have been definitely established as profitably operated, permanently organized armed forces, it is time that the joke was given its proper name. To be sure, there is nothing alarming about the spectacle of slapstick Hitlers parading about Hollywood in dress uniforms. But when these warriors-in-make-up are financed by powerful interests, backed by civic organizations, blessed by the local ministry, and drilled by army officers, their burlesque of fascism warrants careful consideration.

The first of these organizations in the field was Mr. McLaglen's Light Horse Cavalry Troop. Originally restricted to Canadian and British ex-service men, the troop has suddenly developed an amazing concern over American politics. The Light Horsemen, it seems, are to "save America." Pictures of these dashing Hollywood cavalymen in their weekly drills and assemblies have appeared frequently in the newspapers, and the society columns have carried items about their numerous social festivities. From the start the Light Horse unit was a successful business venture. As a well-trained cavalry unit, it has been rented to motion-picture studios, and its various athletic teams regularly compete with professional and semi-professional groups. Quite recently Mr. McLaglen began the construction of a \$20,000 stadium in Los Angeles with an auditorium of 700 seats, and with recreation and dressing-rooms in the basement. This clubhouse is designed "for the use of members of a new club which McLaglen has organized to promote Americanism, membership in which already numbers about 1,000." The "new club" is really an amplification of the original Light Horse unit. Mr. McLaglen was recently quoted in the *Los Angeles Post-Record* to the effect that the new unit "has offered its services to city, state, and federal authorities

at any time it might be needed." In their public meetings the Light Horsemen listen to speakers who specialize in the fanciest variety of red-baiting.

But McLaglen's organization, successful though it is, is not in the same category with the Hollywood Hussars. Organized early in March, Mr. Cooper's little army has created a great furor. The advertising columns of the *Los Angeles Times* and *Examiner* carry full-column recruiting notices for the Hussars. The Hussars, it seems, were founded by Mr. Cooper to "uphold and protect the principles and ideals of true Americanism"; they have "pledged themselves to make their regiment the model to inspire other communities to organize similar bodies of trained Americans throughout the nation."

Membership in the Hussars is limited to "American citizens of excellent character and of social and financial standing, who are physically fit, not under five feet seven inches in height, and between the ages of eighteen and forty-five." In order to become "a soldier and a gentleman," the recruit must pay an initiation fee of \$5 (\$20 if he wants to be a charter member), dues of \$5 monthly (payable in advance), rent a horse for \$1 per drill, and purchase a nifty service uniform at \$39.75. Incidentally, the uniforms were specially designed for the Hussars by Montagu Love. The shirt of the "service or field" uniform is of "yellow gabardine, the breeches of dark blue elastic material trimmed with broad yellow stripes, similar to those used by the United States cavalry of post-Civil War days." The full-dress uniforms are of blue, yellow, and white, "a composite of those used by the original Hungarian Hussars, the English Hussars, and the German Uhlans."

At present Troops A, B, C, and D of the Hussars are being enrolled. When organized, the units will have a medical and first-aid detachment, a signal-communications troop, a signal photographic section, a motor-cycle detachment, a military police and intelligence detachment, and buglers and a mounted band. The recruiting slogans are fetching: "A military-social organization with good fellowship and community spirit"; "Excellent social opportunities"; "Strictly disciplined! Smartly drilled! Colorfully uniformed!" The recruiting notice stresses that "we particularly desire young men of accredited military academies, universities, schools, R. O. T. C. and O. R. C." The troops drill one night a week and are trained by veteran officers.

The Hussars have an imposing array of officers. Gary Cooper, the Bengal Lancer, is founder-sponsor. Colonel Arthur Guy Empey ("Over the Top" Empey) is commanding officer. There are three regimental captain-chaplains: Father George G. Fox, a Jesuit whose boasted distinction it is to have instructed Edmund Lowe, the movie star, at Santa Clara University; the Reverend Neal Dodd, popular pastor of St. Mary of Angels, Hollywood; and, oddly enough, Rabbi Isadore Isaacson, of Temple of Israel, Hollywood. (Incidentally, when I inquired of "Regimental Headquarters" whether Jews were eligible for membership, I could not get a definite answer.) On the regimental staff

are four advisory colonels, all retired United States army officers; ten majors, many of whom are former army officers; fourteen captains, seven of whom are former army officers; ten first lieutenants; and three second lieutenants, one an ex-marine, one an Austrian of the Seventh Uhlan Regiment, and one—for glamor—a former member of the Royal North-west Mounted Police.

The organization reaches deep into local politics. Judge Marshall F. McComb, of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, is listed as a major (he was formerly of counsel for the Los Angeles *Examiner* and was backed for judicial appointment by William Randolph Hearst); and Judge Joseph Sproul of the local Superior Court, prominent as an officer in the marine reserve corps, appears likewise as a major. Both of these men, of course, have occasion to pass upon the rights of workers and organizers charged with violating California's numerous laws for the maintenance of the status quo. Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz is listed as an officer. "Major" James E. Davis is none other than the notorious "Jim" Davis, chief of police, who recently confessed that the tear-gas bombs his policemen hurled at the striking employees of the Los Angeles Railway Company were the gift of that corporation to the police. Davis, according to the announcement, is "an internationally recognized pistol shot and instructor, who is assisted by his competent staff," that is, the Los Angeles red squad.

The third group, George Brent's California Esquadriile, is similarly organized. Members are recruited; they pay an initiation fee and get a uniform; they pay for flying instructions; and finally they are commissioned as air pilots and do formation flying. It is relatively inconspicuous. The slogan reads, "If you want to be a birdman, you can be a Brent one at a nominal cost."

Why, it may be asked, should Hollywood suddenly become so militaristic? It seems that Mr. Hearst was deeply impressed with Victor McLaglen's success in organizing the Light Horse unit. Mr. Hearst then induced Gary Cooper to try his hand at the game, promising liberal backing and support. It will be recalled that Mr. Cooper is friendly with the Hearst ménage, having recently appeared as leading man for one of Hollywood's most charming actresses. Mr. Hearst, so the story goes, is quite alarmed over the growth of "radicalism" in the motion-picture industry. Not only has Hollywood had labor trouble in the past, but such stars as James Cagney and Dolores Del Rio have been known to contribute to liberal causes—an unpardonable offense. The Screen Writers' Guild, a fairly strong organization, has shown liberal tendencies. Then, too, the scenario and reading departments are suspected of various heresies. The primary purpose of these fascist units in the industry was therefore to counteract the agitation and influence of the liberal groups.

But the Hussars and their allies have other uses. They are designed to advertise the charms of fascist organization to the American public. Through the publicity medium of the industry, the most powerful propaganda machine in America, these gaudy units sponsored by popular and well-known stars can be advertised to millions of Americans as the latest and snappiest fascist models. It is even rumored that a motion picture will be made, presenting the Hollywood Hussars in the act of suppressing a radical uprising in California. Also these groups have all volunteered their services to the authorities "in case of trouble." They consti-

tute, in other words, a threat and a warning. Nor should the business aspects be overlooked: these units serve to advertise the stars, to make money for the actual promoters, to attract commercial careerists—that is, dentists, lawyers, insurance salesmen, and others—in quest of valuable "contacts." Moreover, they have the added value to their sponsors of being self-supporting. And there can be little question of the identity of the forces that are giving the Hussars their moral support. The meetings of the organization are held in the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

To observe the antics of the Hussars is amusing; the very idea of such an organization in Hollywood is downright funny. But a moment's reflection is sufficient to dispel the illusion of mirth. This is clowning, but it is crazy clowning; this is silliness, but it is organized silliness; this is foolishness, but it is armed foolishness. Will America laugh or step up to shake hands with Colonel Cooper?

The Whisperer

By MARK VAN DOREN

Be extra careful by this door,
No least, least sound, she said.
It is my brother Oliver's,
And he would strike you dead.

Come on. It is the top step now,
And carpet all the way.
But wide enough for only one,
Unless you carry me.

I love your face as hot as this.
Put me down, though, and creep.
My father! He would strangle you,
I think, like any sheep.

Now take me up again, again;
We're at the landing post.
You hear her saying Hush, and Hush?
It is my mother's ghost.

She would have loved you, loving me.
She had a voice as fine—
I love you more for such a kiss,
And here is mine, is mine.

And one for her—O, quick, the door!
I cannot bear it so.
The vestibule, and out—for now
Who passes that would know?

Here we could stand all night and let
Strange people smile and stare.
But you must go, and I must lie
Alone up there, up there.

Remember? But I understand.
More with a kiss is said.
And do not mind it if I cry,
Passing my mother's bed.

Behind the Sakdalista Uprising

By SAMUEL WEINMAN

THE existence of a determined opposition to the new Commonwealth constitution in the Philippines, despite the overwhelming vote in favor of that measure, is indicated by the recent peasant uprising led by the Sakdal Party. At the root of these disturbances lay not only dissatisfaction with the continuation of American rule, as provided in the Tydings-McDuffie Act, but active resentment against the domination of Manuel L. Quezon, president of the insular senate. The revolt of May 3 was the culmination of a long series of clashes between the peasants on the one side and the landlords, tax collectors, and constabulary on the other. The main grievances of the peasantry have been exorbitant rents, burdensome taxes, and excessive interest rates. In the province of Tarlac revolutionary committees of peasants have defied attempts to collect rent, taxes, or interest. Thousands of agricultural laborers on the sugar and rice plantations have struck for higher wages. In the towns also the workers have turned definitely toward radicalism. Strikes have occurred during the past year in many of the island's basic industries.

This growing militancy of the masses has been met by a campaign of suppression instituted by Governor General Murphy and Manuel Quezon. Last August, when more than 11,000 cigar-makers in more than a score of plants struck for wage increases, the Governor General issued a command to "maintain order at all costs." On September 18 the police fired on a picket line in front of the Minerva cigar factory, killing three strikers and wounding nineteen. Immediately a government-inspired red scare was unleashed in the press and on the air. Dozens of strikers were arrested and their leader was imprisoned for "sedition." Left-wing trade unions in the islands have been made illegal, while the right-wing unions have been given definite government support. The right to strike has been crippled by the extension of compulsory arbitration. Freedom of press, speech, and assembly has been drastically restricted for those who desired to organize against the Murphy-Quezon rule.

After the recent uprising 250 Sakdalistas were arrested, including two members of the insular legislature from Laguna Province. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Benigno Ramos, the head of the Sakdalista Party, on the ground of sedition, although he was in Japan at the time of the rebellion. The Secretary of the Interior, Teofilo Sison, has announced that the Sakdalista Party will be outlawed, and Acting Governor General Hayden has threatened "prompt justice" for the rebels.

Although the Sakdalista Party has a mildly socialistic platform, it has no connection whatever with the Communist Party. It has heretofore been a legal party, while the Communists were driven underground years ago. Yet despite persecution, arrests, and deportation, the Communists have played a leading role in organizing the strikes which have swept Manila and the provinces in the past year.

One reason for the growing strength of the radical movement is to be found in the fascist tendencies manifested by the government. Through his newspaper, the *Philippine*

Herald, Quezon has prepared the ideological ground, and there are many indications that he aspires to the post of fascist dictator of the islands. On January 22 last one of Quezon's colleagues, introducing him at a public function, praised him as "a composite of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hitler, and Mussolini," and again as "New Dealer, der Führer, and il Duce all combined and rolled into one." An article entitled Manuel Quezon as Industrial Dictator, written by an industrial chemist, spokesman for the sugar interests, appeared in Quezon's own paper, the *Herald*. After reviewing the crisis in the sugar industry the author emphasized the need for a dictator and suggested Quezon. "This position of industrial dictator," he wrote, "requires a man with natural genius as a dictator . . . all these qualities we find in the person of one man—Manuel L. Quezon."

Another indication of the trend toward fascism in the Philippines is contained in a letter, dated January 23, from the Secretary of Labor, Ramon Torres, to Quezon, calling for the incorporation in the constitution of a provision which would legalize forced labor. After presenting all the customary fascist arguments in favor of compulsory labor Torres concluded by saying that "in many European countries the system of compulsory labor has been implanted with beneficial results."

Quezon's *Herald* has all the earmarks of a member of the Hearst chain of newspapers. The campaign against radicalism, communism, the Soviet Union, and militant labor organizations characteristic of the Hearst press forms an integral part of its policy. At the same time the *Herald* consistently indorses fascism and lauds Hitler and Mussolini. The issue of the *Herald* for March 30, 1935, illustrates Quezon's methods. First, there is an article by Doug Brinkley, Nazi Germany at First Hand, which frankly exalts Hitler and Hitlerism. A second article extolls the New Life movement of Chiang Kai-shek in China; a third reproduces a commencement address given at the University of Manila under the heading, "The youth must be ready to undergo military training."

The same issue ran two anti-red editorials, a cartoon, and a news story. The cartoon shows "Sovietism" driving a huge wheel marked "All-Absorbing State Capitalism" over the body of "Labor." The various spokes of the wheel are labeled "political tyranny," "rigid discipline," "violence," "class hatred," "despotic laws," "control of private life," and "espionage." A half-page editorial elaborates this theme. In a second editorial captioned Fighting the Agitators the *Herald* boasts that "the press is doing its part." The news item warns that Quezon's lieutenants, Hayden, Sison, and the chief of the constabulary, are conferring "on ways and means of curbing radical activity." To round out the Hearstian character of the *Herald*, Arthur Brisbane contributes his weekly syndicated editorial, which on this occasion breathed jingoism and militarism.

Quezon's kinship to Hearst is even closer than appears from their common stand on fascism and communism. Quezon is a disciple of Hearst. When Quezon was re-

cently en route to Washington the *Herald* proudly proclaimed that the president of the senate would stop over to visit his "personal friend" William Randolph Hearst. "It is said," the *Herald* continued, "that whenever President Quezon passes by the Pacific coast he always takes the opportunity to call at Hearst's San Simeon ranch." The *Herald* also revealed that Quezon's visit was not purely a social affair when it stated that "Mr. Hearst, whose opinion on the Far East is known to be for a deferred Philippine independence on account of Japan's ambitions, may have interesting slants on the problem that President Quezon would want to hear at this decisive moment in Philippine history."

One openly fascist organization, the Fascist National Federation of Labor, has already been established in Manila. In an effort to prepare the ground for a completely fascist regime this group is striving for a base among the workers by conducting a series of forums on unemployment. It is extremely significant that the government and the press have shown no inclination to suppress the fascists in Manila. On the contrary, the *Herald* is constantly giving them free publicity.

How Not to Stop Lynching

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

THE determined filibuster of a group of Southern Senators against the Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill has apparently killed that measure in the present session of Congress. A federal anti-lynching bill has been a recurrent item on the Congressional agenda for the past thirteen years. Actually passed by the House in 1922 but stopped by a filibuster in the Senate, it has lingered as a standing issue. But while the original Dyer bill at least had the merit of attempting to outlaw lynching, the present bill is largely a sham, a fact which makes the filibuster all the more ironical.

The test of the honesty of any federal anti-lynching bill lies in its definition of a mob. Thus the bill introduced in the Seventy-third Congress defined a mob "as an assemblage composed of three or more persons acting in concert without authority of law, *for the purpose of depriving any person of his life, or doing him physical injury.*" In the course of its transit through the Committee on the Judiciary, however, the words in italics were removed from the bill and in their place were substituted "to kill or injure any person in the custody of any peace officer, with the purpose or consequence of depriving such person of due process of law or the equal protection of the laws." This change in the bill deprived it of half its effectiveness. For the federal government to be able to intervene it would have to be established that the lynched person was in the custody of a peace officer. But obviously a great many of the men who are lynched never come within the "protecting" arm of the law. The available figures show that of the 254 persons lynched from 1921 to 1929, 112, or 44.1 per cent, were never in the custody of the law. An additional 74, or 29.1 per cent, were taken from peace officers outside the

jail, while the remaining 68, or 26.8 per cent, were taken from the jail.

Apparently the sponsors of the present bill recognized the extremely limited scope of an anti-lynching law which protects only persons in the custody of peace officers. At least the terms of the bill have been somewhat broadened. A mob is now defined not only as an assemblage of persons attacking another in custody of a peace officer, but as an assemblage of persons attacking one who is charged with or suspected of the commission of a crime. But this still stops short of really establishing a federal crime of lynching. Many Negroes lynched have not only not enjoyed the advantages of legal custody but have been neither charged with nor suspected of any crime. Of 3,693 mob victims between 1889 and 1929, it is stated by Roper that 66, or 1.8 per cent, were accused of "insult to white person," and that 894, or 24.2 per cent, were accused of other offenses. The list of these other offenses included such heinous acts as bringing suit against a white man, trying to act like a white man, refusing to pay a note, seeking employment in a restaurant, making boastful remarks, denouncing a sailor's part in a Chicago race riot, speaking disrespectfully against President Wilson, expressing sympathy with a lynched Negro, engaging in conjuring.

It is true that a summary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People states that in only 5.6 per cent of the lynching cases between 1889 and 1918 was there no crime charged. But the Roper figures, which cover the last decade also, indicate that this type of lynching is increasing. Nor can the present figures be considered an exact measure of the mischief which might result if the proposed formula were retained. It would be possible to deny the real reason for a lynching. Members of mobs might insist that they simply didn't like the victim's looks. They might even say that they intended to lynch somebody else. For if it turned out that the wrong man had been lynched, it could be held that the federal statute had not been violated.

The weaknesses in the lynching bill may possibly be defended on the ground that they are intended to make it constitutionally more palatable. The injection of the issues of custody and criminality may, it is true, establish more clearly the element of state action which is the basis of federal interference under the Fourteenth Amendment. But the state has a duty to protect all its citizens against violence at all times, and it is suggested in many cases that the failure to take action may also constitute a denial of due process under the Fourteenth Amendment.

At best a federal anti-lynching bill would be only a weak and uncertain weapon. The federal government may provide criminal penalties for the individual members of a mob as well as seek to assess damages against counties in which lynchings have occurred. But even a federal trial must take place in the locality in which a lynching has occurred. In other words, it must still be held before Southern juries, which will be no more ready to convict than under state anti-lynching statutes. In view of this inherent weakness of any federal anti-lynching statute, any attempt to restrict its scope must be regarded as an attempt to remove its last vestige of usefulness. The Southern gentlemen in the Senate might just as well have spared their throats.

The Intelligent Traveler

Trips for Young People

By JOHN ROTHSCCHILD

TRIPS to Europe arranged for young people in their teens reflect the growing interest of boys and girls of pre-college age in the realities of the world beyond the American horizon. "International" occurs in the titles of many of the tours, and nearly every program aims to provide contacts for American youth with the youth of other lands.

The number of good tours for young people has almost doubled this year. Since a number of small groups undoubtedly go from private schools or are recruited locally, the list given below is necessarily incomplete. But the leadership of people who understand youth, interesting programs that manage to slip in considerable language study, and simple living in which rest is not forgotten make these tours outstanding. According to past reports, they combine obvious educational advantages with a very good time.

It is a curious fact that the majority of the groups visit Germany and that some even put their main emphasis on friendly contact between young Germans and young Americans, while not one group sets foot inside the Soviet Union. Is it to be assumed that American parents are afraid to submit their immature offspring to the influences of communism but do not hesitate to expose them to fascism?

The low prices of these tours, which compare advantageously with fees at good American camps, are made possible by the special rates quoted by the steamship companies and some foreign railroads for groups of travelers under nineteen years of age. A number of them are conducted by non-profit-making organizations as educational experiences for young people and not as commercial enterprises. Nervous parents need not fear to put the Atlantic between themselves and their children for the vacation. If anything, trips for young people are carried out with more consideration for mind and body than are tours for their elders.

The "Fourth Experiment in International Living" will send groups of boys and girls between fifteen and nineteen years of age to France, Germany, and England. All the groups (there will be eight, none exceeding fifteen in membership) follow the same general plan. The travelers spend the first month living in foreign homes in the country chosen and concentrating on language; the second month, camping, hiking, and falt-boating in the company of the friends already made. Parents who prefer to send boys and girls in separate groups may do so, but after experimentation with segregated and mixed groups the leaders have concluded that the latter are more soundly educational. Two chaperones, a man and a woman, accompany such groups. The rate is \$400, which includes practically every expense for the ten weeks' vacation, and the young travelers are requested not to take more than \$50 for spending money. Address Donald B. Watt, 817 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, New York.

Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, who has shared his enthusiasms abroad with hundreds of American boys in his annual tours, is planning a fifty-day trip to England, Denmark, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, and France. In Finland champions of the Olympic games will welcome the party, and several will accompany it through the country. Personal contacts with people in the countries visited is always a feature of Dr. Knudsen's trips. The rate is \$545, third class on the ocean and second or third class abroad, depending on the standard of comfort in the countries visited.

Dr. Knudsen and his wife will also conduct a forty-five-day vacation for girls in England, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and France. Their nine years of experience in travel arrangements for young people have given them a wide circle of European friends who are glad to welcome the young Americans. The tour costs \$585, tourist class on the ocean, second class rail, with excellent hotels in Europe. Address Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Eunice Clark Rodman, associate editor of *Common Sense*, will conduct a small party of boys and girls of high-school age. The itinerary is comprehensive but lays emphasis on Germany. There will be ten days of sports in the Bavarian Alps with young German students. The rate for sixty-six days is \$379 for persons under nineteen, third class throughout. Address Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Literary Pilgrimage Through the British Isles, mostly by bicycle, is planned for boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Charles L. Todd, the leader, marked out the route in his own undergraduate wanderings. Literary celebrities, friends of Mr. Todd, will be hosts to the group. The rate is \$485 for fifty-one days, third class throughout. Address the Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

International Holiday House for Children is being planned and directed by two American educators for the convenience of parents traveling abroad who want to "park" the younger generation while they attend conferences or whisk about over Europe. The rate is \$17 a week. The location will be somewhere in the British Isles. For further particulars address Dr. Berta Hamilton, Mills College, Oakland, California, or Mrs. W. H. Thomas, St. Christopher's School, 857 Mountain Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey.

The Y. M. C. A. sponsors a series of tours which are recruited regionally and receive the cooperation abroad of Y. M. C. A. boys and leaders. About twenty groups are planned, of which one is for girls. Of the boys' trips only one does not go to Germany. About half feature a week or more of camping and hiking with German boys. A sample rate is \$360 for forty-seven days, third class throughout, for boys under nineteen. Address World Y Tours, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

The *International Friendship League* has plans for a group of twenty-five girls averaging eighteen years of age. English people will open their homes to the young Americans for a ten-day visit; Scotland, Sweden, Germany, Belgium, and Paris complete the itinerary. There will be several chaperones and leaders with the party. The rate is \$645 for the fifty-five-day round trip, tourist class on the ocean, second class rail, with high-grade hotels. Address International Friendship League, 41 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

A bicycle tour which spends thirty-one days in Germany and ten days in surrounding countries will be conducted by John C. Dengler, who led a similar party last year. Although the trip is announced as a ten weeks' tour of Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Austria, the flying visits to other countries leave the emphasis on the German portion. Boys and girls between fourteen and twenty-one are accepted. The rate for those under nineteen is \$298 for the sixty-five-day round trip, third class throughout. An optional bicycle trip which gives twelve days more in France costs an additional \$35. Address John C. Dengler, Jr., 220 West Fifty-first Street, Apartment 3 B, New York.

The *Fellowship Summer Travel School* announces two groups—one for children from eleven to fourteen (the youngest age group offered so far as I know), and a senior group of young people from fifteen to eighteen years. The groups

spend four weeks in Switzerland in Alpine villages and in an international camp at Les Plans sur Bex. Italy, France, Belgium, and England are included in the ten weeks' vacation. A physician accompanies the groups. The rate is \$675, tourist class on the ocean. For the younger group address Miss Truda T. Weil, 220 East Tremont Avenue, New York; for the older group, Mrs. Joseph H. Kohan, 368 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

The *Youth Hostels* of Europe, chains of inexpensive inns for young hikers, bikers, and adventurous travelers, are maintained by various athletic groups and youth organizations abroad. Occasionally American young people have been introduced to them and have found them a meeting ground with youth of other lands. Now the movement has spread to the United States with the establishment of the first hostel in East Northfield, Massachusetts. Its directors, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Smith, are organizing a number of tours for young people which will make use of hostels abroad. Groups are limited to ten members. The rate is \$290, third class throughout, for ten weeks. Address Monroe Smith, American Youth Hostel Association, East Northfield, Massachusetts.

Sorland, an international boys' camp on the southern tip of Norway, will take twenty-four American boys this summer; the other twenty-four boys will come from various points in Europe. The age group is twelve to fifteen years. The boys spend forty days in camp, and have two weeks of sightseeing in England, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Belgium, and Paris. The rate is \$300, with third class on the ocean. Address the director, T. Langaard, Box 106, Provo, Utah.

An unusual Scandinavian trip has been arranged by *Ann Mathea Goodell*, herself a Norwegian by birth, for six boys and six girls above the age of sixteen. She has chartered two Norwegian Coast Guard boats—auxiliary yawls—each manned by two members of the Coast Guard, for a cruise along the coasts of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The itinerary will include walking trips in the mountains in the company of Norwegian young people and visits in Norwegian homes. The groups will also travel overland to Stockholm. Mrs. Goodell will be in charge of the girls and a man counselor will be on the boys' boat. The expense of the entire trip, tourist class on the Atlantic, first class on the North Sea, is \$600 for two months. Address Ann Mathea Goodell, Concord Road, Wayland, Massachusetts.

Correspondence

Mr. Stolberg's Difficulty

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is unfortunate that Benjamin Stolberg, ordinarily an able writer, should present so careless and inaccurate an article on so important a subject as Black Chauvinism, in the May 15 issue of *The Nation*.

Mr. Stolberg shows a sketchy acquaintance with the various types of Negro leadership that have risen and waned during the past thirty years, and he displays a pitiful ignorance of facts which should be known to any writer attempting to analyze chauvinistic trends in that leadership. On occasion, the writer's ignorance leads him into positive misstatements and gross unfairness, as in the case of his reference to the National Urban League as having "supplied strike-breakers in Chicago, Cleveland, and other industrial centers." An informed person would know that for over fifteen years the league has consistently deplored strike-breaking, has promoted unionization of Negro labor, and has even offered to pay one-half the expenses of a Negro national organizer to work from

A. F. of L. headquarters in Washington—an offer that was refused. Though local affiliates, independently administered, do sometimes lag behind the National Urban League in matters of policy, Mr. Stolberg must know of the New York Urban League's efforts in unionizing Harlem workers and of its recent refusal to supply five hundred Negroes to help break the elevator operators' strike.

Further inaccuracies appear in Mr. Stolberg's statement that "... the black masses naturally fell for the likes of Marcus Garvey. Today they are falling for Father Divine, who claims to be 'God.'" At its height, the Garvey movement enrolled less than fifty thousand of the eleven million Negroes in America—hardly an example of mass enrolment. Father Divine today has a lunatic following of a few thousand Negroes and whites, principally in the metropolitan district. A trade-union rally would draw far more workers in Harlem today than a rival Divine meeting.

Mr. Stolberg's difficulty is typical of the ambitious writer who has too close acquaintance with a metropolitan group and too little with the hinterland. One who writes of the "black masses" should remember that 350,000 Negroes live in Greater New York, but that twelve million live in the country as a whole. Of this number, nine million are in the deep rural South.

New York, May 10

L. B. GRANGER, Secretary,
Workers' Bureau, National Urban League

De-segregation and Revolution

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Benjamin Stolberg seems to be capable of directing his shafts with equal venom against both our capitalist economy and the Communist Party. There can be no doubt that Mr. Stolberg is fully aware that one of the foremost planks in the platform of the Communist Party is that for unity of black and white in the struggle against capitalism and its offspring, war and fascism. Why then does he castigate the Communist Party and a dozen lines farther on ask for the very things which the Communist Party desires? I am sure that he realizes that the de-segregation he seeks is something that can be attained only by an upheaval which would shatter, with capitalism, all our pet hates and superstitions.

Mr. Stolberg has ably pointed out the abortive results of the respectable leaders' fight for the Negro's place in the sun. He ascribes their failure to their lack of a "modern economic program." Since he does not further define this program, I think I am justified (particularly after Critique of Chaos) in assuming it to be a Marxist program, or at least a plan for a profitless economy. I believe that Mr. Stolberg will admit that that, too, is the desire of the Communist Party.

Lastly, the question of Father Divine and May Day. Father Divine's followers seek peace, which quest goes hand in hand with the fight against war and fascism. Mr. Stolberg, possibly justifiably, accuses Father Divine of accepting support from reactionary sources and of exploiting his followers. (No one has ever proved this but neither has it been disproved, so we will accept it for the purposes of the argument.) Now, just as a Communist-A. F. of L. united front would not mean a Communist-Matthew Woll front, so was this united front for May Day not formed with Father Divine but with his followers, who are sufferers under our system just as much as are the members of the dressmakers' union. His followers seek peace. They feel they can get it by calling Father Divine God and marching with placards proclaiming peace and the divinity of their leader. If the result is not peace but rather a policeman's club, a certain striking

parallel may be drawn with an occasion when the Russian people marched one day to the Czar's palace. The citizens wanted bread, and led by priests they bore the Czar's picture proudly aloft. Instead of bread they were greeted with the bullets of the palace guardsmen. Twenty-one days later these same Russian workers were in the streets again, but this time they dispensed with priests and their cry was not for bread, for this was the revolution of 1905.

But perhaps Mr. Stolberg abhors revolutions.

Brooklyn, May 16

LEONARD S. WEGMAN

The Ukrainian Famine

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I read with interest Louis Fischer's article in *The Nation* for March 13 attacking the authenticity of articles purporting to describe recent famine conditions in Russia, written by a certain Mr. Walker. Irresponsible reporting, whether it takes the form of inventing famines or of concealing them, is certainly subject to condemnation.

It seems to me that Mr. Fischer's article would have gained in balance if it had included some reference to the fact that Russia, during the winter of 1932-33 and the spring of 1933, experienced one of the worst famines in its history. I traveled through two of the main famine regions, Ukraine and the North Caucasus, in the latter part of September and the early part of October, 1933—as soon, in fact, as the Soviet authorities lifted the ban which they had imposed for about six months on any travel in famine-stricken parts of Russia by foreign correspondents. I shall limit myself to three brief excerpts from the notes which I took on this trip, the bona fide character of which Mr. Fischer may verify, if he chooses, by reference to the regulation records of the local Soviet authorities.

KAZANSKAYA, NORTH CAUCASUS—President of the local Soviet, Nemov, denying assertions of the peasants that a third of the local population died of hunger and related disease during past winter and spring, told me that 850 out of 8,000 inhabitants of Kazanskaya perished during preceding year.

CHERKASS, UKRAINE (village near Belaya Tserkov)—Secretary of the local Soviet, Young Communist named Fishenko, told me that about 600 of the village's former population of approximately 2,000 died during previous winter and spring. Extraordinary number of deserted, half-ruined homes.

ZHUKE, UKRAINE (near Poltava)—In first peasant house, entered at random, found fourteen-year-old girl who said mother and four brothers and sisters died of hunger. She and her father were sole survivors.

I have communicated these and many other typical facts of Russia's essentially political famine of 1932-33 in newspaper and magazine articles and in book form without, to the best of my knowledge, encountering a single case of specific or reasoned contradiction or refutation from any source, Russian or foreign. I should welcome it if anyone with a knowledge of the Russian language or with a trustworthy interpreter would visit Kazanskaya, Cherkass, or Zhuke and find out from personal investigation whether my accounts of what happened there in 1932-33 were in any way distorted or exaggerated. I think such an investigation would provide a useful addition to the knowledge of Soviet conditions possessed by the average American of liberal or radical views, even if it did involve some risk of diminishing the "enthusiasm and faith" which, according to Mr. Fischer, "left groups feel as a result of the great economic progress registered by the Soviet Union since 1929." I characterize this famine as a political famine because it was the sequel and result not of any overwhelming natural catastrophe, in the form of drought or flood, but of years of arbitrary and excessive requisitioning of the peasants' food supplies and of

driving them, very much against their will in most cases, into collective farms, and because the Soviet authorities made no adequate attempt to relieve the famine themselves and did everything in their power, by refusing to permit foreign journalists to travel in the affected area until the famine was over, to prevent any account of the conditions in Ukraine and the North Caucasus from reaching the outside world and exciting any movement for relief. The territory affected by famine—Ukraine, the North Caucasus, considerable districts of the Lower and Middle Volga, and Turkestan—have a population of over fifty million. Every district which I personally visited had a death-rate of at least 10 per cent.

I feel justified in recalling my personal observations of this famine because, although it happened two years ago, I think it will probably still be "news" to readers of *The Nation* who depend on Mr. Fischer for their knowledge of Russian developments. I have searched in vain in Mr. Fischer's well-informed and sometimes brilliant articles on other phases of Soviet life for a single forthright, unequivocal recognition of the famine, although he was in Russia during the period of the famine and was scarcely ignorant of something that was common knowledge of Russians and foreigners in the country at that time.

I agree with Mr. Fischer that it is reprehensible to invent tales of non-existent famines and massacres in Russia in order to bolster up one set of political and economic theories. I also believe that it is open to criticism to ignore, or to refer in misleading euphemistic terms, to one of the greatest human catastrophes since the World War, even if the motive is to create faith in and enthusiasm for a different set of political and economic theories.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Tokyo, Japan, March 31

Louis Fischer's Interpretation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Chamberlin is wrong in saying that I was in the U. S. S. R. during the famine of 1932-33. I left the country in December, 1932, and returned in June, 1933. Nevertheless, on July 12 (see *The Nation* for August 9, 1933) I wrote from Moscow about the difficult period in the first half of 1933 when "many people simply did not have sufficient nourishment." In my article in *The Nation* of April 18, 1934, if Mr. Chamberlin had really searched "for a single forthright, unequivocal recognition of the famine," he would have found the unequivocal words "the 1933 Ukrainian famine." And if he wishes to read more about the same subject, pages 170-171-172 of my new book, "Soviet Journey," are devoted to it. There, too, I discuss famine and starvation among Ukrainian peasants. His implication, therefore, that I have "ignored" the famine or referred to it in "misleading euphemistic terms" is unfair.

But Mr. Chamberlin will discover in my book that my understanding of the famine is very different from his. He has, in many of his writings and in his letter, placed the blame solely on the Soviet government. In my book I quote a violently anti-Bolshevik source to the effect that the difficulty was due to the widespread passive resistance of the peasants, as a result of which "whole tracts were left unsown" and between 20 and 50 per cent of the crop deliberately allowed to rot on the fields. I myself saw, all over the Ukraine in October, 1932, huge stacks of grain which the peasants had refused to gather in and which were rotting. This, I write, "was their winter's food. Then those same peasants starved." Mr. Chamberlin has falsely interpreted the famine, and some Americans, unfortunately, have accepted his interpretation. If the famine was "man-made," the peasants were the men who made it. To be sure, the government was not blameless. I speak in my book of

Moscow's "high-handed measures," which the peasant answered with passive resistance, and I express the hope that the Bolsheviks have learned "that they must not compel the peasantry to attempt such resistance." My treatment, I believe, is fair because I divide the blame between both parties. Mr. Chamberlin's treatment is unfair because one-sided.

Moreover, nobody with any understanding of statistics will accept Mr. Chamberlin's estimate of famine deaths which he made on the basis of unchecked, hearsay evidence in five or six villages of a country inhabited by 50,000,000 people. This method is most unreliable and unscientific.

If I thought the editors would grant me the space I would say more about Mr. Chamberlin's recent writings on the U. S. S. R. It should at least be stated that Mr. Chamberlin wrote about the famine while he was in Moscow. His articles were printed while he was in Moscow, and nothing happened to him. This gives the lie to the impression he has so assiduously attempted to cultivate that one cannot criticize or comment adversely upon Soviet events from Moscow. *Nation* readers know that I have attacked Stalin and the GPU, certainly delicate subjects, without reservation. I write what and as I please. Only I am convinced that the trend of Soviet developments is steadily and rapidly forward. In emphasizing this trend, therefore, I create a correct impression. Those prejudiced observers who harp on difficulties and mistakes distort the picture. The art of reporting is selection. Many correspondents select true facts to tell untruths.

Moscow, May 9

LOUIS FISCHER

Holding-Company Abuses

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I agree with you that there have been plenty of abuses as far as certain public utilities are concerned, but your recent article on holding companies, by A. Wilfred May, is absurd. For example, the author, speaking of the Washington Railway and Electric Company, says: "This company paid a special dividend of \$20 per share . . . which this year caused a deficit." This is a complete perversion of the facts, and can only be described as an absolute untruth, since Washington last year earned \$60 a share. The \$20-a-share dividend may look high to the uninitiated, but when you consider that the paid-in investment in the property is more than \$460 a share, and that for twenty years the stockholder has received next to nothing, this dividend, instead of milking the company and making poorer the poor bondholder, whose coupon was earned many times over, is simply a belated recognition of the rights of the poor stockholder, since the public has had the benefit of his money for the last twenty years without his receiving any adequate compensation.

Philadelphia, May 1

WILLIAM STIX WASSERMANN

A. Wilfred May Replies

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

With regard to the alleged untruth of my statement that the payment of the \$20 special dividend by the Washington Railway and Electric Company caused a deficit, I wish to say that my authority is the annual financial statements of the company, as certified by Price, Waterhouse and Company, and as corroborated by Standard Statistics Company. These show that as of 1933 operations, this special dividend caused a deficit of \$423,982, and as of 1934, a loss of \$65,472.

With regard to the citation of the paid-in investment in the property, it is high time that the non-"uninitiated" lost their

illusions about plant investment and book surplus: *vide* the financial history of so many of our railroads, textile plants, and others, which expired on the death-beds of huge theoretical surpluses consisting of plant investment. Apparently my vital point that the 1934 dividend payment reduced the working capital from \$2,926,233 to \$2,208,893 is uncontroverted.

With regard to the complaint that "for twenty years the [Washington] stockholder has received next to nothing," the stockholder actually received a total of \$120 in dividends in the years 1914-33.

For many years the situation in American finance has been that the corporate bondholder has invested the capital necessary for the building up of industries and corporate entities, with the prospect of receiving merely the return of his principal and limited interest; apart from the multitudinous abuses committed against him, he has at best had everything to lose and nothing to gain. Your correspondent's plea for the "poor stockholders" (in this case, the North American Company as holder of 95 per cent of its subsidiary stock) and his description of my conclusions as "absurd" seem excellently illustrative of our growing national policy of "the creditor be damned."

New York, May 15

A. WILFRED MAY

[In next week's issue *The Nation* will publish a communication from J. F. Fogarty, president of the North American Company, in answer to Mr. May's article, and a reply by Mr. May.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Radical Verse

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am starting work on a series of pamphlet anthologies of radical verse to be issued by the Student League for Industrial Democracy. I should be grateful for any help that *Nation* readers can give in suggesting particular poems, authors, books, and magazines for our consideration. Our first pamphlet will consist of poems on war, but we shall welcome leads on all types of radical poetry. Address the undersigned at 2917 Avenue N, Brooklyn, New York.

Brooklyn, May 15

JACOB DRACHLER

Contributors to This Issue

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, a Californian, is the author of "Ambrose Bierce."

SAMUEL WEINMAN is the author of a pamphlet, "Hawaii," and of many magazine articles on the American colonies.

WILLIAM SEAGLE was assistant editor of the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences" until its recent completion.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is director of the travel bureau The Open Road.

A. J. MUSTE is the National Secretary of the Workers' Party of the United States.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of "Samuel Butler."

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH is the director of Greenwich House in New York.

LIONEL ABEL contributes reviews and verse to various literary periodicals.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE, formerly the editor of the *New Freeman*, is the author of "Art in America."

Labor and Industry

"Like One of the Family"

By HEYWOOD BROWN

IN a day and age when organization is beginning to push into industries where it was unknown before it seems strange that no very serious attempt has been made to unionize domestic servants. The necessary first step, of course, would be to change the name to "houseworkers." The difficulties of successful organization are obvious enough, but they should not stand in the way, for the need is very great. Housework is probably one of the very few industries in which there is absolutely no standard of hours. Pay is generally low, and working conditions run the gamut from good to abominable.

As yet no encouragement has been held out to houseworkers by Washington. General Johnson had at least one request that a code be written, and replied that he was considering the matter. That was the end of the movement. The Wagner labor-disputes bill, which has just been passed by the Senate, excludes domestic servants from its prohibition of "unfair practices" on the part of the employer. It is axiomatic that strong unions get more out of legislation than weak ones and as yet the government has held that it is no part of its function actually to go into the task of organizing labor. In order to gain relief houseworkers will probably have to achieve at least a skeleton organization on their own momentum.

Even though it may be granted that forming an organization would be difficult, it is by no means impossible, nor is it true that no proper standards of wages and hours can possibly be set. The houseworker is under the disability of the same tradition which affects newspaper reporters and doctors. A very large body of public opinion holds that their work is never done. When the attempt is made to organize houseworkers, we shall hear the scornful question whether it is reasonable to have the butler put on his coat and go home at his appointed quitting time even if the guests still linger over their salad. The answer is that pay or additional time off for overtime might be established.

Undoubtedly opposition will be bitter against any kind of organization. There will be the usual silly sort of talk about, "No cook is going to tell me what kind of vegetables I am going to have for dinner." And undoubtedly we shall be informed that a man's house is his castle and that the sanctity of the home must be preserved. All this should be brushed aside in considering the fact that the turnover in housework is whimsical and prodigious. The servant who happens to offend the most crotchety of employers may find herself virtually blacklisted by the refusal of a reference. It is by no means uncommon for a houseworker to pay an employment office a fee for a job which is snatched away within twenty-four hours.

In all differences between employer and employee the employer sits in the driver's seat, but this is peculiarly true of the domestic servant. Some article around the house is mislaid or missing, and a servant is dismissed under a cloud. Is there any other job in which an employee may have to submit to the indignity of having her belongings ransacked

before she is allowed to leave? I do not know whether this practice is legal but it is certainly done on many occasions.

Housewives are fond of saying that the lot of the servant is singularly easy because she gets her board and lodging for nothing and maybe some of her clothes. These are the very factors which degrade the worker. The business of "living in" virtually puts the houseworker on call twenty-four hours a day. It robs him or her of any possible privacy and association with friends and family. Forty years ago one day a month off was the traditional allowance. This has grown to once a week or once every other week, but it is difficult for the houseworker to plan ahead in regard to her spare time since in many households the day off is subject to last-minute change at the will of the employer.

The labor of the domestic servant is certainly a commodity in that it is bought by many in the cheapest possible market. I distinctly recall the complaint of a well-to-do woman that relief made it impossible for her to obtain servants for less than \$6 a week. The so-called security of the houseworker in times of depression is wholly fictional. Domestic servants are the first to feel hard times. Our newspapers are filled in bleak periods with the stories of the heroism of Mr. and Mrs. K who have gone to live in a little farmhouse and abandoned their great estate.

But aside from hours and wages, the whole tradition of master and servant in our democracy is tainted with anachronism. A worker who has a perfectly dignified and legitimate service to sell finds herself under the necessity of being called by her Christian name and bawled out by someone who is an utter stranger. Office workers may think their lot a hard one, but even in the most hard-boiled office the employee is rarely spoken to in the terms which people often use toward servants. Any kind of organization would lend dignity to a calling which is essentially wholly honorable and necessary. There lingers an unconscious assumption that a houseworker is a serf or a bound servant.

Such progress as has been made in the last few years to a better standard is for the most part due to the attitude of Negro houseworkers. In New York, at least, colored maids and cooks are loath to "live in." In spite of Harlem's high rents they are generally insistent upon going home when the day's work is done. Save in the case of children's nurses it seems to me that this is a reform which should be fostered. In a subtle way it alters the whole relationship for the better. It gives the houseworker a sense of being upon the same footing as other employees. It marks the limitations of the job.

Many a touching novel or play has been written about the devotion of the old servitor. In the melodramas he used to turn up in the last act and lift the mortgage with his own savings. Indeed, the whole tradition of fiction is to sentimentalize the task. But the day is at hand when the houseworker will no longer be content to be treated "like one of the family." He has a right to demand something better than that.

Toledo Thriller

By A. J. MUSTE

Toledo, May 14

THE events of the last twenty-four hours in Toledo in connection with the wind-up of the strike in the Chevrolet transmission plant constitute a dramatic and highly significant chapter in American labor history. Had the strike continued, it would have shaken to their foundations General Motors, the top leadership of the American Federation of Labor, and the Roosevelt Administration. The strike is off—for the present. But what we now have is not peace but an uneasy truce.

Francis Dillon, leading A. F. of L. figure in the federal automobile unions, was barred from speaking last night, by unanimous vote, at the meeting of Chevrolet strikers called to consider a compromise settlement. Dillon had prevented the General Motors workers in Flint from coming out in support of the Toledo strikers and had even condoned their working on scab Chevrolet transmissions. A chorus of boos shook the rafters as Dillon stalked out of the hall and shouted that their A. F. of L. charter was withdrawn and that, if a personal reference may be made, they could "let Muste run their union for them." In an hour Dillon was back, the strikers having reversed their decision on the plea of Jimmy Roland, left-wing strike chairman, who wanted fair play even for Dillon and was confident that the men would repudiate the company offer no matter what Dillon might say. Dillon was followed by Fred Schewvake, business agent of the local union, which includes about nineteen plants in addition to Chevrolet. Schewvake was popular among the men, having been put in office by the progressives in succession to one Ramsay who had played a questionable role in the Auto-Lite strike last year. Schewvake had said in the afternoon that he would rather lose his right arm than advise the men to accept the company offer, but he buckled under Dillon's threat that if the offer were rejected the union's charter would be revoked. (Dillon, of course, is opposed to all dictatorships, fascist or communist.) Schewvake talked about the seriousness of losing the charter, the power of General Motors, and so on.

A secret vote was taken and the result was 732 to 385 for accepting the General Motors-Dillon proposal! Everybody, even those who had voted for acceptance, was stunned. Militants broke down and wept. Some workers tore up their union books. Many talked about keeping up the picket lines in defiance of the vote. But tonight, just before the first shift went in on the hated compromise terms, more than a thousand strikers appeared at a mass-meeting, booed every mention of Dillon's name, and vowed that the next battle against General Motors would make this one look like a tea party. When you consider that five weeks ago there was only a handful of union members in the Chevrolet plant; that when they struck they closed the plant so tight that the executive vice-president of General Motors could not get in without permission from the picket captain; that 30,000 workers in General Motors plants came out in support of them or were laid off for lack of essential parts, while an additional 40,000 were losing one

day's work a week or more in steel and glass plants; that General Motors was losing a million and a half dollars a week, and after having repeatedly vowed that there would be no negotiations until the men went back to work changed its mind and negotiated with the rank-and-file committee; that the Automobile Labor Board was fatally undermined by this strike—when you consider all this you will understand how one is left breathless by these events.

To understand the swift attack of these Toledo workers on General Motors and their aggressive attitude toward the present leadership of the A. F. of L. it is necessary to recall the Auto-Lite strike of a year ago and its aftermath. That strike nearly died on its feet, as was pointed out in *The Nation* of June 6, 1934, because of the passive attitude of the leadership of the infant federal union toward an injunction. It was revived by a group of members of the Lucas County Unemployed League and the Workers' Party, who, together with some militant unionists, openly defied the injunction and worked up a mass picket line which culminated in the attack of ten thousand workers on the Auto-Lite plant. Thus a partial victory was wrested from defeat, and the great series of strikes in 1934 was started.

The progressives did not rest on their laurels after that strike. They extended their knowledge of the labor movement. They organized to drive weaklings and reactionaries out of office in the union. In every strike thereafter unions and unemployed leagues cooperated. The result was a succession of victories for Toledo labor. In recent months the federal auto union in particular steadily increased its membership, organized one automobile-parts plant after another, and gained signed agreements with nineteen plants. Though this was not evident five weeks ago, it is now clear that the growth, victories, and prestige of the union so impressed the Chevrolet workers that when the speed-up resulting from the company's frantic efforts for production drove the men to desperation, they turned to the union and immediately acted like seasoned fighters.

As I have stated, the reaction of the Chevrolet men to the unsatisfactory settlement which gives wage increases but not real union recognition is not demoralization, but a feeling that they have now been tested in the fire of experience and are better able than before to deal both with the corporation and with spineless A. F. of L. officials. The militants, furthermore, have already decided to organize locally and to utilize the contacts which they have made to build a national organization of militants in the automobile unions. This is the most significant development in the whole situation. In the past the fatal defect in the new as well as the old unions has been the lack of a trained, disciplined, organized group of militants who could match the astuteness and power of the trade-union bureaucrats. Now there is a chance that the international union in automobiles which the A. F. of L. will soon be compelled to charter will be controlled by healthy new elements.

The settlement of the issue of unionism in automobiles has been postponed by the compromise wind-up of the To-

ledo strike. But because of the militancy of the Toledo workers, their effective exposure of the Federation's fear of a large-scale strike and its readiness to resort to any methods in order to prevent such a strike, and the increasingly compact organization of the progressives, it may be predicted that while this Toledo strike may not immediately touch off a series of spectacular conflicts such as followed the Auto-Lite strike last year, it will in the long run be of the greatest significance in the struggle to put an end to company unionism and the open shop in the automobile industry.

Labor Notes

A New Enforcement Technique

THOSE who have followed the history of Section 7-a are aware that Blue Eagle removals and injunction proceedings instituted through the Department of Justice have proved feeble enforcement measures. Mr. Ickes, in his capacity as Oil Administrator, has just had recourse to a new device. He has requested the Secretary of the Navy and the Procurement Division of the Treasury not to entertain bids for government petroleum business on the part of the Texas Company and the Continental Oil Company. Both companies have refused for many months to comply with decisions of the Petroleum Labor Policy Board declaring them guilty of violations of Section 7-a. The defiance of the Texas Company runs back to December 11, 1934, when the board ordered the dissolution of a company union found to have been imposed upon the employees of the West Tulsa, Oklahoma, refinery. The defiance of Continental Oil dates from November 10, 1934, when the board ordered the reinstatement of several employees found to have been the victims of discrimination at the Hominy, Oklahoma, properties. Mr. Ickes bases his request for discipline on the Executive Order of March 14, 1934, which requires that all bidders for government business file certificates of compliance with their codes. We shall await with interest the response of the Secretary of the Navy and the Procurement Division. Memories of the Colt case suggest that employers who deal with the military and naval establishments may lead a charmed life—relatively free from the burden of Section 7-a, codes, and executive orders.

Forced Labor in Michigan?

ALTHOUGH Detroit is in the throes of a boom, relief rolls in the rest of the state are not decreasing. They are kept at a high mark in part by the seasonal influx of Mexican and other alien labor into the sugar-beet fields. Whole families are recruited in Texas and New Mexico by the large sugar companies and transported to Michigan, where they work at peon's wages to the exclusion of the local American agricultural worker. But a scheme is afoot, apparently fathered by the sugar companies themselves, to get native labor back to work. Dr. William Haber, the state emergency relief director, has spoken seriously of forcing workers on relief to go into the beet fields, now that wages have been lowered, under threat of being denied all further assistance. At the same time he admits that his department is powerless to win higher wages or better working conditions in the fields. In other words, Michigan has a perfect set-up for a venture into forced labor. If the sugar-beet scheme, about the origin of which Haber is necessarily vague, is successful, even the most casual observer can see the direction in which we are heading.

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Men and Women

Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies. By Margaret Mead. William Morrow and Company. \$3.

MISS MEAD has a thesis to prove. Her fellow anthropologists will have to argue it with her, and it will be up to them to decide whether or not her three case histories furnish a broad enough base upon which to rest so sweeping a generalization. Indeed, even the layman can hardly help feeling a certain surprise at the readiness with which all the facts discovered in the course of her investigation seem to play into her hands, or fail to find something almost providential in the fact that the three primitive societies perfectly calculated to support her contention should be found cheek by jowl on the same Pacific island. But whatever other anthropologists may have to say—and Miss Mead is of course an observer of repute who has earned every right to credence—one thing is certain: her book is among the most thoroughly entertaining works in any genre to be published in a long, long time. Very soon the reader will find himself forgetting anthropology as a science and chuckling with pure delight over a book which combines the charm of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Erewhon" with that of "Alice in Wonderland." Miss Mead is a scientist, but it so happens besides, not only that she has fallen upon some extraordinary material, but also that she writes with a full appreciation of its human interest and with what seems like a delight in logical topsy-turvydom for its own sake.

What could be more according to the method of Swift or of Samuel Butler than a voyage which takes you, first, to a land where everybody is womanly; then to a land where everybody is manly; and, finally, to one where the men are womanly and the women manly? Nor is this an unfairly sensational description of the plan of the book. In New Guinea the Arapesh-speaking people live in an extremely tranquil, cooperative society where a perpetual gift-making takes the place of commerce and where everyone is so polite and non-competitive by habit that they have, for variety's sake, to appoint a special class trained from youth to put up some poor pretense of vehemence and selfishness. Instead of competing for the ownership of the land they are constantly concerned lest some poor lonesome piece of property be left without someone to look after it; instead of insisting upon male domination they admire only the "womanly" virtues in either sex; and they are so thoroughly maternal in their whole conception of life that the men not only take an equal share in the rearing of children but are thought actually to participate in controlling the process of gestation and in suffering the physiological drains of child-bearing. On the other hand, the Mundugumor, their next-door neighbors to the southeast, are surly head-hunting cannibals living in a society based upon an ideal of perpetual hostility guaranteed by a complicated system of hereditary intra-family enmities, which, for example, make it inevitable that fathers and sons should hate each other and that the only permissible public contact between brothers should take the form of abuse or combat. The men berate their wives for giving birth to children, they invariably "speak roughly to their little boys," and the women, far from being encouraged to be womanly, are forced by tradition to be Lady Macbeths. To complete the pattern, the Tchambuli, also next door to the Arapesh but to the northwest, insist as strongly as we do upon the difference between what is suitable to women and suitable to men, though their ideas are exactly the reverse of ours: women are expected to be serious,

practical, and aggressive; the men spend their time in artistic creation, self-adornment, and small talk.

It should be added, moreover, that in all three cases the love patterns reflect the general tone of the society. The Arapesh are extremely affectionate but so little given to passion that they seem unfamiliar with the crisis of the sex act as a specific phenomenon and base their seldom-violated marriages primarily upon long, familiar acquaintance. The Mundugumor, on the other hand, prefer sudden feline encounters in the bush, demonstrate their passion by personal—and mutual—attack, and return to the community covered with scratches and bruises which they sheepishly explain by recourse to the primitive equivalent of a revolving door. When a Mundugumor man meets his father's sister or any of his father's female cousins, he—following the social custom—"slaps her on the back, tells her that she is getting old, will probably die soon, has a frightful-looking bone ornament in her nose, and tries to pull some areca-nut out of her carrying basket." Praise the good looks of a middle-aged Arapesh man and you will get for an answer: "Good-looking? Ye-e-s? But you should have seen him before he bore all those children."

From these and many other amusing facts Miss Mead concludes that those traits which our culture is inclined to refer to as "masculine" and "feminine" have no real basis in sex difference. Two types of character do exist, but either may be officially encouraged by society, and it is a mere arbitrary convention which regards one or the other as appropriate or natural to one sex or the other. All this seems inherently not improbable and abundantly supported by these facts at least, though one may take it for granted that not all anthropologists will allow the contention to stand unchallenged. Meanwhile "Sex and Society" deserves to be a best-seller by virtue of its entertainment value alone. Man is an extremely variable creature and this book, like all books of sound anthropology, amusingly demonstrates again how completely absurd was the old assumption that the primitive man was a "natural man." Miss Mead's Arapesh and Mundugumor are at least as tradition-ridden as any European and at least as far as he from that theoretical state of nature in which actions are regulated by either animal impulse or the uncorrupted reason which was once supposed to be the birthright of the noble savage. Perhaps civilized man on a camping trip gets close to nature; primitive man certainly is not.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Function of Literature

The Enjoyment of Literature. By Elizabeth Drew. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

A FEW months ago Compton Mackenzie asserted in his reminiscences that the tradition of literature is broken. The new world in process of being born is developing literary attitudes and expressions which are hardly recognizable to the old either as literature, attitude, or expression. A great gulf yawns between, across which eye cannot reach or mind conceive. But here comes Elizabeth Drew tripping gaily along, leading by the hand none other than Aristotle, in modern dress to be sure but still unmistakable, and takes the gulf in her stride as easily as anything. For Aristotle said that tragedy should not be expected to give every kind of pleasure, but only the kind proper to it, and this book is the extension of that idea to every kind of literature. Miss Drew takes up in turn the literature of gossip (letters), the essay, lyric poetry, biog-

raphy, the novel, epic and narrative poetry, and drama, and ends with a discussion of the critic and the world today. She takes us into the heart of every kind of book, analyzing, suggesting, quoting, communicating that vital delight that arises only out of thorough knowledge and wide sympathy to show us that literature is not only a refuge from life but a revelation of life, and that in the best literature refuge and revelation are one.

The fundamental nature of "escape" is not always understood by those who rail most against it. At one end of the scale it becomes of course pathological, and there are many intermediate degrees, but at the other it is simply creation. Living is escape from death and into a fuller life. When it ceases to be that, it begins to be death. And in art the catharsis of the artist and of the recipient is both escape and creation, or enrichment. The function of criticism, says Miss Drew, is to send people to literature to be delighted and enriched. Her book is not for "the assured and sophisticated," but may be a help to those "who need a more detailed and definite approach." This is a modest characterization, for the book has treasures for the initiated as well, if only by evoking delights half forgotten or reminding us that there are some we have omitted to taste.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The Village

Greenwich Village, 1920-1930. By Caroline F. Ware. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

THE world is perhaps a bit bored with "Greenwich Village," the "Left Bank," and "Chelsea." These places have lost their reality in their symbolism. We begin to think we know what is there because certain features have been spotlighted and have made an impression quite divorced from plain fact.

Professor Caroline Ware's book "Greenwich Village," the result of a two-year study under the auspices of the Columbia University Council for Research in the Social Sciences, in collaboration with Greenwich House, analyzes in a most readable way the various elements contributing to the life of this urban district, and restores the proportional importance of the manifold groups of the area. To make a literary work of a sociological treatise is none too easy a task. But Miss Ware has succeeded in lightly veiling statistics and facts in a sprightly prose which the fireside and garden reader, as well as the student of sociology, will find enjoyable.

Perhaps a thirty-eight years' immersion in the life of this neighborhood has disqualified me from seeing the forest for the trees. There are, however, three villages: (1) the Village of the old "Americans"—especially the Irish and the Germans; (2) the Italian colony; and (3) the Village of "the Villagers"—artists, semi-artists, and pseudo-artists—who by reason of certain eccentricities or emphases have leaped to the front page from coast to coast. Miss Ware was careful to use participants of the various Village groups as surveyors. The hundred helpers in the study made it possible to obtain an inductive picture, while the cool detachment of the author provided the necessary critique of the findings. Political, religious, and national features of the Village are realistically presented. If the economic differentiations are not treated with the same thoroughness, that is possibly a natural lack of emphasis in a sociologist's book.

Miss Ware's major conclusion is that the Village has an unusually diverse background, outlook, and social pattern, this diversity being accentuated by the rapidly changing character of family life and economic opportunity. These conditions, together with the impact of such nation-wide influences as the

radio and the motion picture, have broken down standards and freed localities from their age-long provincialism.

The total life of the Village is presented as that of separate groups with no distinguishing mark of unity. Am I wrong in saying that there is a unity, even if a somewhat nebulous one? I would depict that unity as the friendliness of the Village. There is a certain informality and freedom in this neighborhood; I do not mean the "bohemian" freedom of the "Villager" but a freedom which is evidenced by the homely custom of shopping without bothering to put on a hat. This friendliness has in it powerful elements of cohesion which exert their force across the loyalties of separated groups and are producing an emergent common life.

At Greenwich House we see this in the growing attendance of cross-sections of all the elements in the community. Not only in the music school, the pottery, the art classes of all kinds, but in the nursery school and kindergarten, in the clinics, the theater, the gymnasium groups, and even the dances, all groups come together as never heretofore. The depression, like the war, is a great leveler. But it is true that this growth of a common life in the Village has been much more marked since 1930, which was the end of the decade Dr. Ware studied.

Naturally, I am more interested in what this book can teach us who live in the Village than in its story, which had a scientific and not a purposive end in view. It contains many hints which can well be probed with the intent of eliciting from the neighborhood itself a greater measure of its resourcefulness. The book will perhaps have the effect of producing a healthful neighborhood self-consciousness, based on the more adequate knowledge of the community which it certainly provides. Like a good psychoanalysis for the individual, it may pave the way for more realistic progress in the art of civilized living.

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

Statesman in Uniform

Bliss, Peacemaker. The Life and Letters of General Tasker Howard Bliss. By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$4.

GENERAL BLISS was that rarest of personages, a statesman in uniform. A graduate of West Point, he entered the army in 1875, in the period of its greatest stagnation, and was assigned to the artillery, an especially backward branch. He did not become a captain until 1892, when he was thirty-nine years old, and then only by a transfer from the line to the staff. But the war with Spain brought him his opportunity. After the surrender he became collector of customs in Havana, where his spotless integrity, great efficiency, and tireless labors, plus his knowledge of Spanish, made him an outstanding personage and won him promotion to be brigadier general over the heads of hundreds of older officers. But whereas the "jumping" of Leonard Wood caused deep resentment in the army, Bliss's similar elevation from major was tolerated, or welcomed, as recognition of unquestioned merit. Wherever Bliss was stationed he showed his worth—as ruler of the Moros, in keeping peace on the Mexican border, as Assistant Chief of Staff in Washington.

Indeed, his efficiency as an executive, administrator, and commander of troops astounded most persons, for he was essentially the student. In 1917 there was probably no other regular officer who could read French, German, Spanish, and Russian. In addition, he was a remarkable classical scholar, who would have ornamented any university, and his avid reading of Latin never stopped until his death. His interests were world wide, and he had an amazingly sane and unemotional judgment of what was going on about him, especially when

Europe went mad and the United States followed suit. He had, moreover, the rare quality of being able to hold his tongue even when things were said in his presence that stirred and antagonized him mightily. Later on at Versailles this stood him in good stead. The statesmen and generals with whom he sat there came to fear his silences as much as his fearless readiness to vote no if his conscience and judgment told him to do so. It was only natural that he should have been sent to France as the United States military representative on the Supreme War Council. It was a job as important as Pershing's, and his tact, skill, and admirable judgment often made him the final arbiter in the serious conflicts waged around the council table. But unfortunately for Bliss, his was not a spectacular job, nor could he exploit his position to his own renown as Leonard Wood and others would have done. His modesty and self-effacement forbade.

Next, as one who had been a member of the group which ran the war, he was appointed one of the five American peace commissioners—only to be ignored by Mr. Wilson. All Bliss's intimate knowledge of the situation in Paris, all his shrewd sizing up of the men with whom Mr. Wilson was to deal, by whom he was in part to be frustrated in his desire to achieve an honorable peace, the President brushed aside. General Bliss was permitted to see the President alone *only five times*—through that long winter of 1918-19! This was a tremendous misfortune, for General Bliss had never been carried away by hate and vindictiveness. As generals go, he was extraordinarily free from military cant and militaristic preachings. He was worth five hundred Colonel Houses in the soundness and depth of his thinking. It is not too much to say that if the President had followed the advice of General Bliss and Robert Lansing the whole story of the peacemaking would have been different.

Take, for example, General Bliss's magnificent stand against our selling our surplus arms in Europe:

The arms which we brought to Europe in order to kill militarism and to bring an era of lasting peace, we are going to sell over the bargain counter to the new nations which we boasted we were going to usher into a world of peace. It would be bad enough if we sold for cash; but as a matter of fact we are selling for credit, the value of which will depend on the success of purchasers in killing a sufficient number of their neighbors. Our securities will be valuable only in proportion as they are stained with blood. Personally I would rather be taxed to my last dollar to pay for this material of war if we threw it into the sea than to have it sold for such purpose. And why should we not throw it into the sea? What more splendid object-lesson could the United States give to the world than utterly to destroy this material?

Fine words from a soldier with the four stars of a full general upon his shoulders! In fact, General Bliss was a really humane man who truly hated the war business. He demanded—in vain—that disarmament should be the first objective in founding the League of Nations. He was a courageous statesman, too, and he did not hesitate to write a vigorous protest to Wilson against the latter's betrayal of his own ideals in the surrender to Japan in the matter of Shantung. And when the abominable throwing away of the victory was at an end, Bliss exploded in righteous wrath to his wife:

Tuesday we had a secret plenary seance to listen to a stupid exposition of the peace terms for the benefit of the smaller powers. *None of us had seen the treaty* [italics mine]. I have never seen such a glaring case of secret diplomacy, notwithstanding all our protestations. The outrageous yielding to Japan on Shantung could never have happened if it had not been done secretly. The protests of the world would have prevented it. Thank God my skirts are clear (or at least my conscience is) of any of the wrongdoing.

To Lansing he wrote of the "cant and hypocrisy of our American peace talk." Later on (June 16, 1919) he wrote:

What a wretched mess it all is! If the rest of the world will let us alone, I think we had better stay on our own side of the water and keep alive the spark of civilization to relight the torch after it is extinguished over here. If I ever had any illusions, they are all dispelled.

Nothing of the blatant soldier of victory there! One of his remarks was amazingly prophetic: "We are in for a low period, a high period, then the devil will be to pay all over the world." The treaty, he felt, was "neither punitive nor constructive." And as for the future, it makes one shudder in the light of the situation in Europe to read his prophecy that the war would last "for forty years."

Mr. Palmer has on the whole done well with his subject—very well for one in whose eyes no soldier can ever do any wrong. His portrait of Bliss is just and his selections from the General's letters are excellent. He has set forth fully Bliss's remarkable contributions to the Supreme War Council and has not exaggerated the value of the service the General could have rendered as peace commissioner had his powers and judgment been used to the full. He does not hide General Bliss's inconsistency in exposing Wilson's cowardly surrender on Shantung (and on other things, too) and then whitewashing the President by saying that "in spite of any mistakes made, Mr. Wilson did what was *practicable* to save that civilization"—which is far from the whole truth. In short, Mr. Palmer has written an extremely useful if not brilliant biography—one that should be in any collection of books relating to the high command in the war. There are sentences in it which do not read and the style limps at other times, but these are minor defects in what is a solid job.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Metaphysics and Naivete

Winning a Wife. By Peter Neagoe. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

ONLY a few years back, when it seemed that the complexity of modern life must remain obdurate to the rationalizing efforts of the dramatic imagination, many writers went what Kenneth Burke calls "nudist"; that is, they tried to focus their vision on the essential acts and intentions of men, they wanted to get to "rock bottom," and the rock bottom of human action they believed was to be found among simple people who live violently and without reflection, who are brutal and inarticulate, and who cannot be brought by even the most disastrous circumstances across the frontiers of their naivete. The assumption was that when man is menaced by death and must react instinctively he is most real. You cannot be insincere when a bull is charging at you, reasoned the intellectual, who perceived insincerity and posturing behind the more complex human attitudes. Thus the concern of sophisticated contemporary writers with the violent acts of extremely simple people was essentially an epistemological and not a dramatic concern. A very sophisticated and false theory of knowledge underlay the desire to give dramatic expression to the experiences of primitive people whose lives are uncorrupted by any general ideas.

Peter Neagoe would doubtless deny that he is an epistemologist, concerned with a theory of knowledge, and deny also that he belongs to the school of writers who stem from Anderson and Hemingway. Mr. Neagoe would doubtless distinguish himself from the sophisticated seekers after sincerity and say that the short stories collected in "Winning a Wife" are descriptions of the Rumanian people as he knew them—that

it is not his fault if these people are naive and ignorant, or, like the protagonist in the story of Storm, morally insane. Yet even if Mr. Neagoe's dramatic intention differs from that of other contemporary celebrators of violence and naivete, the stories he has written have a similar charm and suffer from similar defects. They are bathed in the same philosophic atmosphere, and they will be admired by those who admire the productions of the literary primitivists and disliked by those who dislike those productions. If he was impelled to this mode of dramatic writing by a personal accident rather than by the more general problems which have led various writers to a method and subject matter similar to his own, the originality of his intention should not be overlooked. But as an expert writer of short stories he belongs clearly to the school I have discussed.

Charm Mr. Neagoe's writing assuredly has—charm, economy, and a practiced insight into the story-teller's craft. But I am frankly bored by his subject matter. And it is questionable whether writing of this sort can find as many sympathetic readers as it found five years ago. It is questionable whether many civilized people believe that human beings whose actions flow from their instincts like the corollaries from a proposition are unusually interesting or abundantly real. When our ideological orientation was involved in absurdities we could be taken in by an idealization of the primitive. But today we are not so muddled and can be interested in ourselves. We no longer feel the pathos of the intelligence; we know that our present difficulties would exhaust the greatest intellect. Hence we feel that where there is no reflection, there is little or no emotion; we feel that the appropriate attitude toward the ignorant is to wish to educate them, not to admire their superior simplicity. We are more likely to wish that they knew something of metaphysics than to think of converting their simplicity into a metaphysical principle.

Perhaps we may be wrong in this attitude; but even if we are, it forms an insuperable obstacle to the enjoyment of Mr. Neagoe's excellences as a writer.

LIONEL ABEL

A Proletarian Artist

Hunger and Revolt. By Jacob Burck. The *Daily Worker*. \$5.

JACOB BURCK, with bows to the struggling workers and to Boardman Robinson, Robert Minor, and Fred Ellis, presents in this beautifully made volume some 107 of his cartoons which have appeared in the *Daily Worker* during the past four years. The striking title of the book fairly indicates the nature of its contents, for Burck is a savage and powerful graphic critic of the spectacle afforded by the millions who live precariously on the edge of starvation because ownership would not profit by supplying their needs.

The work in the book is uneven in quality, as might be expected of a cartoonist working under the pressure of daily publication; but at his best Burck is an excellent draftsman who knows how to drive home his idea through the use of simple and powerful terms. Looking through this collection of graphic editorials on the political and economic aspects of the insanity which is our collective life, one is impressed anew with the advantage of the pictorial over the written message in simplicity, directness, and driving power. No words could sum up the economic idiocy of the "scarcity-mongering" policy of the AAA so concisely as the cartoon *Capitalism Gone Mad*; nor could words define the political idiocy of Upton Sinclair's Utopia-mongering campaign of last summer so well as does the cartoon *Forward*, in which Sinclair, a Don Quixote with lance and plume, sits facing backward toward socialism on the Democratic donkey, which is plunging forward to fascism.

The book, indeed, contains within itself ample proof that the cartoon can be more effective than the editorial. Comments are supplied by such Communists and fellow-travelers as Earl Browder, Clarence A. Hathaway, Henri Barbusse, and John Strachey, and, for one thing, these written criticisms tease the spirit of controversy as the pictures do not, because they inject an element of Communist ballyhoo which is not conspicuous in the pictures. One can go all the way with Mr. Burck in his section on unemployment; but when Mr. Michael Gold says that without the Communist Party's agitation "not a cent of relief would have been spent on the unemployed," one can't help reflecting that even if capitalists "have no human feeling except greed and fear" they could hardly have allowed seventeen million people to starve—it would have been too dangerous to themselves in a country which still retains the governmental forms of political democracy. It takes a dictator as powerful as Stalin to allow mass-starvation, and then to turn it into a political weapon, as described by William Henry Chamberlin in "Russia's Iron Age."

Mr. Burck's cartoons expose the iniquity of social injustice eloquently, as I have intimated. If he uses the bludgeon more frequently than the rapier, that is perhaps because of the mass-character of the publication for which he works. But it makes for monotony in the pages of this book. The use of symbolic figures, common to all cartoonists, not only precludes variety; it also precludes the humanity which is possible to the artist who satirizes types. Here the capitalist or the capitalist system is always the familiar fat man in the top hat; the worker is either emaciated or brawny and noble. These symbols serve their purpose as graphic revolutionary language, but there are revolutionary purposes which are not served by the use of such general terms—purposes which were served so eloquently by that greatest of proletarian artists, Daumier. Daumier's graphic annals of the poor, misshapen and dejected from incessant toil; his merciless lampoons upon those damned souls, the politicians; his powerful caricatures of the professional hangers-on of a predatory system, the doctors, lawyers, and priests—these unforgettable protests against injustice probe to the very depths of pity, terror, and disgust. They are horrible, and so they inspire horror of the injustice which made them possible, indeed imperative. And the secret of their revolutionary force lies in the artist's outraged love for his fellow-man. Is it heresy to suggest that precisely this quality, with its tremendous urge to impassioned utterance, seems weakest in the revolutionary critics, both artists and writers, of our day?

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Shorter Notices

Act of Darkness. By John Peale Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

John Peale Bishop's tale of lust and hatred in a stagnant West Virginia town makes a thoroughly unsatisfactory novel, though a fitfully impressive one. It might have been a wallowing psychological horror story, or it might have been a run-of-the-mill account of adolescence, but "Act of Darkness," as Mr. Bishop has written it, is an imperfect blend of the two. The principal characters in the novel are a sensitive literary youth and his Uncle Charlie, whose trial for the rape of a Southern spinster forms the center of the story. Now, in the construction of his book Mr. Bishop, though he appears to fancy himself as an amateur of the human heart, has overlooked an important element in his reader's psychology. It is almost inevitable that any reader, average or abnormal, will find the crime and character of Uncle Charlie infinitely more absorbing than the introspective fumbings of his youthful



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nephew, and will therefore be impatient with the author's excessive attention to the latter's experiences and feelings. Yet, Mr. Bishop scants the elders who played out his dark drama. They are only half seen and hardly comprehended, and the whole novel gives the effect of a picture taken with the camera out of focus. There is no doubt that Mr. Bishop writes well. His book is surcharged with atmosphere, with gloom, with age and decay, with somber emotions and fearful compulsions. He has a definite and even a powerful talent, and one can only deplore the faulty judgment which allowed him to arrange his material so badly.

In Their Own Image. By Hamilton Basso. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

In this his second novel Mr. Basso exposes the selfishness, the ingrown corruption, and, to use his own word, the "unreality" of a cross-section of American aristocracy. With a few exceptions his wealthy landowners and decayed "old families" have no redeeming features; they are either repulsive or absurd. Mr. Basso views their antics with a good deal of penetration and a certain sly, ruthless humor that occasionally vents itself in caricature—which, considering his thesis, is not out of place. Caricature may after all be the most effective medium through which to convey that "unreality" which, he would have us believe, is the very core of their lives. One can only regret that Mr. Basso chose to spoil his novel—and, incidentally, weaken his point—by padding it toward the end with melodrama as "faked" and conventional as any that ever found its way into a Hollywood scenario. There is, for no apparent reason, one attempted suicide, and there are two murders which are not only extraneous to his plot but out of keeping with the fine skill with which he has developed it in the preceding pages. One would imagine that the spectacle of a society in the process of decay had enough horrors of its own without the introduction of fresh—or stale—ones.

Capitalism and Its Culture. By Jerome Davis. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

Professor Davis has diligently gathered together a wealth of specific and concrete material to illustrate the anarchic economic and moral conditions under capitalism. In his indictment of capitalism he analyzes its banking methods, the Stock Exchange, investment trusts, the relations of debts to production, its inability to provide adequate consumption power to the masses, and its tendency to imperialism. While the material is not new, Professor Davis has performed a real service in gathering together evidence from many different studies. In a second section on the Products of Capitalism he traces the corrupting influences of capitalism on the press, the church, the movies, the radio, education, and politics. This section does not really deal with the cultural presuppositions of capitalism but with the commercialization of cultural, recreational, and religious institutions. The analysis of the voluminous material, so carefully brought together, is not too profound. No effort is made to distinguish between defects in the social order which are definitely derived from the capitalistic social order and those which might express themselves in any conceivable order. Pages are devoted to prove the advantages of the British radio system—which exists under capitalism—over the American one. There are inconsistencies as well as superficialities in the analysis. Thus we are told in one sentence, "In the new system we must be ready to accept low salaries or no salaries, perhaps mere subsistence." In the same paragraph this admonition to asceticism is negated by the promise of a "collective economy which will make effective to all people the age of abundance which science has made possible." The concreteness of the book ought to commend it as good anti-capitalistic propaganda for general consumption.

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Copy for classified advertisements must reach us Friday,
for the next issue, on account of the Holiday next week.

Films

Through the Closet Door

THE past week has been chiefly notable for releasing almost all at once the deluge of horror which has been gathering in the Hollywood studios since the success of "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" a few seasons ago. With monumental effigies of vampires, werewolves, and Frankensteinian monsters glaring down upon one at every step along its way, Broadway has taken on an almost medieval appearance. Of the four specimens of the genre open to selection this column chose, for no particular reason, to expose itself to the one entitled "The Werewolf of London," in which Henry Hull is to be seen as a famous London biologist who, in quest of a certain rare flower in the center of Thibet, contracts a very bad case of what will hereafter be known to all film patrons as lycanthropia. His is an especially desperate predicament because the flower that he has brought back with him to England, the sole antidote for the disease, is stolen from his laboratory by another werewolf in need of the same temporary remedy. Before our eyes Mr. Hull's hands turn into long hairy claws and his face becomes like a papier-mâché mask which someone has inadvertently sat down upon. But what is worst of all we are made to hear his blood-curdling howls as he pounces upon one after another of his victims; for it is a necessity for the werewolf, one learns from the picture, to make at least one killing in the light of the full moon to avoid becoming permanently afflicted. Another disturbing feature of the lupine blood-lust, it would appear, is that its object is always the person whom the sufferer loves most in the world. It can be seen that one of the difficulties with this particular descent into the night-soul is that the machinery of the occult and the quasi-scientific which it is necessary to build up is somewhat more than the average mind can follow with any degree of ease. It is not clear, for example, exactly why both the disease and the flower which is its antidote have a preference for the full moon. But the real objection to the film is the commonplace one that effects of horror on the stage or the screen, because they are nearly always, in Henry James's phrase, "weak specifications," are never as potent as in works of literature, where they are as illimitable as the imagination. As for the sudden and uncalled-for revival of the genre at the moment, it can only be explained as further evidence of Hollywood's determination to leave no closet door untried during its present period of embarrassment.

The nineteenth-century Spain of Mr. Von Sternberg's "The Devil Is a Woman" proves to be as original and individual and preposterous a creation as the eighteenth-century Muscovy of his "Scarlet Empress." One had thought that the masters of Spanish baroque had done pretty well themselves in the cultivation of excess. But beside the excrescences in this picture their style is marked by an austere simplicity. Against its gaudy background Marlene Dietrich moves with a trance-like imperturbability which succeeds beautifully in intensifying the consummate unreality of the whole. "Break of Hearts" (Radio City Music Hall) wastes the talents of Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, and John Beal in a long, absent-minded chronicle of the love difficulties of a symphony conductor and a young woman composer from Wisconsin. Despite every effort on the part of the players to fan the story into some semblance of life, it remains inert, colorless, and indisputably defunct.

WILLIAM TROY

[The price of "Poems, et Cetera," by David Greenhood, is \$1, not \$2 as stated in a previous issue.]



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IN SUSTAINING the President's veto of the Patman bill the Senate did not remove the bonus issue from politics either for this session or the next election. The nine votes needed to support the President's veto may not be so easy to muster against the Clark resolution, which gives the President three alternative ways of paying the outstanding certificates—with greenbacks, bonds, or cash from the work-relief appropriation. In reality the choice is between cash and bonds, and either method is repugnant to the President. But the measure would be free of the stigma of mandatory greenback "inflation," and might be accepted by some Senators who were frightened by the Patman bill. The forecast in Washington, however, is that the veto of any immediate payment of the bonus will be sustained in this session, which would throw the issue into the next campaign. This will not handicap the Democrats except in a few cases unless the veterans unite for their revenge and can find a strong organization through which to express themselves. A third party which could count on a substantial veteran vote would have chances, but payment of the bonus is at best a plank in a platform and not a platform. As it appears highly improbable that the third-party elements can unite by next year, the President's strategy in vetoing the Patman bill was successful but hardly remarkable for its boldness. He is entitled to credit

for consistency and wisdom, but he does not deserve the wreaths for heroism which have been bestowed upon him.

THE VETO MESSAGE was the clearest exposition of the case against immediate payment of the bonus which has yet been made. The President read it to Congress not only to impress the legislators but to reach the national radio audience. The average veteran, and the average voter too, argues that if farmers are being paid for plowing under crops and killing pigs, the veteran who offered his life in the war also can be paid. They see no distinction between spending for recovery for the benefit of certain industries and occupations, and spending for the benefit of men who have an acknowledged claim on the Treasury. But the demand pressed by the veterans is not simply for payment, but for payment today of an obligation which does not fall due for ten years, as though the present value of money were the same as its future value. It is not the same, and the President explained this difference clearly and carefully. This simple financial truth will have dawned on many for the first time. We believe it would have been wiser had the President made the point clear earlier. It then would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the veterans to persist in saying that they were only asking for what they were entitled to. They would have had to admit they were making a fresh demand on the Treasury and to defend it against the charge of class legislation. We still believe it possible and desirable to settle this question once and for all by issuing bonds to the veterans, which they can discount at their present value or hold until 1945, at their own discretion. They should have their certificates in the form most useful to them. But they do not, and we believe they do not wish to, constitute a special group with an unlimited claim on the Treasury.

POSTMASTER GENERAL FARLEY'S report on ocean-mail contracts has gone unnoticed in the preoccupation of Washington with other affairs. But it deserves wide circulation and public comment, particularly at a time when Congress will be discussing a new method of subsidizing the merchant marine. The report goes into every existing contract, tells how it was made, how much it has cost, and discusses the advisability of cancelation. Mail contracts now cost the government \$28,850,000 a year. Wages, maintenance, subsistence, and repair for the 282 American-flag vessels certified for operation upon ocean-mail routes amount to \$28,460,000. In other words, the government is paying all the running expenses of our ocean-going merchant fleet. It also has provided the greater part of the capital with which the ships were bought or built. The companies' own share in the value of their fleet is \$80,558,000, and their debt to the government is \$112,514,000. Yet some companies have made handsome profits, and others have found ways of withdrawing their earnings without repaying their loan. Mr. Farley's industry in gathering the voluminous data is not without political motive, since it reflects on his predecessor, Mr. Brown. In the Hoover days a person of political importance could buy a shipping line, negotiate a

mail contract in advance, dodge honest bidding, borrow the money for his fleet chiefly from the government, and obtain from the mail contracts enough revenue to pay running expenses. This procedure was excused as a contribution to national defense. But shipping shrewdness was not confined to the Republican era. Only the watchfulness of a few Congressmen has prevented the interests from slipping a bill designed for similar ends through the present Congress.

A NEW BRANCH of government, unintended by the makers of the Constitution or by Congress, is emerging in Washington. It is the office of Comptroller General J. R. McCarl. Its powers were carefully enough defined in the act which created it, and we will not say that he has exceeded them. But he has exercised them in a manner which has made him one of the great policy makers of the nation. Since it is his function to interpret the law as applying to public expenditures, he holds an effective veto over all projects and can delay anything which he does not wish to see expedited. The consequence is that government officials now send their plans to the Comptroller General before they proceed with them, and he is in a position to offer "constructive" advice. Mr. McCarl is an old-fashioned Republican, and he repeatedly frustrates the more modern Democratic Administration. His latest effort has been to discredit the TVA. Senator Norris lashed out at McCarl, who was once his secretary, for having the mentality of the power interests. The revolt against him has risen as his obstructionism has increased, but apparently there is no weapon at hand. The law gave him a throne and he proposes to occupy it.

THE PACIFIC MANEUVERS have emphasized the air arm rather than the navy, indicating a subtle but fundamental change in fighting methods. So long as power in the Pacific was measured in terms of navies, a deadlock existed between us and Japan, in that neither country could undertake to build up absolute supremacy. Not until the slow but substantial evolution of flying reached the point now attained, where air activities west of Hawaii are practical, was there any outlook for changing the power ratio to our advantage. The preparation for a commercial air route across the Pacific is not being lost on the Japanese. To this has been added the surprise of the recent maneuvers, and now they have the admission of General Kilbourne as to what is in the minds of our militarists. In the course of the same testimony before the House Committee on Military Affairs which drew the recent reprimand from the President, this officer, the assistant chief of staff, advocated a central air base in Alaska. If we had it, with a number of advanced service bases along the coast, and if we possessed the new type of bombing plane now being developed, the results according to the General would be advantageous. "The Japanese, as is well known," he said, "fear an attack of bombs. You can see that that would have quite an extensive effect on their diplomatic relations and their conversations." The jump from Alaska to Tokyo is 3,200 miles, and this distance remains too far for an immediate threat. But it is obvious that we are trying to impress the Japanese by distending our biceps, and the Pacific game is changed from one of maintaining a fleet which can be excused as purely defensive to one of expanding an air force which can only be regarded as offensive.

CAPTAIN ANTHONY EDEN'S victory over Mussolini at Geneva may not prevent a war in Abyssinia, but it illustrates the efficacy of the League machinery when statesmen really desire to use it. Throughout the week Mussolini had utilized every weapon at his command to prevent the Council from considering the Italian-Abyssinian dispute. As a last resort he had it in his power through the unanimous-consent clause to impose a veto on anything which the Council might decide. Yet the fact that the League existed and that there was a genuine determination on the part of a representative of a major power to safeguard its effectiveness meant that the concerted pressure of all countries could be directed upon Italy, forcing it to accept arbitration and possible mediation by outside powers. While the settlement is essentially a compromise, it offers at least a hope that hostilities can be averted. Having been assured that the powers would not interfere with war preparations or the dispatch of troops to Africa, Italy agreed to permit the League to mediate if the arbitrators have not reached a settlement by August 26. The Council may act a month earlier if the four arbitrators appointed by the disputants are unable to agree upon the selection of a fifth arbitrator. This gives the League from one to two months before the termination of the rainy season in Abyssinia in which to investigate the various phases of the dispute and to pass judgment. It may be that Mussolini has committed himself so far that he dare not turn back, but the prospect of a thorough airing of the issues before the bar of world opinion is bound to act as a curb on his imperialistic aspirations.

THE LATEST ATTACK upon the franc is not due so much to any immediate weakness in the French fiscal situation as to the basic maladjustments which have resulted from France's stubborn defense of its exchange parity. Unlike London and New York, Paris is not highly vulnerable to an assault by international speculators. The amount of foreign short-term funds invested in France is small, while its gold reserves of five and a half billion dollars are more than sufficient to pay off all conceivable external demands. Although French trade is badly out of balance, exports play a far less important role in the French national economy than in that of any of the other major powers. There is a budget deficit of six billion francs, but this is of political rather than financial significance at the moment. If these considerations alone were affecting the situation, it would be a foregone conclusion that France would survive the present crisis as it has all previous ones. But each "victory" of the franc tends to accentuate the basic deflationary forces which have been in operation since the latter part of 1931. The downward trend of wholesale prices remains unchecked, though the cost of living continues relatively high. The recent increase in the discount rate from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent will place an additional strain on business which may cause it to reconsider its opposition to devaluation. Meanwhile, the political unrest is likely to become more pronounced. Unless the Flandin Cabinet can gain the support of the entire Radical Socialist Party and prevent further defections on the right, it appears to be doomed. With both the right and the left demanding a "strong" government to meet the economic crisis, a bitter political conflict appears to be imminent which may threaten the very foundations of the republic.

ACCOMPANIED by the usual fanfare of publicity, the Ford Motor Car company has raised its minimum wage from \$5 to \$6 a day and given a small increase to workers in the higher-paid categories. As a result Mr. Ford is once more being held up for approbation as the true apostle of the gospel of high wages—America's answer to the "isms" of Europe. Although the increase is doubtless a genuine one and may be welcomed as a sign of better times in the automobile industry, the satisfaction which it engenders should not blind us to the fact that Ford's labor policies remain among the most reactionary in the country. No other large corporation is so ruthless in weeding out its older employees; none furnishes less protection against the hazards of unemployment and age; and none is so uncompromising in its opposition to labor organizations. While daily wages in the automobile industry have been considerably higher than the average for the United States as a whole, they have been more than offset by the extremely high cost of living in Detroit and by the notorious irregularity of employment in the industry. The recent NRA investigation showed that, excluding the Packard Company, which has maintained remarkably stable employment conditions, approximately 70 per cent of the automobile workers received less than \$1,200 in 1934, while a third obtained less than \$800. Something more fundamental than a change in the daily wage rate is needed to put the industry on a sound basis.

THE DUNCKEL BILL has passed the lower house of the Michigan legislature, though in greatly modified form, and at this writing awaits the Governor's signature. As originally approved by the Senate on April 24, the bill provided a penalty of from one to fourteen years' imprisonment or a \$5,000 fine or both for "advocating overthrow of the government," which clause covered such acts as belonging to or aiding radical organizations or possessing literature sponsored or published by them. The amended bill, as passed by the House, is little more than a repetition of the Michigan criminal-syndicalism law of 1916. The following paragraph, obviously put in in response to public protest, is a bit reassuring though quite inconsistent with the rest of the bill: "Nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit or abridge the right of free speech, liberty of the press, or in any manner interfere with or limit the right of peaceful picketing and striking." Despite this change, the bill is unnecessary and dangerous, and only offers another chance for misguided patriots to harass honest critics of the status quo.

THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, in reporting the story of Hitler's speech on May 22, attached a headline that should become a classic. *Der Reichsführer*, said the *Herald Tribune* in what looked like forty-eight-point type, "Would Humanize War"! This, we advance, is a contradiction in terms unparalleled in headline history. There seems to be a popular misconception, chiefly among persons who were several miles back of the front lines in the last war, that to be killed neatly by a rifle bullet or run through with a clean bayonet thrust was more cheering and comfortable than to be generally messed up with dum-dum bullets, bombs, or poison gas; in other words, that war conducted on a high moral plane, with only the weapons of gentlemen, is a "humanitarian" activity, and war which

employs certain other weapons is "inhuman" and should not be allowed by the rules of the game. It is unfortunately true that soldiers killed by one method are just as dead as those destroyed by another; and civilians who meet their end by means of bombs dropped from the air or from disease germs dispensed by a ruthless enemy die in no worse ~~case~~ than if they had been slain in an orthodox manner on the field of honor. There is no way to "humanize" war. War is in its essence inhuman, cruel, and barbaric, and the choice of weapons is a trivial matter.

FOR YEARS New York City has been paying excessive electric rates. The average rate charged by Consolidated Gas for fifty kilowatt hours a month is 6.10 cents a kilowatt hour. The New York Power Authority claims that Consolidated could make a net 6 per cent profit by charging an average of 3.77 cents a kilowatt hour, while Mayor LaGuardia says that his proposed municipal "yardstick plant" could produce power for 2.31 cents. On this basis the new schedule which Consolidated has filed with the Public Service Commission is farcical. Families which use ten kilowatt hours or less—those for whom the electric bill is the greatest burden—continue to pay 10 cents a kilowatt hour, with a minimum of \$1. There is a reduction of 5 cents for those with a monthly bill of \$2, and of 10 cents for those paying \$3 a month. Only commercial and wholesale consumers obtain any real benefit; for large business users the savings may exceed 50 per cent. The case of Consolidated has been greatly weakened by the recent findings of the City Affairs Committee's subcommittee on utilities. Dr. John Bauer, chairman of the subcommittee and director of the American Utilities Bureau, says that his survey shows that not more than 42 per cent of Consolidated's plant is really efficient, and that about 18 per cent is obsolete. He charges that this state of affairs is deliberately maintained in order to keep the valuation up and the rates high. One good way of putting an end to this gouging is to build a municipal "yardstick."

SPEAKING before the fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, Cardinal O'Connell once again urged his flock not to be ashamed of poverty and to be particularly careful "not to fight with our neighbors and call names and stir uprisings and create discontent in the hearts of the poor." His Eminence was obviously aiming at Father Coughlin. Our dislike for the Detroit demagogue does not make the homilies of the Boston archbishop any more palatable. He is the most reactionary of the four cardinals in the United States. In the more than fifty years of his priesthood he has not said one word in support of the unprivileged in the economic struggle. He has opposed the child-labor amendment, the birth-control movement, every attempt to liberalize the preposterous censorship laws of Boston. And he has never uttered a protest against political corruption in his city, though he must have known that members of his church were responsible for much of it. He has been a champion of improved public morals, but by that he meant little more than that women should wear longer dresses and use less rouge. The world has passed him by without making any impression on his Bourbon mind. No wonder that the intelligent Catholics of Boston are embarrassed when the name of Cardinal O'Connell is mentioned.

Father Coughlin at the Garden

"MY friends, if we are forced to see \$19 or even \$50 a month paid for such [relief] work in what we call the New Deal, then this plutocratic capitalistic system must be constitutionally voted out of existence." This sentence, apparently interpolated in Father Coughlin's Madison Square Garden speech, since it does not appear in the full texts as published in both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, is the most revealing utterance in that address. According to the *Times*, "there was a moment's silence as these words sank into the consciousness of the crowd. Then a roar broke out and lasted with almost deafening intensity for one full minute." The crowd of more than 20,000 middle-class individuals—they had paid from 50 cents to \$2 for their seats—was roaring at the prospect of the abolition of capitalism. What does it mean? To Father Coughlin? To these middle-class people?

If the plutocratic capitalistic system is to be voted out of existence, something is to replace it. Father Coughlin only intimated what it might be. It will be another capitalistic system, since communism has a "hatred of God and of private property." "Civilization," he said, "cannot prosper unless the natural right to private property is protected." It will be based ostensibly on the solidarity of laborer, farmer, soldier, and merchant, working together for God and for country. Small manufacturers also will have a place in it. It will be conducted on behalf of this group, in opposition to the interests of bankers and big industry. And its chief delight will be in the control of money. Aside from the *idée fixe* of money, a peculiarity of American middle-class radicalism, this conception is almost identical with the underlying idea of national socialism in Germany and of fascism in Italy in the years before they came into power. The union of laborer, farmer, soldier, and merchant might have been culled from Mussolini's speeches before the march on Rome. Hitler appealed for a similar national concentration, and spoke as disrespectfully of big industrialists and even more so of bankers, since most of them were Jews. And it is significant that Father Coughlin made his well-timed entry into Madison Square Garden with an escort from the National War Veterans' Association. As the patron saint of the bonus he becomes the political leader of common soldiers, as were Hitler and Mussolini.

Now Father Coughlin did not speak as a fascist, and he opened his speech by repudiating fascism and communism. He did not repudiate democracy; on the contrary this word, strangely missing from earlier discourses, was sprinkled profusely through the address. He has learned a good deal since the Union for Social Justice was born in his mind. He now knows it is good policy to espouse democracy and denounce dictatorships. Possibly his close friend Mr. Hearst has taught him that. Similarly he has purged his utterances of innuendoes against the American Federation of Labor, which he used formerly to attack with as much scorn as he showed toward the bankers. The A. F. of L. has even been promoted to be one of the spokes of the social wheel of

which the National Union for Social Justice is to be the hub.

A year ago he wanted to protect labor from the A. F. of L. and place the organization and direction of labor unions under government control without the right to strike. Now he supports the Wagner labor-disputes bill, and when Senator Wagner, a veteran in the fight for labor, was booed for his stand against the bonus, the freshman labor recruit patronized him: "Give him a chance, ladies and gentlemen, give him a chance. He has taken up the cause of labor." This intellectual dishonesty is characteristic of the demagogic method. Father Coughlin was careful to say he did not aspire to office, and was "forever precluded" from it by being a priest. He also urged the members of his league to work within their existing parties. No doubt he will use this approach to power as long as it succeeds. His union might even rule through existing democratic machinery after it gained control of the country, and Father Coughlin might be dictator without portfolio. The forms are not what matters. What is important is the conflict that lies ahead, and how it is settled. Father Coughlin, aiming at a capitalism based on private property, says he will wrest power from big industry and finance. If his following grows, as similar movements did in Germany and Italy, it will ultimately make its peace with big industry and finance, and if it obtains control we shall be ruled by the same kind of fascist oligarchy.

It is a coincidence that Father Coughlin should have been speaking in New York on the same day that President Roosevelt was delivering a personal veto before Congress. The people, in electing a President, intrust to a single individual the right of veto over acts of Congress. In Washington the President was exercising this right legitimately, and we think wisely, in overruling the Patman bill. But the point we wish to stress is that Father Coughlin was asking on the same day for a veto power which is not legitimate. The "national lobby" idea has no place in our scheme of government. For Father Coughlin's union is not a lobby in any accepted sense; it is a party which refuses to accept the responsibilities and hazards of an open struggle for political power. The "pressure" system enables Father Coughlin to remain vague, to choose his own time and place for public and radio appearances, beyond the reach of questions, debate, and popular repudiation. Father Coughlin told his New York audience he would not make his union a third party. We should consider him a menace if he did; but he is a far more serious menace if he does not.

Hitler's National Socialist Party was more democratic in that it presented itself repeatedly at the polls, and finally came into power through the front door. Father Coughlin artfully stays at the back door, ready to make a short cut to the dais. His Union for Social Justice is a piece of effrontery, as disquieting as it is arrant. And we can only regret that the President, who also must be disquieted since he finds it advisable to make concessions to this man, has not disarmed him and the other demagogues by himself assuming the leadership of the left.

Can Hitler Be Trusted?

ON the surface Hitler's speech before the Reichstag on May 21 was far more conciliatory than anyone had been led to expect. Considering the recent evidence of war fever within the Reich, it is difficult to see how any German statesman could have been more emphatic in his assertions of peaceful intent. He declared that National Socialism was by its very nature opposed to national assimilation, and rejected current theories of economic nationalism as unsound and mischievous. He indicated that Germany was willing to participate in a multilateral air agreement, that it would favor an understanding which would outlaw the bombing of civilians in war time, that it was ready to conclude non-aggression pacts with individual neighboring states and to enter a general disarmament agreement. He even intimated, somewhat unexpectedly, that Germany would continue to respect the Rhineland demilitarized zone, provided France did not mass troops on the border.

Whether these concessions spring from a genuine desire for peace or merely from the hope of averting the complete diplomatic isolation of the Reich can only be judged, however, after examining the negative aspects of the speech. Despite his conciliatory tone, Hitler gave no indication of compromising on essentials. His references to Austria, while studiously correct, reaffirmed by implication the Nazi position that the Austrians are Germans who are unfortunately at the moment under foreign occupation. Even his assurances with regard to the German population of Switzerland scarcely carried weight in view of his earlier statement about the preeminent importance of national distinctions. More serious was the deliberate omission of Lithuania from the list of countries with which Germany is willing to conclude non-aggression pacts. While Hitler was careful to point out that this does not mean that Germany intends to resort to war to recover Memel, the implication is none the less obvious.

Most disquieting of all was the *Führer's* vigorous rejection of the proposed Eastern security pact. No reference was made to the offer which was conveyed to Stresa for adherence to such a pact providing it did not involve a pledge of assistance on the part of Germany. Instead, Hitler seized the opportunity to launch a vehement attack on bolshevism, stressing the essential incompatibility between the internationalism of the Comintern and the nationalism of the Nazis. Even the statement of Germany's willingness to conclude non-aggression pacts with neighboring countries is open to a dual interpretation in view of the fact that Russia does not actually adjoin Germany. There is, in other words, nothing in Hitler's latest statement which is inconsistent with the war aims revealed in "Mein Kampf." His plan then as now was to maintain pacific relations with France and the Western powers until after the conquest of the Ukraine had been completed.

No fair-minded person will question Germany's right to as much armament as any other country. Nor will he deny that the Reich has been unjustly treated since the close of the World War. If Hitler were sincere in his professions of peaceful intent, it would obviously be the duty of the for-

mer Allied nations to meet him halfway in working out a security arrangement that would be an effective compromise of the varying points of view. But when the responsible leader of a great nation declares he wants peace yet gives no indication of abandoning his previously announced program of aggression, there is no reason why his plea should be heeded. Hemmed in on all sides by enemy states, it is natural that Hitler should try desperately to make a breach in the wall of the opposition. By adopting an apparently friendly attitude toward Germany's western neighbors and attacking the Soviets as destroyers of civilization, he hopes against hope that he can break the ever-tightening ring that surrounds him. These tactics are essentially the same as those used unsuccessfully in the conversation with Simon and Eden, except that they are more subtle and therefore more dangerous. Far from being an indication that the battle for collective security is lost, they may be taken as evidence that Germany is definitely on the defensive and will ultimately be compelled to accept the only terms on which war can be averted.

Behind the Czecho-Slovak Election

THE National Socialist success which marked the recent elections in Czecho-Slovakia was the result less of economic than of racial conditions in that young republic. National Socialism in Czecho-Slovakia is a new phase of the old conflict between the Czech and the German elements in the population. Conrad Henlein, its leader, is the standard bearer of as variegated a political army as one can imagine, held together by one absorbing idea—desire for a pan-German state and hatred of a regime which has ousted the Germans from their position of political supremacy. In the first years of their existence as a nation the Czechs demonstrated their new-won liberty by oppressive measures against the Germans, from whose national and racial arrogance they had suffered so many humiliations in the past. Germans were ousted from government positions, and the Czech tongue, one of the most difficult in all Europe, was made the official language.

Under the rule of President Masaryk much of this resentment on the part of the Czechs, normally a good-humored and kindly people, has disappeared. In 1927 the government gave official expression to the new tendency by inviting all parties to send their representatives to a Czecho-German coalition Cabinet, stipulating only that they recognize and uphold the Czecho-Slovakian state. The resulting regime united the German and Czech Agrarian parties, bourgeois democrats of both nationalities, and Czech and German branches of the Social Democracy in a government that functioned harmoniously enough. The intransigent national-minority groups which continued to deny the right to existence of the Czecho-Slovakian state remained outside—the Slovak People's Catholic Party, the Hungarian Christian Socialist Party, and some smaller German nationalist groups. The Communist Party likewise divorced itself from the new regime, though not, of course, for nationalist reasons.

The harmony with which these diverse elements have cooperated for the last seven years was rudely shattered by the elections of May 19. The extraordinary vote piled up by the German nationalist bloc calls for a new political arrangement. The German contingent in parliament, the German Agrarian League and the German Social Democratic Party, with two and three ministers respectively in the Cabinet, paid dearly for Henlein's victory. Today these parties represent but a fraction of the German population of the country. On the other hand, it is clearly impossible for the fascist Sudeten Deutsche Heimatsfront, which is fundamentally opposed to the Czech state, to be given the place in the national government that it has the right to demand as the party polling the largest vote. On the day after the election Premier Malypetr stated that the government would announce its plans for a new Cabinet at once, but it is unlikely that there will be any fundamental change in its make-up. The Prime Minister, whose Czecho-Slovak Agrarian Party was one of the few to gain votes in the election, will undoubtedly continue at the head of the government, and Dr. Eduard Benes, whose political organization suffered material losses in the election but whose influence in international affairs has made him almost indispensable as Foreign Minister, will also retain his Cabinet post.

Will the victory of Henlein's Nazis mean the beginning of the end of Czecho-Slovakian democracy? Any prediction now would be premature. So long as the eighty-five-year-old Masaryk remains President of the republic there is little likelihood of such a development. Thirty years ago Masaryk, who is Hitler's next-door neighbor in Europe, combated anti-Semitism and racial anarchism as "an outrage on common sense and humanity." Thirty years ago he fought for democracy as "the only just instrument of civilized, self-governing peoples." Today, at the end of a long life of intellectual and cultural achievement, this university teacher in the presidential chair remains the most reliable bulwark against a rising flood of anti-Semitic nationalism. Benes, the strong man of Czecho-Slovakia, might with the backing of a powerful political organization fill Masaryk's place, but this eventuality has been made more doubtful by the results of the recent elections.

If the Henlein front, strengthened by a growing Czech fascist movement, should become a political power in the Czech republic, it would mean serious complications in the European situation. That the Czech fascist party, led by General Gajda, succeeded in its first campaign in capturing six mandates in important industrial and agricultural districts is no good omen for the future. Czecho-Slovakia combines a thriving industrial economy in the German districts with a prosperous agriculture. But experience has taught that agrarian populations are easily won for fascist ideas.

As a last resort the democratic government may establish an authoritarian government in the hope of forestalling a Nazi regime. This experiment has been tried before, is being tried at present by the tiny Duchy of Luxembourg. Or a fascist Putsch may take the government out of the hands of Masaryk and Benes. Such a development would automatically dissolve the newly made alliance with the Soviet bloc. Should this happen, the prospects for peace in Europe would be very slight.

Bent Twigs

ANNUALLY at this season the senior classes in various American colleges count noses to determine the prevailing opinion on matters intellectual, social, and political. The results are calculated to reassure conservative elders, since this prevailing opinion—at least in the older, more dignified institutions—is usually what is called "sound" and offers little indication that the average senior has been in any significant respect differentiated from those members of his age and class group who have not received whatever the benefits of a college education may be.

Not all Princeton professors were Princeton trained, and those who were not must have felt somewhat discouraged by the results of this year's poll there, since it hardly indicated that the taste of the majority of the students had been influenced to any considerable extent by academic teaching. Kipling's "If" was the favorite poem of a large majority, with the "Rubaiyat" and Gray's "Elegy" as the nearest, but still rather distant, competitors. Noel Coward was regarded as the supreme dramatist by 135 of these bachelors of art, while only 107 thought that Shakespeare had the edge on him and only 79 put O'Neill above both. Rembrandt lacked one vote to tie with McClelland Barclay, a magazine-cover artist, for the position of supreme painter of all time, and by a two-to-one vote "Anthony Adverse" was judged superior to "Tom Jones," behind which "Tale of Two Cities" trailed at no very great distance. In this last connection it is worth while to note that the Dickens novel nearly always turns up a large vote in such polls, presumably for the reason that it is usually read in high schools and seems to be the only "standard" novel whose name the voters can remember.

By comparison Barnard College showed up pretty well. A refreshing candor is revealed in the confession that men constitute the most interesting subject to the majority and that the most absorbing activities are fun, literature, social problems, material success, and marriage. The most important men since 1918—not necessarily, it would appear, the most admirable—were Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt, and Lenin, with Huey Long toward the end of the list and just above Mickey Mouse. All voting were against war; the Pulitzer prize play did not even get mentioned in the list of favorite contemporary dramas; and Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, and Stravinsky came before Jerome Kern, the most admired composer of popular music. The *Times* was the favorite newspaper in a list which placed the *Herald Tribune* second and ended with the *American* and the *Daily Worker*. Champagne was the favorite drink, but the *Barnard Quarterly*, which reported the poll and which wished a goblet every Sunday to the voters, protested editorially that the provision of *vin ordinaire* for everybody was more important.

Incidentally, most Barnard seniors did not think very highly of Columbia men as prospective husbands. In the interests of harmonious family life we hope, however, that too many of them will not choose Princeton graduates. No Brahms fan is likely to get along very well with a chronic quoter of "If," and it takes more than a mutual love of the *Times* to make a successful marriage.

Issues and Men

The President's Worst Failure

I CONFESS to being in doubt about what constitutes the President's greatest failure. Sometimes I think that it is in the field of administration. In my judgment the NRA broke down because of the President's inability to get the right kind of administrators, especially after General Johnson was retired, and because of his failure to enforce the law regarding collective bargaining. He not only lacked the right administrators, but he would not steer a direct course in labor matters, and so made it impossible for the administrators he had to carry on vigorously and effectively. A year ago I wrote something to this effect—that I felt the inefficiency of the Administration was menacing the whole New Deal program. Events have borne me out.

Just at present, however, I feel the President's greatest failure is in the matter of standing up for fundamental American rights and liberties. Not one word has come from his lips as yet on these questions that are so vital if our Republic is to endure. He has not singled out a case of official misconduct or denial of civil rights to preach a sermon upon. Were he aware of what is going on, and had he the needed courage, he would certainly devote at least one of his fireside radio talks to this tremendous subject. Yet if he reads the newspapers, he must know what is happening. It certainly cannot be said in his behalf that he was not aware of the fight for the anti-lynching bill, yet he failed to aid it at the vital moment. A word from him, either in the press conference or in a message to Congress, would have broken the filibuster and brought about the passage of the bill. But his heart seems to have failed him.

As a result Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who led the fight for the bill, has written him a blistering letter and handed in his resignation as a member of the Advisory Council for the Government of the Virgin Islands. In this letter Mr. White wrote that he was not unaware of the efforts "which you have made in private conferences with certain Senators to secure a vote by the Congress on the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill." He then continued as follows:

I am fully cognizant of the fact that the Democratic leader of the Senate, the Honorable Joseph T. Robinson, would never of his own volition have permitted consideration of the motion to consider the bill and that he did so solely because of your efforts. On the other hand, it is a matter of great disappointment that you as President did not see your way clear to make a public pronouncement by means of a message to the Senate or otherwise, giving your open indorsement to the anti-lynching bill and your condemnation of the shameless filibuster led by a wilful group of obstructionists. . . . It is my belief that the utterly shameless filibuster could not have withstood the pressure of public opinion had you spoken out against it. The Southern press itself took the lead in condemning the crass and unethical means taken . . . to kill the measure.

He added that in justice to the cause that he is serving he

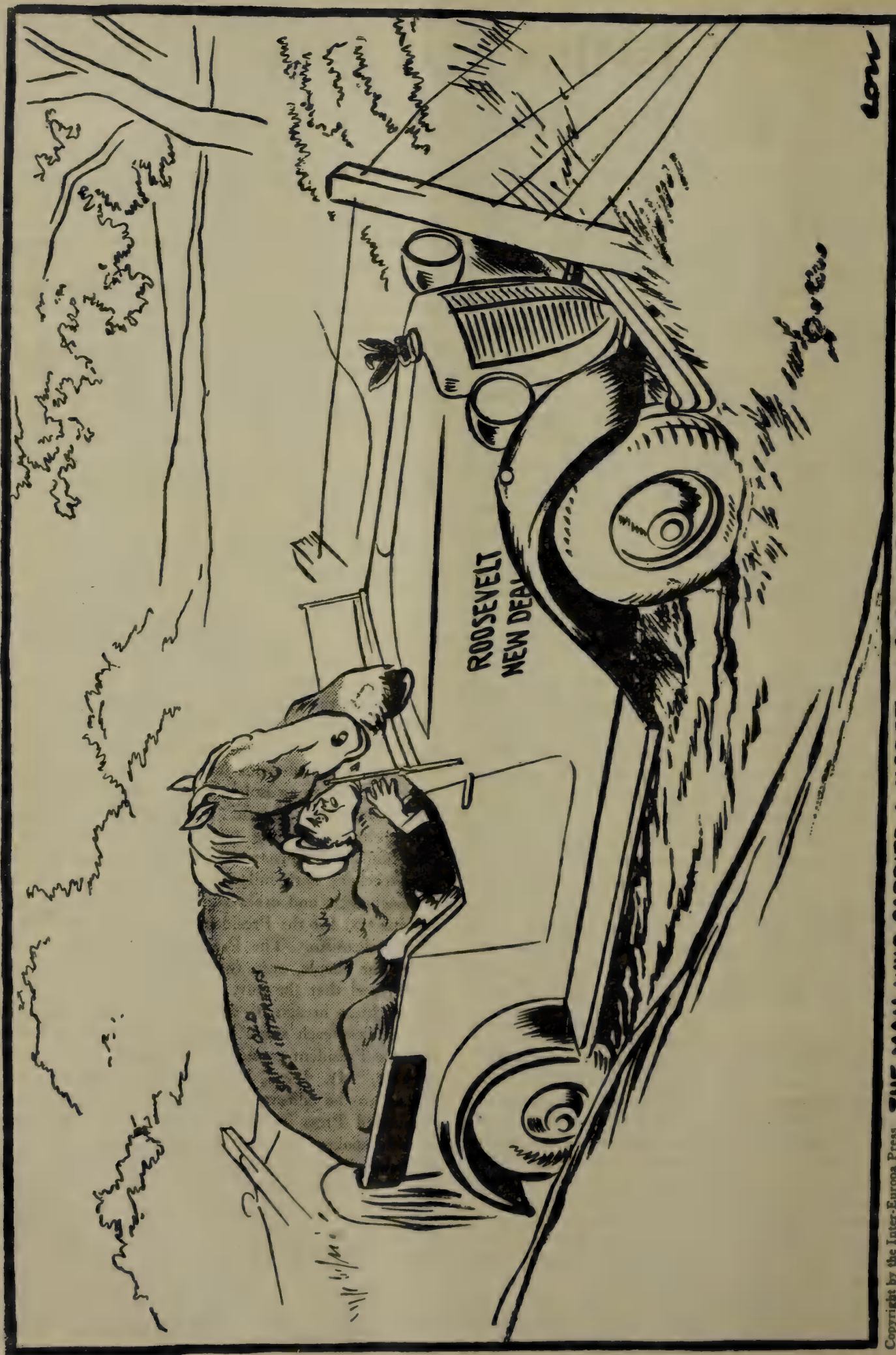
could not, with honor, continue to remain "even a small part of your official family." I believe that he took the correct course.

Meanwhile from all over the country come reports of violations of civil liberties, and in not one single case has the President been heard from. Communists are playing this up most effectively, charging that the injured persons are victims of the class war. Socialists of the type of Norman Thomas are similarly pointing out not only that damage is done to the Constitution by these incessant breaches of the sacred document but that they evidence a determination to introduce a form of business fascism. Yet the President is uninterested and silent. What could he not do if he would seize upon one case of violation of these rights! Supposing he were to invite to the White House the woman teacher from Georgia who was thrown into jail last summer for the sole offense of having in her possession copies of *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New Masses*, and *Liberty*, and kept there for weeks without redress. Of course the sheriff broke into her house lawlessly, without a warrant. Had the President summoned this woman to Washington and publicly received her and characterized the sheriff's procedure in proper language, every similar official throughout the South would have taken notice. What fun he could have had at the expense of this particular sheriff, who held that *Liberty* was the most dangerous of the four magazines he seized, saying that the *very name* proved that it was a seditious document—this in the United States in 1934!

If this were an isolated case it would be one thing; but it is merely symptomatic. Look at the flood of gag bills, sedition measures, and bills making it impossible for the Communists to appear on the ballot of the several states. The teachers' oath bills now pending in the legislature of Massachusetts and other states would alone furnish a magnificent text for the President in preaching the true doctrine of Americanism. The President is after all the President of *all* the people, even the lowest, and he above all others should feel that the hurt of one is the hurt of us all; that the slightest breach of democracy must be denounced and opposed lest each small breach be followed by larger ones. But the President cannot see it. His own Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, made a magnificent speech on this subject to the editors of the country at the meeting of the Associated Press in April. They were golden words, admirably spoken and most fittingly voiced in that particular company, but they should have come from the President. Yes, I think that his silence here is his greatest failure. It puts him under suspicion and casts a doubt upon his sense of justice and his loyalty to democracy, against which he ought to be the first to protest.

Samuel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



THE MAN WHO CARRIED A HORSE IN CASE HIS CAR BROKE DOWN.

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The Socialist Party Today

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

NOT only in policy but also in membership the Socialist Party is getting out of the red. On paper it is reviving. Five years ago the party had less than 10,000 members in some 500 locals. Today it has more than 20,000 members in almost 1,000 locals. The number of its liberal sympathizers must have increased correspondingly. As the crisis deepens, the more swank or bohemian or naive revolutionaries in New York are becoming "fellow-travelers" of the Communist Party, whose "infantile leftism" satisfies their craving for social adventure. But the provincial intelligentsia and the lesser professional reformers are apt to follow in the wake of the pink Chautauquas of Norman Thomas. Mr. Thomas enjoys the amorphous distinction of being the leader of an incalculable following. His adherents are practically all of the Splendid Character type—liberal rabbis, modernist ministers, settlement workers, intransigent pacifists, just-awakening college youth, progressive educators, good-government addicts, and a lot of just decent bewildered folk.

The prize exhibit of American socialism in office is of course Milwaukee. There the Hoan administration has been running for years the steadiest and smoothest good-government machine in American history. In Milwaukee we have what the late Morris Hillquit, with his exquisite cynicism, called "sewer socialism" in perfect flower. The sewer system of Milwaukee, he said, is the best in the world. In every way Milwaukee is a model city of Socialist integrity for capitalist safety. Milwaukee cops never frame innocent women and they show a comradely courtesy to pickets who don't block the traffic. And, needless to say, the city budget is the best balanced in America. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, Mayor Jasper McLevy is engaged in similar municipal Marxism. Comrade McLevy is a homespun rebel, a Scotchman who fancies himself a bit of a Connecticut Keir Hardie in his rank-and-file haberdashery. He takes great pride in his revolutionary horse sense, which keeps his Socialist enthusiasm from soaring above sound city finance and the honest collection of municipal garbage. Last November Mr. McLevy helped to elect three state senators and two state representatives, and he himself made a very respectable run for governor against Governor Cross.

Milwaukee and Bridgeport are the bright spots in American political socialism, but they are not the only ones. Almost every biennial national election sweeps into office one or two state legislators in Pennsylvania or an occasional mayor or councilman in some Wisconsin hamlet. Politically the party proves, with infinite patience, "the inevitability of gradualness in the conquest of revolutionary power."

But in the overwhelming majority of states the Socialist parties are paper organizations confined to the letter heads of volunteer secretaries. Nevertheless, at this moment the Socialist Party everywhere displays considerable excitement. Most of this excitement reflects a growing split between the right and left wings of the party, but some of it is also the thrill of expectancy which the party invariably experiences, especially in states with a populist tradition, when-

ever there are rumblings of a national third-party movement. Then the Socialist tail-enders in these populist states always hope for some miracle which may enable them to wag the populist dog. This attitude of being the Marxian rear, instead of the vanguard, of the progressive movement is always rationalized by the comrades west of the Hudson as the "Americanization" of the party, for obviously few things are more natively American than the recurrent populist movements from President Jackson to Governor Olson. At such a time these Western comrades more or less rebel against what seems to them the alien socialism of New York City, a rebellion not untinged with nativist chauvinism. What really annoys the provincial Socialists is that in New York even the latest expression of Bryanism is not considered a sound expression of the class struggle, and that the ghost of Sockless Jerry Simpson is not confused with the memory of Friedrich Engels. Of course, there is a world of truth in the contention that Marxism in America must be naturalized. But that is no reason for confusing the various lower-middle-class farmer-labor and progressive movements with modern socialism. It is this historic incompatibility between the imported canned Marxian orthodoxy of New York and the "native" populism of our Midwestern Socialists which has kept the party from being a unified national movement.

There is no doubt that the heart of the Socialist movement beats in New York City. More than one-tenth of the national membership is there. Most of it is in the A. F. of L. unions, practically all of it in the needle trades. These Socialist tailors are rather indifferent in their party devotion. They pay their dues if they can, they turn out for the annual May Day parade, and they vote for Thomas, Waldman, and Solomon unless their "Socialist" leaders for reasons of industrial strategy decide to knife these faithful musketeers in favor of Roosevelt, Lehman, or LaGuardia. Hence, the astonishing fluctuations in the Socialist vote of the city. As a matter of fact, the party in New York is infinitely weaker than are its peripheral and completely autonomous institutions. The richest and most reactionary of these is the *Jewish Daily Forward*, which is a non-profit-making cooperative newspaper nowadays specializing in slandering the Soviet Union. The *Forward* endows or subsidizes various Socialist activities, such as the Debs radio station, whose limited range is almost entirely confined to discussions of "good government." Another powerful Socialist auxiliary is the Workmen's Circle, a Jewish workmen's benevolent society whose energies are also expended mostly in bitter denunciations of Stalin as being not one whit better than a fascist.

Then, of course, there is the Rand School of Social Science—combination cafeteria, bookstore, research department, and Marxian Cooper Union, where courses on dialectic materialism are lightened by lectures on musical appreciation. The president of the Rand School is Algernon Lee, the theoretical leader of the Old Guard, a Midwestern Yankee by birth and training, but a Babylonian Talmudist by nature.

The other elder statesman is Jim Oneal, editor of the *New Leader*, who was raised next door to Gene Debs in Terre Haute and is today a sort of Hoosier Kautzky. The third leader of the Old Guard, Louis Waldman, is the chairman of the New York State party. He is a very successful lawyer in his early forties, a man of character and great energy, and he is a Socialist from mere habit. His social philosophy would be about the same as that of the La Follettes were it not for the psychological fact that whenever a Socialist leader permits himself to be driven to the right, he tends to become emotionally a socialist Bourbon.

The most vital elements in the party are the Young People's Socialist League and the League for Industrial Democracy, which works in the colleges. Under the splendid radical vitality of Mary Fox, the League for Industrial Democracy has brought about a healthy change in the hitherto Philistine attitude of a great many undergraduates. The L. I. D. is also subsidizing the revolutionary traveling fellowship of Mr. Thomas and the research work of Dr. Harry W. Laidler, the latter of whom lays a book on industrial democracy and the good life every other year.

Yet for all these institutional activities the Socialist Party is decomposing. The reasons are various. For one thing, American socialism received a mortal blow when the aftermath of the Russian Revolution split the Socialist parties the world over. After that the American branch underwent the deterioration which the European Socialist parties had undergone, but with the enormous difference that American socialism has never had any experience of power. Norman Thomas is the respectable radical zero he is because, unlike the Scheidemanns and MacDonalds, he has never achieved political office. In other words, just as the Communist Party in the United States reflects the rudimentary gestures of the Russian Revolution without either its content or its meaning, and hence is a mere burlesque of Russian communism, so the Socialist Party reflects the spiritual corruption of West European socialism without its high tragic significance. Unlike the German Social Democracy or the British Labor Party, our Socialist Party is not a party of revolutionary compromise. It is merely a caricature of revolutionary compromise engaged in a war of shadow attrition with the equally ludicrous Communist Party.

When Social Democracy was in power in Germany, Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske were busy shooting revolutionary workingmen. All Abraham Cahan of the *Forward* can do is encourage its labor reporter, Harry Lang, to tell lies about the Soviet Union in the Hearst press. Ramsay MacDonald *could* join a "National Government" of social reaction. Norman Thomas, no matter how opportunistic, has no such opportunity. American socialism cannot be used as a political smoke screen by American capitalism, for it has nothing to sell—no power, no influence, no social orientation. And it has nothing to sell fundamentally because it has never functioned as a real *political* movement.

It is true that the Socialist Party has appeared officially on the ballots for more than thirty years. But the party was never organized for the conquest of Socialist power. Even in its heyday it never enjoyed a parliamentary representation. Victor Berger and Meyer London served long terms in Congress as mere progressives. The fact is that the main service of the Socialist Party in the past has always been that of a benevolent parasite in the body of our organized

labor movement. For years it has really been His Majesty's opposition to Samuel Gompers in the A. F. of L. In almost every union local throughout the country, in the state federations of labor, in the national labor bodies, in the annual conventions of the A. F. of L. and the various railroad brotherhoods, the Socialist delegates forced our pure and simple trade unionism to adopt such progressive measures as workmen's compensation and the Plumb plan. The American Socialist Party has always been more reformist than its European counterpart for the reason that the American organized labor movement has been a strictly reformist trade unionism. And when the reform labor movement plainly reached its uttermost limits under monopoly capitalism, when even Section 7-a failed to revive it, then naturally the inner opposition of the Socialist Party within the trade-union movement also died. The present conflict between the Old Guard and the so-called "militants" in the party, confused by the third-party hopes of the Midwestern Socialists, is nothing but a symptom of the disintegration of the role of the Socialist Party in the trade-union movement.

The militants are a group of young people of Communist leanings who find it impossible to work within the Communist Party. They wish to work within the trade-union movement, which they hope to transform into a modern industrial unionism and to force into political action. In the center, between the Old Guard and these young militants, stand the municipal Socialists—Hoan of Milwaukee, McLevy of Bridgeport, Darlington Hoopes, a state representative from Reading, Pennsylvania. They are playing with the vague pacifist leftism of Norman Thomas, a man of extraordinary ideological confusion, whose social decency is constantly nullified by his political weakness.

At the last national convention of the party in Detroit the militants, the municipal Socialists, and the Thomasites formed a temporary "left" coalition, captured the National Executive Committee, and forced through the convention a new Declaration of Principles. The controversial issue between them and the Old Guard is contained in the following passage of the declaration:

They [the Socialists] will loyally support, in the tragic event of war, any of their comrades who for anti-war activities or refusal to perform war services come into conflict with public opinion or the law. . . . They [the Socialists] will meet war and the detailed plans for war already mapped out by the war-mapping arms of the government by massed war resistance. . . . It [the Socialist Party] unhesitatingly applies itself to the task of replacing the bogus democracy of capitalist parliamentarism by a genuine workers' democracy. . . . If the capitalist system should collapse in a general chaos and confusion, which cannot permit of orderly procedure, the Socialist Party, whether or not in such case it is a majority, will not shrink from the responsibility of organizing and maintaining a government under the workers' rule.

This Declaration of Principles was fashioned as a compromise by Mr. Thomas and written by his man Friday, Devere Allen, a Gandhi pacifist. As social theory it sounds like a monologue by Joe Cook. It is merely revolutionary phrase-mongering. The first part of the declaration encourages mass conscientious objection to war with an air of advocating the transformation of an international war into civil war. Through such intransigent pacifism, it seems, the Socialist Party would come into power with the aid of "a

genuine workers' democracy," which is Thomas's paraphrase of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Just how one can achieve a revolutionary coup d'état, if that's what the declaration is talking about, with a pacifist industrial democracy as a weapon we are not told. Indeed, the ideological nonsense packed into these few sentences would tax the genius of a political Lewis Carroll. But even more ludicrous is Mr. Thomas's promise "not to shrink from the responsibility of organizing and maintaining a government under the workers' rule." The simple fact is that Mr. Thomas's essential liberalism has already been tested in Washington by Mr. Roosevelt since March 4, 1933. The tragi-comedy of the Socialist Party is really that the New Deal is doing pretty much what it would be doing were it in office.

When pressed by the Old Guard to state just what this Declaration of Principles really meant, Mr. Thomas admitted that he didn't really know and that the section was being referred to three lawyers for their expert opinion.

In short, Mr. Thomas was going to find out whether it was legal to be a revolutionist.

But this sham battle between the Old Guard and the militants is none the less shaking the party. A national referendum upheld the Declaration of Principles. But of the 10,865 who voted on the declaration, nearly 45 per cent voted with the Old Guard. The New York State party, under the leadership of Louis Waldman, refuses to abide by the referendum. At the present moment there is a possibility that the New York State party may be outlawed by the National Executive Committee, which means that the Socialist Party will decapitate itself. Since the National Executive Committee under Mr. Thomas's leadership is not likely to be as decisive as that, the chances are that this tempest in a teapot will go on until the pot is dry.

[This critical analysis of the Socialist Party will be followed in later issues by similar discussions of the Communist Party and other organized factions of the left.]

The Roads to Rome

By M. W. FODOR

Vienna, May 10

DURING the month of June all the Central European countries, including Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland, and also France and Italy will meet in Rome to discuss the creation of a Danubian pact designed to assure the independence of Austria and maintain peace. The chief sponsor of the conference is Signor Mussolini, who wishes especially to see Austria guaranteed against the menace expressed in the expansionist aims of Germany. It will be the most important of all the conferences held for this purpose; and Mussolini hopes that it will achieve more than did its many predecessors which also aimed at a new stability in the Danube basin. No conference can undo the evils which the breaking up of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy caused in Central Europe; Rome may, however, bring an alleviation.

Much talk about the "debasement of the Versailles peace treaty" has been heard recently in connection with Germany's move to repudiate the military clauses of the treaty. But stupid as the Versailles treaty was, it was a work of genius compared to the obtuse and senseless St. Germain treaty, which dismembered the old Austrian Empire. The historian Francis Palacky, who, being a Czech, could hardly be accused of overwhelming sympathies for the Hapsburg empire, wrote ninety years ago that if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented or created. Since Germany became aggressively expansive under Hitler the powers have been faced with the task of finding a workable substitute for the unity they recklessly destroyed.

When Clemenceau decided to dismember the old Hapsburg monarchy, which even before the war undoubtedly had become derelict, he believed that by this move he would destroy forever the greatest potential ally of Germany. But the small countries created in the place of the former unit of 55,000,000 people opened an even easier way to Germany for expansion toward the south and the southeast, and for

the last four years all the energies and abilities of the leading French and Italian statesmen have been required to prevent Austria from falling a prey to Germany.

The first positive step toward *Anschluss* was the abortive customs-union scheme of Schober and Curtius in 1931. This clever yet diplomatically inept plan on the part of Germany filled the French with fright, and they precipitated the failure of the Creditanstalt in Vienna, hoping that such a financial and economic blow would suffice to forestall a move which undoubtedly was intended as a preliminary step toward political union. The failure of the most powerful of Austria's financial institutions, however, not only caused a serious financial and economic crisis in Austria, Germany, and Hungary, but contributed to the departure of Great Britain from gold and seriously aggravated the world economic crisis. Immediately after the proposal of this unfortunate scheme Italy and France tried to find means to unite the smaller Central European states in some form of economic cooperation which would serve as a counterpoise to Germany's expansion. While the union of a democratic Germany and Austria, both disarmed, was an idea which appealed to liberal-minded people and might seem to constitute no real danger to peace, the Germany of 1931 was already assuming a more militaristic character; hence the fear of German expansion was not unfounded.

Italy faced the more imminent danger. It had suffered enough from a weak Austria-Hungary; how much more justified, then, were its fears of a neighbor which would have 72,000,000 people and probably the best army on the Continent! France feared the potential increase of the German army by 10 per cent through the inclusion of Austria. And it was obvious that once Germany possessed Austria, Czecho-Slovakia could no longer exist, while Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, sooner or later, would become mere vassal states of an expanding Germany.

With the ever-increasing power of Hitlerism these fears have become even more justified. If Germany could

control Austria, she would soon reach not only the Adriatic but also the Aegean; and would eventually conquer Constantinople. Before the war the motto "Berlin to Bagdad" frightened both Russia and Great Britain; today the proud shibboleth has become "Hamburg to Herat" and it has frightened England, Russia, France, and Italy, not to speak of the smaller Balkan states.

To check this expansion Italy, as long ago as May, 1931, proposed to Austria and Hungary a three-cornered pact providing for close economic cooperation through credit facilities and freight-rate reductions—measures aimed at the circumvention of the most-favored-nation clauses in existing trade treaties and the establishment of hidden preferential treatment among the three countries. This Italian scheme was frustrated by the collapse of the Creditanstalt and the consequent economic crisis, which deprived Italy of the funds it needed to lay the corner-stone of such cooperation. France, in turn, proposed the Tardieu plan, evolved under the influence of Benes, Czecho-Slovakia's able Foreign Minister, which Tardieu intended should inaugurate a regime of preferential tariffs among Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Italy and Hungary, however, feared that the Tardieu scheme would give undue influence to France and its allies, and this plan also came to nought. The first famous Stresa conference, called after the reparations congress in Lausanne, in September, 1932, produced useful recommendations which were never put into effect. Two years later Mussolini revived the recommendations of Stresa as the basis for his Danubian plan; and since the rapprochement between France and Italy effected during Laval's visit to Rome, closer economic cooperation between the Central and Southeastern European states has become more likely.

In the meantime, however, the coming to power of Hitler created a nasty situation in Austria itself. With a section of the Austrian population the idea of pan-Germanism was strong even in the days of the pre-war empire. Fifty years ago the Gross-Deutsche demanded that the German parts of Austria should be included in the Hohenzollern empire. The dismemberment of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy increased the number of the friends of *Anschluss*; what before the war had been minor agitation became a clamor. The Social Democrats as well as the reactionary Pan-Germans ardently advocated such a union.

Hitlerism in Germany has cooled the enthusiasm of most of the Social Democrats for the union, but the middle classes and especially the provincial intelligentsia have flocked in large numbers into the camp of the Nazis. Cleverly conducted propaganda, helped by the great monetary resources of Herr Goebbels's office, seems to have made a thorough conquest of certain provinces of western and southern Austria. In March and April, 1933, Austria as an independent state appeared to many to be doomed. But somehow the Nazi élan suddenly lost vigor. It failed to conquer Austria in the months of the first great enthusiasm, and in that time Dollfuss was able to organize the defense against further onslaughts. The summer of 1934, with its bombing outrages and its increased propaganda activity, brought matters to a climax in the coup of July 25. Chancellor Dollfuss died in the Chancellery from a Nazi assassin's bullet; but the Putsch failed and National Socialism received a severe blow. The Putsch provided the

Schuschnigg-Starhemberg government which succeeded Dollfuss with an excuse for breaking up the organizations of the Nazis and prosecuting Nazi propagandists as far as was possible in a bureaucracy which itself contained large numbers of National Socialists.

Despite these reverses Germany has not given up hope of the "conquest" of Austria. Hitler made this plain during the Saar plebiscite when he declared to the British police chief in the Saar, Major Hennessy, that Austria must and would be "liberated." Though the three great powers, Great Britain, France, and Italy, had declared on February 17, 1934, and again on September 27 that they guaranteed the independence of Austria, Italy still remained uneasy about the situation. The pact of January 7 of this year between France and Italy brought further assurances in this regard, but Italy was resolved to prepare the way for a Danubian pact which, in its first line, would guarantee Austria's independence in even stronger terms. At the April conference of the French, Italian, and British statesmen in Stresa it was decided, therefore, to call a further meeting in Rome, at which the question of the Danubian pact should be settled with the participation of the interested countries.

In a few weeks' time this conference will assemble under the chairmanship of Mussolini. To further his plans for insuring the independence of Austria, Mussolini has made far-reaching concessions in both the West and the East. It was the question of Austria which forced Italy to bury the hatchet with France. The visit of Laval to Rome in January liquidated all the important outstanding questions which had caused friction between the two countries. It was also the question of Austria which induced Mussolini to seek a rapprochement with Yugoslavia. When the newly appointed Italian Minister in Belgrade presented his credentials to the Regent, Prince Paul, he declared that Italy was ready to respect the territorial integrity and the present unity of Yugoslavia. This declaration dissipated much of the opposition in Yugoslavia to an agreement with Italy. Similarly the Little Entente, which has long regarded Italian policy with deep distrust, has obtained assurances that Italy will not interfere in the Balkans.

To make the Rome conference complete, the support of three other countries must be obtained—Germany, Poland, and Hungary. Italy still hopes that Germany will participate in the conference and will sign a non-interference pact. The participation of Germany, however, is far from certain. On the other hand, Italy has succeeded in winning Polish support for its scheme. The Polish Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, on his way home from Geneva interrupted his journey at Venice for a conference with Signor Suvich, Mussolini's right-hand man in questions of foreign politics. It was agreed that Poland, despite its reluctance to join an Eastern pact, would support the Danubian pact and collaborate in the economic reconstruction of the Danube basin.

Hungary's position is still uncertain. Although a treaty of friendship between Italy and Hungary has existed since 1926, the present government has shown less enthusiasm for the Italian point of view than its predecessor. De Kanya, the Foreign Minister, has even evinced considerable sympathy for the Germany of Herr Hitler. But when Hungary noticed that England and Poland were turning away from Germany, it thought it more prudent to return to

the old friendship. It is reluctant to enter a treaty based on mutual assistance, but is inclined to sign a non-interference pact if this is concluded on the basis of Hungary's full equality.

These developments on the whole constitute distinct successes for Italian diplomacy; and even though no panacea is likely to emerge from the coming Rome conference, it is at least possible to hope for agreements which will make Austria's external position more secure.

All these guaranties, however, will remain valueless if Austrian independence is not well buttressed from within. Here exists the largest gap in the defenses. The internal situation of Austria today is worse than it was a year ago. Dollfuss's unfortunate policy of fighting a war on two fronts, against both the Socialists and the Nazis, has divided the country into three camps which cannot be united. The natural ally of any government which sincerely wished Austria's independence of Hitler was the Social Democracy, which hated the Nazis more than any other section of the population. But the Social Democracy was destroyed, and although soothing words have been uttered about reconciliation, nothing practical has been done to heal the wounds of the party members. On the contrary, the heavy sentences pronounced on twenty-one leaders of the Socialist armed guards

have increased the bitterness of the workers everywhere.

The Nazis are reforming their ranks and are still strong. The government camp, on the other hand, is divided. There are many differences between the various factions in the Fatherland Front, the chief organization of the present clerico-fascist regime. The Heimwehr, which has little support in the country but is a formidable armed force, is striving to gain the supremacy and threatens to break up the last democratic sections of the Front, namely, the Christian Workers' group of Leopold Kunschak and the peasant organization of the Minister of Agriculture, Josef Reither. Yet the peasants are the only remaining real support of the present government, and some of the former Socialists have shown an inclination to cooperate with Kunschak. Napoleon once said that one can do anything with bayonets except sit on them. The Schuschnigg-Starhemberg government, however, rules by sitting on bayonets. If the internal political feuds are healed without any serious shock, the independence of Austria can be maintained for some time, especially with the foreign support which is offered. But if the split in the government ranks should bring about a new clash, the only victor, despite the promised protection of foreign bayonets, will ultimately be German National Socialism.

Hitler over England

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, May 13

AT a by-election this week in West Edinburgh, the National Government did better than at any time since it assumed office in 1931. Not only was this the case; while the Conservative candidate improved upon his poll of that year, the Labor candidate did worse by thousands than in 1929; and the Liberal candidate, the eminent economist, Sir George Paish, was as usual at the bottom of the poll.

There can, I think, be little doubt that for the moment the position of the National Government in the country is stronger than it has been for a considerable time. Partly this is due to the international situation. The grim European scene has reconciled a good deal of opinion to the need for increased armaments, especially in the air, and it is felt that a program of this kind comes more suitably from a Conservative government than from one of a Labor complexion. Partly, also, it is the outcome of the Jubilee; what ought to be a national celebration, if it was to be celebrated at all, has been given, and successfully, a definite political tinge; for the moment it has persuaded many people that this is no time for a break-up of the coalition. Partly, further, there has been some, though an insubstantial, rise in trade, especially in the luxury industries; and this is reflected in a popular feeling that perhaps the National Government is really a safeguard against the uncertainties a Socialist victory might bring. The fundamental fact is that Hitler has proved a good friend to the National Government. Beside the implied threat of his militarism, Tory policy seems to the man in the street the obvious path of safety.

The man in the street, of course, does not assess the immense responsibility of the National Government for Herr Hitler's policy. He does not realize how largely it is responsible for the torpedoing of the Disarmament Conference; that, to take only one instance, the abolition of bombing from the air would have been almost certainly achieved had it not been for the refusal of the British government to forgo its right to bomb recalcitrant natives in India and Iraq. He does not realize, either, how largely Hitlerite Germany is following the anarchic example of Japan; and how greatly the success of Japan was due to the virtual support afforded her at Geneva by Sir John Simon. He is unaware of the amazing degree to which the National Government lacks any considered policy in national affairs. He only vaguely feels that a Germany based upon conscription, with a great air force and a new navy, is a menace to peace, and he is confident that this government will devote itself to keeping pace with the menace.

It is extremely probable that in the next few months the government will seek to capitalize the implications of this position by a general election; the most eminent of the old parliamentary hands is said to have warned the Labor Party that there will be a "snap" election in July. That would enable all the loyalist emotion of the Jubilee to be fully exploited; early October, which is said to be the more likely date, may be too late for that purpose. I think it probable that, whether the earlier or the later date be chosen, the Labor Party will do less well than it would have done before German policy was so clearly defined. The wave of pacifism which swept England in 1933 has been largely arrested by the implications of the Hitler threat, and it will

take some very decisive gesture on his part to renew its impetus. As things are, I take an autumn election to mean a pretty substantial Conservative victory. At the worst, indeed, the Labor Party will win 100 seats; but that is little to what it would have won had the mood of last winter continued. Hitler has killed the hope of a progressive England.

It will, of course, be a very different "National Government" from the one now in power. Whether just before or just after the election, Mr. MacDonald will go, and Mr. Baldwin take his place. There will be a new Foreign Secretary; and it is pretty certain that Mr. Thomas and Lord Sankey will find a term put to their political careers. The fate of Mr. Lloyd George is still in the balance. The conversations over his program do not go too well; the departments are said to have displayed its hollowness in gusty memoranda. On the other hand, there is a much keener realization that he would lend a valuable air of vague "progressivism" to the government's domestic policy; and the "man who won the war" is an asset to it in a period of international tension. Mr. Lloyd George, it is thought, could be placated by a move toward a public-works policy; and the disappearance of Sir John Simon from the Foreign Office and Mr. Runciman from the government would, with the coincident exit of Mr. MacDonald, be a sufficient sop to his prestige. Mr. MacDonald will be in the House of Lords, his pride probably assuaged by one of those decorative offices which entail no functions. He has served his purpose, and everyone will be relieved—not least the Tories—when he ceases to embarrass the public scene.

The Labor Party is not in an easy position. In foreign policy any simple and direct opposition to rearmament is no longer possible, and the complexities of its view of collective security as the way to peace have little of the direct emotional appeal that rearmament now makes. On the domestic side, moreover, Labor is attacked on two flanks. The business man and all his dependents are afraid of the disturbance to "confidence" a policy of Socialist reconstruction implies, while the division between Labor and communism will cost the party many more working-class votes than it is willing to admit. I know, I think, as well as most people the futility of Communist Party tactics in the post-war years. I still think it a pity that the Labor Party has not sought, as in France, to rediscover the bases of cooperation with its rival. At present the attitude of Labor is far too much built upon the same confidence that betrayed Social Democracy in Central Europe and Spain, the confidence in the reality of a "community consciousness" that transcends class interest; and there are too many leaders in the party to whom respect for the "principles of the constitution" is of an absolute kind, such as their opponents in the Conservative Party have never displayed. This side of the election, of course, the consideration of relations with the Communists is impossible. But when it is over, I believe events will make it essential; and nothing should so strengthen the forces of the left in Great Britain as the formation of an effective united front. I believe the rank and file of the party are much more prepared for this change than the party machine.

International affairs apart, a good deal of our politics in the next year will depend on what Mr. Roosevelt is able to do between now and his election. If his public-works policy is anything like successful, our government, quite certainly, will be driven to emulate it; and, without going into

detailed prophecies, I can imagine that having immense consequences on the alignment of British politicians in the next years. If he fails, I am confident that the Conservative Party will continue its policy of do-nothingness. That will sharpen the distance between parties, and the problems of the next Labor Government will be immensely graver in consequence. No one grasps the implications of our present position who does not realize how largely the prospect of social peace in Europe is dependent on Mr. Roosevelt. For if he is able to make his policy work, there will be a revival of progressivism all over the world. He can dispel the disillusion which is the psychological rampart of fascism, and is the main reason why the average elector, with insecurity about him everywhere, shows so profound a fear of drastic reconstruction. If Mr. Roosevelt fails—which is to say, if he goes conservative in general direction—I do not think anyone can preserve social peace in Europe in the next generation. I hope his radical friends can make him aware of these urgencies in the next twelve months, and I hope they may be led to realize that their own effective unity is the condition without which they cannot convey this awareness.

And this, perhaps, is the note upon which I would venture to insist. No one can look at the world today without an acute sense of its profound interdependence. Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Germany, France, Japan—these can no longer live to themselves alone. It is the tragedy of our epoch that just when this interdependence needs to find its effective institutional expression, the national sovereign state should bar the way to its discovery. This state, in its turn, is the expression of a capitalism whose vested interests hinder at every point the liberation of those productive potentialities which science has brought within our grasp. We have seen the Russian way to that liberation; it is bloody, it is brutal, but it is unquestionably effective. Mr. Roosevelt seems to me the one statesman whose people are, differently from ourselves, still experimental enough to be willing to take the risks an alternative route implies. If he has the big vision to embark upon this adventure, he may change the face of the world by the forces he will unleash. But if he seeks to conciliate the vested interests of America he will find the social peace of Europe among the early victims of his timidity.

Contributors to This Issue

M. W. FODOR is the Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the University of London, is the author of "Democracy in Crisis."

MILLA ZENOVICH is a San Francisco newspaper woman who has been covering the strike in the Mother Lode country for several months.

H. L. MENCKEN is well known as author and editor. His latest book is "A Treatise on Right and Wrong."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and criticism to various periodicals.

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER has been a political refugee from Hungary since 1920 because of her uncompromising pacifism.

Correspondence

Defense of North American

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A. Wilfred May, in an article in *The Nation* for April 17 entitled *How the Holding Companies Milk Investors*, refers to the North American Company in a critical vein. The article acquires some importance from the fact that it was quoted, or rather misquoted, by Thomas G. Corcoran, counsel for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate in the hearings on the Wheeler bill (S1725). Mr. Corcoran said:

There is a discussion in there [the Wilfred May article] of the procedure of North American last year, which possibly because there was cash needed in some of the holding companies at the top, above North American, broke its habit of declaring dividends in stock and declared a dividend in cash, leaving the company, as alleged by the author of this article, in a dangerous working-capital position. He also cites the withdrawals of special dividends from the Washington Railway and Electric Company, causing a deficit, by the withdrawal of that cash dividend, in the position of the railway company here.

Mr. Corcoran then submitted the article and it was accepted for the record.

Mr. May did in effect make the statement attributed to him by Mr. Corcoran with regard to the Washington Railway and Electric Company, and it may perhaps be answered first and briefly dismissed. Washington Railway and Electric Company had a corporate income for the year 1934 of \$2,358,278.49. Its subsidiary companies had, in addition, net income of \$1,292,835.75, which was not declared by them as dividends to the Washington Railway and Electric Company. This was clearly stated in the Annual Report of the company, from which Mr. May presumably obtained his information, and was certified to by the independent auditors of the company's accounts. Mr. May chose to ignore it. But altogether apart from that, his statement is misleading and in part erroneous. He says, "This dividend [that is, the special dividend referred to by Mr. Corcoran] amounting to \$1,300,000 caused a deficit in 1934, and reduced the working capital from \$2,926,000 to \$2,208,000 in a single year." The inference is, obviously, that the "deficit" which was caused by the dividend was \$718,000. Actually, however, the dividends paid, as clearly set forth in the Annual Report, amounted to \$2,423,750, consisting of \$425,000 preferred dividends, \$698,750 of regular common dividends, and the special common dividend of \$1,300,000. Thus the excess of the total dividends paid over the corporate net income alone for the year was but \$65,471.51, surely not a considerable sum for Mr. May, Mr. Corcoran, or the Senate of the United States to become concerned about. After these dividends were paid, the company's surplus amounted to \$11,984,577.59. Mr. May did not mention this.

As to working capital, since the Washington Railway and Electric Company has no operations of any kind, it does not need any working capital. It did have an excess of current assets over current and accrued liabilities at December 31, 1934, of \$2,208,000. The chief reason that this was less than the corresponding figure at December 31, 1933, apart from the \$65,471.51 on which Mr. May's criticism rests, was that the company increased its advances to its subsidiary companies by \$553,135.83, in addition to leaving \$1,292,835.75 of earnings in its subsidiaries, to which reference has already been made. It

would seem that no one has any basis for complaint in this matter.

Coming now to Mr. Corcoran's other statements and the passages in Mr. May's article on which they are based, Mr. Corcoran was in error in saying that Mr. May charged that the cash dividends paid by the North American Company left the company "in a dangerous working-capital position." A glance at the North American Company's consolidated balance sheet at December 31, 1934, shows that the cash, short-term investments, and United States government securities alone had a value of upward of \$25,100,000, and other current and working assets had a value of \$23,600,000, or a total of \$48,700,000 against current and accrued liabilities of \$21,768,325. The working-capital position of a utility company in any event is a different matter from that of a manufacturing or trading company. A utility company does not carry an inventory of utility services and the business is much more nearly on a monthly cash basis. When a utility company has a net excess of current and working assets over current and accrued liabilities equal to more than two months' gross operating revenues, as is shown by the consolidated accounts of the North American Edison Company, the company of which Mr. May was really speaking, the situation is pretty well in hand. Neither the North American Company nor North American Edison is in a "dangerous working-capital position," and Mr. May, who presumably has seen the figures, knows it but avoided saying that it was so. The source of Mr. May's figure of \$12,000,000 working capital for the North American Edison Company is not clear. The net current assets stated in its Annual Report are \$16,483,585, an increase of more than a million dollars during the past year.

The "cushion for the holders of some \$393,000,000 of bonds and preferred stock" is not \$12,000,000 of working capital as suggested by Mr. May. The \$223,576,700 of funded debt and \$80,766,000 of preferred stock of subsidiaries of the North American Edison Company are followed by substantial investments in common stock and surplus. As at December 31, 1934, their funded debt represented 46 per cent of total capitalization and surplus, preferred stock 16 per cent, and common stock and surplus, including minority interest, 38 per cent. The \$52,754,000 of debentures and \$36,766,000 of preferred stock of the North American Edison Company are followed by \$89,160,000 of common stock and surplus.

It is interesting to observe the concern which Mr. May and Mr. Corcoran evidence regarding the change in the form of North American dividend payments from stock to cash. The North American Company for many years paid dividends on its common stock solely in common stock. The reason is quite clear and was publicly stated many times. The requirements of the operating subsidiaries for additional capital were great, and the parent company had to be in a position to furnish large amounts of equity capital. It was logical and sound to conserve cash income for investment in the properties and businesses of the subsidiaries, and pay stock dividends. Partly as a result of this policy, the North American Company has maintained a strong financial position throughout the depression. In 1934 the subsidiaries' requirements for new capital were not as great as formerly, and it became apparent that the result of a continuation of the exclusively stock dividend would be an accumulation of cash which could not be profitably employed. Moreover, the stock had an actual asset value of more than \$25 a share. Why, then, should stock be issued to a stockholder for him to sell for income purposes at the low level of prices to which utility stocks had been reduced by the antagonistic attitude of the federal government? At first the advisability of a policy of paying part stock and part cash was indicated, and for each of the first three quarters of 1934 a dividend of 1 per cent in stock and 12½ cents per share in cash

was paid. In declaring the dividend payable on January 1, 1935, the stock dividend of 1 per cent (which when paid in 1934 was worth from $11\frac{3}{4}$ cents to $25\frac{1}{4}$ cents per share) was discontinued, and the cash dividend was increased from $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents to 25 cents. The same rate of dividend was paid on April 1, 1935. Replying to Mr. May, therefore, we have "seen fit to double the rate" of cash dividends, as he says. The rate we are paying is still within our income, although, even if it were not, with a balance of \$117,000,000 of undivided profits, as shown by our consolidated balance sheet at December 31, 1934, some draft upon surplus would hardly have been open to criticism.

Mr. May shows some solicitude for the 75,860 stockholders in the underlying companies as against the 63,965 stockholders of the parent company who are receiving this dividend. Mr. May must know that the stockholders of the underlying companies are largely preferred stockholders who have been receiving their full dividends regularly year in and year out, while as to the minority common stockholders in those companies, they have received dividends every year at precisely the same rate as the dividends paid to the parent company. Surely, the money invested by the common stockholder in the parent company is also worthy of its hire.

Now as to the dividends paid by the North American Edison Company on its common stock, the point which was perhaps intended by Mr. May as the chief part of his criticism. Mr. May says that North American "took out in common dividends in 1932, 1933, and 1934 amounts far in excess of the available earnings." The figures were shown in the reports, but Mr. May did not give them. They are as follows:

| Year | Available for Dividends
on Common Stock | Amounts
Paid | Excess |
|----------|--|------------------|-------------|
| 1932 . . | \$ 6,159,432 . . | \$ 6,698,000 . . | \$ 538,568 |
| 1933 . . | 3,979,905 . . | 4,728,500 . . | 748,595 |
| 1934 . . | 3,546,508 . . | 4,067,000 . . | 520,492 |
| | \$13,685,845 | \$15,493,500 | \$1,807,655 |

Is Mr. May justified in his statement that the dividends are "far in excess of the available earnings"? In this case we are drawing, and that but to a minor extent, on accumulated savings. The matter is one of proportion. The undivided profits shown by the consolidated balance sheet of the North American Edison Company at December 31, 1934, that is to say, after these dividends were paid, was \$40,160,000. The total overdraft for the three years was thus about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of that amount. Conservatism is surely penalized if during a period of reduced earnings the earnings of past years which could properly have been withdrawn as dividends but instead were allowed to remain in the business may not be treated as a backlog to this limited extent.

It has already been shown that this group of companies is in a good current position. It might also be pointed out that during these three years the equity investment in North American Edison has been increased by over \$9,100,000, while the debentures of the company have been reduced by \$239,000.

There remains one point in Mr. May's article which should perhaps be answered. He says that "the equivalent bonds and preferred stock of the upper holding company have enjoyed a better investment rating than those of the underlying company." It is true that the senior securities of the North American Company sell on a slightly better basis than those of the North American Edison Company, but this is not due in any degree, as Mr. May would imply, to the withdrawal of \$1,800,000 from accumulated surplus in the past three years. The difference is due to the appraisal by security analysts of the respective merits of the two groups of securities. The North American Edison Company, it is true, stands between the North American Company and the investments in

three important groups of properties centering around St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Cleveland. On the other hand, in addition to its equity in the North American Edison Company, the North American Company controls the group of properties in and around Washington, D. C., and the St. Louis County Gas Company, and has valuable holdings in the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and the Detroit Edison Company, as well as other investments. The North American Company's dividends from these two last-named investments alone would have been more than sufficient in 1934 to pay the interest on its debentures and the dividend on its preferred stock. Including these items of income, what the analysts call the "over-all coverage" is somewhat greater for both debenture interest and preferred dividends in the case of the North American Company than in the case of the North American Edison Company. This is reflected in the market appraisal.

It is of necessity a much more difficult matter to refute than to make statements, which without supporting data cover so much territory with the sweep of a few words. That is the explanation for the length of this reply. In view of the prominence given to Mr. May's article, with special reference to the North American Company, I trust you will see your way to print this reply in your columns.

New York, May 1

J. F. FOGARTY

President, The North American Company

Mr. May's Rebuttal

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Two principal themes seem to run through Mr. Fogarty's detailed communication; first, that Mr. Corcoran has misquoted me in various respects, and, second, that my own statements bearing on the North American system are to some extent fallacious. I believe it will clarify the rather confusing argument, including Mr. Fogarty's detailed citations of Mr. Corcoran's alleged misquotations of me, if I restate the underlying point of my article, with which I know Mr. Corcoran concurs. The principal inequity to public interest about which I complain is not the occurrence of specific instances of financial abuse or even of personal malfeasance. The purpose of my article was to show the ever-present continuing source of inherent and potential damage to the legitimate rights of senior-security-holding investors which necessarily arises from the directly conflicting interests of the holding companies, which of course dictate financial management. The holding companies are of necessity influenced by their own interests, which lie along the lines of aiding, abetting, and keeping afloat their own superimposed capital structures. In this situation the underlying bondholders and preferred stockholders have no legal or other defense against such financial squeezing and other asset spoliation as may be committed against them. This has nothing to do with any sensational individual charges, but, I believe, is fairly set forth by the instances cited in my article.

There is one serious misconception recurrent through Mr. Fogarty's communication, which should be mentioned because it exemplifies a very vital and dangerous fiction long common in American corporate management. I refer to his emphasis upon corporate surplus and undivided profits, irrespective of their form, and to his reliance upon their existence as justification for currently unearned dividend payments. It has been evidenced time and again in actual practice that surplus consisting of plant or other fixed capital does not prevent even the extreme event of corporate bankruptcy. Even on entrance into bankruptcy "book" assets invariably exceed liabilities. The St. Louis-San Francisco Railway, a company also operating on "a monthly cash basis," which entered bankruptcy immediately

after making dividend payments of \$3,000,000 in the single year 1931, exemplifies the irrelevance and evanescence of fixed "surplus." An example of how even federal regulatory bodies have had misplaced confidence in this factor is found in the following correspondence from the Interstate Commerce Commission, in which it then replied to me as a contemporary objector to the excessive Frisco dividends:

The matter of declaration of dividends is a discretionary power usually vested in the board of directors of a carrier and does not come within the jurisdiction of this commission except that . . . it is unlawful for any officer or director to participate in the making or paying of any dividends from any funds properly included in capital account . . . [and further] the facts set forth in your letter . . . do not warrant an investigation by the commission; the annual report showing that the carrier at that time had a surplus of \$23,917,778.46, which was far more than necessary to cover dividends on its preferred stock for the year 1931.

Mr. Fogarty characterizes the overdraft of North American Edison unearned-dividend payments of \$1,807,000 as insignificant; I maintain that they constituted an unwarranted abuse against the creditors and preferred stockholders. My indictment seems to be supported by the appraisal of the investment market, for during each of the three years in which a total of \$15,493,500 was paid out in common dividends, the preferred shares sold at lows of 49, 39, and 47½. The point is not whether the excess dividend payments were large or small but whether there would have been an overdraft at all but for the controlling holding company. The North American Edison-North American situation cited, especially as it apparently constitutes ordinary practice, is a valid answer to the holding companies' self-defending plea of investor "protection."

New York, May 15

A. WILFRED MAY

Patent Injustice

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On April 29 the employees of the *American Mercury* magazine made upon their employers, Mr. Spivak and Mr. Palmer, certain elementary economic demands. These demands were for a minimum wage of \$21, the rescinding of a recent pay cut, vacations with pay, and the recognition of their shop committee. The answer of the employers was a refusal to discuss demands except individually and the firing of two of the employees, one of whom had been employed by the magazine for more than eleven years. In answer to this violation of Section 7-a of the NRA, the office force went out in a solid strike.

On May 3 we, the undersigned writers, attending the American Writers' Congress, took the opportunity of joining in a peaceful mass picket line in front of the *American Mercury* office at 730 Fifth Avenue, thus expressing our sympathy and solidarity with the strikers. Several of us are former contributors to the *Mercury*. For this exercise of our rights of free speech and free assembly we were arrested in a group which included twenty-one writers and intellectuals, three of whom had been mere onlookers. We were charged with shouting, marching up and down, carrying placards, interfering with traffic. (We had walked single file along a sidewalk on which fifteen people could walk abreast.)

Our case was dragged out through three long court sittings until May 15. We were treated to an extended exhibit of conflicting testimony by Officer Paladino and Sergeant Scala, witnesses for the "people" against us. These officers were unable to agree on their testimony. Judge Smith of the Magistrate's Court, supposed to be an impartial representative of

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— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

- Section I. Bride and Groom
- Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
- Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
- Section IV. Married Courtship
- Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

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- Female Sex Organs, Side View
 - The Internal Sex Organs
 - The External Sex Organs
 - Female Sex Organs, Front View
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justice, instructed these policemen in their testimony by suggestion. He denied all possible objections of our attorneys and sustained all objections of the state's attorney. Furthermore, the Judge struck out all testimony which was social in its nature or might be interpreted as prejudicial to the employers, even shouting imprecations at us and our attorneys in a wholly undignified fashion. When one of our attorneys tried to tell the Judge that the Regional Labor Board had ruled that Mr. Spivak and Mr. Palmer had violated Section 7-a of the NRA and must reinstate the workers, the Judge shouted, "I don't care anything about this Regional Labor Association or whatever it has decided." And in spite of the fact that the Regional Labor Board had decided in favor of the strikers, we were all of us found guilty and given suspended sentences.

We should like to express in your columns our emphatic protest against the patent injustice of such a decision, which we see as an attack on the rights of citizens in general and of labor in particular, as an attempt to illegalize labor's weapon of mass picketing, which is and must remain a right under any but a fascist government. We wish, further, to point out that while this "justice" is being delivered still-born in the Magistrate's Court, while the Judge shouts out his decisions in favor of all employers and against workers, while the *American Mercury* workers are left to go on relief or on bread lines because they asserted their right to a decent living, the *American Mercury* employers, Mr. Spivak and Mr. Palmer, who have, according to the Regional Labor Board findings, violated Section 7-a of the NRA, remain in the sanctity of their offices, undisturbed by the processes of "justice" and the law.

New York, May 20 ANN RIVINGTON, GRACE LUMPKIN,
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The Case for Equity

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I, as an individual actress, with considerable experience in the theater, say a word with regard to the article by Heywood Broun in *The Nation* of May 15 entitled *Insurgency in Equity*? No one in the Theater is unaware of Mr. Broun's interest in the actor, or of his friendship for the theater. I do not believe that he would intentionally say or do anything calculated to hurt the theater or its people. Yet there were implications in that article calculated to do real damage to Equity and to its membership.

What Mr. Broun said may fairly be divided into two parts: what Equity has done, or is doing; and what it has failed to do. Let us consider in the latter case the matter of salaries for rehearsals. There is very real disagreement among informed actors about whether rehearsal pay would or would not mean more money in the actor's pocket at the end of the season. Mr. Broun may not know it, but Equity is making a study of just what that would have meant in this past season, and the figures will be presented to the annual meeting. Prior to the completion of that study Equity does not feel justified in making any demands, although it has tried to sound out the attitude of the managers with regard to such a request. The theater is, as Mr. Broun knows, an expensive place for producers. Before presenting any demand which would make it more so, Equity wants to be sure that it is justified and, even more than that, whether it would discourage many productions from being made.

Relative to what Equity has done or is doing, I do not think that Mr. Broun is justified in saying that Equity's officers and council regard the theater as a dead horse, or behave as though they did. As a matter of fact almost every effort to revive the road or to remove barriers from theater-going has been at Equity's instance or with Equity's help. The League of New York Theaters was formed to combat ticket speculation at Equity's insistence. It was Equity that took the lead in attempts to get managers, stage hands and musicians, and other theater workers together around a common table in the Theater Board which preceded the league. It is Equity which has campaigned for a subsidy for playwrights, for rotary stock, for early curtains for suburban playgoers on certain nights, and for a long list of proposals which might have helped the theater if they had been conscientiously tried.

Now as to the administration's treatment of the opposition element in Equity. There is an opposition element, and they are making every effort to wrest the control of the association from the hands of the present administration. But that administration is being considerably more fair than it has to be, even to the extent of handicapping itself. I was at that meeting on March 1. No policeman was summoned, the member was not ejected; he left at the suggestion of his own friends and was later, by a vote of the meeting, readmitted. Whether or not there is feeling against the administration, I think I may say that there is no considerable desire to replace Frank Gillmore as Equity's head.

Equity may be susceptible of improvement. And Mr. Broun and others may have ideas as to where such improvements may be effected. But they would be worth more to Mr. Broun, to *The Nation*, and its readers if, before making such suggestions as these, he would confer with Equity's officers and representatives. I am sure that he would find them willing to tell him their reasons for their present policies and how they reached them. Then any disagreement with them would rest on some official basis.

New York, May 15

SELINA ROYLE

Labor and Industry

Betrayal in a Garden

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE papers say that Father Coughlin made a fighting speech before a packed house in New York. Everybody agrees that he aroused his listeners to a fever of enthusiasm. And yet as one who read the address carefully I must confess that I'm in doubt as to just whom the priest was fighting. Apparently it was Father Coughlin's intention to amplify and liberalize his attitude toward union labor. His Detroit meeting may have convinced him that the trade unionists still regard him and his program with suspicion. He was, I believe, more specific than usual in seeming support of unionism. Early in his address the leader of the National Union said:

While we advocate the solidification of the broken segments of American life; while we advocate a philosophy of get-togetherness on the part of the laborer, the farmer, the soldier, the merchant, let it be clear that the National Union in no wise desires to disrupt the unity of the laborer in his organization or of the farmer in his unique organization. On the contrary, the National Union advocates that every man who earns bread by the sweat of his brow—every laborer, if he is true to the principles of Americanism—will join some labor union which is free, on the one hand, from the dictatorial powers of the capitalist and, on the other, from the subversive elements of the Communists. "Unionize yourselves" is our slogan to the laborer and to the farmer.

It seems to me that Father Coughlin was doing a singularly ill service to trade unionism at this precise point in his speech. Indeed, it is hard to believe that he did not do so intentionally. The good father professes to follow American affairs with an all-seeing eye. He has no right to ignore the fact that in every single strike of any consequence within the last two years the cry of "red" has been the first refuge of the employer. It was heard in San Francisco, in Toledo, and along the textile front. As a matter of fact, it is a device not limited to the larger labor controversies. Paul Palmer has played with it in the *Mercury* lockout. Russell took full-page advertisements during the Newark *Ledger* strike to announce that the Newspaper Guild was led by a Communist named Heywood Brown. An effort on the part of some members of Actors' Equity to get more vigorous leadership has of course been traced to Moscow. The movement of the Amalgamation group within the Big Six has been similarly stigmatized.

Now I happen to know that I am not a Communist, and indeed I think that the former tactics of that party in building up dual unionism were ill advised. Moreover, I believe that some A. F. of L. leaders have been unfairly criticized by Communists at times. And even so I say that nothing is more destructive to the labor movement in America than the attempt to divide workers by asking them to watch their neighbors and embark on heresy hunts.

For instance, I am under the impression that the Office Workers' Union has a number of Communist members.

I know that the Newspaper Guild has a vigorous Communist minority and that this minority at times has given advice and counsel which have been accepted by the majority. Father Coughlin's accolade of approval is given only to those unions which are "free" from "the subversive elements of the Communists." I doubt whether there is a single labor group in the country which does not contain one or more Communists. Indeed, if there is a labor union which contains not one Communist, I would strongly advise it to go out into the highways and the byways and find at least a lone recruit. Communist advice may not always be sound, but it furnishes the sort of sharp and searching criticism which keeps leadership active. It is a potion against dry rot and reaction.

Certainly the "plutocrats" whom Father Coughlin professes to attack would like nothing better than a wholesale purging process along the labor front. Unions which decide to divert their energy into purging their ranks of Communists will assuredly find that employers will seize upon that period of internal strife as an opportunity to purge themselves of unions.

I assume that Father Coughlin's declaration for unions "free from the dictatorial powers of the capitalist" is intended to be a rebuke to company unionism. But I believe that the good father is extremely ignorant of labor necessities if he does not realize that company unionism can be killed only by a broad united front on the part of all the workers.

According to Father Coughlin's announcement, the American Federation of Labor is to be one of the spokes of the National Union. And what is the new gospel of political action which he offers to the labor movement? It is simply that time-tested and fallacious policy of bipartisan activity. The clergyman announced very definitely in his Madison Square Garden address that the National Union did not contemplate starting either a third or a fourth party. He seems to be not only willing but eager to function under the old two-party system. Members of the National Union are to go into the primaries of the political party to which they belong and attempt to bring about the nomination of the "right candidate." After these "right candidates" have duly captured a place on the ballots, members of the National Union are suddenly to forgo partisanship and vote not as Republicans or Democrats but as "Americans."

The priest is hardly bringing anything new to the A. F. of L. in this suggestion. It is a policy which the Federation has followed for years, and the returns in favorable legislation could certainly be stuck in Matthew Woll's right eye. Perhaps a Coughlin partisan may argue that through the National Union the machinery of one of the existing major parties may be captured either locally or nationally. The experience of Upton Sinclair should be a useful citation in proof of the inutility of such a procedure. Mr. Sinclair captured the Democratic nomination in Cali-

fornia, but when he woke up the next morning he found that overnight the Democratic machine had changed its spots and become the Republican machine.

I suppose that few will quarrel with the assertion that William Randolph Hearst is the most powerful and articulate defender of big business and its interests in America today. Mr. Hearst seems to like Father Coughlin. Why

wouldn't he? After all, what Father Coughlin said at the Madison Square meeting was that he favored trade unionism just as long as it continued to perpetuate its most obvious mistakes. Historically speaking, it seems to me that Father Coughlin's Madison Square speech should be recorded as the second greatest betrayal which has ever occurred in a garden.

The Mother Lode Mines Strike

By MILLA ZENOVICH

San Francisco, May 15

LIKE the ghost towns which haunt the picturesque Mother Lode country of California, the mine strike at Jackson, now in its eighth month, seems destined to become a "ghost" struggle, the traces of which will be pointed out as a warning to those who think they can shake one of the strongest industrial and social structures in the United States. Since the early days of California history, the tall gray mills of the gold mines have towered above the one-industry town of Jackson like the castles of feudal lords. All these years, even through the depression, the economic and social life of the community has been almost unicellular in its simplicity. There have always been the mines to furnish pay checks, which on every pay day went to a handful of merchants, who in this direct way built up small fortunes and acquired the power to keep the control of the community and the county within their grasp.

In May of last year six hundred workers of the four large mines surrounding Jackson were encouraged by the guaranty in Section 7-a to organize the Mother Lode Miners' Union as a defense against conditions which had long been intolerable. Notice was served on the four companies that unless the demands for decent working conditions and increased wages based on the almost doubled price of gold were received in a cooperative spirit by October 4, a strike would be called. On October 1, as the men on the day shift of the Argonaut mine were leaving work, they were summarily dismissed. To forestall a lockout union leaders promptly called the men out of the other mines, and the strike was on.

At first the merchants of the community with their eyes on increased pay checks were solidly behind the strikers. An element of sympathy may have mingled with this support, for conditions in the mines were vile enough to depress even the money lenders in their grocery stores above. Men who have worked in mines throughout the United States declare that there is no mine in the country to equal the disease-breeding Argonaut. This mine, whose ownership through subsidiary companies and interlocking executives can be traced back to the General Motors Corporation, is the largest and most powerful of the four mines involved in the strike. It is 6,050 feet deep, with an intricate network of tunnels, raises, and drifts spreading for three miles underground. Advice is handed down from father to son to stay out of this death trap, and women fear it as a chained dragon which may at any moment vent its fury as it did in 1922, when it took the lives of forty-nine men. Each shift in the Argonaut mine is nine hours

long; every minute of the shift is spent in the mines, seven days a week. While working in these dark passages a mile underground the men have no fresh air except that supplied by the current which enters the eighteen-foot opening of the main shaft. Theoretically, this air circulates through the narrow winding tunnels and raises, many of which are too small for an average-sized man to crawl through, and then is drawn out through a crooked shaft by an electric fan small enough for a man to carry.

After working for fifteen minutes a miner is ready to faint with suffocation and nausea. The Argonaut is known as a cold mine; that is, the earth and temperature are naturally cool. But lack of ventilation creates a furnace where men work night or day dripping in perspiration. If a compressed-air hose is handy, a man can refresh himself to some extent by breathing in synthetic air filled with oil and other impurities. During the lunch hour, while the men crawl off to other holes in the mine, blasting is done, and as a result the air is so heavy with silica dust when the miners return to work that they must use the light on their caps to find their tools.

Workers in this mine have either silicosis (miners' consumption) or deafness, or both, to look forward to. Last year in Jackson twenty-six silicosis victims were buried. Records are available of the men now dying of the disease in Weimar Sanitarium, which serves this region, but there are no statistics to show how many of the sunken-cheeked men still on their feet are suffering from it. No compensation is paid for silicosis; the mine owners have so far found refuge in a comforting legal technicality according to which workers, in order to receive compensation, must prove in which mine the disease was contracted.

The smallest of the four mines, the Central Eureka, agreed to arbitrate the demands of the men, but during the sixty days allotted for the arbitration the owners of the mine would not approve any choice for the seventh, or impartial, member of the board. In the proposals submitted to the owners of the Central Eureka mine the strikers included certain demands which throw a light on the criminally careless way in which the mine operators neglect the health and safety of the men. The miners asked that first-aid stations or some sort of first-aid equipment be provided, that fresh, cold drinking water be supplied at all working places instead of on levels several hundred feet away, that their descent into the mine be made less dangerous by the simple expedient of having their tools hauled separately or stored in a room below, and that staggered ladders be installed in the manways to eliminate the many accidents

incurred by falling. The strikers are holding out desperately because they feel that any alternative is preferable to going back into the mines unless conditions are made reasonably safe. It has been estimated that through the widening of tunnels, the installation of adequate fans, the postponement of blasting until the men are out of the mines, and the correction of certain other careless practices the mine would enjoy increased productivity at very small cost.

With the backing of the merchants it seemed at first as if the strike would be successful, though the mine owners had stated that they would abandon the mines, which were all flooded, rather than parley with the unions. Miners and merchants were a solid body, the merchants extending credit and performing many helpful services to the picketers. But a few months ago, as the merchants were beginning to despair of ever seeing that extra 50 cents a day in their cash tills, the owners of the Argonaut announced that they would reopen the mine and appealed to the good burghers to cooperate. Suddenly the temper of the town changed. The American Protective League of Amador County, whose directors are the leading merchants of Jackson, was organized; at the same time the Mother Lode Vigilante Committee was set up, and in its first bulletin threw down the gauntlet to the strikers. "Gold mining, our principal business and the source of our payrolls, has stopped, and we citizens daily find our business and personal affairs getting worse and worse," the bulletin announced. "This town of Jackson has had the reputation of being a town that was never affected by the depression and now we have nothing but depression. Are we going to stand for this?" In the following bulletins the blame for "this insane wrecking of our lives" was divided between labor agitators and Communists. On January 19 the vigilantes reached a high pitch of indignation and sent out a warning that "automobile rides these cold nights are liable to give one pneumonia—if nothing worse. From now on the Vigilante Committee will be known by its deeds and not by its words."

And by its deeds it became infamous. When the Argonaut mine was reopened with a handful of "scalles," two hundred leading citizens were on guard with guns, bayonets, and fierce looks. Only a small demonstration attended the opening, but numerous arrests were made. Sheriff's posses and vigilante groups entered homes after midnight without search warrants and dragged frightened householders to jail. Trumped-up charges were made against the more aggressive strikers. Aliens in fear of deportation were intimidated into bringing charges against their friends. There were the usual high-handed ordinances against picketing. There is no telling to what lengths the terrorism would have gone had not the California State Federation of Labor sent attorneys into the county. The knowledge that the workers have powerful supporters has had a sobering effect on the local bullies.

For two months after the arrival of attorneys and leaders no disturbances occurred on either side. But on May 12 carloads of longshoremen and others, described by the newspapers as Communist agitators, joined the picket line. A battle with two hundred vigilantes followed. The strikers, obeying instructions, would not be drawn into the combat. The next day twenty vigilantes with ominous threats escorted the representative of the state federation to the county line and ordered him to keep going. Labor

throughout California was outraged by this act and Edward D. Vandeleur, president of the state federation, appealed to the Governor for protection against lawlessness. The Governor was also asked to appoint an arbitration board for the settlement of the strike. The Governor has replied that he will give the matter his attention after the adjournment of the legislature.

In the eighth month of their strike the miners, while not very hopeful of winning, are at least determined to hold out if only to justify the support given them by labor unions throughout the country. Donations from other unions in the state and the State Federation of Labor and from miners' unions in the East have supplied them with bread and other necessities. A few days' work a month furnished by the SERA keeps them from destitution.

At the beginning of the strike government intervention was sought, and a conciliator was sent to Jackson. At the end of his one day's investigation—he is not known to have gone into the mines—he advised the men to return to work and to negotiate with the companies without the protection of their union standing. Despite this disappointment the miners, up to a few weeks ago, looked to the federal government for help. When they learned that Miss Perkins would be in San Francisco in March for the five-state labor conference, the strikers with simple faith asked their leaders to put the matter before her. The president of the State Federation of Labor and other officials made strong appeals in behalf of the strikers, and the Secretary of Labor appeared to be deeply stirred by the silicosis situation. She instructed the miners' spokesmen to give her secretary the full data and promised that "the matter would be investigated." So far nothing more has been heard from Washington.

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A Friend of Letters

Chronicles of Barabbas, 1884-1934. By George H. Doran. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

ON ■ April day in 1884 ■ handsome, wide-eyed, Presbyterian lad of fourteen was walking down Yonge Street in Toronto, looking for a job. In the window of "an imposing-looking publishing house and bookstore" he saw ■ sign, "Smart Boy Wanted," and above the window he saw another and larger sign, "The Toronto Willard Tract Depository, Ltd." He went in, tackled the proper authorities, passed a stiff examination in Christian evidences, and was employed at \$2 ■ week. The place was ■ hive of enterprise, but it was also ■ temple of consecration. The head guy, ■ former lumber dealer, was "a religious zealot, almost ■ fanatic." Upstairs the Berean Circle met weekly to howl down sin, and outside, on the street-corner, there was ■ constant procession of evangelists operating cornets, portable organs, cymbals, slip-horns, and other such bull-roarers. Day by day, week in and week out, the evangelical pastors of Ontario filed through the premises, thumbing the books on display and letting fall sepulchral admonitions. The prevailing view among them was that the wickedness of the world had got beyond the endurance of the Holy Ghost, and that the Second Coming was at hand.

Young George Doran waited for it for eight long years, but nothing happened—nothing, that is, save that the business gradually went down hill. In 1892, despairing of either growing rich in Canada or being translated to the New Jerusalem on the hoof, he moved to Chicago, and there got ■ job at \$1,000 a year. It was again with ■ religious publisher, but this time the office was less clammy sacerdotal. In its freer, headier air the young man made quick progress, and in ■ little while he was well on the way to opulence and eminence. By 1908 he was immersed in the unblushing Gomorrah of New York, and at the head of his own business, and by the end of the war he was turning out ■ thousand long tons of books ■ year, and never ■ ship docked at New York but brought him another English author, panting for Yankee gold. Now, at sixty-five, he sits down comfortably to tell his story.

It makes, like any other autobiography, very good reading, for no man, writing about himself, can be really dull. If he lets fall the truth he admits us once more to the ever amusing imbecility of humankind, and if he tries to lie we catch him easily, and are amused the more. Mr. Doran's entertainment belongs predominantly to the former category. It may be that, in dealing with his own professional prodigies, he sometimes teases the facts ■ bit, and it may be that, in paying off people he dislikes, he sometimes enhooches justice with ■ dash of his native Calvinism, but on the whole he seems to stick pretty close to the record. It is the record, not only of one man's life, but also of ■ long, brilliant, and extremely melancholy chapter in the history of American publishing, beginning with ■ dizzy jaunt to the stratosphere and ending with a colossal kerthump.

But Mr. Doran was never ■ mere publisher; he was also a patriot, a statesman, ■ frequenter of chancelleries and salons. It was his happy fate to play an important part in that rapprochement between the American colonies and the Motherland which was one of the great spiritual usufructs of the World War. Though he had been naturalized in 1896, he remained ■ true son of the British Kultur, and when the Hun assaulted it so foully in 1914 his blood boiled. Soon he was in contact with the proper persons at home, and there-

after, until the backward Yankee at last waded in, his publishing house was a fountain of sound information upon the matters at issue. It printed hundreds of thousands of pamphlets describing the hair-raising atrocities in Belgium, and more hundreds of thousands setting forth the altruistic determination of British statesmanship to free the oppressed peoples of all lands, and establish democracy everywhere. This work brought him into contact with the foremost thinkers of England, and if it had not been for his formal renunciation of Queen Victoria in 1896, there is no telling what honors might not have come to him.

Like any other publisher who is literate at all, he writes rather better than most of his authors. His characterization of Arnold Bennett, for example, is full of adroit turns of phrase and pawky humors. He greatly admired Bennett the novelist, and still venerates his memory, but the fact does not escape him that the private man was mainly a comic character. He writes shrewdly and effectively, too, about D. H. Lawrence and other literary bigwigs, and some of his pen-portraits of his fellow-publishers are enriched with a poisonous malice. Roughly speaking, the authors he has had contact with, whether as publisher or as gadabout, are given space in his book in proportion to their earning capacity in the free markets of the world. Thus Bennett gets twenty-three pages, Edgar Wallace nine, and Michael Arlen six, but Joseph Conrad rates less than a page, and Dreiser is recalled only as "a distinguished American contemporary" of W. Somerset Maugham. So with the ladies. Mary Roberts Rinehart has a chapter all to herself, and is mentioned also in divers other places, but I search the index from end to end without finding any mention whatever of Willa Cather.

Mr. Doran, in the midst of his triumphant services to God, king, and swell letters, pulled two dreadful boners, and here sets them down in laudable candor. When he was ■ publishing midshipman in Chicago he let slip Charles Sheldon's "In His Steps," the greatest best-seller of them all. And a bit later on, having been promoted lieutenant, he muffed the whole works of Harold Bell Wright. It takes a brave man to admit such appalling indiscretions. Many another American publisher made them too, but Mr. Doran is the only one, so far, to acknowledge the embarrassing corn.

H. L. MENCKEN

Not Easily Labeled

Dance of Fire. By Lola Ridge. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

THE lyrics in this volume are so distinctive as to elude ready-made labels. One of the labels which spring quickly to mind and yet do not quite suit is the adjective "proletarian." In "Dance of Fire" Miss Ridge has written more mature poetry than any other American who is motivated by sympathy with the workers' cause. But it is not at all the sort of thing that critics have been praying for in this genre, and technically it bears little resemblance to the bulk of the "proletarian" verse that is being produced currently in large quantities. The contemporary poet with whom Miss Ridge here displays the most in common is, perhaps, the German symbolist Stefan George; and the imagery and the manner suggest that the "Vita Nuova" and even Rossetti in his better moments may have influenced her.

With its quiet and meditative music, the sonnet sequence *Via Ignis* sounds now like devotional verse and now like "pure" poetry. Yet it springs from a complicated matrix of thought

and feeling in which the most diverse elements have been brought into a synthesis. The poet's ardor for a political faith has not caused her to lose sight of personal values. The Heracleitean flux, the present "dynasty of fire" which she chronicles, contains intimations of a *logos*, or ordering principle, which works not only toward social justice but also toward regeneration of body and spirit. There are glimpses of the beatific vision, a vision that is, however, free from apocalyptic melodrama. "Man is no mere puppet of destiny," Miss Ridge writes in the brief foreword, "and he alone can extricate himself from chaos. We may come forth, for a period, into the time of light."

The language of the sonnets is in the tradition, and occasionally even archaic, but it is not hackneyed. From familiar material she has wrought lines like "over the lilies and the working grain," and "the blood singing to the ancient horn." An accomplished rhetorician in the best sense of the word, Miss Ridge is able to bring out the poetry latent in abstractions. When she errs, it is often because of inability to evoke a sense of immediacy. The diffuseness observable here and there she has perhaps caught from Robinson Jeffers and E. A. Robinson, to both of whom she dedicates admiring poems. Her verse would be a more powerful instrument if its complexity were more often relieved by passages of limpid simplicity such as this:

Who loves must bind and be, with the one chain,
Linked to the dear possession: Jesus knew
This . . . and Siddartha who went forth alone,
From the sweet-smelling bed where he had lain,
Bare-footed into the bare dawn, and grew
Toward larger ends of love in loving none.

Few poets, however, write many lines like these in a lifetime.

The topical poems on Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, and Van Der Lubbe are remarkable for their restraint and lack of special pleading: she presents even the former Governor of Massachusetts as a human being, and she dismisses Rolph without rancor as "a fleck of dust among the archives." The poet does not argue, but lets events and characters speak for themselves. In these poems Miss Ridge reverts to the more modern idiom of her earlier work. If they are not as effective as the sonnets and her preceding volume, "Firehead," which dealt with the Christ legend, this may be either because the revolutionary movement has not yet developed an adequate mythology or because social morality is less easily adaptable than personal morality to mythopoësis.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Pure Delight

National Velvet. By Enid Bagnold. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

ENID BAGNOLD, the anonymous author of "Serena Blandish," has written in "National Velvet" one of the few great fictional studies in child psychology of recent years. In the acuteness of its truth the book is reminiscent of Richard Hughes's "Innocent Voyage," although Mrs. Bagnold's children are not the curiously warped yet natural children of that exceedingly Welsh book but perfectly average young girls to whom completely unreal things happen.

The book is the story of how Velvet Brown, the fourteen-year-old daughter of a South of England butcher, wins the Grand National with a horse she won in a shilling lottery and trained and rode herself. The tale is completely unreal, but is told so realistically that we are reduced to a willing suspension of disbelief. What happens to Velvet Brown is completely in accord with what we ourselves would have

wished for ourselves as fourteen-year-olds that we do not give a thought to its plausibility. Mrs. Bagnold knows horses, as does her thirteen-year-old daughter who did the drawings for the book, and the description of the race and the resultant effects on the winner who hoaxed the National Hunt Committee and the vast public is one of the most vivid and totally effective bits of writing that the reader is ever apt to come across.

"National Velvet" is the May choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and it is not hard to see why it was chosen. It is pure fiction without the least concern with anything except the exceedingly good story it has to tell. It is to be highly recommended to all those who like good writing, are for the moment tired of national epics, picaresque novels, and proletarian fiction, and are willing to forget society and its troubles for a few hours of simple delight.

MASON WADE

Economics Made Simple

Rich Man, Poor Man. By Ryllis Alexander Goslin and Omar Pancoast Goslin. A Publication of the People's League for Economic Security. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

THE authors of this book have opened a new vista in the field of popular education. Throughout the depression publicists have groped for a medium for presenting abstract, technical information in terms that would be readily intelligible to men and women possessing only a moderate amount of formal education. Apart from "The New Russian Primer," which was written specifically for children, the results have been disappointing. With few exceptions, the more popularly written books have been so superficial as to be definitely pernicious, while the attempts at popularization on the part of recognized authorities have failed in their fundamental purpose.

Much of the appeal of "Rich Man, Poor Man" lies in the generous and intelligent use of charts of the type recently introduced in this country by Dr. Otto Neurath of Vienna. Even without the text the charts tell the story of the present-day economic paradox: the abundant resources possessed by the United States, the relative poverty of its population, the catastrophic effects of the depression, the efficiency of public as contrasted with private enterprise, and the increase in goods and services that would be achieved in a well-ordered national economy. In its way the text is as simple and vivid as the charts. The authors have climbed unscaled heights in their ability to portray complex economic phenomena with charm and clarity, yet without gross oversimplification. The result is a book which should equally captivate the interest of a ten-year-old child, a busy housewife, a class-conscious radical of European origin, or a conservative professor of economics at one of our universities. If sufficiently pushed by its publishers, it should enjoy a sale of tens or even hundreds of thousands of copies in a country that is hungry for just such information.

Having been thus lavish with praise for the technical merits of the book, one naturally wishes that its contents were equally satisfactory. The analysis of the cause of our economic distress is, indeed, brilliant, and is identical with the dominant trend in present-day economic thought. Nor can one take exception to the rather long section showing that government enterprise is, in the main, more efficient than private business, although one has a feeling that the point has been somewhat overstressed. The chief defect in the book is a neo-technocratic ailment which might be described as the "Age of Plenty" complex. Although it points out that 75 per cent of the American people did not have an adequate diet even in 1929,

that two-thirds of our families did not have decent homes, and that relatively few had sufficient medical and dental care, it nevertheless maintains that there would be an abundance for all if we would reorganize our economic system on the principle of service instead of profit. Just how this reorganization is to take place is, unfortunately, left extremely vague. We are to "socialize" credit, the railways, natural resources, and the basic industries, but details of the manner in which power is to be transferred and the new society organized against reactionary opposition are left entirely to the imagination. This is not to suggest that the book should be made into a treatise on politics, but merely that a bit of realism would greatly enhance the value of an otherwise admirable job.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

A Gesture Toward Peace

Why Wars Must Cease. By Carrie Chapman Catt and Others. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

IT took the Interparliamentary Union forty years to see the futility of its efforts to humanize war by formulating its etiquette and to tell the world in a scientific symposium that war has to be abolished root and branch if it is not to abolish civilization. It took the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War ten years to see the necessity of abandoning pacifist kindergarten games and to make the serious gesture of this volume. And it is, alas, only a gesture. It presents in several of its ten chapters the best-known facts and arguments for the abolition of war, but not the slightest hint of how to go about it.

For those who need to be convinced that wars must cease, there is solid food in the chapters by Mrs. Roosevelt, Judge Florence Allen, and Mary E. Woolley. Mrs. Emily Newell Blair's chapter constitutes the most important part of the volume. Debunking the fallacy of defensive war, she courageously opposes the dangerous, pseudo-patriotic argument of defense to which too many pacifists meekly yield. Mrs. William Brown Meloney's chapter vividly presents the astronomical figures of the costs of war. Florence Brewer Boeckel, however, shortsightedly states: "In the world we are living in today *the one certain result of war* [italics mine] is economic depression." Are loss of millions of lives, war diseases, mutilations, race deterioration, and a few similar results not certain?

The old desire to avoid the appearance of "womanly emotionalism"—so well used for their purposes by the militarists—has obviously prevented the inclusion of a chapter on the sex side of war. The field brothels, with their commandeered females and rules about the different hours, fees, and duration of the visits allotted to officers and non-commissioned soldiers and husbands, are delicately omitted. Venereal diseases acquired during war service and the perverted sex practices forced on soldiers and sailors are also too ungentle to be mentioned. Dr. Woolley remembers fatherless half-orphaned children, but obviously only those robbed of legitimate fathers. None of the authors mentions the tens of thousands of illegitimate war children, all over the globe, as an argument that wars must cease. There is no chapter dealing with the demoralization and ruin of women left for years in a manless world or patriotically urged to serve the men who are admonished to breed before they die.

A very short chapter could have supplied the bold outline for the bold action needed to bring about a warless world in our lifetime. With one-fifth of America's adult women ready to act if told what to do, Mrs. Chapman Catt and her co-leaders carry an awful responsibility if they fail to issue the call.

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

Shorter Notices

Strange Holiness. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

The dominant note in these conventional but pleasant poems of rustic life is romantic wonder. Each of them presents a scene or an incident which, as the author usually tells us in the poem, transfixes him with a sense of a sacrament partaken. More resourceful craftsmen could have made the reader feel the strange holiness without finding it necessary to label it for him. If the reader is not able to reproduce the emotion in all its intensity, he is, however, made to feel that the poet was genuinely moved. Mr. Coffin has the gift of observation, and conveys something of his own gusto for orchards, barns, and pastures. He appears to have a model farm, whose treasures blight and drought do not consume, nor mortgagees break through and steal.

A Few Foolish Ones. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Mrs. Carroll shows considerable skill in reproducing country dialect, and she writes in an unpretentious, quietly self-assured style that is not without its moments of charm. Unfortunately, this is about all that can be said for her second novel. It is impossible to discover just what Mrs. Carroll intended it to be. It cannot be called a novel of character because the characters are types—when they are anything at all—and even as types they do not emerge. Nor can it be described as a plot novel, for the plot—that of the call of home proving stronger, for "a few foolish ones," than the lure of strange places—is far too frail to support the burden of some 380 pages and far too mechanical to embrace the varied impulses and ambitions, joys and sorrows of a growing community or the violent social changes of the period (1870-1920). Most of the time the characters appear to exist apart from the plot, without enough substance of their own, however, to justify such independence.

Vidocq: The Personal Memoirs of the First Great Detective. Edited and Translated by Edwin Gile Rich. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

François-Eugène Vidocq was born in Arras in 1775. As a youth he became, if not a criminal himself, at least involved with criminals of the revolutionary period in such a way that he was condemned to the galleys. After a series of escapes, picaresque adventures, and recaptures he turned informer, and was so resourceful and helpful that he rose to be, first, secret agent, then prefect of the Parisian police. He retired in 1827 after eighteen years of service, during which he introduced many of the methods of criminal investigation that have since been extended and refined. Whether he wrote the memoirs which appeared the following year is disputed, like almost everything else about the man. He seems then to have founded a humanitarian factory in which convicts were employed. After it failed he apparently joined the political police, but was discharged in suspicious circumstances connected with a daring crime. He died about 1857; some say in poverty, but an equally credible and more memorable account is that ten attractive young ladies attended his funeral, each supplied with a will in which the octogenarian Lothario had left her all his property. Poe in this country, Conan Doyle in England, Gaboriau in France (his Lecocq is Vidocq), and a whole legion of their successors have profited either directly or indirectly by Vidocq's memoirs. But it is as a forerunner of the sociological novel that Vidocq's book is of greatest importance, for it is one of the first to deal with the lives of the underprivileged,

and as such, the courier of a tremendously significant tradition. Many pages of "Les Misérables" proclaim immediate indebtedness to Vidocq; Balzac, whose Vautrin was also inspired by Vidocq, is equally under obligation. In England Dickens's "Great Expectations" probably stems from the same source. Even our proletarian writers of today, whether they know it or not, owe a debt by way of this great trio, and others, to old Vidocq. The translation, which is abridged one-half, is five-thumbed. However, it is useful to have even such a translation in print and available.

Golden Fleece. By William Rose Benét. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

This selection of shorter poems and ballads is drawn mainly from two previous books, "Man Possessed" and "Starry Harness"; it includes also fifteen pieces hitherto unassembled. Mr. Benét has his public, who will know what to expect. Nothing here is likely to attract those who have sampled him and remained indifferent. The best poems are the less pretentious lyrics and occasional verse written to and about people that he knows. The ballads lack salt; and the more ambitious efforts are inflated and turgid. After thirty prolific years this writer is still doing apprentice work, lacking focus, the direct vision, and organic unity of form and content.

Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area. Edited by Frederick V. Field. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$5.

The secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations has assembled in this book an almost incredibly large amount of information about the people living around the Pacific basin, much of it hitherto unobtainable in any source. A unique feature of the volume, which is to some degree a handicap, is the classification of material by topics rather than by countries. In addition to covering the usual subjects of population, trade, and finance, the handbook contains especially valuable chapters on food production, international mineral products, and textiles. It is unqualifiedly recommended for reference purposes to all serious students of the Far East.

Agrarianism. By Troy J. Cauley. University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.

This book is of little interest so far as the author's performance is concerned. His positions are hastily taken and poorly defended. He frequently supplements his own naive arguments by the oracular and sometimes irrelevant utterances of others. It would not be hard to show that he is often badly informed. His book has significance because it represents a defeatist attitude toward the problems raised by the depression. Professor Cauley would escape from the vexations of capitalist collapse by a retreat into a primitive, self-sustaining agricultural system. He is ahead of Mrs. Roosevelt's homestead farm communities only in that he wants the plan extended to embrace the mass of the population. He thinks that man has out-smarted himself, and now cannot possibly manage the complicated economic machine which he has brought into being. He considers that collectivism is an ineligible expedient because it will destroy individual freedom. In his fear of regimentation he is on all fours with Mr. Hoover. He is unable to see that there is no incompatibility between security and liberty, but that, on the contrary, the first is necessary to the second. The right method is not to oppose mechanical progress, but to use it for our benefit instead of submitting to be destroyed by it. A peasantry is not the alternative to the proletariat. But it appears that the long struggle of the South to substitute the turbine and tractor for the mule has taught this professor of economics in the Georgia School of Technology exactly nothing.

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Drama

Red Parade

WITH considerable curiosity I looked forward to "Parade," the pro-Soviet and anti-New Deal revue which the Theater Guild has just sponsored at its own theater. Various problems seemed to me to be involved in the plan to combine the spirit of Karl Marx with that of Earl Carroll, and though "Parade" undoubtedly has its moments I am bound to report that the problems are yet to be solved. It is hard to hoof out a dialectic demonstration of capitalism's doom, and though almost as many minds appear to have gone to the making of the present entertainment as go to the making of the average revue, it seems to me to consist of the following in about equal parts: (1) pointed, funny, and rather effective sketches; (2) conventional and inappropriate filling of the sort found in any musical spectacle; (3) unsuccessful attempts to adapt such jazz devices as the "torch song" to proletarian ends. To the assets must also be added Jimmy Savo, a mimic of genius who succeeds to a surprising degree in giving to his antics a propagandish tinge; among the liabilities are the introductory songs "in one," which ought to be burlesqued but aren't.

Among the conventional devices of the revue the black-out seems to be the one most easily adapted to the ends of propaganda, and at least two—"The Last Jackass," which devotes itself to events on Tobacco Road when the agents of the AAA pay it a visit, and "Home of the Brave," which shows a Nazified America in which everybody has to pretend to be a pure-blooded Indian—are first-rate. Several others in which Savo appears are, thanks to him, carried off very well indeed, and several of the dance pantomimes in an aggressively "modern" style are also effective. On the other hand, most of the attempts to use the idiom of jazz and tap dance are positively embarrassing because they emphasize only too strongly the fundamental incongruity in the effort to use solemnly a technique which is essentially an expression of the very mood and spirit which the authors of "Parade" are out to destroy. Dramatic lyrics like "Fear in My Heart" and "Life Could Be So Beautiful" use the irregular verse forms of the typical ballad of Broadway sentiment. Their musical idiom is that of the torch song, and they are delivered in the same moaning croon from the same half-darkened stage as that favored by Libby Holman and her kind. If you listen carefully to the words you may, it is true, discover that they are not concerned with the sorrows of a maiden lamenting her continued affection for a man who done her wrong. Instead they are complaining that it is difficult to give oneself up to moonlight and love with fear in one's heart, or affirming that "life could be so beautiful" if it were not for the inequitable distribution of wealth. But the mere change in words is not sufficient to effect any real change in the whole manner, mood, and effect of the song. It remains as completely Broadwayish in mood and sentiment as it could possibly be, and it tempts one to button-hole the authors for a yes or no answer to a simple question: Is sentimental bourgeois art a rancid fake or isn't it?

"The Tabloid Reds," a ballet in which Communists are represented as committing the various outrages attributed to them by the yellow press, is funny and well worked out. Like several of the other sketches it ridicules the red scare effectively enough, but it also raises again a question I have had on my mind for some time. Is the revolution really imminent or not? One moment I am told by my radical friends that it is, and the next I find them making fun of the *bon bourgeois*

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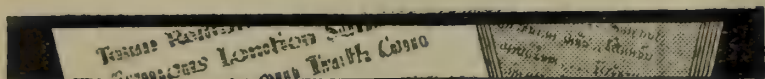
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who gets the jitters every time a red is mentioned. To me it seems that you cannot have it both ways. If the middle class is behaving like an elephant seeing a mouse, then the revolution is only a mouse. If it isn't, then there is nothing comic about the "red scare." Or at least those who are scared have good reason to be.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

P. S. *The Nation* is most disrespectfully referred to.

Films

Monologues by Bergner

WHAT the film version of "Escape Me Never" at the Radio City Music Hall principally illustrates is the not unfamiliar truth that acting alone, however interesting by and for itself, is never enough to make a satisfactory photoplay. Margaret Kennedy's touching little day dream of love and art among the more nomadic sections of British Bohemia proves to be even more insubstantial on the screen than on the stage. As in all her novels and plays Miss Kennedy is concerned with presenting not so much a story as the emanation of a story; and since the screen is itself something of an emanation, the result is an impression of reality at second or possibly even third remove—like those attempts at photographic recapturing of the ectoplasm. Add to this the objections that the Venetian and Alpine backgrounds are pasted on like penny postcards, that the cutting has been done with a sturdy pair of shears in the dark, and that the ratio of dialogue to movement is uniformly disproportionate, and it will be understood why even the brilliant talents of Elisabeth Bergner are an insufficient guaranty against tedium. In two or three scenes, it is true, Miss Bergner succeeds in making us forget the rest of the picture: one in which she scandalizes an upper-class English group with a frank recital of her life, another in which she conceals her unhappiness upon being abandoned by her composer friend, and the truly great scene during the rehearsal of his ballet when she tries to convey to him that her child is dead. But each of these feats is capable of being detached from the main flow and movement of the picture as a whole; they have the precise self-sufficiency of a monologue by Yvette Guilbert or Ruth Draper. Miss Bergner depends neither on the play nor on the other members of the cast to secure her effects. So independent is her appeal, as a matter of fact, that it raises the question whether her style of acting would ever be appropriate for the screen. Miss Bergner has been compared to Eleanora Duse; and in her perfect mastery of the inarticulate, as in the scene of the child's death, there is some support for the comparison. But in this identification of her with the essentially heroic tradition to which Duse belonged there is also a possible explanation for her being so little at home in a medium which requires above all else subordination of the personality on the part of the individual actor. It is not a paradox to say that it is because of her very great gifts as an actress that Miss Bergner is likely to disrupt whatever film she appears in. Her acting belongs to a tradition which is irreconcilably at odds with the tradition the screen is trying to build up.

WILLIAM TROY

In *The Nation* for June 19

REVIEWS OF NEW FICTION

by Joseph Wood Krutch, William Troy, Charles Angoff, Mark Van Doren, and Others.



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THE PRESIDENT, in deciding to carry the issue of national government to the country, shows real courage. It is a political decision, and politics is a domain which he understands. His want of courage in economic and social fields is due primarily to his sense of uncertainty. He was urged by nearly all his right-wing and middle-of-the-road advisers to patch up his legislative program as best he might after the Schechter ruling. His left-wing advisers pressed him to lay the question of social legislation before the people, and he was ready, even eager, to make the challenge. Since a fight for the NRA would not rouse the country, the President, in his historic press conference of May 31, took the broader line that the Supreme Court had struck down nearly the entire New Deal legislation, throwing into doubt the validity of social insurance, the holding-company bill, the AAA, the TVA, and even the control over Wall Street securities. This may not be true to the last detail, as Supreme Court language is anything but sharply defined. But it is philosophically true, and the President did not exaggerate in calling the Schechter ruling the most important since the Dred Scott decision. Having chosen to oppose the doctrine of decentralization—and so swung himself free of Brandeisism—the President now must map out the most important of his campaigns. One suggestion is that he ask legislation requiring that the Supreme Court rule on all the

New Deal legislation this summer. Then on the basis of the court's rulings he can summon a special session of Congress in the autumn and proceed to amend the Constitution.

ANOTHER POSSIBILITY is to do nothing for a time, and let the country record the effects of the breakdown of federal supervision of business. With the demise of the NRA a rugged individualism is due to break out in some of its most extreme manifestations. Competition will return in its sharpest form, and widespread wage reductions will be inevitable. Even before this registers in any large way there will be first-class labor troubles. A national coal strike this month seems inevitable, and the longshoremen's volcano on the Pacific Coast is near eruption again. Wage reductions will give cause for strikes in all sections of the country. In the meantime business will decline and stock-market prices will drop. The President may say that this is Republican juice and the country had better stew in it for a time to see whether it likes it. Then in the autumn he can call his special session of Congress, drive through a constitutional amendment, and if he adopts the plan of ratification conventions, he can have a national plebiscite and be ready to renew constructive legislation after the next election. This would make the next campaign extraordinarily important and dramatic. We favor a constitutional amendment depriving the Supreme Court of the veto over national legislation, and discuss this on another page, but we imagine the President will prefer a specific amendment which authorizes only his social program. At the same time he may try to hold his personnel in Washington by asking legislation which will keep the NRA and other agencies intact under a limited mandate. The President cannot complain about his luck. The Supreme Court has given him a new chance to assert his leadership after he himself has forfeited many golden opportunities. We think that he now has the best issue of his career.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S admission that the Schechter decision puts in jeopardy the entire program of New Deal legislation gives dramatic significance to the appearance of Frederick H. Wood as associate counsel to the Schechters in the final stages of the case. Joseph Heller, a young attorney only ten years out of law school, prepared and argued the case single-handed in the two lower courts—when it was a run-of-the-mill action of no apparent importance. But shortly after the government agreed to make it the supreme New Deal test Mr. Wood quietly entered the picture. The exact circumstances of his entrance have not been made public although sensational rumors are current in legal circles. Mr. Heller, when interviewed last week, maintained that he himself had "invited" Mr. Wood into the case because he had "known Mr. Wood for some years" and because he "had only three weeks to prepare the argument for the Supreme Court." Mr. Heller admitted, however, that Mr. Wood had rendered his services to the Schechter brothers "gratis." Mr. Wood is a partner in the law firm of Cravath, DeGersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, whose regular fees for services of this kind would be far

beyond the modest resources of the Schechter brothers. To persons unaware of Mr. Wood's other connections his free service might seem an act of impressive altruism. The cynical, however, might question this interpretation, recalling that among the clients of the house of Cravath are such firms as the Bethlehem Steel Company and Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and among the directorates held by its partners are the Chase National Bank, the Westinghouse Electric Company, the Radio Corporation of America, and the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Wood, described in the *New York Times* as "Schechter counsel who won the NRA case," was reported as particularly gratified that "the federal government was not empowered, under the guise of regulating interstate commerce, to regulate the conduct of persons engaged in trade and industry." Presumably the paying clients of Cravath, DeGersdorff, Swaine, and Wood feel the same way about it.

MEMBERS of the National Association of Manufacturers are privately complaining because the campaign against the Wagner labor-disputes bill, which cost the association \$250,000, turned out to be so ineffective, and renewed pressure is being brought to emasculate it in the House. Arthur Young, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, has stated publicly that he would rather go to prison than implement the law. Mr. Young will be remembered by our readers for the letter we published revealing the strategy by which Public Resolution 44 was substituted for the Wagner bill of last year. Mr. Young, as a conscientious objector to industrial democracy, has a right to go to prison, but we imagine that he has other cards up his sleeve. Disturbing evidence of the influence of the Young school in the White House has been seen recently. The President casually told the press that the Wagner bill was being studied with an eye to changes. What was under consideration was an amendment leaving prosecutions under the law to the Department of Justice instead of giving the labor board the right to take its own cases to court. The change probably can be sidetracked, but it reveals the President in an unfavorable light. When it comes to labor relations he is too willing to consider recondite devices which make it easier for employers to fight their men. Senator Wagner and others in Washington favoring his bill insist, however, that the outlook for the measure in the House is promising, though it may be held up if a national issue is made of social legislation as a whole. They also believe that only a few verbal changes need to be made in the bill to satisfy the Supreme Court.

JAPAN'S LATEST DEMANDS on China are significant chiefly as an indication that the Japanese military elements have gained definite ascendancy over the civilian authorities. Nothing has occurred in Sino-Japanese relations which in itself offers the slightest explanation of the recent turn of events. North China has been in effect if not in name completely under Japanese domination since the signing of the Tangku truce two years ago. All anti-Japanese agitation has been ruthlessly suppressed by local Chinese authorities. The Blue Jackets, a secret terrorist society maintained by Chiang Kai-shek, have openly assassinated Chinese leaders who were suspected of anti-Japanese activity. Recent dispatches from Tokyo confirm the fact that Nanking has fully capitulated to the

comprehensive list of demands presented by Japan early this spring. Since hundreds of residents of North China have been killed or imprisoned for opposing Japanese aggression, it is at least slightly ironical that the military faction should seize upon the murder of two pro-Japanese newspaper editors in Tientsin as a pretext for their current demands. In addition to insisting that the assassins of the Chinese editors be handed over to them under the Boxer protocol, the Japanese militarists are asking for the removal of General Yu Hsueh-chung, head of the Hopei provincial government, the transfer of all troops under Nanking's control, and the abolition of the official Kuomintang Party. Should Chiang Kai-shek grant these demands, the whole of North China will be included in the so-called demilitarized zone and brought even more effectively under Japanese control. This in itself would seem to be a paper victory if it were not for disquieting reports of renewed Japanese military preparations in Inner Mongolia—which suggest that China is not the primary objective of Japanese imperialist aspirations.

THE AGREEMENT between the Abyssinian and Egyptian governments regarding the construction of an irrigation project at Lake Tsana may turn out to be a more effective curb on Italian aspirations in North Africa than any action taken at Geneva. Up until the present British sympathies have rather clearly lain with Mussolini, presumably because of the existence of an earlier understanding in which Italy recognized Britain's special interest in the Lake Tsana region. This situation has been completely reversed by the recent agreement. Instead of profiting by the defeat of Abyssinia, Britain now has everything to gain by the maintenance of peace and order. It is even possible that the vigor of Captain Eden's recent stand at Geneva was not unaffected by advance knowledge of the negotiations on the Lake Tsana issue. In addition to gaining a possible ally, Abyssinia receives needed financial assistance in the form of a down payment of \$250,000 and a promise of from \$100,000 to \$125,000 annually for an unlimited period. This is but a drop in the bucket compared to the cost of fighting a modern war, but it will not be overlooked entirely by Signor Mussolini.

THE COPELAND food-and-drugs bill has at last passed the Senate, though not in a form to cause much rejoicing among its original sponsors. To be sure, it provides much-needed control over cosmetics, devices, and advertising; requires the listing of ingredients on food and drug labels; authorizes legal standards for foods and tolerances for poisons in foods; and eliminates both the notorious joker in the Wiley law, whereby the government has had to prove intent to defraud in the misbranding of patent medicines, and the "distinctive name" clause, which has enabled food fakes to get by under fanciful trade names. To this extent it is a distinct gain over the present statute. But the government's newly won right to enjoin from repeated offenses hardly compensates for the restrictions on "multiple seizures" insisted upon by Senators Bailey and Clark. This infamous attempt to rob the measure of real effectiveness forbids more than one seizure in the case of misbranding unless the product is "imminently dangerous to health," thus permitting the distribution of unlimited quantities of seriously misbranded goods during the months, or even years, the issue is await-

ing trial. Further consideration is shown the malefactor in the provision that in all cases of seizures the trial may be held in the manufacturer's home district if he so wills—a privilege which might result in the government's inability to protect the rest of the country from abuses arising in a district where the federal judge is not impressed with the need for consumer protection as opposed to commercial license. No provision is made for establishing quality standards for foods, for licensing medicine makers, or for voluntary inspection. The bill now goes to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, where, unless consumers raise their voices in protest, it stands a good chance of further emasculation, if indeed it gets any attention at all.

GRANVILLE HICKS'S "RELEASE" from his post of assistant professor of English at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute bears all the signs of another flagrant violation of academic freedom. The Institute's claim that "the necessity for immediate retrenchment" forced it to take this step does not explain why the retrenchment began with Mr. Hicks. The facts seem to be plain enough. Mr. Hicks is a Communist and the literary editor of the *New Masses*. His superiors admit that he is a good teacher and an able scholar. The administration on two occasions "discussed" his political views with him, but took no action. Apparently the trustees, nearly all of whom are high officials in large engineering and manufacturing companies, were uneasy about having a Communist in their midst, but did not know what to do about him until "the necessity for immediate retrenchment" offered them an excellent excuse to get rid of him. This excuse, to quote the *Rensselaer Polytechnic*, the student weekly, is "an arrant smoke screen." The statement of Edwin S. Jarrett, acting president, that he "will absolutely not meet committees from any organizations," including the American Civil Liberties Union, seems to confirm this view.

THE CLOSING of the school year has been the signal for a veritable wave of dismissals, suspensions, and other disciplinary measures against pacifists and radicals in colleges throughout the country. One of the most flagrant instances has been the discharge of Dr. Winslow N. Hallett, professor of psychology and mathematics at Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Dr. Hallett was treasurer of the local chapter of the American Federation of Teachers and was active in the Lehigh County Unemployed League. While the college authorities have consistently refused to state the reason for his dismissal, it is admitted that his professional competence and intra-mural activities were not in question, leaving the obvious inference that his pro-labor sympathies were the only cause of complaint. Appeals by liberal groups for an open hearing of the case before the board of trustees have thus far been ignored. Another bitter fight is under way at Omaha University, where reactionary elements are threatening to force out a liberal president together with a group of progressive faculty members. But most disquieting of all is the expulsion of six students from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University on the ground that they had broken that institution's "rules and regulations." Again no specific explanation was given, but the fact that all six students were members of the college anti-war committee, to which the three technicians and two instructors who were recently discharged

also belonged, suggests that an active interest in peace constituted their offense. The president of the university is head of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. We wonder if he will be the next to feel the official ax. Or is his a different variety of peace?

COOPERATION between legionnaires and law-enforcement officers has become an accepted part of America's pattern of emerging fascism. In Chattanooga, Tennessee, this unholy alliance recently demonstrated its valor in defense of reaction by hounding fifty-nine delegates to the All Southern Conference for Civil and Trade-Union Rights out of town and across the Hamilton County line. Since no resistance was offered, the legionnaires and officers were deprived of the opportunity of waging a genuine battle for the status quo. But they did their best. Wiley Couch, six-foot political boss of the county, assaulted a Nashville minister, secretary of the General Board of Christian Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who had committed the indiscretion of asking Mr. Couch why the officers and legionnaires had assembled. The legion had successfully exerted pressure on the Odd Fellows and Negro Pythians to refuse the conference the use of their halls, and when the conference finally met, in a Negro beer hall, the delegates were greeted by a mob of twenty-five policemen, four detectives, and about thirty-five legionnaires. The defenders of law and order then hustled the delegates over the county line and took their stand at a crossroads to guard the border. The delegates, however, doubled back by another road and successfully held their conference at Monteagle, some 120 miles away. The *Chattanooga News* committed lèse majesté by printing the facts as they occurred, rapping the American Legion editorially, and printing without comment the First Amendment to the Constitution and a section of the Declaration of Independence.

THE ELECTRIC-POWER BATTLE in New York City is rapidly approaching a crisis. Determined to push through his plan for a municipal "yardstick" plant, Mayor LaGuardia recently presented to the Board of Estimate a resolution to apply to the federal government for a \$45,000,000 construction loan. The board immediately defeated it. Borough Presidents Harvey of Queens, Lyons of the Bronx, and Ingersoll of Brooklyn voted no on the general theories that the proposed plant would become a "political football" and that private companies could always supply cheaper power than those owned and operated by municipalities. Both contentions have been abundantly disproved, notably in Cleveland, where the municipal plant furnishes electricity at a rate 40 per cent lower than that current in New York. The reductions recently offered by the Consolidated Gas Company, as was pointed out in *The Nation* last week, are farcical. They discriminate in favor of the commercial and wholesale consumers and offer almost no relief to the large body of household consumers. New York has for many years paid too much for its power, and we hope that Mayor LaGuardia persists in his effort to obtain a power "yardstick" for the city. If the forces in Tammany, aided and abetted by the Consolidated, continue to balk him, he should submit the whole issue to a vote of the people in accordance with the provisions of the Dunnigan Act.

A Constitutional Plutocracy

THE upshot of the Supreme Court decisions in the railroad-pensions and the Schechter cases is that full self-government by the people of the United States becomes impossible. This is true despite the constitutional powers of the federal government not affected by these rulings. Our national life is dominated by agriculture, mining, industry, and commerce. Unless they can be controlled by the nation, the government of the country virtually passes to them. The Supreme Court has said that the government must remain, except in a limited field of unquestionable interstate commerce, with the forty-eight states. However correct this may be in theory, in actuality it means the delivery of the nation to its business interests, since the control of business is beyond the power of state legislation. We wish we might assume that the court, in coming to a unanimous decision, had merely decided to put an end to the word-play made necessary by trying to adapt an archaic document to modern conditions. But we are sure this is not what it intended. The four conservative justices were by predilection against the New Deal, and the five liberal and semi-liberal justices lined up with them because they were overcome by a desire to save America from centralization, perhaps with an eye on Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. At any rate, they thought they were making a historic decision, as indeed they were. But we are not convinced it was an inevitable one. We think the Constitution might have been amended by interpretation, as it often has been, without injury to the principles of democracy. When the Constitution was written, the country, as the President put it, was in the horse-and-buggy age. The sprawling American commonwealth, in terms of intercommunication, was as vast as the whole world today. Parts of it were as distant as Washington now is from Abyssinia. In such conditions state government was not a theory but a crying necessity. Unless it was adequate, there could be no effective government whatever.

The Constitution was conceived in terms of social preservation. The interstate-commerce provision was written not to endow the federal government with power over a unified and coherent people but to prevent the states from setting up tariffs and going into a further isolation. It is, we admit, utterly reasonable for the Supreme Court now to rule that this intention did not include the creation of a centralized national government. "It is not in the province of the court to consider the economic advantages or disadvantages of such a centralized system," it says in the Schechter case. "It is sufficient that the federal Constitution does not provide for it." But while this is logical, we repeat it is not inevitable. The history of the Supreme Court is replete with instances in which great ingenuity has been shown in finding legal warrant for doing what was necessary under circumstances which were not foreseen when the Constitution was written. The boast of the advantages of the American system of government has been that the Constitution, though conceived in another age, had been flexible, and that it did not hamper democracy. Indeed, the American has been taught that democracy is as well preserved by our Constitution as by Great Britain's unwritten constitution.

What the Supreme Court now implies is that democracy no longer is possible under the Constitution, that there can be no national self-government in an industrial age, when every part of the nation is closely interrelated with every other part, since the Constitution did not foresee the coming of that age and did not provide for it. While we believe that the interstate-commerce provision of the Constitution could have been made to fit the national needs today, it is idle to haggle over this aspect of the matter. The ruling has been made, and our democracy is gone unless we safeguard it in some other manner.

We must point out that the portion of the Schechter decision which is important is not the one dealing with the undue delegation of authority to the President. That is a high-sounding matter and has been accepted by many as being the crux of the decision, since it defeated the effort of the President to increase his executive power. But this is a question of drafting the legislation properly. Congress failed in the NRA legislation, as in the oil code, to define the purpose of the act closely enough, and it vested the President with too much discretion. A future act could be made constitutional without in the slightest limiting its scope or effectiveness. The law simply has to be explicitly written. The fateful portion of the Schechter decision is its denial to the federal government of control over labor standards. This, in conjunction with the railroad-pensions ruling, has taken social legislation out of the domain of the federal government unless approached through the power of taxation, and even this approach is in doubt.

How can the situation be met? Met it must be, for without action we are confirmed as the serfs of big business. The concentration of wealth and industry in few hands has proceeded apace despite the Constitution and Congress, and more effective federal action is the one hope of restoring democracy. That was what the New Deal must have done if it was to be a New Deal. It is beside the point now whether the President so understood the issue or shaped the New Deal to meet it. The point is that no New Deal can save democracy without a fundamental change either in the power of the Supreme Court or in the Constitution.

It has been stated that the effect of the decisions of the court is to bring us five years closer to fascism. In a sense that is true. The uncurbed power of business would lead to the depression of wages and living standards, which would lead to revolt, which would lead to a great popular movement, which in turn would lead to a combination of popular leadership with big business, and ultimately we should be brought to the authoritarian state, dedicated to the maintenance of the profit system and the maldistribution of economic power. But the unfettered dominion of big business in a country where certain democratic liberties remain, like free speech and a free press, is not fascism. It is out-and-out plutocracy. It gives us a dual government, a minor one by Congress, the Executive, and the courts, and a major one by business, in which economic mastery is virtually unlimited. Those who cried, "Thank God for the Supreme Court," after the Schechter decision are believers in this plutocracy,

and have wanted it all along. They may disguise themselves as individualists, but what they mean is that the privileged few are to be individual plutocrats.

Of the two changes possible, specific amendment of the Constitution to permit social legislation, and curtailment of the power of the Supreme Court, we prefer the latter. We believe that the Supreme Court should be divested of all veto power, excepting over state legislation found to be in conflict with national laws. There are no state rights so important, in an age of integrated nationhood, as to give thirteen states the right of veto over thirty-five on specific amendments, now or at any time. Congress is made up of representatives of local entities, and Representatives and Senators already are alive to local needs. The conception of state rights is as archaic as the Constitution. The states represent historic and sentimental units with no well-defined economic or even administrative frontiers. That Rhode Island or Nevada has an equal vote with New York or Pennsylvania in constitutional changes is an absurdity, tolerable only if the power is not used.

Specific amendment of the Constitution, we admit, is the more "American" way. Ours has been a government of checks and balances, and now that we find we cannot check and balance the dominion of business, we can fit the Constitution to do so. But a reason against this is the cumbersome process of amendment. If it needs to be done each time a crisis arises in the country, the danger period is unduly prolonged. A surer method would be to vest Congress for all time with the power to legislate nationally without a court veto. We admit that if there were a prospect of being able to rewrite the Constitution to give us an up-to-date system of national taxation, education, and social legislation we should welcome it. But we believe it would be impossible today or in the near future. And we prefer to see the problem met by giving Congress a power equal to that of the British House of Commons. This need not cause prolonged delay. Though it never has done so, Congress has a right to arrange for ratification by state conventions. It can stipulate the time and place and the manner of choosing delegates. It can turn the vote into a national plebiscite by having delegates instructed like members of the Electoral College. This would be democratic, and it could be reasonably swift. The thing could be settled in a year.

The argument against this is that a fascist movement, having conquered Congress, could override the Constitution in short order. A fascist movement, we must point out, will choose to be constitutional, like Hitler's, if it is convenient, but it will not be restrained by any constitution. Fascism is revolutionary, and revolutions are not deterred by constitutions. Safety against fascism is not in statutes but in a just economic order. We see no service in trying to fend off fascism by checks and balances, or setting up the Constitution as a sort of paper barricade in a Washington boulevard. We imagine that fascist possibilities played a role in the Supreme Court decision, and that the liberal members thought that in striking a blow for decentralization they were opposing obstacles to the rise of an authoritarian state. If so, these worthy justices were not very wise after all. They cannot stave off fascism. It is not to be held at bay by anything nine solemn men may weightily say. And in this effort they have handed us over, bound hand and foot, to the mercies of a business and financial plutocracy.

The French Crisis

FOR the third time within a little more than a year France is faced with a political crisis of exceptional severity. The fact that the Flandin Cabinet was defeated after less than seven months in office was not in itself particularly disturbing. Many French governments have enjoyed a much shorter life and have fallen more ignominiously. The multi-party system is not devised to give stability or continuity of administration. But the roots of the present crisis lie far deeper than merely the traditional instability of French Cabinets. Pierre-Etienne Flandin, like his predecessor, Gaston Doumergue, had attempted to establish a government of national union which would rise above partisan conflicts in order to combat the growing rigors of the economic crisis. He was chosen as one of the few men in public life who could command respect from all groups. His ministry represented widely varying political opinions, ranging from Louis Marin on the right to the Radical Socialist leader, Edouard Herriot, on the left, and at the outset was opposed only by the Socialists and Communists.

But despite the strength of his support and his amazing personal vigor, M. Flandin proved unable to stem the tide of deflation which has swept France since the close of 1931. All the basic indices have continued their downward trend. Industrial activity in February was only 73 per cent of the 1928 level, and more than 10 per cent lower than in the corresponding month of 1934. Wholesale prices have fallen 16 per cent in the past twelve months, while unemployment has risen more than 40 per cent. The shrinkage of foreign trade has continued unchecked, and the perennial budget deficit has been aggravated by increased expenditures for armaments.

It was only natural, therefore, that the recent devaluation of the Belgian currency should call attention to the fundamental weakness of the French position. Impressed by the apparent success of Belgium's action, influential groups within France launched a vigorous campaign for devaluation of the franc. About the middle of May speculators began quietly to withdraw gold from the Bank of France for shipment abroad. These gold shipments increased as it became apparent that M. Flandin would be unable to obtain the emergency powers which he desired in order to safeguard France's fiscal position, and during the last few days of the month reached the unprecedented volume of more than a billion francs daily. Yet tremendous though this loss was, it constituted in itself no real threat to the franc. The total drain, aggregating approximately 7 billion francs, represented less than 10 per cent of the gold reserves of the Bank of France. The chief danger is that the raising of the discount rate from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent will intensify the deflationary pressure on French business and thereby lessen the opposition to devaluation.

The danger of political and financial chaos appeared to have been averted, for the time being at least, by Fernand Bouisson's success in forming a government. As a non-party man who has been for nine years president of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Bouisson seemed to be an exceptionally happy choice for Premier. He was formerly a Socialist and is definitely left in his political orientation, yet

he commanded the respect of the right by virtue of his ability, sincerity, and diligence. The appointment of Joseph Caillaux as Minister of Finance not only indicated that a determined fight would be made to save the franc, but made possible a much-needed reorganization of French governmental finances. In essentials if not in detail, France faces a situation similar to that which confronted Germany from 1930 to 1932. The majority of the Chamber, rather accurately reflecting the political opinions of the population as a whole, is composed of parties which are more or less left in their political outlook. On the extreme right are several small groups whose importance is magnified out of proportion to their numbers by the vociferous character of their following. Although far too weak to assume power, they are strong enough—when backed by mob action—to prevent the much larger parties of the left from taking office. Crushed between the two powerful extremes, the center parties are unable to enlist popular support for any program of a positive nature. The tragedy of this situation from the standpoint of democracy is enhanced by the fact that the very weakness of parliamentary government in the face of a growing sharpness in the political struggle plays into the hands of the extremists who are demanding a “strong” government to deal with the economic crisis. But despite the fact that the Bouisson government seemed the strongest that could be formed at the time, it was overthrown by a two-vote margin in the Chamber on its request for the emergency powers that had been denied Flandin.

The Soviet Writers' Conference

RECENT accounts of the official Soviet attitude toward the arts have been exceedingly diverse. It is often said that the increasing stability of society is tending to promote a more liberal view, and under the circumstances considerable interest attaches to the official report of “The Second Plenum of the Executive Board of the Union of Soviet Writers,” copies of which have just reached this country. The translation is obviously very bad indeed and may in part account for what seems in English the heavy and rambling character of the discourses, but in any event there are few signs of any “liberalizing” tendency—if by that is meant any tendency to approximate what has been the traditional European attitude toward literature and its uses.

In the opening address President Maxim Gorki began by asking “why our literature is weak,” but went on to explain that by this question he meant “why it does not present the big characters that exist in real life, why it all the time dwells on the old themes already dead.” In discussing dramatic criticism another speaker remarked that the chief question to be asked was always “whether this or the other work serves the proletariat and socialism”; and while such a statement might be made to mean almost anything, no opening seemed to be left for the broad humanistic view that any sound art of any kind inevitably “serves the proletariat.” Instead, the theaters were dutifully rebuked for devoting so much energy to the production of

the classics, and certain critics of “The Pickwick Club,” produced at the First Art Theater, were properly castigated for failing to stress the fact that Mr. Pickwick’s adventures did not give a true picture of life in capitalist England.

Lenin is sometimes said to have had a taste for bourgeois literature somewhat shocking to his more orthodox disciples, but the only reference to him in this report is in connection with an anecdote the moral of which points the other way and might shock not the orthodox but those moderates who are inclined to contend that a work—like Proust’s novel, for example—may be genuine literature if it reveals the working of social forces, even though the author lacks a true understanding of their fundamental meaning. Lenin, it seems, was much taken with a certain story by Jack London about the struggle between a starving man and a starving wolf. He asked for more, but soon discovered that in this author “the strong stories are mixed up with extremely weak ones—completely impregnated with bourgeois morals.” When the very next tale he read turned out to be about a ship captain who sacrificed his life to keep his word to an owner operating the boat for profit, “Lenin smiled and waved it away with his hand.”

Perhaps the thing which will sound strangest to those accustomed to the ways of bourgeois writers is Gorki’s suggestion that, since Soviet literature has only twenty-two more months in which to justify before the world its role in the Five-Year Plan, the writers should “organize a group,” “study the product of twenty years’ work,” and form themselves into “collectives”—presumably for the production of the Great Soviet Novel. Now there is doubtless much that is absurd in the romantic tradition of the artist; perhaps he will learn at last to work in collectives and, like the scientist, to function as a member of this or that institute, cooperatively investigating the possibilities of romance or satire as the scientist does those of a new serum or a new explosive. But he will probably be the last kind of worker to fit well into such a scheme, because it is demonstrably true that he does not by any means always do his best work under what seems to be the best conditions. Gorki himself is now living as a hero in a society that he greatly admires; he ought, therefore, to be writing novels much better than any he could produce in the days when he was struggling in a world he despised. And yet, outside of Russia at least, there is no general disposition to hold that he is doing anything of the sort.

The trouble with the determination to get together and produce a great literature before the Five-Year Plan is over may not lie in any perverse unwillingness of the artistic temperament to cooperate in the building of a new society. It may lie only in the fact that there is no other kind of enterprise—even philosophical or scientific—in which good-will, intelligence, and industry can be as little relied upon to produce assured results. Some residue of truth remains in the old idea that Minerva does not respond to invitations—even though they are issued with pressing sincerity by a man like Gorki, whom she has assuredly not always refused to visit when she was capriciously so inclined. A “collective” may generate the good-will, coordinate the intelligence, and encourage the industry, but something may still be lacking. “Inspiration” is perhaps a foolish name for the fourth requirement, but the requirement undoubtedly exists and we must call it something.

Issues and Men

The Supreme Court's Bombshell

GRAVELY disheartening as the Supreme Court's decision is as it affects hours, wages, and conditions of labor, there are still phases of it for which we can give hearty thanks. I shall not stress the advantage of unanimous decisions in the three anti-Roosevelt verdicts handed down on the same day, for everybody is doing that. But I will point out that they have made impossible any revival of the mischievous talk heard in the early days of this Administration that if the Supreme Court were to get in the New Deal's way, the court would be enlarged and packed with New Deal sympathizers. That would be a long step toward fascism and a most dangerous precedent.

To the extent that the NRA decision works against Executive usurpation of power it is also to be heartily welcomed, for in the first hundred days of the Roosevelt Administration Congress bestowed upon the Executive seventy-seven new authorities and powers never before given to it. Now I am one of those who have defended on many platforms and in many articles the fundamental New Deal principles, but I think I have never failed to say that at the first sign of complete recovery those extraordinary and unconstitutional powers must be returned to the Congress if our democratic institutions are to survive. Even then they will always constitute a precedent which may recur to plague us in the event of another economic disaster or the arrival of a would-be dictator bent upon intrenching himself, like Hitler, by "constitutional means." The decision does not, of course, remove all danger of fascism; far from it, as long as men like Hearst and Coughlin advocate it directly or indirectly. Yet it is a distinctly heartening event and a genuine strengthening of the defenses against the rule of what Hitler, with childish naivete, describes as "democratic government by one man."

Looking at the decision from the political point of view, the President may offer all sorts of thanks to Providence. It extricates him from a bad dilemma—one largely of his own creating. Owing to his own unsteadiness of purpose and aim, his inability to pick the right administrators for the NRA, and Richberg's apparent, if not actual, wobbling on the plans for its extension, the NRA was breaking down. As *The Nation* has repeatedly pointed out, the failure to enforce Section 7-a was one of the potent factors in the breakdown and another was the inadequacy of the enforcement machinery—an inadequacy generally believed in Washington to be not wholly unpalatable to Attorney General Cummings and Postmaster General Farley. I believe this analysis to be much more nearly the truth than Walter Lippmann's view that the NRA "collapsed through its own inner contradictions and its irreconcilability with the American economy." Certainly, Mr. Roosevelt now has a beautiful alibi—if prosperity continues to hide around the corner. "Did I not offer you the remedy and did not Congress deprive me of it?" "Did I not enormously improve conditions until the Supreme Court finished the NRA?" He may now fall back on these questions, whereas if the NRA had

gone on, the chances are that it would have collapsed.

Then there are the Republicans. How they should dislike Chief Justice Hughes, not only because he upheld Mr. Roosevelt at points where they wished the New Deal disavowed, but because he and his court have now deprived the Republicans and the Liberty League of their best target! With the Supreme Court checking the Executive thus sweepingly, their battle-cry of Executive usurpation is almost taken away from them. And since they are completely destitute of a constructive program of their own, and are not even advocating any economic measures with direct application to the existing situation, they cannot afford to lose the one issue which might have popular appeal in it—the cry that our Republic is in dissolution by fiat of Franklin Roosevelt. There are still other encroachments of power for them to dwell upon; but let us suppose that the AAA and other New Deal activities also fare badly at the Supreme Court's hands. Where will the Republicans then stand? Will they not have to work out some kind of alternative recovery plan with which to combat the President? They have no candidate in sight who can approach him in charm and in political skill. Their only hope must lie in their being able to offer better brain work, and of this there is no sign.

Finally, there is still another important point in connection with the decision. It may in future time be recognized as the initial cause of a wholesale revision of the Constitution by means of a constitutional convention. As everyone knows, the Constitution expressly authorizes such a convention, but the power has never been used. Four progressive Congressmen, including Representative Marcantonio of New York, have already issued a joint statement advocating such a convention "to revise the basic law of the land in the light of present-day economic requirements." Of course there will be the greatest outcry against this, not only on the part of the reactionaries, but on the part of many liberals as well. The liberals will doubtless say that the fascists will take advantage of the opportunity, that big business will dominate the whole thing and prevent any real granting to the federal government of the right to control in some degree the economic life of the whole people. The conservatives, on the other hand, will declare that such a convention will destroy states' rights and give birth to a dreadful mess of legislation embodying in the basic law of the land all sorts of isms and especially radical isms. Plainly neither side has any faith in our democracy's power to bring its organic laws up to date carefully and wisely. But if we can't have faith in ourselves, what have we to look forward to in the way of a successful effort to subordinate wealth and business to the common welfare of the country—and to give to labor the rights and privileges it deserves?

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Radio Invades Journalism

By ISABELLE KEATING

THANKS in part to the skill with which members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association keep their right hands from knowing what their left hands do, the American people will get more news by radio in the future than heretofore. The news-strangulation program imposed upon broadcasters by the publishers fourteen months ago has just gone down the chute, largely because the publishers undermined their own restrictions.

The story of this somersault in the A. N. P. A. makes strange reading. To understand it, one has to go back two years to the time when radio stations were broadcasting as much news as they pleased, without benefit of the A. N. P. A. Indeed, newspaper-owned or affiliated radio stations were among the most enthusiastic broadcasters of news in those days. News broadcasts were popular and increasingly profitable. Advertisers were happy to pay thumping sums for the privilege of touting cigars or bathroom fixtures before, during, and after a program of swift-moving, vivid news stories. Sometimes they even withdrew their ads from the newspapers and allocated the major portion of their advertising budgets to radio news programs. And radio, of course, was happy to serve them. A news broadcast could be and generally was an inexpensive program. Get a raconteur with a good voice, a lively imagination, and a copy of the afternoon paper, and there was your program.

The publishers who owned radio stations (now more than one hundred) generally found news broadcasts as good business as did the other broadcasters. But the publishers who didn't own stations, or have connections with stations, got acute pains in the pocket-book nerve. They joined in violent protest. The upshot was a conference attended by publishers from the A. N. P. A., representatives of the three large news services—Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service—and representatives of the two large broadcasting systems, Columbia and NBC. The publisher representatives came to the conference armed with threats, which they brandished with great effectiveness at the broadcasters. First, they threatened to omit broadcasting programs from their columns except as paid advertising unless the broadcasters canceled their news programs. And then, just to harass the broadcasters a little more, they suggested that a Congressional investigation into the methods by which wave bands were allocated might have to be called for if news broadcasting didn't stop. Radio, already constrained to go to Washington every six months, hat in hand, for renewal of its license to operate, had no stomach for investigations. So radio, that is, the chains, surrendered.

Out of the conference emerged the news-strangling press-radio set-up which went into effect on March 1, 1934. Under that set-up Columbia and NBC agreed to abandon all their former news broadcasts (NBC had none at the time anyway), and in their stead send out two five-minute daily news broadcasts made up from the joint reports of the A. P., U. P., and I. N. S.; these agencies, it was understood, would no longer permit their news to be broadcast except through this official arrangement. Two press-radio bureaus were

established, one on either coast, to make up these reports. To insure staleness, the time of the news broadcasts was set from five to eight hours after newspapers containing the same items were on the streets.

The most important provision of the agreement, however, the one which pinched publishers, press associations, and broadcasters unendurably, was that the press-radio programs could not, under any circumstances, be sold to advertisers. For despite the obvious economic stakes, the press-radio pact was touted as a great sacrificial gesture of public service, promulgated by those two old pals, the radio and the press; and of course under those circumstances the publishers had at least to act as though they were cooperating—even the publishers who owned radio stations.

But the pact was as bitter medicine for them as it was for the broadcasters who weren't publishers. For all the subscribing broadcasters it cost money to get the press-radio service, since they had to share the maintenance costs of the bureaus in addition to carrying their own transmission charges, and on this expenditure they could expect not one mill's return. Nor could they find any comfort in the news broadcasts sent out by the Press-Radio Bureau, for these were designed to discourage rather than stimulate public interest in news by air, and that purpose they certainly accomplished. As radio programs they were informative, but they were very dull.

What happened was inevitable. As soon as the press-radio pact became effective, radio news services, formed generally by ex-newspaper and radio men, and by at least one publisher, sprang up from coast to coast offering news programs which the stations could buy for sponsorship or not, as they pleased. And five hundred independent radio stations, not owned by or affiliated with the big chains, were in a position to take advantage of these services and ignore the pact entirely. Scores of them did so. Some stations went merrily on pirating their news from the local papers. Many subscribed to the new radio news services.

But the most astonishing reaction came from the radio-publishers. With other publishers they acquiesced in the press-radio pact as long as it looked as if it would drive their radio competitors out of the news-broadcasting field. (All, of course, in the public interest.) But when the pact didn't prove effective, twenty-seven of them went out and bought Transradio Press Service, the largest and best of the competitive new radio news services, for their broadcasting stations. They continued to pay lip service to the press-radio pact, and when the A. N. P. A. convened two months ago at the Waldorf in New York, these publishers voted to continue the Press-Radio Bureau for another year; but they also continued to buy and broadcast Transradio. They were thus competing with their own news-strangulation program, while the old press associations, the large broadcasting chains, and the publishers who still observed the press-radio pact held the bag.

It was the independently owned press associations which kicked over the traces. At the A. N. P. A. meeting in April

the U. P. and I. N. S. acknowledged the great public service of the press-radio set-up, but they took official cognizance of the fact that a rival news service, Transradio, bade fair to preempt the radio news field as a result of their altruism. And they announced that "when and if it should become necessary [because of] competitive broadcasting of news" they might sell their news to broadcasters or advertisers for sponsorship, in controversion of the pact. One gathered that this fell development, however, was probably in the distant future, for they emphasized their opposition "in principle" to the "sale of news for radio sponsorship," and said that they would do it only under such restrictions as would "preserve the purity of the news."

The truth is, however, that even while their pious report was being presented to the A. N. P. A. convention, their representatives were in the field seeking radio clients for their services. The convention had scarcely closed when both associations announced that their news was for sale to broadcasters or advertisers, and both signed up several clients. The A. P., cooperatively owned by its 1,200 members, relaxed its restrictions at once to permit publishers who owned radio stations to make up their own broadcasts from A. P. reports—with credit. These latter broadcasts are still, as this is written, inviolate from advertiser sponsorship.

As the lid blew off the press-radio pact, several swift developments took place which must have bewildered a public that had been hearing for fourteen months that the pact was entirely for its interest and protection. Directors of the Pacific Coast Press-Radio Bureau decided that maybe the public could hear a little advertising with its news without being contaminated, and announced accordingly that three commercial "spots" would hereafter be permitted with each news broadcast. Newspaper-owned stations throughout the country bought the new radio news programs offered by the U. P. and I. N. S., and most of them sold these programs to advertisers at once. They too apparently felt that hearing a little advertising matter with radio news wouldn't hurt the public.

And finally, Transradio, the *enfant terrible* of the affair, swept the whole matter into the courts by charging that the press-radio pact was a "conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce" and a violation of the Sherman Act, the Clayton Act, and the Federal Communications Act. With its usual audacity Transradio aimed this legal attack at everyone involved in the drawing up of the press-radio agreement—including the broadcasting chains, the press associations, the A. N. P. A., and approximately 1,400 publishers who are members of the latter association and of the A. P. The damages sought by Transradio amount to \$1,170,000.

While the rival groups scramble for contracts, that useful shibboleth, the "public interest," has been mislaid. What has happened to the restrictions which the other press associations were going to impose on advertisers to maintain the "purity of the news"? I. N. S. has announced that it will not sell news to advertisers of laxatives and internal medicines, but this is a restriction which the Columbia Broadcasting System apparently considers necessary to preserve the "purity" of any program, since it has recently proscribed all such advertising in the future. What of the United Press? It is impossible for it to contend that "competitive conditions" have made it necessary for it to waive

its planned restriction, for Transradio, which has created most of the "competitive conditions," has fairly rigid restrictions on advertisers who buy its service. It permits only one 100-word commercial announcement with a five-minute news broadcast, stipulates that this announcement be clearly differentiated from the news, and provides that any attempt by an advertiser to delete or omit a news item to satisfy his prejudice will be considered grounds for immediate voidance of contract. At this distance it seems fairly obvious that the vaunted restrictions were for public consumption only, and that U. P. and I. N. S. are not likely to worry much about preserving the "purity of the news" until and unless they can force Transradio back into the corner.

Transradio, it must be admitted, has been a competitor to try the soul of the most righteous publisher. Backed in part by a publisher whose name has never been revealed, and directed by Herbert Moore, an ex-United Press man, it moved into the radio news field with intrepidity, impudence, and, to the publishers, an insupportable lack of front—all in fourteen months. It has never claimed that any part of its program was dictated by a devotion to public service. Its sponsors say they are in business to make money, and in order to do that they have to deliver news that is fresh, vividly written for radio presentation, and accurate to the last address. It claims that with its affiliate, Radio News Service, it now serves more than two hundred radio stations—more than Press-Radio—and that more than 10 per cent of its clients are the very publishers whose restrictive program gave it birth. Just before the publishers convened two months ago, it succeeded in selling its service to WLW in Cincinnati, the largest radio station in America, which had previously been broadcasting Press-Radio news. And just after the convention it added to its list of clients Station WSYR in Syracuse, New York, home of the newly elected president of the publishers' association. When the old-line press associations announced that they were back in the radio news business, Transradio stated that it was prepared to sell its service to newspapers, thus invading the press associations' home field. It now has two newspaper clients in addition to its radio clients.

Such brash impudence has, of course, sent the publishers and their spokesmen scurrying in search of noble sentiments on which to predicate their viewing-with-alarm. Roy Howard does his deploring on the ground that radio "does not have a century of journalism ethics behind it." Marlen Pew, the master rhetorician of *Editor and Publisher*, deprecates radio as a "medium comparable to corner gossip, subject to political licensing and manipulation, essentially commercial, and lacking the long tradition of public service that makes the newspaper's commercial side secondary."

These comments bring sardonic smiles to the faces of the broadcasters. When men and institutions in this country rest their claim to dominance on tradition, one is reminded of the D. A. R. Herbert Moore, Transradio's sire and doubtless a somewhat irreverent commentator, has said: "It would be better for the press if it were fourteen months old as we are than a hundred years old. Its senility is too apparent. Our youth, our independence, and our fearlessness are our winning factors." Certainly the public grows ever wearier of publishers who espouse one practice "for the public good" and pursue an entirely different one for private gain.

Ickes Surrenders to Bureaucracy

By PAUL W. WARD

ALTHOUGH legally entitled to sign state documents as Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes is the New Deal's Minister without Portfolio. He had one, but in an excess of perverse Ickesian honesty he gave his portfolio away to an obscure gentleman by the name of Ebert K. Burlew, his "administrative assistant and budget officer." As a result, the unholy ghosts of Hubert Work, Roy West, and Ray Lyman Wilbur still slither through the Interior Department's halls and file tiers, impeding if not blocking traffic there.

There is no particular mystery in the fact that the man who runs the Department of the Interior—and its adjunct, the Public Works Administration—is not the Secretary. It is customary for Cabinet members to surrender to some one or a few civil-service menials the task of actually running their departments. The mystery in Mr. Ickes's case is the completeness of his surrender and, more particularly, why he chose to surrender to Burlew. Why did the "strong man" of the Roosevelt Administration select for his executive assistant a man who also had been executive assistant to his aromatic predecessors, Work, West, and Wilbur? Why did he choose to put at the controls a man who, for all his chameleon-like qualities, could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered a New Dealer? Why, at the slightest hint of criticism, does he spring ferociously to Burlew's defense even when those hints come not only from bona fide New Dealers to whom he has intrusted important posts in his own organization but also from the New Deal's nerve center, the White House? What is the fascination Burlew holds for Ickes?

Concerned solely with its effects, I do not propose here a definitive solution of the mystery. Perhaps it never will be solved. Probably it would not have developed had Roosevelt's initial choice for Attorney General—Tom Walsh, of Montana—lived to take his seat beside Ickes at the Cabinet table. Walsh hated Burlew, and about that hatred there can be no mystery, for the explanation is set forth plainly in old Congressional files. You will find part of it in the transcript of a hearing of the Senate Public Lands Committee on December 21, 1928. You will find the rest of it set forth in the transcript of Senate debate on February 15 and February 20, 1929. Together these records tell the story of a nauseous attempt to drag a red herring across the trail of the Salt Creek oil frauds by besmirching Walsh, the man chiefly responsible for the exposures. They show that the unstable Nye of North Dakota and the unspeakable Robinson of Indiana were tugging at the drag rope with both hands, and that Mr. Ickes's favorite courtier, Burlew, helped supply the herring.

Back in 1922 Harding's Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall, had let to Harry F. Sinclair a contract for the output of the gigantic Salt Creek oil field in Wyoming. The contract contained a mysteriously unadvertised optional-renewal clause that, in effect, gave Sinclair a permanent monopoly, and for that very reason the contract was illegal. At least it became illegal in February, 1928, when Work,

Fall's successor, honored the clause by renewing the contract. No publicity accompanied the renewal transaction, and more than a month passed before the White Eagle Refining Company, learning of the renewal, filed a formal protest bulwarked by a long list of legal citations. Later it developed that one Phelan, a zealous young man formerly connected with the Shipping Board, had warned Dr. Work before he renewed the contract that the renewal clause was at least questionable and the whole Salt Creek deal soggy with fraud. It also developed that Work's solicitor, Patterson, had dismissed the legal questions involved in seven words, and that when the matter was referred to the Department of Justice for a ruling, two young lawyers there, without bothering to call the case to the attention of their superior, Colonel Donovan, had found it so easy to concur in Solicitor Patterson's opinion that they did not bother to read the citations of the White Eagle's counsel.

Pressure by the White Eagle Company sent the case back to the Department of Justice, where it languished for five months and nineteen days. Dr. Work, Colonel Donovan, and their associates later were given opportunity to deny that they had hoped to delay action on the case until after the election of November, 1928, which put the hapless Hoover into the White House. (You will recall that Dr. Work was chairman of the Republican National Committee at the time.) At any rate, action was taken on the case only after Senator Walsh had exposed the whole proceeding in the columns of the *New York World* for October 15. Two days later the Department of Justice decided that the contract was illegal, and it was canceled.

An investigation by the Public Lands Committee ensued, and it is at this point that Burlew appears in the picture. The committee asked the Department of the Interior for the records of the Salt Creek contract. It received a voluminous file which set forth immediately after a few innocuous introductory statements a detailed chronology of the Cat Creek, Montana, oil contract. Now the committee had not requested any data on Cat Creek, and there was only the slightest connection between that insignificant development in Montana and Wyoming's Salt Creek, then the world's richest oil field. Nye and Robinson, by their verbal poundings of Walsh in the Senate the following February, removed all possible doubt as to why the Cat Creek chronology had been inserted in the committee file atop the data on Salt Creek. It was put there in an attempt to job Tom Walsh. His name appeared at several points in the chronology of the Cat Creek contract, which also contained an optional-renewal clause. His office had handled correspondence of a routine character concerning the Cat Creek contract, and on that basis Nye and Robinson strove to impute to Walsh full knowledge of and concurrence in the Salt Creek deal. Listening to them, you would have thought that Walsh, not Work, had renewed Sinclair's illegal contract. You might even have thought that Walsh instead of Fall had made the original contract, so insidiously did Nye and Robinson use the red herring

which Ickes's latter-day saint, Burlew, helped fish out of Cat Creek for them.

Walsh had seen what was in the making as soon as he opened the file and straightway had launched an inquiry into the processes by which the Cat Creek chronology gained inclusion there. One of the witnesses he summoned was Dr. Work's executive assistant. Burlew was on the stand only a few minutes, but they were uncomfortable ones. Under Walsh's probing he twisted and squirmed. Yes, he had helped Solicitor Patterson prepare the file for the committee. Yes, part of the chronology had been written in his own office. No, if he had the matter to do over, he would not again arrange the file in that fashion. But why it had been so arranged in the first instance and at whose orders, he simply could not recollect. It appeared that he had been nothing more than a terrifically obliging civil servitor.

Burlew always has been obliging—and efficient. Those two things are the key to his elastic career. He came into the government under the Wilson Administration as an office boy in the Post Office Department. He has been worming his way upward ever since and today is at his peak, a bureaucrat of the *n*th, or stellar, magnitude. He was still in the Post Office Department when the Wilson Administration gave way to the Harding shambles. The change involved only a temporary setback for Burlew. He managed to make himself so useful that when Dr. Work was transferred from the Post Office to the Secretaryship of the Interior, he took Burlew along with him. When Work stepped out to run the Hoover campaign, Burlew stayed on with Work's successor, Dr. West, but when the Hoover Administration came into power, Burlew's fortunes again suffered temporary reverses. His mastery of bureaucracy's tricks, however, was such that West's successor, Dr. Wilbur, soon restored Burlew to his old eminence, where he remained until the New Deal came along and his fortunes again went into decline.

There were Western liberals in the Senate who, remembering Tom Walsh, prayed that this time Burlew's reverses would be permanent, but they soon were disappointed. It took Burlew, with his complete mastery of government's mechanical details, only a short time to make himself indispensable to Ickes, a public-spirited Chicago lawyer who, aspiring with Hiram Johnson's backing to be Indian Commissioner, found himself plunked with bewildering suddenness into the Secretaryship of the Interior and its manifold responsibilities. So grateful was he for Burlew's efficient assistance that he had Burlew's salary boosted to \$8,500, and went on from that point to put Burlew in complete charge of personnel for both the Interior Department and the PWA. Burlew, in turn, has filled up both agencies with men of his own temperament. Of course, he doesn't name the men of title—the Chapmans, Slatтерys, Hacketts, Cohens, Margolds, Gruenings, Cookes, Glavises, and Colliers. He names the far more important men, the horde of lesser lights on whom they must depend to get their work done. He not only names them; he controls them. Most of the intra-departmental espionage blamed on Ickes's man-hunter, Louis R. Glavis, director of investigation, is really the work of Burlew and his personal lieutenants.

The result is that what goes forward in the department and what is held back is largely what Burlew and his fellow-

bureaucrats think should go forward or be held back. And what they think should go forward is what the years have accustomed them to handling, what is least likely to disturb the smooth functioning of the bureaucratic machine, what, in short, is most comfortable for them. To that circumstance, far more than to Ickes's vaunted determination that not a penny shall escape into the grafters' fists, much of the backing and filling, the slowness, the missed opportunities of the public-works program can be traced.

Furthermore, so steadily has Burlew enlarged his powers that the men of title, the New Dealers, find it increasingly difficult to by-pass him. Their consequent efforts to unseat him seem only to intrench him more firmly in Ickes's affections. They are handicapped in those efforts by having to approach Ickes on his blind side. Unable to allege that Burlew has committed any crime or betrayed any trust and compelled always to concede that he displays a zealous devotion to official duty, they are forced to retire in disorder with Ickes growling at their shoulder blades: "Show me ten more Burlews and I'll hire 'em."

Now let us pause for a moment to consider another personality of recondite importance in the Interior Department-PWA picture. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you a man who should need no introduction, a man who firmly believes that where there is a will there is no way, a bureaucrat par excellence—John Raymond McCarl, Comptroller General of the United States.

Mr. McCarl, ladies and gentlemen, also has had a hand in mussing up the public-works program. He has had a hand in kinking up almost every other line of social endeavor stretched out by the New Deal. A tiny, stout fellow with beef-eater's cheeks and a silver marcel, he is the New Deal's most tangible nemesis. It is his job as head of the General Accounting Office to see that federal funds are collected and disbursed within the law, and that, in McCarl's case, means according to the very letter of the law. He has been at the task since 1921, and for most of that time he has done a creditable enough job, although one scarcely warranting the reverence in which he is held by the tory press. Unquestionably he has saved the government millions by tightening up its bookkeeping, but it would be as easy to make out a case that he also has cost it millions in additional red tape. It is at least noteworthy, in this connection, that the fine legal sieve through which he strains all New Deal expenditures either was not in use or was not fine enough to catch the Salt Creek royalty oil contract or any other major fraud of the Harding Administration.

Until 1933 his most publicized achievements had been confined to such rather picayune enterprises as refusing to sanction purchases of bottled mineral waters by diplomats in dysenteric foreign stations or limiting the tips doled out by junketing Cabinet members. But the coming of the New Deal with its open-faced spending program gave him a bigger theater of operations. By fine, hair-splitting decisions he has dealt setbacks of varying effectiveness to a whole range of projects. Slum clearance, low-cost housing, soil-erosion control, and subsistence-homestead projects, in particular, have felt the weight of his disapproval. He has, in fact, attained such a high nuisance value that it is becoming customary in many of the executive branches of the government to submit plans to him for approval in advance of any attempt to place them in actual operation. Thus he achieves

a status superior in many practical respects to that of the President himself, and there is injected into government, besides the judicial and the Presidential veto, a third veto power—that of the General Accounting Office.

Like judicial vetoes, McCarl vetoes are difficult to assail because they are based on legal constructions. It is seldom possible to argue persuasively under those circumstances that a decision is the product of purely personal bias. Moreover, McCarl until recently has been protected from such suspicions by the fact that from 1914 to 1918 he was secretary to Senator Norris, of Nebraska, and until he attacked the TVA he enjoyed that impeccable liberal's patronage. But of late it has become apparent that something more than a rigid devotion to duty animates McCarl. He has begun to reach out for more and more power. He tried to have the \$4,880,000,000 works-relief bill amended so that each and every project would have to bear his stamp of approval. His lust for power has more recently and plainly been made manifest in his grab for control over the TVA, which is subject to an annual audit by his office but completely exempt from his veto powers. He prepared the stage for his grab by sending to the Tennessee Valley a crew of auditors like himself imbued with horror at the thought of there being a governmental agency exempt from the rule of the General Accounting Office. It was such a select crew that it included among its members a man who had tried to get an auditor's job with the TVA and had been turned down for lack of adequate qualifications, and it returned a report that for accuracy, impartiality, and temperateness would measure up well only beside an Anti-Saloon League report on the effects of repeal. Summoned before a Congressional committee investigating the TVA, McCarl cleared his own skirts by disowning the 394-page document as preliminary and therefore "unofficial." Meanwhile, twenty-six pages of excerpts from its most critical sections had been mimeographed by a public-utilities lobbyist and given wide publicity. McCarl followed up his disavowal by a neatly worded plea to have the TVA put under his thumb. He contrived in that plea to be disinterested but his temper was established by a corollary incident. He refused to identify the copy he had transmitted to the TVA unless given opportunity to check each of its 394 pages to see that the TVA had made no surreptitious changes in them. He had declined to supply the committee with his own copy on the ground that the law required him to keep his copy available for the use of Congress and he therefore had to keep it in his office where it might be seen by any Congressman at any time.

The Comptroller General's ambitions, however, are not confined to attempts to extend his immediate domain. Being unable under the law to succeed himself when his term expires next year, he has his gaze fixed on the Republican Presidential nomination in 1936. He is being coy about it but the signs are unmistakable. He has, for example, begun to open up to reporters for interviews of a vote-getting sort. Thus we find him, a resident of the District of Columbia for twenty-one years and of Nebraska for longer than that, taking advantage of the fact that Iowa was his birthplace to pose as a good Iowan in an interview published on May 12 by the Des Moines Register. That paper's brilliant young Washington correspondent reports McCarl as saying: "Tell me what has happened in Iowa. I have been worried some about what I have heard from Iowa. It gives me a sinking

feeling around the heart to think that Iowa of all the places in the world might be 'radical' or 'red.'"

Ickes also has been suspected of Presidential ambitions from time to time, but he is incapable of any such vote-getting blather as that just quoted. For one thing, his wry sense of humor would not permit it; furthermore, "red" and "radical" hold no horror for him. He has made the latter fact abundantly clear in a series of speeches on civil liberties. Incidentally, he is the only topflight official of the New Deal, including the President, who has raised his voice above a whisper to denounce specific suppressions of civil liberties in various states. He also is the only one who has protested against Hearst's cowardly red-hunt.

Ickes is sympathetic with minorities. He had been on the minority side fighting losing battles all his life until one of the most casual miracles of the New Deal elevated him, a quasi-Republican, to a Cabinet post. He has repaid the gift of power by being one of the most steadfast of New Dealers; he glistens in comparison with his former law partner, the deliquescent Richberg. Sometimes he has been more steadfast than the President desired; he is one of the few major croupiers of the New Deal who have clashed with Roosevelt on more than one occasion and successfully stood their ground. He has had an advantage over most of the others from the standpoint of steadfastness, however, by being assigned to duties which called forth no metaphysical mutterings about "social reconstruction" or the More Abundant Life, at least none that he cannot put into specific language if necessity arises.

His principal objectives are little more than leaves out of the conservation program drafted over twenty years ago by Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt, to whom he publicly attributes his long-standing interest in conservation problems. It is quite natural that they should not seem of limited scope to Ickes, who, in addition to being a mixture of Scotch Presbyterian and Pennsylvania Dutchman, is sixty-one-years old and bears the scars and disillusionment of thirty years' in-fighting in municipal-reform politics in Chicago. He has been "practical" about such fighting, too, for although he never backed a winner until 1930, he always stayed within capitalist political ranks. The farthest left he ever went was to back La Follette in 1924, and two years later he was managing the independent Republican campaign for Senator of Hugh S. Magill, who today is one of the chief spokesmen for the power group fighting the Administration's holding-company legislation. In 1928 Ickes bolted to Smith, and two years later his practicality carried him entirely out of the reform camp to back Tony Cermak for Mayor of Chicago, his first winner. Roosevelt, in 1932, was his second. He managed Hiram Johnson's 1920 and 1924 campaigns for the Republican Presidential nomination. In 1916 he supported Hughes. In 1912 he was a Bull Moose, supporting the original Roosevelt. He was not even Franklin Roosevelt's third choice for Secretary of the Interior; first choice went to the late Bronson Cutting, second to Hiram Johnson, and several others received tenders before the lot fell in the chunky Ickes's lap. Life can never be the same for him again.

[The seventh article of Mr. Ward's series on "F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room" will consider why Mr. Cummings's department runs but gets nowhere. It will appear in the issue of June 26.]

Chain-Letter Madness

By JAY DU VON

THE chain letter very likely dates from the time an inquisitive mathematician, interested in the power of a geometrical progression, attempted to see how quickly he could flood the mails. Perhaps the first example of a widely spread chain letter in the years since the war was the "Good Luck" letter, based on the "magic seven," which was supposedly started by an army officer in Flanders. You received from one of your friends a letter which instructed you to make seven copies and mail them to seven of your friends within seven days. Your only reward was the good luck which would follow your compliance with the instructions, or the bad luck which would arrive in case you tossed the letter into the wastebasket. This letter cropped up at varying intervals and was apparently innocuous. The Post Office Department had no difficulty with it, and the fire-insurance companies were untroubled by its threats. People were either too busy or too hard-boiled to be bothered with it.

This spring a new type of chain appeared, reaching the height of its frenzy in Denver, Colorado. This letter, headed "The Prosperity Club" and subtitled "Faith, Hope, and Charity," carries the names and addresses of six persons. The person receiving the letter is instructed to make five copies, omitting the name at the top of the list and adding his own at the bottom, and mail them to five friends. To the person whose name was at the top he is told to send ten cents as a "charity donation." The letter promises the recipient \$1,562 when his name reaches the top and admonishes him to "have the faith your friends had" and make sure that the chain continues unbroken.

For several weeks the newspapers carried photographs of overburdened Denver postmen and of huge stacks of mail accumulating in the office there. Reports were in circulation of large sums of money which had been received by various individuals, and the chain letter began a victorious eastward journey. The Post Office Department seemed from the first to be doubtful what course of action to take. It knew, of course, that in its larger aspect the scheme was both a fraud and a lottery. But who were the perpetrators of the fraud and who were the sponsors of the lottery? In Denver, for instance, it would have been necessary to indict almost every inhabitant of the city. The department has apparently concluded that the stamp revenue, which has tripled or quadrupled overnight in some cities, is not to be sneezed at, and that the scheme will rapidly reach the "saturation" point. Since the letters of one chain, computed through twelve unbroken progressions, amount to almost two hundred and fifty million, the attitude of the Post Office is understandable.

The "dime" letter has been quickly followed by the "dollar" letter and others in higher denominations. These are worked on a slightly different principle and are known as "chisel-proof." You are to pass these on to only two friends and only when these friends mail a dollar to the top name on the list with you as a witness. It is supposed that these friends, having invested a dollar each, will not allow the chain to die but will assure themselves that the friends

to whom they are turning over copies of the letter will also continue it. There are many variations of this "chisel-proof" system, depending on the number of names on the letter and the number of copies which must be "sold." The promised rewards range from \$1,024 with ten names and two copies to \$27 with three names and three copies.

It is with the advent of the "dollar" letter that the scheme has taken on the form of mass hysteria. Whole towns have been convulsed with the idea. According to the Associated Press, business was suspended in Springfield, Missouri, for several days while the frenzy was at its height. Salesmen were actually hired to "sell" the letters for people unable to dispose of them themselves. In varying degrees the same thing has happened in other towns throughout the Middle West. Another curious phenomenon has been the mushroom-like appearance of chain-letter "factories" in empty storerooms and offices. A staff of clerks and a notary are hired, and a type of letter is inaugurated which eliminates the necessity of selling the letters to your friends. If you purchase one of these letters and have your signature duly notarized, the "agency" undertakes to sell your two letters to the two customers who follow you in line and their four letters to the customers who follow them, and so on *ad infinitum*. It seems hardly believable that such an absurd project can draw customers into lines extending for blocks. Yet at the present writing there are more than twelve such agencies in full swing in this Illinois community of a hundred thousand people. The most popular assures a return of \$1,024 on an investment of a dollar and a quarter, the quarter covering the cost of mailing and notarizing and the supposed profit of the promoter.

It is impossible to convince a person standing in, say, the two-hundredth place in line, that he must be followed by more than two hundred thousand others, more than twice the population of the community, before his name can come to the head of the list and before he can receive his thousand dollars. The lines have been forming for several days and one agency claims to have mailed more than fifteen thousand dollars; in other words, fifteen million persons will have to follow a person now in line before he can receive any return. But people are good-naturedly stubborn about such figures. "Oh, it's just a gamble," some of them say. And the most cogent argument for most of them is the fact that Mrs. Jones next door has already received \$44 and that a man down at the plow works is reported to have received almost a thousand.

How honestly the chain "factories" are operated and how much racketeering has entered into the craze it would be difficult to say. Government agents have made arrests in Texas, Iowa, and other parts of the country where letters have been sent out wholesale with the aid of city directories. A chain "agency" in Davenport, Iowa, has just been closed after an investigation which showed that the names of the promoters and their friends were in advantageous positions and recurred frequently early in the chain. Their profits must have been enormous.

Some insight into what the chains must mean to many people can be gained from conversation with a garage man whose shop is located next to one of the Illinois agencies. He has turned his garage into a kind of pawnshop and purchased watches, vacuum cleaners, and all manner of household goods for a dollar each, with the agreement that he will sell them back when the customer receives his chain winnings. He expects that only a small part of this stock will be redeemed.

To what further extremes the matter will go can only be conjectured. The saturation-point on any one chain is reached in a comparatively short time, but there seems to be no such thing as disillusionment, and a new chain with a different reward finds the same supporters. It may well be that "there's one born every minute," but they must be born every second and oftener to keep up with a geometrical progression. If there is any particular moral to this latest example of American exuberance, it is that any demagogic scheme to redistribute the wealth, no matter how obviously and fundamentally unsound, is likely to meet with an enthusiastic reception.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

USEFUL GUIDEBOOKS

THE example of the comic-strip tourist who looks in the guidebook to find out what to admire need not prevent the intelligent traveler from making use of publications which contain information. Those mentioned here are not guidebooks in the ordinary meaning but rather compilations of source material.

"*Holiday Courses in Europe*," published by the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations, contains authoritative information on all the summer courses open to foreigners in the universities of eighteen countries. The list is inclusive rather than selective, but information on courses, credits, costs, and frequently on living conditions is sufficient to serve as a good basis of judgment. The book is published in English, German, and French, and all courses are given in one of those languages. It is obtainable from the World Peace Foundation, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The "*Hand-Me-Down*" is as remarkable as its name. Its astonishingly lively information is the contribution of students who have traveled on the Holland America Line during the past eight years and have written frankly of their experiences in Europe—which hotels are cheap, which sights are overrated, what fascinating restaurant, or mountain walk, or summer festival they discovered, where there are bargains, how to save nerves and time. Everything recounted is the record of someone's first-hand experience; there is no attempt to sell the traveler anything to see and do. Even if one is going on a planned tour, the fat little book will be amusingly useful. It can be obtained from the Holland America Line, 29 Broadway, New York. Price \$2.

The "*Handbook of Student Travel*" is published by the Travel Division of the International Confederation of Students. It lists recommended hotels and restaurants and youth hostels, gives the addresses of student cycling clubs and similar organizations abroad, notes the dates of holidays and festivals, recommends books about each European country, and furnishes assorted information about currency regulations, police rules,

and the like. It may be obtained from the National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York. Price \$1.

"*The Study of International Relations in Geneva*" is issued by the American Committee in Geneva. It is in effect a descriptive catalogue of the various lectures and courses of the four institutions in Geneva which are open to American students of world affairs. It may be obtained free from the League of Nations Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

International Student Identity Card. The uses of this card, which costs only a dollar and which any student registered in a college may obtain, are too numerous to list here; they include reduction of visa fees in many countries, all sorts of reductions at museums and foreign functions, and so on. The card also serves as a magic password of student contact all over Europe. The National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, furnishes the proper forms for the student's identification and issues the card.

MOTORING IN EUROPE

An automobile service in Europe, run by Americans, will provide you with whatever type of motor travel you want and will advise you what is cheapest and safest. *Europe on Wheels* provides "drive yourself" cars which you may rent for short trips or buy with a repurchase guaranty for long trips (a cheaper plan). It will furnish an experienced guide-chauffeur or plan an all-expense motor tour which includes hotels, meals, sightseeing. A further service is advice and help in shipping your own car if that is your preference. Costs vary in all these plans with the type of car selected—a seven-passenger English Daimler with chauffeur is \$25 a day. An estimate of a four weeks' trip through England (2,100 miles) is \$215, including all rental and operating costs for a large "drive-it-yourself" car. If you prefer motoring to train travel, consult *Europe on Wheels*, 366 Madison Avenue, New York.

The traveler who wants to take his own trusted automobile abroad may also be well served. A service first developed for the transatlantic shipment of automobiles is now extended to the private owner. The feature is an elevator equipment on dock and ship that saves crating. An all-expense two weeks' motor tour through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France may be arranged through this service for \$1,299.50 for four people. This includes the ocean crossing. Address Arnold Bernstein Line, 17 Battery Place, New York.

SAILING ON A FREIGHTER

It is quite possible, if you have lots of time and really like ocean travel, to get somewhat closer to Joseph Conrad's ocean than the luxury liners permit. Certain freight boats carry a few passengers—sometimes less than a dozen—and a number of bigger coastwise cargo boats are equipped for a considerable passenger service. Accommodations are simple but not uncomfortable.

Headquarters for information is *Tramp Trips* at 44 Beaver Street, New York. This organization has pioneered in coordinating information regarding the facilities offered by freighters. Tramp Trips will arrange an ocean crossing or any one of dozens of coast trips to Nova Scotia, the ports of South America, or all the islands in between. Round-the-world trips are particularly inexpensive compared to the services of the passenger lines. Vagabond voyages are sometimes arranged with individual skippers. Some of the services are available to men only; but generally women may use the freight lines if escorted.

The following list indicates the possibilities of freight-boat crossing to Europe, but these facts are to be borne in mind: the lines cannot guarantee a reservation until about three

weeks before the sailing date; very few take women and then only women accompanied by husbands; the crossing takes ten days to two weeks; lines which take passengers to Europe sometimes have no return service.

America France Line, 42 Broadway, New York. Weekly sailings for Havre, 10-day crossing. Rate \$60 east bound, \$64 west bound. Men only.

Black Diamond Line, 39 Broadway, New York. Weekly sailings for Antwerp and Rotterdam, 10-day crossing. Round trip \$105. Also sailings from Norfolk, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. No single women.

Isbrandtsen-Moller Company, 17 Battery Place, New York. Sailings twice a month to Havre, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, no return sailings, 15-day crossing. Rate \$50. No single women.

The Oriole Line, 21 West Street, New York. Sailings to Manchester, England, every two weeks and to Glasgow monthly, and from Boston every two weeks for London and Hamburg. Rate \$60 each way.

WORK CAMPS AND YOUTH HOSTELS

The *Student Work Camps of Europe* are confused with and sometimes overlap government projects similar to our CCC camps. The true work camp, however, is organized on a basis of voluntary labor on some project which will improve the community, and carries with it an implication of good fellowship in a social endeavor. Many camps are organized on an international basis. Twenty-five American students will be chosen this year by International Student Service for attendance at camps in Switzerland, Wales, and Austria. The camp period is three weeks; girls are accepted in Wales and Austria; in Switzerland and Wales participation in the camps is gratis; the living expenses at other camps are nominal. Afternoons and evenings are free and there is a planned recreational program. No experience of European life is cheaper or more genuine. Address International Student Service, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

A chain of *Youth Hostels*—simple and inexpensive lodgings for student hikers and cyclers—may be utilized in some cases by American young people. Membership in the Youth Hostels Association of England, 18 Bridge Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts, England, entitles one to use the hostel facilities in most other countries. The membership fee is small.

Correspondence

Cash Value Is Not Lost

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your interesting article entitled *How Honest Is Life Insurance?* by Mort and E. A. Gilbert contains some rather striking misstatements. It is glaringly wrong in what it says about "confiscation" of cash values when a policy becomes a claim. A look at any standard text on insurance will show that this is a misstatement. If a \$1,000 policy has a cash value of \$400, then the insured has \$400 of his own money and \$600 insurance. If it were all insurance and no cash value, then the insured would have either a term policy or a non-term policy not old enough to have cash values. But the cash value is not confiscated. It is the insured's own savings paid to the beneficiary.

Then there is a reference to information about an applicant being broadcast to other companies, in case of rejection. This information interchanged among companies is not broad-

cast free to all companies; a certain fee is charged, and not all companies by any means have access to that information.

As for twisting, there is a legitimate objection to it, for in many cases of twisting the agent's sole aim is to secure a commission on the rewritten business. Such a procedure may be wholly without advantage to the policy-holder. The changes to a higher-premium form of insurance do not require evidence of insurability, because with the higher-premium forms, that is, higher cash values, the company's net risk is less. In the case of change or conversion from a higher-premium to a lower-premium form a medical examination or other evidence of insurability is required because the company's exposure in that case is greater, as you will find on reference to any authoritative text.

Des Moines, Ia., May 25

THEODORE KAIN,
Assistant Secretary,
Union Mutual Life Company

Insurance Is Not Confiscation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read an article in the *National Underwriter* for May 24 which discusses an article which appeared in the May 22 issue of your magazine. The article in the *National Underwriter* states that your article had the title *How Honest Is Life Insurance?* and then goes on to say:

Their [your authors'] ignorance of even the most elemental knowledge of life insurance is indicated by the following sentence: "When the cash is retrieved, it cannot be confiscated by the company at the death of the insured." Anyone who doesn't comprehend the two elements of life insurance—the decreasing term insurance and the increasing investment fund—is necessarily handicapped in writing on life insurance.

If the sentence from your article is correctly quoted in the paragraph above, the criticism of the *National Underwriter* is fully justified. The life-insurance company does not confiscate any part of the savings or so-called cash value of the policy on the death of the insured. The policy is so calculated that upon the death of the insured the company does two things in one operation: first, it pays to the beneficiary the amount of savings which the insured has piled up in the policy out of the excess charges paid by him while carrying the policy; and, second, the company pays such additional amount as is necessary to increase the total payment to the beneficiary to the face amount of the policy.

All calculations are made in such a way that the premium paid by the purchaser is always made up of two elements: first, an amount equal to the one-year renewable term rate for the attained age of the insured for the amount of insurance necessary to be added to the cash value to make the face of the policy, and, second, an amount to be set aside by the company as part of the insured's savings for the purpose of paying him the face of the policy as an endowment, either at age ninety-six or at some other predetermined age which is at the end of the endowment period.

You will note from your files that you published an article written by me in your issue of September 15, 1933. It goes without saying that I am sympathetic with any effort to expose the outrages which are daily perpetrated upon the public by the life-insurance companies. It is for that reason that I regret the publication of your article. It is very easy for the life-insurance companies and their agents and their paid press to show the fallacy of any such statement as the one quoted, and in doing so they are able the more strongly to ingratiate themselves with the deluded and unintelligent buyer.

Chicago, May 25

JAMES P. SULLIVAN

President Linton on Twisting

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is beyond my comprehension how *The Nation* ever fell for an article such as that on life insurance by Mort and E. A. Gilbert in the issue of May 22. I have seldom seen a more misleading, incorrect discussion of the problem. One could write at length upon the article, but I shall confine myself to the main points.

1. It is amazing how often the old misconception crops up to the effect that when a policy-holder dies the company "confiscates" his reserve or cash value. This fallacy goes back to the old days when assessment insurance was attempting to hold its own against legal-reserve life insurance, and the assessment companies coined the phrase "keep the reserve in your own pocket" in trying to support their plan.

A policy on the life or endowment plan is made up in essence of two elements: first, a savings-fund element which builds up the reserve accumulation that forms the basis of the guaranteed cash and loan values, and, second, a net protection element. The amount of the net insurance protection in any year is the amount by which the face of the policy exceeds the accumulated value. Since the accumulated value increases year after year, the amount of the net protection decreases correspondingly. The important thing, however, is that the charge for the net insurance protection is computed on the basis of the *decreasing* amount and not on a *level* amount. This means that when death occurs under a \$10,000 policy, where there is, say, a reserve of \$4,000 in hand, the company pays the claim by using the \$4,000 and then drawing the remaining \$6,000 from the mortality fund for the year. The two together make up the \$10,000 paid on the policy. The policy-holder, however, has not been charged for net protection on a level \$10,000 basis but for a decreasing protection; and in the year for which the illustration is cited the charge was for \$6,000. Thus there is no "confiscation," and the policy-holder receives exactly the benefit for which he paid.

This situation seems to be difficult for the layman to grasp, and therefore we have had many bills introduced in legislatures which would require the companies to pay not only the face of the policy but also the amount of the accumulated reserve. It is obvious that if this were done, the net mortality fund would have to be drawn upon for \$10,000 instead of \$6,000 and the total amount paid under the policy would be \$14,000. The charge for the net protection element, however, would be greater and the policy would cost more. I think at least one company has issued a policy of this kind, but it is not attractive because people are not interested in paying the increased cost for a policy which pays a larger amount in the event of death for each year the policy remains in force. It might be pointed out that if this practice is so iniquitous, something ought to be done about the government war-risk insurance on the life and endowment plan, which, of course, is operated upon a sound, scientific basis.

2. The so-called "twisting of insurance" has to do primarily with the dropping of an outstanding policy and the taking of a new one at the attained age. The writers of the article charge the companies with attempts to defraud their policy-holders by preventing them from making a change which would be of benefit to them. There are numerous kinds of changes.

For example, a policy-holder may have taken a twenty-year endowment with a \$45 premium and after a few years found that he must reduce his outlay for premiums. If he still needs the original amount of insurance at death, the best plan by which his premium can be reduced is to change the

policy as of the original date to a cheaper plan with less investment or old-age protection for the original amount of the insurance, thereby releasing part of the reserve, which may or may not be used to purchase additional insurance, as the policy-holder may desire. There are many instances where this helps the policy-holder from the financial point of view, although in changing to the cheaper plan he is definitely giving up a certain investment or old-age protection advantage. When the companies feel that a change of this kind is being made for the benefit of the policy-holder they are perfectly willing to cooperate, subject of course to proper evidence of health.

Another form of change permitted is a shift to the lower-premium plan as of the original age and the original date for the amount of insurance the premium would have purchased on the new plan. This of course does not reduce the premium outlay but does increase the protection feature and reduce the investment or old-age feature.

Most of the changes, however, which companies encounter in practice are from ordinary life taken out a number of years before to ordinary life as of the attained age, the original policy being surrendered outright. Very frequently the old policy is encumbered by a policy loan, and this is often used as an argument for the change. In most instances this change is not advantageous to the policy-holder, does not materially change his outlay, and is likely to leave him in a worse position as far as future cash values are concerned. It is to prevent this situation that the companies have attempted to restrict the practice of twisting. Some companies withhold commission on the new insurance and others use educational methods to get their agents to refrain from suggesting changes which are not for the benefit of the policy-holder.

The frequent argument is that a policy which has remained in force for a number of years and has a maximum loan against it requires an outlay not only of the premium for the original insurance but also an outlay for the interest on the loan. For example, a \$10,000 policy with a \$4,000 loan might call for an outlay, say, of \$250 for the premium. In addition there is the \$240 for the interest, making \$490 altogether. As indicated in the first section of this letter, the net protection under the policy is only \$6,000 and for this \$6,000 the total outlay for premium and interest is \$490. When, however, account is taken of the fact that the policy-holder has advanced in age since the original policy was issued, it usually works out that the new insurance for \$6,000, assuming the old policy to have been surrendered and the loan canceled, is not far from \$490. Moreover, the cash values under the new policy are not likely to be as favorable, generally speaking, as under the old policy. It should also not be overlooked that the \$240 interest is deductible in making up the income-tax return so that the net burden of the interest charge may be considerably less than \$240.

The difficulty in the situation is that if these changes are encouraged there is a continual temptation for the agent to stir them up, not from the point of view of the good of the policy-holder but from the point of view of the commission that is to be obtained by the agent. Thus, in essence, part of the policy-holder's funds are transferred to the commission account.

3. The suggestion is made in the *Nation* article that the companies should permit a change from a high-premium policy to a low-premium policy without evidence of good health. A little reflection shows that this would be most unfair to the continuing group of policy-holders. If a policy-holder had a high-premium policy and could surrender it for the cash value and take a new policy for the same face value as the original, then in the event of death he would have received not only the face of the policy but also the cash value which he had

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taken before his death. Obviously this is a practice which would be indulged in by policy-holders as soon as they knew they were in bad health, and what is called "anti-selection" would take place to the great disadvantage of the continuing group of policy-holders. The practice would be both discriminatory and scientifically unsound.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly in this connection that, in mutual life insurance, if anti-twisting measures resulted in questionable gains, as suggested in the article, they would simply go into the funds from which dividends to policy-holders are drawn. The expenses of the companies doing business in the state of New York are strictly limited by law, and the insurance commissioners know just what is done with the money, what salaries are paid, and how the business is run generally. Thus, if there are any gains as suggested in the article they would inure to the benefit of the entire group of policy-holders. The fact of the matter is that the life-insurance companies curb the twisting evil because they know that there is great temptation for some field representatives to urge the dropping of old insurance and the taking of new, not because that would be for the policy-holder's benefit, but because of the commission involved.

Philadelphia, May 22

M. A. LINTON,
President, Provident Mutual Life
Insurance Company of Philadelphia

[Mort and E. A. Gilbert, the authors of the article How Honest Is Life Insurance? will have an opportunity in next week's issue to reply to their critics.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Carl von Ossietzky

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As many of the readers of *The Nation* know, the name of Carl von Ossietzky has been presented to the Nobel Peace Prize Committee for its next award. Jane Addams was one of those who proposed him. It will be helpful to his candidacy to have the use of any article or newspaper item relating to von Ossietzky which may have appeared in the United States. Material should be sent to me at 12 rue du Vieux Collège, Geneva, Switzerland.

Geneva, Switzerland, May 9 EMILY GREENE BALCH,
Honorary International Secretary,
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

A Correction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the editorial Fascist Victory at Columbia, in *The Nation* for April 3, I find a statement which is not quite correct. The letter to Professor Salvemini signed "The Graduate Club of Italian Studies" and withdrawing the club's invitation to speak was written by me as secretary of the organization at the dictation of the president. Since I considered such action discourteous and had voted against it at the meeting I did not care to affix my signature to it. Neither did I resign at that meeting. The reason for this is stated in the letter addressed to Mrs. Maria Piccirilli, which you printed. I resigned, together with Mr. Luciani and Mr. McAvoy, only after Mrs. Piccirilli and her group, disregarding the previous decision of the club and the provisions of its constitution and without informing any of us, held a meeting at the Casa Italiana under the name of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies.

New York, April 8

MARCEL F. GRILLI

Labor and Industry

Nine Against Labor

By HEYWOOD BROWN

IF labor is to stay in the big leagues, the Supreme Court is the team which it will have to beat. The Schechter NRA decision, following so closely upon the heels of the rail-pensions case, underlines the fact that workers are always likely to get the worst of it in the rulings of the highest bench. It would, of course, be easy to point out that the average man who is appointed to the Supreme Court has devoted the most profitable part of his career to the defense of large interests. I am not saying that such service invariably disposes a jurist to reactionary rulings. Exceptions could be noted. Indeed, the case of labor against the court need not rest on personalities alone. The fault lies much more largely with the structure of the Constitution.

Among the things of which the founders never heard or dreamed was the modern trade-union movement. There may have been some small familiarity with craft guilds, but their place or potentiality in the America of the late eighteenth century was decidedly limited. Indeed, the workers of the revolutionary era could hardly have anticipated how destructive to the interests of labor the theory of states' rights would become. And it is the singularly rigid reaffirmation of local boundary lines in industry which damages labor in the court's NRA ruling. At the moment the federal government's admitted power to regulate interstate commerce is all but useless, since the court is reluctant to admit the existence of any such animal. It will become increasingly difficult to get good labor legislation in the more progressive states because of the bad standards in the backward communities. The New York worker now finds himself in competition with the pauper labor of Georgia.

My own enthusiasm for the NRA was shortlived, although I must say that my objections centered more largely on the administration of the scheme than on the plan itself. Perhaps it had within it the seeds of fascism, but they are likely to sprout even faster in the cutthroat competitive turmoil into which the court has suddenly plunged us. By a curious coincidence the left-wing labor groups called a meeting to denounce the NRA at the very moment the Supreme Court was preparing to read its death warrant. By the luck of the draw Charles Evans Hughes and Earl Browder are in temporary agreement. I am aware of the logic of the radical position and in large measure I agree with it: The strength of labor lies within its own hands. If the NRA had been enormously effective it would have been a soporific. In its imperfect state it was a sham and a delusion. From any long-range point of view labor should be better off facing the fact of conflict. Indeed, all who believe in the class struggle should thank Justice Hughes for pointing out the barriers which prevent industrial freedom through legislation. A seeming defeat constitutes labor's great opportunity to press on to victory through its own momentum.

Yes, I know all that, but any realistic thinking must include a consideration of short-range necessities. Labor may have a great opportunity now that it has been knocked back on its own heels, but I gravely doubt whether in or-

ganization or leadership it is at present competent to succeed without so much as a shadow of legislative blessing. The complete revolutionist is not likely to lie awake nights worrying about the reactionary nature of the Supreme Court. But any who think that it is decidedly worth while to take account of what to do till the doctor comes have a right to speculate upon the benefits which might accrue to labor immediately through a sharp curtailment of the power of the Supreme Court or even the complete abolition of its veto power.

It seems to me that there ought to be a united front against the oligarchy of nine, and I see no reason why volunteers of every sort should not be admitted. It is a traditional fallacy that the vast majority of Americans consider the court the bulwark of their liberties. It is true that Theodore Roosevelt in his days as a Progressive once suggested "the recall of Supreme Court decisions" and quickly dropped the scheme because of the shocked cry of horror which arose. But a good many decisions have flowed under the bridge since then, and they have been of a sort which did not endear the nine old gentlemen to a nation beset with mass unemployment. It is only a straw in the wind but I noticed that when George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind made the nine the chief butt of their satire in "Of Thee I Sing," few if any spectators left the theater in high dudgeon. If you can kid the court you can also curtail it.

As a matter of fact the Schechter and the Frazier-Lemke decisions have aroused the sharpest kind of criticism in newspapers which are not noted as radical or liberal journals. Arthur Krock, Pulitzer prize-winner of the *Times*, declared in a column of editorial comment that the Supreme Court had gone back to stagecoach days in its conception of interstate commerce. An editorial in Captain Patterson's *Daily News* stated: "For absurdity and dangerousness the NRA decision surpasses the Dred Scott decision." And on the following day the final paragraph of the paper's comment was: "It is time to reverse the tide set rolling by Grand Lama John Marshall in 1803; and we think Franklin D. Roosevelt is the man to do it."

The political luck of the President is proverbial. He is now in a position to blame the Supreme Court for the feebleness of his readjustment policies. The Chamber of Commerce can no longer bay at him, since the moon, much to the chamber's embarrassment, has been dropped into its lap. A brand-new and popular issue is in the hands of Franklin D. Roosevelt to do with as he will. The President has been fond of comparing himself to a quarterback in a football game, but let's drop that metaphor for the moment and consider the situation in terms of a tonsorial parlor. Into an empty chair there has slumped a new and heavily bearded customer. Slumped did I say? The fellow has fallen fast asleep. The proprietor of the place can do what he will. He can clip the whiskers or shave the head down to the bone. Here is his great opportunity. Will he give him the works or let him off with just a trim?

The Nation Index of Labor Welfare

NO marked change occurred in *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare in April. Continuation of the business recession which started in March, together with a further sharp rise in food prices, resulted in a decline in the basic index of approximately 0.4 per cent. Despite a drop in industrial production, employment rose slightly for the month, while the average weekly wage of employed workers remained unchanged at about \$21.75. This apparent improvement in labor's position was more than offset, however, by a 3 per cent increase in retail food prices, which, combined with a slight rise in rents, brought the index of the cost of living (1932 = 100) to 106.8, the highest point since the middle of 1931. A 3.6 per cent decline in the number of families on relief rolls indicated an improvement in the status of the unemployed portion of the population.

It will be noted that the revised indices for March on the basis of official government figures are somewhat higher than was forecast by the earlier estimate based on the statistics of the National Industrial Conference Board. The board had indicated a sharp decline from February in the weekly wages of workers in the manufacturing industries, whereas the more complete figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics show a rise of almost 1 per cent in average labor earnings. This adjustment brings the revised Index of Labor Welfare for March to 99, as compared with 98 in

February. The preliminary figure for April is 98.7, which is slightly below the level of a year ago.

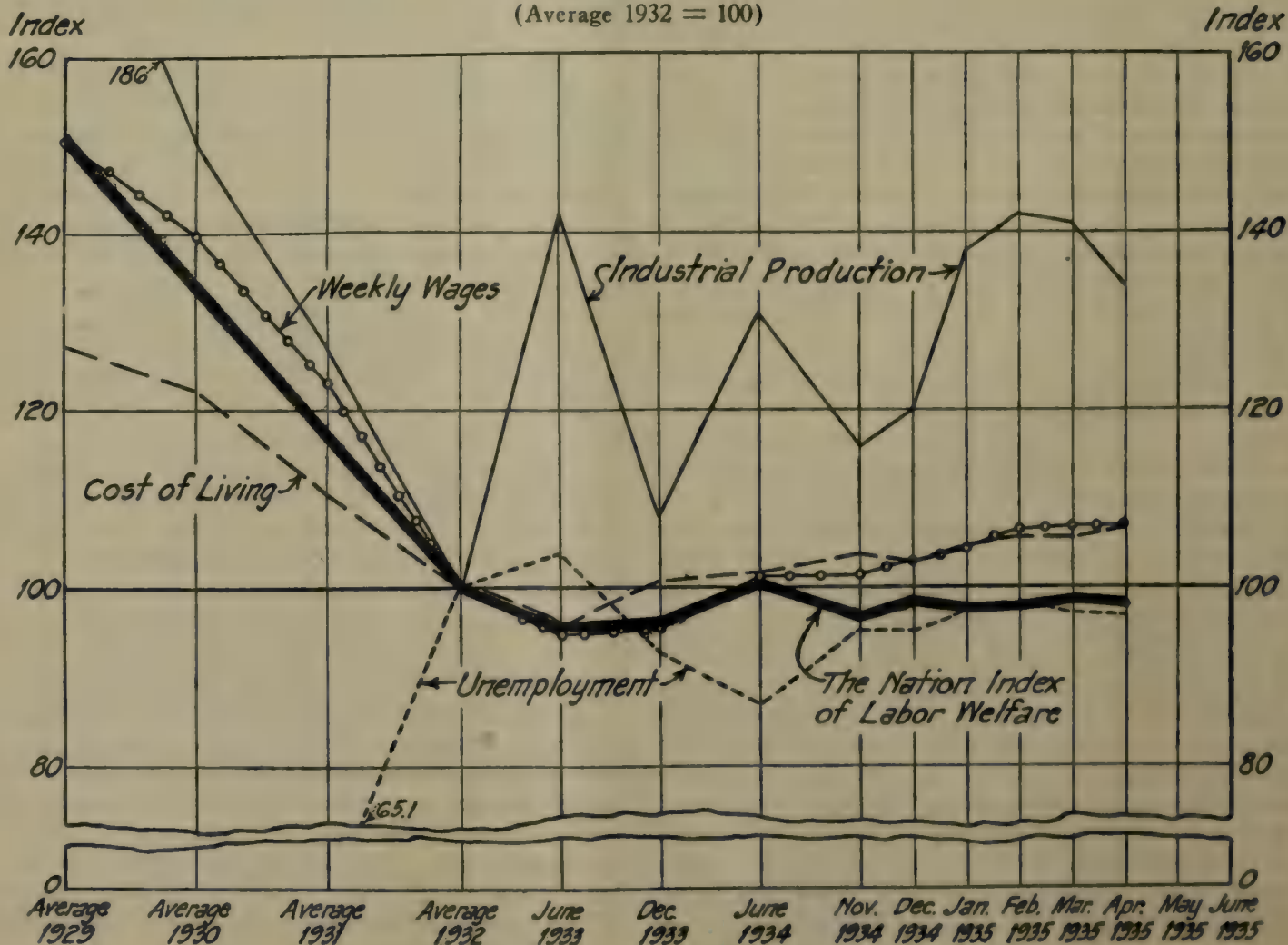
In contrast to the failure of real wages to rise above the 1932 average, industrial profits continued their spectacular increase during the first quarter of 1935. A list of 210 large corporations compiled by the National City Bank shows total net earnings, less deficits, of \$123,000,000 for the first quarter of the present year, as against \$101,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1934, an increase of 21.8 per cent. If we were to assume this experience to be typical of all corporations, the index of profits for the first quarter of 1935 would be 654 per cent above the 1932 level! Other estimates suggest, however, that the smaller companies did not fully share the experience of the larger corporations, although their profits tended to be higher than in 1934.

The preliminary estimates for April together with the revised figures for March, are as follows:

| | (1932 = 100) | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|-------|
| | March | April |
| Industrial Production | 140 . . . | 134 |
| Average Weekly Wages | 107 . . . | 107* |
| Cost of Living | 106 . . . | 107 |
| Real Wages | 101 . . . | 100* |
| Index of Labor Welfare | 99.1 . . . | 98.7* |

* Preliminary

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932 = 100)



Books and Films

Child of Fate

Catherine: The Portrait of an Empress. By Gina Kaus. Translated by June Head. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

IN her "portrait" of Catherine the Great Gina Kaus paints on a canvas larger than life. Almost she is compelled to, if she is to keep this single figure from being drowned in the turgid flood of its historical background. Yet one lays this book down, as one has laid down other biographies of Catherine, saying only, "O history, O mystery!" and wondering what, after all, was the contemporary truth of her.

Yet Frau Kaus has, on the whole, resisted the curse of biography—the temptation to fictionize. There are slips, particularly in the earlier pages, where the biographer is transformed for a moment or two into the omniscient novelist or the even more omniscient modern psychologist. But these slips are few. For the rest she has clarified the historical background with almost a chemist's skill and against its proportioned expanse has painted her portrait of Catherine.

It must be true that Catherine "flourished in adversity . . . grew great by her capacity to endure humiliations"; otherwise her spirit must have died young. Thirty-three years of thwartings and outrage before fate handed her the moment in which she was to make her great bid for power! But eighteen of those years spent in omnivorous study! Frau Kaus makes an interesting statement concerning Catherine's attitude toward fate; a statement in which lurk, I think, a hundred simplifications for future biographers of this woman who, without a shred of legal right to the throne, seized it and ruled it for thirty-three years. "Her attitude toward fate," says Frau Kaus, "was the attitude of a woman toward her lovers; passionate, challenging, but at the same time passive. She had no desire to master fate; she longed, with all the strength of her superhuman will, to be mastered by fate." Certainly fate was kinder to Catherine than her lovers were; perhaps because in fate she instinctively welcomed an impersonal force greater than a merely personal one, even her own, and could take refuge in that conviction.

She was a love-child of luck. With everything hanging by a thread after the first abortive revolution against Peter, and herself in flight for her life, by grace of brief stops at the barracks along her way within a few hours she was approaching the Winter Palace preceded by priests in full vestments and followed by thousands on thousands of soldiers and subjects. While her spouse slept his all but last sleep—he was murdered within a week after her accession—she issued her manifesto, "We, by grace of God, Catherine II, Empress and Autocrat of all the Russias . . ."; and a few hours later was compelling his hand to sign his "voluntary abdication." At any moment an adverse breeze could have blown the cobwebby affair into nothingness, but she was luck's own child.

Her contradictions were many but Frau Kaus faces them easily. She paints Catherine as "more than man" yet essentially woman in her romanticism, sentimentality, and inveterate "hero yearning"; as mistress of a dozen lovers yet instinctively monogamous; as a woman whose "love life was like that of a very important business man, simple, sentimental, and rather pathetic," too busy for coquetry and with the external roles of the sexes, therefore, completely reversed. She makes Catherine's guiding motive "not love of masculine strength but terror of masculine weakness," a terror sprung from her own most unfortunate relations with weak father, brother, husband, and lovers.

"She began her reign," says Frau Kaus, "with a desire for

the good, with a fervent belief in kindness, justice, and reason." The author seems a little romantic here; seems to take too literally Catherine's own estimate of herself penned in her own famous epitaph—never to be written in stone! Catherine's one fervent belief seems to have been in simple fate, if fate were but left alone and not meddled with until it needed for a moment another hand than its own—and that hand but for receiving the moment and using it. The clever use of this gift of fate was by and large her single activity. When she tried to force the moment she was nearly always the loser.

EDNA KENTON

A Misunderstood Musician

Hector Berlioz. By Tom S. Wotton. Oxford Press. \$3.

REPUTATIONS have a way of "setting," like concrete pavement, unevenly in different places. The reputation of Berlioz has always been high among the Germans and generally poor among his compatriots, the French. In the United States he is virtually unknown, or unfavorably known, while in England critics are divided between those who assign Berlioz a special pinnacle among the peaks of musical achievement, and those who look upon him as the victim of his own efforts to scale the heights.

Much of this diversity of opinion is due to incomplete and erroneous information. One must therefore feel deeply grateful for Tom S. Wotton's book, which investigates the legend and the facts. Mr. Wotton first points out that Berlioz is almost always judged by standards which no one would dream of applying to other composers, and that in consequence admirers of the man and the artist have fallen into apologetic attitudes that are entirely uncalled for. The half-hearted tone of comments on Berlioz has done more to injure his reputation with the general public than any objective fact. Here the detractor will assert that many competent critics have examined the works of the composer and found them wanting; to which Mr. Wotton has a number of cogent and convincing replies. In the first place, many competent critics have examined the works and found them admirable. In the second place, the so-called complete edition of Berlioz's works is neither complete nor faithful. Amazing liberties have been taken with the musician's text, blunders have been made, and misleading annotations added to eke out the confusion.

Even without such confusion, Berlioz's unique orchestral style cannot be properly judged from the score alone, and even less from a piano reduction. Ernest Newman confirmed the fact recently when Berlioz's great music-drama, "The Trojans" (1855), was given at Glasgow. And apparently the same effect of an unsuspected "revelation" occurred last March in Moscow when four hundred singers and instrumentalists performed the stupendous Requiem.

Besides infrequent and inadequate performances and misleading scores, Mr. Wotton deals with a third difficulty in "getting" Berlioz, namely, the variety and plasticity of his musical idiom. Though Berlioz has influenced in one way or another every subsequent composer, he has been imitated by none, for the simple reason that he is inimitable. Acquaintance with the various national "schools" gives no help. He speaks his own language and one has to learn it through repeated hearings. Because of this unsought originality of his, many have concluded too hastily that Berlioz was deficient in melody, harmony, and sense of form. With examples and a rationale of Berliozian methods, the author exposes the inaccuracy of these charges and the falseness of their implications.

The only serious objection to Mr. Wotton's book is that it assumes a general knowledge of Berlioz's life and works on the part of the reader—an unwarrantable assumption in the United States, where many educated persons are unable to name a work by Berlioz or date it to the nearest century. In view of such encyclopedic ignorance, it is a pity that W. J. Turner's "Berlioz" (1934) should not have appeared in this country. One has of course Berlioz's "Memoirs," which rank with Cellini's as a model of the genre. They were translated in 1933 under Newman's care, but even here one must consult Wotton, not indeed to correct the alleged misstatements of the autobiography, but to find its debunkers debunked.

Other current notions, such as that Berlioz could not compose without a program, that he always required large instrumental forces, and that in some magic way he could pass off sheer orchestral effects for genuine music are easily refuted by reference to the facts. Mr. Wotton has been studying Berlioz and his works for fifty years, but he wears his authority lightly: his style is rapid and pliable, and the modesty of his documented assertions is in refreshing contrast to the smug finality of those critics whose main strength lies in Grove's Dictionary. In short, Wotton's "Berlioz" must have a place beside Newman's edition of the "Memoirs" and Turner's biography to form the *vade mecum* of the complete Berliozian.

JACQUES BARZUN

Colonial Government

Modern Samoa, Its Government and Changing Life. By Felix M. Keesing. Stanford University Press. \$4.

The Origins of International Rivalry in Samoa, 1845-1884. By Sylvia Masterman. Stanford University Press. \$2.75.

DR. KEESING'S book is a full and serious consideration of a question whose implications are far wider than the borders of the Samoan Islands or the present problems of the Pacific. It is primarily a study of the problem of government when the complications incident upon political action are combined with a fundamental clash between cultures. Containing a brief historical survey, a sketch of present population conditions, and an excellent brief summary of Samoan political and social organization, the book is really a study of what New Zealand has tried to do in Samoa, how far it has succeeded, what are the causes of its failure, and what are the plans which it should follow for the future. An analysis of the German occupation brings out the fact that the Germans faced many of the same problems and shows how they met them, with less pressure from an interested public and more confidence in direct suppressive measures. The parallel conditions in American Samoa are considered from the same angle, with an emphasis upon the similarity of the recurrent causes of trouble, and an underemphasis perhaps upon the far simpler task which the American navy confronted, since the group was much smaller and contained few half-castes or foreigners. The central problem of the book is: What is the constitution of present-day Western Samoa and how can New Zealand deal with the Samoans so as to develop them into a harmonious and integrated community, with honor to its own colonial administration, and in terms of the highest current demands for the treatment of native peoples? That Dr. Keesing does not question the desirability of such a development makes the book more valuable, for it frees it from the fantasy element which is likely to inhere in all discussions of native peoples considered in a political vacuum.

Thus the book becomes a careful discussion of political method in the light of the facts, and Dr. Keesing has considered far more facts, and more different orders of facts, than such

discussions have historically taken into account. He considers the local institutions upon which are based the systems of property-owning, land tenure, office-holding, and control of village affairs. He discusses the premises upon which colonial government, under the League of Nations, is based. He discusses the role played by the local white residents and the accidental role of the personality of Samoan holders of high titles. He analyzes the effect of prohibition, which involved Samoan and white man in a conspiracy of law-breaking. He describes the Mau, the native Samoan movement which grew until it included the whole population, as one of those mystical outbreaks which occur among primitive peoples under heavy pressure from outside forces—comparable to the American Indian Ghost Dance. And he makes the acute observation that as the Samoan's main interest in life has always centered about social ceremonial, the revival movement has taken this character rather than a strictly religious one.

Although it is difficult to select from such a wealth of detail about so many facets of a vexed problem, perhaps the most significant discussion in the book is that of the difficulty of shifting the Samoans from their old system, which Dr. Keesing calls "personal"—under which an individual's whole status was based upon his position in a network of blood ties, each of which carried with it a connection with some bit of ground in a unique village organization—to the new "impersonal system," under which every adult is equated with every other adult in terms of nationality and economic and legal responsibility. The struggle to make the Samoans realize that the category of "relative," a person from whom one can borrow anything and to whom one may expect to extend any kind of aid, is meaningless in law and should become meaningless in economic terms has been a long and wearisome one. It is so comparable to the problem of developing in immigrant peasant groups in the United States a proper "impersonality" that Dr. Keesing's material here makes his study of sociological importance, in addition to its great interest for all students of colonial administration and of cultural change.

Miss Masterman's book in comparison is strongly traditional; she relates a series of political events in the history of the three nations which struggled for Samoa, and in the whole of her narrative the Samoans play only the most formal part, a paper role. In Dr. Keesing's account they live and move and infinitely complicate and enrich the issues which he raises.

MARGARET MEAD

A Dubious Masterpiece

The Tragedy of Man. By Imre Madách. Translated from the original Hungarian by Charles Meltzer and Paul Vajda. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THIS mystery play, written by a Hungarian poet of the nineteenth century and translated for the first time into English, has been hailed as a work of genius in its native land and other Central European countries; it has been compared to such masterpieces as "Faust" and "Paradise Lost." Briefly outlined, the theme runs thus: Lucifer, meeting Adam after the latter has been banished from the Garden of Eden, causes him to fall asleep. Adam is a symbol of mankind; and his dream is a sort of prophecy of mankind's development through the ages.

In its conception there is no denying that Madách's tragedy deserves to rank with those of Goethe and Milton; in its execution, however, it falls very far short of such flattering comparisons. For one thing, the verse is exceedingly bad—high-flown where it would be sublime, declamatory without being forceful; this, however, may be the fault of a translation which

is more conscientious than inspired. But no translator can be held responsible for the feeble delineation of Madách's central figure, who in the opening scene is simply a pale reflection of Milton's Adam, and in the successive historical roles in which he appears fails to materialize. Nor can the translator be blamed for the unsound and preposterous argument with which the book concludes. In the final scene Adam, discouraged with the various ways in which mankind has tried to live and to govern itself, is on the point of leaping from a cliff. But at the crucial moment Eve appears, and by announcing that she is about to bear his child wins him back to life and hope. The lack of logic in all this is self-evident: if one is, like Madách's Adam, skeptical as to the right of the human race to endure, surely the simple biological fact that it can endure will not revive one's faith in it. Yet this is the whole moral idea behind Madách's book. It is unfortunate that so vast a conception was intrusted to so mediocre a mind; and one is forced to conclude that a mind which could bungle it so sadly in this respect must have done so in another as well—that, in short, Madách's verse in its native Hungarian must be of a quality which not even the most imperfect translation could dishonor.

HELEN NEVILLE

Microcosm

"*Call Me Ishmael.*" By Loyd Collins. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

NOVELS of the sea have frequently been esteemed for the measure in which they afford the luxury of "escape." If the detail is "realistic" and the "problem" is of the simplest, they will perfectly have achieved their not very soaring purpose. From the moment the anchor is weighed the reader may be assured that the world, or a large part of it, will have been left behind. There is, however, a second and a more legitimate sense in which in a seafaring novel the world may be left behind. The conditions of a voyage—for example, in Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus"—make it possible, as almost no other conditions of modern life can be said to do, for a group of characters to concentrate their attention for a period of time on the oddity of the principal figure with only such interruptions as will tend to give it greater salience. Conrad takes his readers away from the Babel of cities, not in order that they may relax, but because the nut he has to offer will be hard enough for them to crack under even the least taxing of circumstances.

The kernel of truth offered in Mr. Collins's fable, the first from his pen to be published, is even denser and tougher than that of Conrad's "Nigger." He, perhaps, has stopped short of the cloudy cosmic meanings glanced at in Melville's "Moby Dick," yet one turns to that work for comparisons as inevitably as the author turned to it for his title. If Melville's White Whale opens metaphysical vistas which only widen and deepen as it is measured and anatomized, something similar may be said for Loyd Collins's Captain Coffin, his cowed but insurgent Albert, and his Karel and Burke, twin protagonists of the drama, highly individualized figures and yet at the same time almost allegorical in their contrasting embodiments of the sanguine and the saturnine.

I am not sure this much briefer story does not raise questions almost as unwieldy as those Herman Melville essayed. The subject principally mooted has, however, been more thoroughly, or at least more intelligibly, treated. This subject is in part man versus capitalism. And if Mr. Collins, unlike certain radicals, does not feel that the Jerichos of finance are likely to be overthrown by the blast of a horn, yet the feebleness of his Albert, the duality of his Karel, the stupidity of his Malloy, the

vacuity of his Otto, and the moral pessimism of his Burke, all victims of a profit system amounting to social anarchy, are treated as often with sympathy as with scorn; while Rita, struggling for victory in her brief moments of action and eloquence with the aid of such flawed battalions, is the life-principle brought to bay. Revolutionaries are often taxed with their readiness to apply force, as though in this they were unique. Those who share that illusion would do well to trace through the intricacies of the voyage of the Mindanao the movements of the Babylonian fist of the masterful Captain Coffin.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

Bergson on Religion

The Two Sources of Morality and Religion. By Henri Bergson. Translated by R. Ashley Audra and Cloudesley Brereton. With the Assistance of W. Horsfall Carter. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

THE theme of Bergson's new book is, I think, quite simple in its statement. Its root consists in the opposition between the individual who is a member of a social group devoted chiefly to the preservation of the species, and in which the individual functions as no more than a part, and the individual who exists in a society dedicated to the realization of his almost infinite potentialities as an individual. In the former instance we have what Bergson calls a "closed" society; in the latter we have what he calls an "open" one.

In the development of this theme we are presented with some instructive discussions of obligation. Moral obligation, for Bergson, is nothing other than "a force of unvarying direction which . . . insures the cohesion of the group by bending all individual wills to the same end." This is the source of morality in its first aspect. And religion in its original derivation represents for Bergson the cohesive relation of the group to the individual, just as morality represents the cohesive relation of the individual to the group. Since human beings are ruled rather by intelligence than by instinct, and since, in its source, intelligence is a kind of dissolvent power directing itself to the individual rather than to the group without which the individual cannot exist and emphasizing the self at the expense of the group, it becomes necessary for nature to limit the power of intelligence; else both group and individual would perish together. Hence nature makes use of intelligence to combat intelligence, of which peculiar struggle religion in its first phase is the product. "Religion is then a defensive reaction of nature against the dissolvent power of intelligence." In connection with this thesis we find an acute discussion of the primitive mind and we find also another instance of Bergson's celebrated anti-intellectualism. It should be said, however, that Bergson's use of language has been somewhat unfortunate in its consequences. Bergson, though he protests the contrary, is no more the anti-intellectualist than Aristotle. Actually it is the grammarian to whom he objects—that mind which feeds upon the surface effects of other minds, which owns its perfection in the repetition or the mere verbal analysis of things previously spoken. But for Aristotle as much as for Bergson the full and perfect activity of the mind supposes a prior insight. Bergson, more poetic or perhaps more vague than Aristotle, would name this insight emotion; but from his meaning it is difficult to infer a conflict.

There is little need here to linger upon the remainder of Bergson's work. It is sufficient that morality and religion in their second phase are opposed to morality and religion in their first. Just as the one derives from the group or from the needs of the group and the individual in relation to the group, so the other preeminently derives from the individual,

and has its end in the realization of the individual. But, he warns, the individual realizes himself in action rather than in contemplation. Thus Bergson concerns himself with a defense of Christian mysticism. For in the Christian mystic, he holds, is to be found that final consummation of love where, since all men are embraced in one unity of love, the final end must of necessity consist in action. It is in action alone that the object of love is attained.

In a brief review there is no space to touch upon Bergson's acute observations or upon his elegant use of metaphor and simile; but they are present, and the reader may find some joy in their private discovery.

LINCOLN REIS

What Now?

Negro Americans, What Now? By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press. \$1.25.

THIS book merits serious consideration, not because it offers any original or profound reflections upon the question which it raises, but because the author probably has greater prestige among Negroes and enjoys greater authority among the whites as a spokesman for his race than any other Negro in America today. Mr. Johnson proposes in this little book, which is addressed primarily to his own race, to "lay down certain lines along which a program may be worked out" by Negroes in the present semi-chaotic state of the world. Instead, however, of indicating the significance of the "state of semi-chaos" for the Negro, he discusses the four choices which lie before the Negro in the present crisis. These four choices are exodus from America, the use of physical force, revolutionary activities, and the choice between isolation and integration into American life.

We need not consider the author's discussion of the first two choices, for they are the trite reflections which have been current among Negroes for more than half a century. In his discussion of the relative merits of a policy of racial isolation and one of integration into American life, the author shows no understanding of the forces in American life which are fostering the development of nationalistic sentiment or the more fundamental economic forces which are making isolation impossible. It appears from the author's statements that the Negro can deliberately choose one or the other course. The discussion concerning revolutionary activity on the part of the Negro is of interest partly because of its incredible naivete, but more especially because it reflects the attitude of the small Negro middle class, which looks at the Negro's plight from the point of view of its own immediate advantage. The author's argument runs as follows: Communism is simply a change in the form of government, and since American Communists will be the same white people with their traditional prejudices, the Negro will have the same status. But, of course, if America "should turn truly communistic," then race prejudice would disappear. However, the Negro may suffer as he does at present, for America has never adopted real democracy or real Christianity. Moreover, since America is more likely to become fascist than communist, and Negroes have lived under a kind of fascism in the South, conditions won't be worse for Negroes. Therefore Mr. Johnson admonishes the Negro to persevere "under whatever form the government might take."

The Negroes who are advised to "persevere" can scarcely be the starving share-croppers of the South. They are, of course, the middle-class Negroes who enjoy through philanthropy or some other fortunate circumstance a relatively high standard of living. This is the same group of Negroes whose social evaluations have become so perverted that cere-

monialized contacts with whites at interracial teas stand out as great achievements in solving the problems of the Negro. In spite of the author's professedly realistic attitude, he does not hesitate to preach to the Negro press and church. As a sample of these naive preachments I may cite the author's wish that the Negro minister show "the same degree of intelligence, zeal, and singleness of purpose with which the Catholic clergy works for the advancement of those who practice the Catholic faith."

The future of the Negro race would be dark if its most articulate and intelligent members accepted the philosophy expressed in this book and were unwilling to venture in their thoughts and actions beyond what is safe and respectable. But, fortunately, the very class for whom Mr. Johnson would be a mentor, Negro college youth, is showing signs, as in the recent gathering at Raleigh, of a courageous and intelligent attitude toward the fundamental problems of the Negro masses.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

The New Education

Education in a Changing World. By W. B. Curry. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

IN the days before the education of children came under the criticism of the modern psychologist the motto which guided educators was, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." But the philosophy of the "new education" finds that the forcibly inclined tree is not a desirable end, and consequently favors as little pressure as possible. Far better merely to foster its natural bent, to allow its natural capacities full freedom. Mr. Curry's "Education in a Changing World" is, if not another argument, at least another book, in favor of the newer view.

But the new education is no longer in its infancy; it is a series of principles that have been mulled over and to some extent practiced for a respectable number of years now, and the American reader is likely to find this new book full of extremely familiar arguments. It is significant of the pace at which we move nowadays that the ideas which twenty-five years ago were revolutionary sound at present dangerously like platitudes. This impression is strengthened on reading Mr. Curry's book, because it was written not for an American but for an English audience, and the British system of education is notoriously more bound by tradition than ours. Thus it is almost quaint (shades of Dickens!) to find pages devoted to arguments that the practice of caning should be abandoned.

But if Mr. Curry's old arguments do not shine with any new light, his book has at least the virtues of consistency and simple statement. Starting from the premise that the surest road to social reform is to make the school a microcosm of the world, not as it is but as we should like to have it, he pursues the resultant principles to their final conclusion. Because free competition, international and industrial, has brought the world to such a pretty pass, he would have competitive games of all sorts excluded from the activities of children; however the war was won, it was *made*, according to this view, on the playing fields of Eton. From the psychological aspect, too, he feels that competition is injurious, resulting in an insuperable handicap to the unaggressive child, distorting the purpose and meaning of education. "All educational activity is worthless in which the factors of interest and of voluntary activity are not involved, and the introduction of such irrelevant incentives as marks and competition is merely a way by which incompetent teachers are able to evade their responsibilities." It will be noted to the author's credit that he does not pull his punches. And it is only occasionally that his con-

sistency takes him out on such thin ice as this: "A surgeon, for example, may be gratified by rising in his profession, but when he is actually removing an appendix his attention is presumably upon the appendix and not upon the inferior skill of other surgeons." The competitive element that has accompanied the surgeon's training is not to be quite so easily disposed of. The purely disinterested surgeon may exist, but it is no reflection on his more human colleagues to allow them a large measure of personal pride in their skill.

What one demands now from books in this field is not a mere bare statement of principles that are, in outline at least, accepted by all liberal educators, but an elaboration of the details, the difficulties that impede their actual practice; and these Mr. Curry has, in his otherwise admirable consistency, either shirked or glossed over. This is especially deplorable in one who, as a headmaster of long standing both here and in England, might have been expected to give special enlightenment to these practical problems.

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

Shorter Notices

No Traveller Returns. Joseph Auslander. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

One book of Mr. Auslander's lyrics is very much like another. Love and beauty are his favorite themes. He is facile and graceful, but there is very little in his work that is distinctly his own, almost nothing that is authentic poetry. His verses are of the stuff of poetry—phrases, images, rhythms—and they sound like poetry to the casual reader, but any student of poetry will perceive that Mr. Auslander is an academic verse-writer and not much else. Technically he has skill, but his lines are over embroidered, his phrases over pretty, his emotions thin and usual.

Contemporary Biography. By Mark Longaker. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.50.

Having in a previous volume surveyed English biography in the eighteenth century, Mr. Longaker now takes a look at the contemporary product and discusses its types and tendencies as exemplified by Lytton Strachey, Gamaliel Bradford, André Maurois, Philip Guedalla, Hilaire Belloc. This careful, well-written book, full of information and analysis, is on the whole disappointing. The author is too gentlemanly and well balanced, too anxious to give even the devil his due. Even though he scatters remarks which are devastating in content if mild in form where they are most needed—for instance, in the chapters on Bradford and Ludwig—he nullifies the effect by his strained efforts to find something good to say, at least one work which is truly excellent. Some, not all, of the things he praises are good, but they are worth mentioning only because the author's point of view is not fundamental enough, his standards not sufficiently rigorous. Ludwig is not a biographer but a high-pressure salesman. This, it is true, is brought out by sly quotations. But after having by quotation and comment shown us the blatant and tasteless charlatan, the author proceeds to "evaluate" him as a biographer. "Ludwig's 'Napoleon' is undoubtedly of great biographical worth." It is, however, a comfort to find the much-inflated reputation of Gamaliel Bradford pricked, for even though Mr. Longaker gradually blows it up again, yet in the end it is a smaller balloon than it was before. The spell which Mr. Bradford's superficial and shoddy work has cast seems largely accounted for by the fact that he was a charming invalid (the R. L. S. tradition). The ridiculous claims he made for it have been too uncritically accepted. His work had two fundamental aspects neither of which have anything to do with biography. It was the mental

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(413 Pages, Octavo, \$2.75)

McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York

therapy and escape which a sick man devised for himself and it was the Boston Back Bay version of mass production of fake psychology. Bradford's messing about with the souls of all the world, his producing them in batches and categories—lost, found, damaged, wives, females, or whatever they were—is nauseating. In his sluggish meandering style Mr. Longaker finds “no intellectual or literary brilliance,” but “restraint, clarity, refinement, structural beauty”; also, that his “benevolence to mankind may have revealed a share of the larger truth of human nature.” Mr. Longaker's benevolence does not reveal any of the larger truths of biography, though in a competent and pleasant way he reveals many small ones.

A History of the Roumanians. By R. W. Seton-Watson. Cambridge University Press. \$7.

In this volume of some six hundred pages Professor Seton-Watson, whose authority has long been recognized in England and elsewhere, undertakes to trace the history of the Rumanians from Trajan to Trianon—a period of about nineteen hundred years. While he has not set out to write anything new or startling, his book has value as a highly readable story of one of the most interesting countries in Europe's crazy corner. Besides being edified by Rumania's exciting drama, the reader of this book may draw two conclusions. One is that sometimes nations are evidently subject to the law of the survival of the least fit. Despite the author's obvious attempts to be kind to his subject, it is clear from his narrative that Rumania's heritage of corruption and inefficiency from Turkish times has not been a bar to its accumulation of a large selection of territories. The second conclusion is that one may be a highly rated historian without having a balanced temper. Seton-Watson has two King Charles's heads which he keeps displaying in this book: Hungary and international Jewry. Much of what he writes about the crude nationalism of the Hungarian ruling classes before the war is of course true, but if a historian goes so deeply into this aspect of the problem he ought to draw a parallel picture of the crude nationalism of which the Hungarian inhabitants of Rumania have been the victims since the war. What Professor Seton-Watson writes about the Alliance Israelite and the Jews in general is worthy of any Nazi. It seems a pity that such blemishes should mar an otherwise ambitious work.

Mechanization in Industry. By Harry Jerome. National Bureau of Economic Research. \$3.50.

This book undertakes to explore one of the most important fields in the whole range of economic and social phenomena. The depression is teaching us what we might have learned before, that the prevailing mode of production has everything to do with the cultural picture. Every page of this study gives evidence of industry and sufficient expenditure of research funds, but the result is disappointing. The materials are poorly organized and awkwardly presented. The smelting process was imperfect, and much of the gold remains in the ore. At the same time, more aspects of the problem have been considered than in any other single work, and the reader who simply has to make something of it will not go unrewarded. It is impossible in this place to give a summary of the book. Its scholarship is circumspect, too circumspect. The author often does not see the forest for the leaves. He “does not find convincing the evidence or theoretical arguments sometimes advanced to demonstrate an inherent tendency for mechanization to create an ever larger permanent body of unemployed.” The reader would be interested to see this statement expanded. Professor Jerome makes no mention of the technocrats. He does not sufficiently consider whether the technological unemployment of recent years, coupled with the loss of markets, has not produced a situation so different in degree as to be

different in kind from what we knew before. The effects of the introduction of machinery would seem to be progressive. We begin to realize that we are not simply eliminating workers, but are eliminating work itself.

Scenes from the Mesozoic. By Clarence Day. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

In this handsomely printed volume are collected those recent bits from the *New Yorker* and elsewhere in which Mr. Day has slyly attributed to prehistoric times the foibles and vices of human nature. His comic but eerie verse and pictures are too well known to need description, and perhaps the only thing really necessary to say is that—unlike a great deal of satire—they are as amusing in quantity as they are one by one. The neat epigrammatic lines beautifully supplement the simple but accomplished line drawings. There is a hint of Blake in the apocalyptic sketches, and it is sometimes hard to say whether the verses are flippant or despairingly beyond good and evil.

Chosen Poems. By Harriet Monroe. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

In her latest volume Miss Monroe shows a certain sincerity and some knowledge of prosody; her interest in a wide range of subjects is undeniably genuine, and she can manipulate metrical effects and rhyme schemes with considerable skill. But her poetry nowhere attains that individual distinction which would entitle it to a place of its own. This volume includes the Ode written for the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892, some war poems, and others of a more personal nature.

Films

By Any Other Name

AT last the fruits of the efforts of the League of Decency and the other organizations of a hygienic order which one heard so much about earlier in the season are to be observed by the careful follower of the Hollywood cinema. The gangster film, with its deplorable influence on young and old, has been permanently abolished. In its place now we are having a succession of pictures which, while equally exciting in every respect, are designed to instil into the American public a better appreciation of one of the most important services of its government. This new type of picture endeavors to be informative in content, patriotic in intention, and altogether wholesome in effect. It is only by the merest coincidence that the featured player of the first in this new series, “G Men,” is the well-remembered hero of “Public Enemy” and other unsavory classics of an older and less regenerate day. The public is expected to realize that despite whatever associations it may have with James Cagney a great change has taken place in its taste in entertainment. It is not the fox but the hounds which are now the center of interest. The gallant and scientifically trained agents of the Department of Justice replace the gunman and his moll as models for American youth. At least this is the assumption.

“Let 'Em Have It” begins with a brief account of the preliminary education of a Department of Justice agent: the study of clues under the microscope, the practice at sharpshooting, the paleontological reconstruction of criminals by means of footprints, teeth marks, and the rest. All this is highly instructive, if only mildly interesting from a dramatic point of view. But since the graduates of this school must give a practical exhibition of their learning, the picture is very

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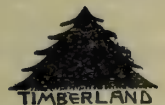
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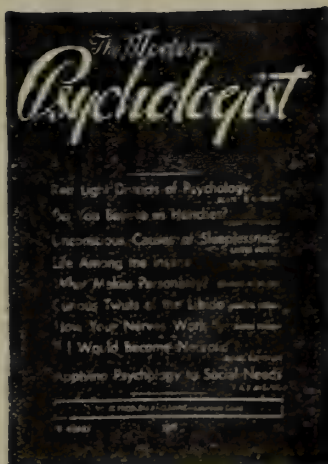
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soon turned over to the exploits of an itinerant killer of the Dillinger type. We are immediately required to assist at a kidnapping, a jail break, several bank robberies, and three of the most cold-blooded murders that have ever been visualized with the unblinking realism of the screen. The ex-chauffeur who kills the younger brother of the woman employer who has got him out of prison is surely the meanest bad man in all the annals of Hollywood turpitude. Next to him Little Caesar and Mr. Cagney's tough guys seem, in retrospect, to have been soft-hearted weaklings. It is this inhuman detachment which is brought out in what is undoubtedly the most horrible sequence of all, the one in which the gangster chief, after forcing a facial surgeon to perform an operation to change his features, leaves him sprawled dead among his instruments and bandages. For violent excitement and sadistic appeal all this section of the film, which constitutes about three-fourths of the whole, is not surpassed by the goriest masterpiece of the unpurified era. But the producers have not completely forgotten their high moral and patriotic intention. At the end the bravest of the government agents does catch his man—although only after forcing a confession by an ungentlemanly trick—and does marry the persecuted Washington heiress.

Of course what Hollywood is trying to convince us of these days is the utter falsity of the notion that the odor of a rose cannot be affected by a change of nomenclature. It is very successfully taking the wind out of the sails of those who have objected to the films on moral and social grounds. For patriotism is an end which still, especially to the pure of heart, justifies any means. What this newest subterfuge once again establishes is the futility of all efforts at reform in an industry as powerful and resourceful as the one whose capital is in Hollywood, California. It confirms the belief of this column, expressed on more than one occasion, that reforming the films is one of the least satisfactory modes of relief open to a nervous society.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

ISABELLE KEATING is a New York newspaperwoman.

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

JAY DU VON is a free-lance writer living in the Middle West.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is director of the travel bureau The Open Road.

EDNA KENTON is the author of "Book of Earths" and "Simon Kenton: His Life and Period."

JACQUES BARZUN is a member of the History Department of Columbia University and author of "The French Race: A Study in Social and Cultural Ideology."

MARGARET MEAD, assistant curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, has recently published "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies."

HELEN NEVILLE has contributed poetry to *The Nation*.

ROBERTS TAPLEY is the author of "Harm's Way."

LINCOLN REIS, a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia University, is engaged in research work in the field of medieval logic.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER is professor of sociology at Howard University and author of "The Negro Family in Chicago."

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR., is assistant to the editor of Longmans, Green and Company.



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THE PRESIDENT quickly changed his tone about the Schechter decision of the Supreme Court. His first response was militant to a heartening degree, but over the week-end he regained his normal equanimity, and when asked at press conference about a constitutional amendment failed to hear the question. This is being interpreted as a change of front, and those close to the President say he is not contemplating a campaign next year on the constitutional issue. He is under the strongest pressure at this time from both right and left in his own party. The left believes the constitutional issue is the one to seize, and that the next campaign should be fought stridently for reform, for social legislation, and against the big interests which are given free reign by the Schechter decision. The right, and in particular the Southern reactionaries, are chilled by the anticipation of a proposal by the Democratic Party to curtail states' rights. Whatever the President may be planning, it would be good politics not to press the constitutional issue at this moment. It can mean little until the public begins to feel the absence of New Deal controls. The American Federation of Labor brings impressive evidence of immediate wage cuts and the lengthening of hours. One company, which had been forced by the NRA to make a wage restitution, not only has cut

wages again but is collecting the restitution by deductions from pay envelopes. If wage cuts are made on a national scale, as they are likely to be, the country will be quicker to see that constitutionalism is a technique of change, and will be ready for an amendment.

A GENUINE EFFORT is being made to explore the possibility of merging the conservatives of both parties into a new party. Conferences between Republicans and Democrats have been held at Washington, but without results so far. It is late in the day to organize a conservative (or constitutional?) party that could show strength by next year, but if done quickly it probably could shatter the solid South. The President's political advisers consider such a merger the chief danger to his reelection, but they do not expect it to materialize. For one thing the Republicans are not likely to share power with the Democrats on fair terms. Whatever the name of the new party, the Republicans would want to keep control, and the tory Democrats would have to trail along as recruits. Perhaps the President has stopped talking about a constitutional amendment in order to avert an early merger. If so, he could revive the discussion when it would be too late for the reactionaries in his own party to break away and take their state machines with them into a disguised G. O. P. Another political uncertainty is whether there will be substantial recovery in the autumn. Republicans would attribute it to the death of the NRA, but the Democrats with some truth would say it resulted from their spending policy. In better times the demand for constitutional reform would not stir up much enthusiasm among short-sighted voters. So the President will want to see first of all what business is like before he lays down the main lines of his campaign. He will take the course that in his excellent judgment leads to reelection. Whatever else he is, he is not one to see the truth, hold to it, if necessary suffer defeat for it, and let time vindicate him and bring his party the ultimate reward.

“NO CRISIS so grave has confronted our people” since the Civil War, Mr. Lowden told the grass-roots convention at Springfield. The crisis for him, however, did not arise from one family in six being on relief, or from the national income being less than three-fifths of its 1929 level, or from the refusal of the Supreme Court to permit the federal government to legislate nationally for labor standards and business controls. It was that the American form of government was being challenged. Mr. Lowden's own program of reform would not win away a single voter from the demagogues. He would balance agriculture and industry, restore foreign trade, and make room for the small business man. Vaguely he mentioned “injustices and hardships growing out of the machine age in which we live for which remedies will have to be found.” That was all. No other speaker was any more helpful, and if the country hoped to hear wisdom from the open spaces it must have been bitterly disappointed. The convention was almost pathetically devoted to looking backward. Now the stigma of reaction

becomes ineradicable from the Republican Party, since the purpose of the convention was to determine the line of campaign in 1936. The exaggeration of the President's intentions toward the Constitution, assuming he still has any, in the end will react against the Republicans. There is nothing un-American in amending the Constitution, and the codes of the NRA, far from being European, were an American improvisation concocted by business men themselves, chiefly to help themselves. But the NRA is not the issue; the issue is the possibility of dealing with national questions nationally. Seldom has a political convention been more unreal, or more passionate about it.

WITHOUT A QUORUM, and with a single vote against it, the House Indian Committee has tabled the Thomas-Rogers bill extending to Oklahoma Indians some of the benefits of the Wheeler-Howard Act. Apparently the pressure from local Oklahomans, who were to lose control over Indian property and the opportunity for further exploitation, sufficed to inhibit the House from discussing this measure. A further influence undoubtedly was the impression that the Indian Commissioner, John Collier, is a radical and therefore not to be trusted. Wide public interest in Indian affairs is too much to be asked, even though the Indian policy of this Administration is good to the point of being inspiring. Without public interest the exploiters have their opening. Founded on greed and narrow-mindedness, their case has had to be buttressed with downright prejudice of the meanest kind; hence the attacks on Collier. The fate of the bill is not settled. It still can be taken from the table by the committee, though this is unlikely without some expression of public interest. The Senate bill will get a hearing, and Oklahoma Indians, who came to Washington in great numbers for the House hearings, may have to make the pilgrimage once more if they are to enjoy the privileges of a collective life.

GEORGE N. PEEK'S spirited campaign against the trade policies of Secretary Hull appears to have come to an abrupt end with the announcement that the office of special adviser to the President on foreign trade would cease to exist on June 16. For more than a year Mr. Peek has utilized his post primarily for the purpose of sniping at Mr. Hull's tariff program. Believing that the wide use of quotas, exchange controls, and compensation agreements had destroyed the efficacy of tariffs as an instrument of protection, he urged the establishment of a foreign-trade authority to control all matters related to international commerce. He would have intrusted this agency with responsibility for encouraging exports, arranging for the importation of needed raw materials, settling exchange problems, and, where necessary, concluding direct barter agreements. In line with these ideas Mr. Peek attempted some months ago to arrange an agreement whereby the United States would trade cotton for German manufactured goods. News that such a project was being considered brought such a flood of protests that the matter was quietly dropped. Since then Mr. Peek has directed his fire chiefly against the unconditional most-favored-nation clause, claiming that the United States was greatly weakening its bargaining position by extending to other countries the concessions made in one trade pact without obtaining equivalent concessions in return. This battle has also apparently been

lost. Mr. Peek, like Mr. Moley, has discovered that Secretary Hull will brook no interference when in the heat of the struggle for a reduction in trade barriers.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of an armistice in the Chaco is welcome news, even though many obstacles remain to be surmounted before peace can be said to be definitely in prospect. All that has been agreed upon thus far is a twelve-day truce in which neither side is to move from its positions. During this breathing-space negotiations are to be initiated looking toward the demobilization of both armies and an embargo on shipments of munitions. It has also been agreed in principle that the basic territorial issues underlying the dispute shall be left to arbitration. In case arbitration fails, as is expected, the problem will be turned over to the World Court for decision. Unfortunately, the chances that this will work out according to schedule are extremely meager. The Bolivian and Paraguayan Foreign Ministers are reported to be at loggerheads over practically all issues save that of the immediate truce. Nevertheless there are definite signs that both sides are wearying after six years of indecisive conflict, and the differences that once seemed so important may yet lose their significance. With wars looming in Asia and Africa, armament firms will be kept busy even if South America decides on peace.

PIERRE LAVAL'S success in forming a Cabinet, upon the third invitation within a week, appears to have allayed the French crisis at least temporarily. After the unexpected defeat of the short-lived Bouisson government, four men were approached by President Lebrun with a request that they form a Cabinet. Two of these men—Laval and François Pietri—attempted to do so and failed. But by the time Laval made his second attempt the various parties were in a much more conciliatory mood. The Radical Socialists, who hold the balance of power, had first held out against any center or left government which would demand emergency powers. But after discovering that they could not find a basis for cooperation with the Socialists, they finally agreed to accept a Laval government on condition that the demand for special powers be drastically restricted. The general political orientation of the Laval Cabinet is thus practically identical with that of the ill-fated Flandin and Bouisson governments. It has no assurance of stability apart from the fact that it is perhaps the sole alternative to political chaos, but the chances are now excellent that it will be allowed to exist through the summer before being forced to face the budgetary and other problems associated with France's determination to maintain the franc. Though the economic crisis remains disquieting, the political situation has been rendered considerably more hopeful by the surprising passivity of the various fascist groups during the recent Cabinet crisis. The striking gains of the Socialist-Communist united front in the recent municipal elections, together with factional difficulties on the right, are apparently indicative of a significant leftward trend in French opinion.

DESPITE THE ORTHODOX POLICIES of Herr Schacht, recent reports from Berlin speak of a growing fear of inflation in Germany. The chief cause of anxiety, apparently, is the complete mystery with which the Nazi government has shrouded the financing of rearmament and

its works projects. No budget figures for 1935-36 have been published. The public has been told that taxes have been coming in "satisfactorily," but nothing has been said officially either about other types of government revenue or about non-budget expenditures. In a recent speech on Reich finances, the Finance Minister neglected entirely to mention the new army. While a substantial share of the cost of this body is apparently being met through "voluntary" contributions by business and professional associations, together with forced loans from insurance companies and savings banks, it is feared that at least part is being derived through irregular financial practices which are concealed from the public. In addition, the Reichsbank has created abnormal fluidity on the money market by its liberal policy of discounting work-creation bills. This, coupled with anxiety with regard to the future value of the mark, has led to a vigorous boom on the stock market. In spite of limited dividends and rising taxes, common stocks have increased approximately 15 per cent in value during the past six months and are now at the highest level since early in 1931. Large investments are also reported in real estate and commodities, while the disinclination to sell tangible goods has led to a further rise in the prices of certain foods. The average German, of course, is as yet unaware of the gravity of the situation, but it is to be doubted if even Hitler could hold power in the Reich if another inflation got under way.

BERNARD S. DEUTSCH'S refusal to attend the commencement exercises at Columbia University was a most effective protest against the high-handed action of the university in dismissing, without hearing, six students at the Medical Center for advocating pacifism and participating in anti-war demonstrations. City officials, and especially presidents of the Board of Aldermen, are not in the habit of defending pacifists, and so Mr. Deutsch's fine gesture is the more significant because of the excellent precedent it sets. President Butler, as usual, displayed Olympian caution. Asked whether or not he had received Mr. Deutsch's telegram of protest, he answered, "I won't say I have and I won't say I haven't." Pressed further by newspapermen to explain how he reconciled his alleged lifelong interest in peace with the dismissal of the pacifist students, he replied, "I have nothing to say about it. I don't read the newspapers."

EDWIN C. (ALABAMA) PITTS, the all-round athlete and star baseball player of Sing Sing, who has just been released after serving a part of his eight-year sentence for a hold-up, has become the chief subject of discussion in the sports world, supplanting even Babe Ruth. Johnny Evers, general manager of the Albany Senators, signed up Pitts for his team, but Judge W. G. Bramham, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, has ruled that Pitts may not play with the team on the ground that organized baseball should not be "opened to ex-convicts." His ruling has been upheld by the executive committee of the association, and as we go to press, the Albany club has appealed the case to Judge Landis, supreme czar of professional baseball. Warden Lawes and several big-league players, including "Dizzy" Dean of the St. Louis Cardinals, have come out in support of Pitts, and we gladly join them. "Dizzy" Dean expressed our sentiments perfectly when he said that Pitts "should not have

to pay interest on his debt to society." Judge Bramham's ruling implies a criminological theory which would make suicide the only logical solution to the ex-convict's problem.

DISTINGUISHED-SERVICE MEDALS are generally awarded for extreme valor on the field of battle, and the medal recently presented to the Tennessee Electric Power Company by the Edison Electric Institute for "distinguished service to the public and the electric industry" is no exception. At first glance the service rendered might appear to be tainted with a slight odor of self-interest, since it consisted simply in a 33 per cent increase in the company's business. But we must not let the crude commercial aspects of the performance blind us to its essential valor, for this success was achieved in the face of the operations of the Tennessee Valley Authority and of a rate cut as well. In other words, the power company won an important engagement against its most dangerous adversary. But a battle, even if successful, always entails losses; in reaping its financial gains the Tennessee Electric Power Company surrendered one of the power industry's favorite weapons—its insistence that rate cuts and public competition ruin the business. Hereafter if that old sword is unsheathed, especially in the Tennessee Valley, one need only point to the record of the company to prove that a public yardstick is a real stimulant to business success. In fact, the more we think about it the more we wonder that the Edison Electric Institute did not decide to award its distinguished-service medal to the TVA instead of to the TEP.

NAVAL AND ARMY OFFICERS on active duty should be forbidden to write or speak publicly about international affairs unless in their official capacities they are interpreting the views of the government. Otherwise foreigners will read official importance into what may be sheer personal ignorance or prejudice. Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, Jr., commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in the New York *American* of June 9 gives a picture of the European situation which may express the ideas of Hitler, but does not, we trust, reveal those of the President. Though he writes with less sensationalism than Mr. Hearst likes from his contributors on this theme, Admiral Sterling finds Russia the chief obstruction to recovery in Europe, comments sympathetically on Germany's belief that it is the bulwark against communism in Europe, and anticipates the coming of a united front under Germany's leadership. "Russia has, to all intents and purposes," he says, "withdrawn a fertile and populous land of over eight million square miles in extent, with a population of 165,000,000, from the usual economic intercourse with the world. This has upset the delicate economic balance of Europe." This is a new interpretation of the depression; two years ago Russian "dumping" was one of the causes. It will strike the Russians with some irony after their meager success in borrowing foreign capital. Writing of the German dream to line up the world against Russia, Admiral Sterling concludes with the question: "In the guise of such a crusade, cannot one see the outline of a daring plan, not only for laying forever the ghost of bolshevism but for opening up the fertile lands of Russia to a crowded and industrially hungry Europe?" If that is how the European struggle looks to the Admiral, his superiors at Washington should send him some non-German reading matter. But whatever his opinions, he should resign from government service before airing them.

Japan Takes Another Step

OF all the chapters in the long struggle between Japan and China, the events of the past two weeks have been by far the most difficult to explain. Japan has not even attempted to justify its demand that Nanking hand over the whole of North China to its control. It has made a few vague references to China's alleged violation of the provisions of the Tangku truce with respect to the "demilitarized area," but none of these excuses will bear examination. The Japanese military authorities have never allowed the Chinese police force, set up by the terms of the truce, to function effectively in these areas. If conditions in the demilitarized zone have been unsettled as a result, as no doubt they have, it is because the Japanese have profited by that disorganization. The lack of established order has served as a pretext for constant pressure on Nanking, and has permitted Japanese citizens to defy Chinese law by establishing a series of opium shops which have served as a base for smuggling throughout the whole of North China.

From the beginning the exact nature of the Japanese demands have been mysterious. Enough has escaped the censor, however, to make it clear that Japan is now asking in North China almost exactly what it demanded in Manchuria immediately after the Mukden incident of September 18, 1931. The first demand is that all North China officials be "acceptable" to the Japanese military authorities. Since these officials have passed through at least two previous purgings, this seems a somewhat unnecessary formality—though it is possible that Yu Hsueh-chung and a few others may not have shown sufficient enthusiasm in carrying out Japan's mandates. A more fundamental demand is the withdrawal of all Chinese troops to south of the Yellow River. Should this be complied with, and there seems little doubt that it will be, the next step would almost certainly be the placing of Kang Teh on the dragon throne of his ancestors. This would not only make Japanese rule relatively secure throughout Manchuria and North China, but would give Japan an immense advantage in its struggle for mastery in Mongolia. The Mongols, more than any other group under the Manchu Empire, were steadfast in their loyalty to the Ching dynasty, and could easily be persuaded to renew their former ties.

The other demands are either subordinate to these or pure "face." It is difficult, for example, to explain why the Japanese should ask the dissolution of the Blue Jackets, Chiang Kai-shek's secret terrorist organization, unless it be that the Japanese military clique is determined to destroy even the appearance of Chinese independence in North China. The demand for the abolition of the official Kuomintang, or "Nationalist," Party belongs in the same category. While the Kuomintang has long since lost the qualities that its name implies and has become merely a rubber stamp for Chiang Kai-shek, Japan's move indicates a desire to wipe out even the memories of the great revolutionary movement of 1926-27.

Nothing would be more futile, however, than to seek in recent Sino-Japanese developments a clue to Japan's sudden incursion into North China. Just as there was nothing in the immediate situation in Manchuria in September, 1931,

to prompt Japanese occupation of that vast area, so there is nothing in the present situation to explain their invasion of North China. Nor is the true cause to be found in Japan's desire for additional territorial conquest. As in the Manchurian affair, it appears that the army is at loggerheads with the civilian authorities over the necessity of adopting forceful measures. The fundamental conflict within Japan between the relatively liberal civilian elements—backed by the powerful Mitsui and Mitsubishi interests—and the ultra-patriotic, semi-fascist military group has apparently not been resolved. The latest adventure may well be a device for reviving patriotic fever within Japan in order to strengthen the somewhat tenuous hold of the military clique. An additional motive for action at present, however, may be found in the growing anxiety in Japanese military circles over the threat of American air power. The new air base at Midway Island, the projected air service to the Philippines, and the reported development of bases in the Aleutian Islands have apparently convinced Japan that it must move quickly if it is ever to achieve its long-range ambition in China.

This last factor makes a reconsideration of American policy in the Far East imperative. Our stake in the Peiping area is several times as large as in the whole of Manchuria. If we allow the Open Door to be closed in this region, it can never be opened again except by war. Further indecision not only plays into the hands of the Japanese militarists but is likely to lead us into a conflict which no one desires. Now is the time for a careful appraisal of America's interests in the Far East, with a view to drawing up a balance sheet as a guide to policy. Possibly such a balance sheet would convince the American public that the best policy would be complete abandonment of our interests in the East. It might well show, on the other hand, that withdrawal is beyond the realm of possibility under a competitive profit system. In that case we must seek a means of safeguarding our interests without incurring the risk of war.

One point at least should be clear. Any attempt at independent action by the United States to restrain Japan, if strong enough to have the slightest effect, would turn the fire of Japanese wrath against us and involve a serious danger of conflict. This is true not only of strong diplomatic protests and threats of boycott, but especially of ill-considered displays of "strength" such as the recent naval maneuvers in the Pacific. Bullying tactics are sometimes successful, but the price of failure is catastrophe. If Japan is to be stopped short of war, that end can only be achieved by the joint action of all the great powers. Before taking any official position with regard to the Japanese occupation of North China, the Administration should approach Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union in an effort to work out a program on which the four powers could cooperate. This may not be easy to formulate, but basically the interests of the four countries are the same. If they follow the example of Chiang Kai-shek and capitulate completely to Japanese militarism, they run a grave risk of being confronted with a militant Japanese Empire embracing virtually the whole of Eastern Asia.

MacDonald Emeritus

THE retirement of J. Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister of Great Britain marks the end of an experiment in democratic government which the British like to describe as their alternative to fascism. It brings to a close the so-called National Government, which set out to be the gathering of all "right-minded" people behind a concerted effort to save the country in a crisis. The crisis was the imminent danger to the gold standard. In retrospect this crisis now appears to have been as much one of nerves as of realities. Before the newly formed National Government could go to the country, Britain had to go off gold, so a mandate was sought in the election of 1931 on the ground that only a national coalition could produce a balanced budget and save British currency.

Had MacDonald been followed into the coalition by a substantial part of the Labor Party, the new government would have deserved the name national. But with better intuition than knowledge the Labor Party refused to trust the logic which impelled MacDonald to link hands with Baldwin. In a few months the refusal was amply justified. The nature of the economic crisis slowly disclosed itself as not being immediately catastrophic, and the new government became rule by the Conservatives masking under an untruthful name. MacDonald, from being a sincere patriot concerned to save the country, became a Conservative hostage, held up in front of the Tory party to keep its enemies from shooting at it. For nearly four years this disingenuous absurdity continued. Soon enough the spectacle of MacDonald shielding the Conservatives lost its magic, and the opposition let loose its ammunition at both him and his colleagues, with such devastation that the Labor Party, now represented by a bus-load of members in the Commons, probably will win well over 250 seats at the coming election.

MacDonald, his usefulness as a hostage gone, became a liability to the Conservatives, and has spent the last two years as discredited as any Prime Minister for two generations. The Tories wanted him out, along with his little handful of National Laborites. They wanted to call the government Conservative, and reap the full party reward. Baldwin, with great personal scrupulousness, refused to discard MacDonald and threatened to resign if the vendetta against the pathetic Labor leader succeeded. So, thanks to Baldwin's personal integrity, the national label has stuck, and the Conservative Party not only has been rechristened, but also has been slightly enlarged to take in the MacDonald Socialists (not very socialist) and the National Liberals (not at all liberal). That is, the Conservatives are now more like either of the two American parties, which see no inconsistency in having both right and left wings.

Baldwin will lead this "national" government to the polls, probably in October. Its victory is a foregone conclusion. The only opposition, aside from Lloyd George's handful of Liberals—now hardly more than a family group—is the Labor Party, and to vote for Labor would be to put in office men professedly dedicated to establish socialism in Great Britain. For this the "nation of shopkeepers" is not ready. Nor does the fact that it is about as flaccid

an aggregation of Socialists as can be imagined make the Labor Party more popular. Another factor in favor of the Tories is the rise of Hitler and the chaos of Europe, which has made a stronger policy of defense appear desirable. And the Conservatives, of course, are certain to gain from the happy, picnic-like memories of the Jubilee, and the fact that somehow the King belongs more to them than to any other party. But it will be surprising if Baldwin remains another full term as Prime Minister. His appetite for responsibility is not great, as he has borne more than his share. The appointment of Sir Samuel Hoare to the Foreign Office to displace Sir John Simon, "the worst Foreign Secretary in fifty years," suggests that Hoare is being groomed for the leadership, and that Captain Eden will become Foreign Secretary in a year or two. Sir John Simon goes to the Home Office, chiefly because it is harder for a man in British public life to lose a reputation than to make it. Also his handful of National Liberals are helpful as recruits. MacDonald remains as minister emeritus. It is doubtful whether he will be reelected from Seaham Harbor, as this is a coal-mining district. If defeated he will retire, leaving a big name but not a big reputation in modern English history.

Has Planning Failed?

TWO years ago the word planning was on everyone's lips. If there was any unifying concept running through the loose conglomeration called the New Deal, it was that some form of conscious control of economic activity was essential to save the country from chaos. Today, if we are realistic, we shall admit that planning has suffered a severe setback. The Supreme Court decision against the NRA came just in time to save that agency from ignominious collapse. Popular resentment against the AAA has been gathering momentum during recent months. Even the TVA appears to be making slow headway against the concerted opposition of vested interests. In the international field the world wheat pact—sole achievement of the London Economic Conference—has failed to weather the storm of unfettered nationalism. Controls have not yet been given up, but their value is increasingly called into question.

Does this mean that the orthodox economists were right in maintaining that the human mind is incapable of intelligently directing a mechanism as delicate and complex as our modern business and financial organization? There is some evidence to support this contention. But against it we have the unquestioned success of planning in the Soviet Union, where, after many errors and miscalculations, the national economy is running closely according to a unified program. We find, for example, that in the first four months of 1935 the production of Soviet heavy industry as a whole was within one point of the control figures, and that transportation—notorious as the weakest link in the plan—has finally reached its quota. Nor do we have to go to a Communist state to find instances of successful planning. City and regional planning are serving to lessen the anarchy of American urban development. Certain agencies of the NRA have proved so conspicuously valuable that they are being retained despite the invalidation of the codes. But while

planning has achieved a limited success in this country, large-scale government control over trade and industry has broken down. It has failed not only because of the restrictions imposed by an anachronistic Constitution, but because governmental regulation has interfered with the self-adjusting mechanism of the capitalist system. Countless instances could be cited in which apparently successful planning in one field has raised havoc in related fields. The disastrous effect of the AAA restriction program on both the sharecroppers and the textile industry will serve as one illustration. Another is the obvious inconsistency between the Administration's tariff policy and its monetary program. Capitalism functions most efficiently when the economic structure is highly flexible—responsive to slight changes in supply and demand. Planning of necessity involves rigidity, and must ultimately lead to a type of economic system fundamentally different from any we have known in the past.

A primary objection to capitalist planning is that it tends to be anti-social in character. When a group of competitors are encouraged to get together and draw up regulations for their industry, as under the NRA, their interest naturally lies in finding some means of increasing profits, and the most obvious short cut is through some form of price-fixing or restriction of output. Even when the government steps in to demand certain minimum labor standards, the additional costs are saddled on the consumer. Much the same evil is encountered in the international field, where all the so-called producers' agreements have been concerned chiefly with price-fixing and limitation of production. The result is a system admirably contrived to stabilize poverty, but one which can scarcely be dignified by the term social planning.

Piecemeal planning of this type presents a greater problem of enforcement than would be offered by a broad, national program. Under the New Deal it has led to a multiplication of alphabetical agencies, duplication of functions, and a collapse of the enforcement machinery. To a certain extent the difficulty is the result of the cumbersome system of checks and balances which we have inherited from the "horse-and-buggy age." But it is primarily due to the essential anarchy of the profit system. Successful planning can only be achieved where unanimity of purpose is combined with a high degree of centralized control. Neither condition exists today.

This does not mean that the world is likely to return to the palmy days of *laissez faire*, or that the trend toward governmental regulation has been checked. Nothing is less probable. The modern effort to set up systems of planning is merely the latest phase of a tendency that has been developing for a generation—the tendency for economic groups to protect themselves against the rigors of free competition either by stabilizing existing conditions or by seeking governmental favors. Planning itself is neither social nor anti-social. It is a device which may be used to coordinate the activities of men in their common interest, or which may be utilized by private enterprise as an instrument of exploitation. The Supreme Court was mistaken if it thought it could bring back an eighteenth-century economic system by invoking laws which grew out of that system. The real issue is whether the modern trend toward planning can be diverted to social ends. An affirmative answer implies far more than a return to the NRA.

The Proper Study

THE proper study of mankind is man. In that famous cliché the most accomplished literary artist of an unusually literary age summed up what is the almost inevitable faith of a literary man. Perhaps, to be sure, his statement was a little more sweeping than it needed to be. The theologian, for example, may be excused for thinking that *his* proper study is not man but God, and it is just as well, perhaps, that other specialists should have found atoms or microbes more interesting than man. But literature—at least in the narrower sense of *belles-lettres*—is an enterprise founded upon the acceptance of Pope's dictum.

To say this is not to say that novelists, for example, have always or even usually been unaware of the forces outside man which help to shape his destiny. They have observed him not only moved by his own passions but also dying of the diseases which it is the doctor's business to cure, and frustrated by those social maladjustments which undoubtedly constitute the proper study of statesmen. Literature is, nevertheless, that department of description and expression and communication for which a man and his experiences furnish the theme. Its approach is through him, its ultimates are his deeds or his feelings, and it ceases to be literature properly so called whenever its emphasis is so shifted that its chief concern ceases to be the description or communication of his experience and becomes instead an account, for example, of the moral principles which his conduct illustrates, the social structure of which he is a part, or the diseases of which he dies.

Let us begin with the *reductio ad absurdum* of the last phrase. It is obvious that there could be no such thing as a medical novel in the sense that it implies. A work of fiction might well have a sick man as a hero; its theme might be disease and the extent to which both the outer and the inner life of the hero were dominated by his illness. But its emphasis would still have to be upon what it feels like to be sick, and in so far as its chief concern was not that but either the nature of the disease itself or the methods which should be taken to cure it, just to that extent would it cease to be a novel and become something else—whether that something else happened to be a treatise on pathology or a hortatory pamphlet devoted to urging the need for proper sanitation.

Nothing is, of course, more characteristic of the contemporary novelist than his determination to study man in his social and economic setting. Perhaps the distinction between the successful and unsuccessful attempt to do that depends ultimately upon the extent to which the author succeeds in maintaining the literary emphasis—upon the extent, that is to say, that his interest remains primarily in men who are healthy or sick rather than in health or disease as subjects to be studied through their effects upon man. However important morality, pathology, or economics may be, each is a subject far more satisfactorily studied in treatises founded upon authenticated fact than in works where invention is a virtue; and the great novel will probably continue to be the novel which communicates to the reader its author's intense interest in human experience for its own sake.

Issues and Men

Colonel Lawrence

MY sole memory of T. E. Lawrence "in person," that extraordinary Englishman who survived a hundred combats to die as a result of a traffic accident, is of meeting him at the Peace Conference in Paris in his magnificent Arab robes—looking for all the world like an Eastern potentate. The first Arab garments he donned were wedding robes sent to King Feisal by an aunt as a suggestion that he undertake matrimony. They could not have become Lawrence better than those in which I saw him. There was something of the commander about him which one felt deeply even at the moment that his speech and smile inevitably suggested the Oxford undergraduate—instead of the man who had made a more remarkable contribution to the military art than anyone else in the entire World War.

As long as the story of that struggle is still being written, the romantic mystery of Lawrence will be studied, rewritten, reworked until it grows more and more into mythology. Certainly we know no explanation for his personality, nor can we plumb the baffling mystery of his life and many of his actions. We do not know why, discarding rank and all the further honors which lay so easily within his grasp, he enlisted in the air force as Private T. E. Shaw and then came out of that service to settle down in a Wessex cottage in the country of Thomas Hardy. There he designed a boat and doubtless led in addition that life of incessant reading and meditation which was naturally his from earliest boyhood—a life interrupted only by wild dashes through the country on his motor cycle. Once he broke his arm and twice he had narrow escapes, only to die in an effort to save the life of a boy on a bicycle—he who had decreed the death of many thousands!

It may be, as Winston Churchill has said, that England could afford less well to lose him than any other Briton. But that presupposes a new convulsion of mankind, with new and peculiar opportunities for Lawrence in that welter. One may question it because the extraordinary thing about this man was that he had prepared himself for his war to free the Arabs from the very beginning of his schoolboy life, as if he knew in advance what lay before him. Certainly had some power or authority desired to have a man in readiness for the emergency that arose it could not have picked anyone better fitted by temperament and mental aptitude or given him a better course of training. He did an amazing job and he owed uncommonly little to others, to favors received, or to fortuitous circumstances. He reasoned his campaign out, seeing the problem with the utmost clearness from the moment that he took hold of it, and developed a new and amazing art of irregular warfare, to which he adapted with extraordinary skill the weapons of our up-to-date "civilized" warfare. So thoroughly did he think things out that there never was a time when he did not have an alternative plan up his sleeve, and in every plan he thought less about the use of his purely military equipment than he did about the imponderable factors of the people with whom he had to deal. His amazing knowledge of their language,

customs, and even their modes of thought furnished him with his underlying strategy and made him their leader.

Remarkable as his military achievements are, I cannot overlook the ruthless slaughter that frequently accompanied them. It is all very well to be a romantic and glamorous hero and dazzle the imagination by feats of incredible daring and almost inhuman endurance. But a good deal of that glamor wears off when one reads his own account of holding up trains and then having his irregulars get out of hand and butcher defenseless prisoners, even women and children. He did not want to kill living creatures. His aim, as Liddell Hart points out, was to "kill" railway trains and stations and engines and roadbeds and above all bridges, to harry communications so that the enemy was never at rest for a moment. How easy it is to forget the price of the rise to fame of brilliant commanders of men!

One phase of Lawrence's life, however, does intrigue me greatly. He was an untrained soldier in that he never wore a uniform until he put on a lieutenant's dress after the war was well under way. True, his reading, as I have said, was along military lines, and the study of fortifications was always a passion with him. But he had never carried a musket or drilled a man. Naturally he suggests a parallel with one of the greatest military geniuses of our own Civil War—Nathan Forrest. Forrest was practically uneducated, could hardly write, and had never read any military books, yet there are those who think that no Northern or Southern general equaled him in ability. He, too, was an irregular; he, like Lawrence, valued mobility above all else; and his principle, too, was never to leave the enemy in peace or give him the faintest idea where he would strike next. Liddell Hart comments on the fact that Lawrence, who had never seen the inside of a military academy, made the most original contributions to the development of modern warfare, while Foch, the fine flower of the educated regular officer, and his associates could do no better than to mire the armies in the West until Europe was on the point of complete collapse. Is the art of war so easily learned that men who have never prepared themselves for it can practice it as well as the experts? Or is there some inborn military genius which lies completely hidden within a man and comes to the front only if the opportunity offers?

There is one other point I want to make in regard to Lawrence: it is that his life gives us fresh proof that the profit motive is not needed for the development of some of the world's most remarkable characters. Lawrence not only was uninterested in fame and title and honors; he apparently utterly despised them, and no financial return on his efforts had any importance for him. It was enough for him to serve and think and read.

Dwight Garrison Villard

The Franco-Soviet Alliance

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, May 19

FRANCE and the Soviet Union are allies. This is not the official version, but it is the truth. They are pledged to rush military aid to each other in case either is attacked. In pre-war days an alliance was usually supplemented by a secret treaty outlining the division of territorial booty after a war. It was always a closed affair and usually directed against some power or powers. But the Franco-Soviet agreement of mutual assistance which constitutes the new alliance is open to Germany, Poland, and any other nation. Indeed, Germany and Poland have been repeatedly invited and urged to join, but so far they have refused. As a matter of fact, the Soviet-Czecho-Slovakian pact of mutual assistance, signed May 16, 1935, enlarges the Franco-Soviet alliance into a triple alliance which could just as easily become a Quadruple Entente, and so on. Fully conscious of the hypocrisy of many official pacifist declarations and mindful that the Soviet government too is playing practical international politics, I do not hesitate to say that the Franco-Soviet alliance is an instrument of peace in its intention and in its effect. It has no aggressive motivation and could have none, for France cannot possibly hope to conquer more European territory or to strengthen further her position on the Continent, while the U. S. S. R. has no need of additional territory. These two nations have united in the face of a common menace. The Franco-Soviet alliance is solely defensive.

The French opponents of this agreement have argued that it places heavier obligations on France than on her partner. They argue: If Germany attacked the U. S. S. R., France would be expected to aid the U. S. S. R. by invading Germany. She could do this because she has a common frontier with Germany. But if Germany attacked France, Russia could not be of much help because she has no common frontier with Germany. The easiest answer is that since Germany has no common frontier with Russia she is less likely to attack Russia than to attack France. She would have to violate Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania if she took one route, and Poland or the Baltic countries, Lithuania and Latvia, if she took another. All the nations named here were to have been included in the Eastern European Regional Pact, and this explains why Stalin and Laval, having concluded the alliance, stated after their interview in the Kremlin that they would continue their efforts to expand it into an Eastern Locarno. The Franco-Soviet alliance is insufficient if it remains exclusive or bipartite, and its real task will have been accomplished best if it forces Germany to enter the family of nations which pledge themselves to march against an aggressor.

Knowing, however, that Poland and Germany, for their own sometimes unintelligible reasons, have scruples against undertaking to march against an aggressor, Stalin and Laval suggested a compromise: Poland and Germany would be asked merely to refrain from assisting an aggressor. Surely this is very little to demand of a government which really seeks peace and which does not expect to become an ag-

gressor itself. The new Stalin-Laval formula, accordingly, has put Berlin and Warsaw in an embarrassing position. But that apparently does not matter much to them.

Even if only Poland accepted this formula, an attack on the U. S. S. R. would be almost definitely precluded. For Germany would hesitate to take the offensive against the Soviet Union single-handed if she had to cut across neutral or hostile lands as well. Could this possibly be the chief reason that Poland has hitherto rejected the Eastern Locarno? Poland has it within her power to eliminate the threat of war in Eastern Europe.

Poland and Germany look askance at the Franco-Soviet alliance. It is easy to understand Germany's objection to a step which unites the two strongest Continental powers. But why Poland? Warsaw, we are told, believes that the alliance would require Russian troops to march through Polish territory in order to aid France against Germany. But what are the facts? In the first place, if Poland joined the mutual-assistance alliance, such a necessity probably would never arise. In the second place, if and when the necessity arose, the Russian air fleet could take other routes to Germany—through Latvia and Lithuania, or through Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia. It is significant that on the day the Soviet-Czech agreement of mutual assistance was signed, an understanding was also reached regarding a Moscow-Prague civil airline via Czernovitz. Poland need not become a battlefield if she does not wish. She is more likely to see fighting if she takes sides against the U. S. S. R. In the third place, this is not Poland's real objection. The truth is she is afraid that the new Franco-Soviet relationship robs her of all value to France and thus puts her at the mercy of Germany, whom she befriends yet distrusts.

In case of a war in which Poland joined Germany as an aggressor, Great Britain would be faced with the inconvenient alternative of opposing anti-Polish sanctions at the League Council session or of helping to apply such sanctions. To avoid either of these choices, England might use her good offices to persuade Poland to enter the system of collective security and to accept the Stalin-Laval formula. England has already made an important contribution to the cause of European peace, for Sir John Simon's statement in the House of Commons on May 2, 1935, makes the Franco-Soviet alliance real. "If Germany attacked Russia," he said, "and, in view of the Franco-Russian treaty of mutual assistance, France went to the assistance of Russia by attacking Germany, the Locarno treaty did not put this country, in those circumstances, under any obligation to go to the assistance of Germany." I regard this as one of the most significant political declarations of the post-war period. By the terms of Locarno, England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy promised to assist one another against an aggressor. Locarno was the first pact of mutual assistance. Now if, in pursuance of the new Franco-Soviet alliance, France invaded Germany in order to weaken a German push against Russia, France would be an aggressor.

She had attacked Germany without herself being attacked. In that case, Locarno provided that England help Germany against France. But according to Sir John Simon, England would not do this. His words, therefore, enable France to carry out her obligations under the alliance. They give the alliance meaning. Sir John's stand is the direct result of Anthony Eden's conversation with Stalin.

But how could the British government explain this interpretation of Locarno? The answer is simple: the text of the Franco-Soviet agreement of mutual assistance is so carefully and cleverly interwoven with the text of the League of Nations' Covenant that if France attacked Germany in order to help the U. S. S. R., she would actually be doing it as much in pursuance of the Covenant as of the agreement. And England, as a staunch member of the League, could not very well interfere if France acted in fulfilment of an obligation under the League Covenant. The Franco-Soviet agreement, however, could not have been dovetailed with the Covenant if Moscow had not previously joined the League. The agreement was conceived before the Soviets' adherence to the Geneva body and it partly explains that adherence.

Sir John Simon's statement reflects a better relationship between London and Moscow. It was particularly acceptable to the British because it reduces their Locarno commitments. But its main effect is to give France a free hand if Germany starts a war. It is thus a step toward the pacification of Europe, for Germany may not feel able to cope with France as well as Russia, and may consequently keep the peace longer. Yet since England allows the League Covenant, and hence the Franco-Soviet alliance, to take precedence over Locarno on the ground that Germany will have committed an immoral act by taking the aggressive and infringing upon the Covenant, it would seem that England has a moral obligation to assist the attacked country.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that with England's cooperation the Franco-Soviet alliance has become a sobering force in European affairs. In the present complicated European situation governments respect only vigor, determination, and strength. The Franco-Soviet treaty embodies all three, and it has consequently not been without its effect in Berlin and even more in Warsaw. Pious resolutions are answered with editorials, and one firm speech provokes another. But the pooling of armed strength against a potential aggressor may mean that the aggressor must have at least twice as many armaments, and that creates economic and political difficulties.

The joint communiqué about the Stalin-Laval-Litvinov-Molotov interview in the Kremlin stressed Russia's and France's interest in each other's armed strength. "In the interest of peace," it stated, "these [two] governments are obliged in no way to weaken their weapons of national defense." Perhaps they may be obliged to strengthen them. The alliance would therefore logically imply French technical assistance to the Red Army, and realists abhor a divorce between logic and fact. But Laval might easily have argued: "You Bolsheviks want us to have a strong army. That is the only sense of the alliance. And yet your friends, the French Communists, agitate against the French army and try to undermine its morale." To which the official communiqué of the Kremlin conversations replied: "In particular, Comrade Stalin expressed his complete understand-

ing and approval of the policy of national defense pursued by France with a view to maintaining her armed forces at a level corresponding to the requirements of her security." The Russians have a proverb: "When you say A you must also say B." The Franco-Soviet alliance is A. This admonition of Stalin's to the French Communists to lay off the French army and stop their pacifist propaganda is B. Laval returned to Paris with what he thinks is the scalp of the French Communist Party. This is the big achievement of his Moscow journey. In view of the Communist attacks on him at the recent municipal elections, it is a great personal as well as ideological triumph. The French bourgeoisie will be especially grateful to him. What feelings Stalin's statement will arouse in the ranks of the French party and of other foreign parties may be guessed. Stalin, however, has the courage of his consistency.

Moscow long ago realized that the interests of the world revolutionary movement must be sacrificed to the interests of the Soviet Union as a power. The Bolsheviks say: "The U. S. S. R. is a workers' state. The Franco-Soviet alliance gives it peace and the possibility of establishing socialism. We appear to be playing capitalism's game by throwing the Communist International to the wolves. Actually the capitalists are playing our game by protecting us against the armed attacks of an aggressive fascism. If the foreign Communist parties must suffer from this relationship they should understand that in the end the cause of revolution will be served best by serving the Soviet Union first." But suppose Moscow signs agreements of mutual assistance with England, Rumania, Poland, and Italy. The Franco-Soviet alliance may prove to be a turning-point in the history of Europe and in the history of the world Communist movement as well. Laval learned in Moscow that the Red Army is much stronger than his experts on the French General Staff knew. He also learned that the U. S. S. R. can give France other than military aid.

For a Child

By IRVING FINEMAN

I tell you this to your bright sweet face:
Our world is a most precarious place.
Let others teach you to long for a surety;
I will train you to know and accept insecurity.
Since you cannot keep life inside a neat fence
You will learn to lean on impermanence.
You will cherish love and prize all beauty
Though it break your heart and end in duty.
You will not fear ecstasy's turn to disgust.
You will walk like a lion after crawling in dust.
The ultimate weakness will make you more strong.
You will say: What was right is now become **wrong**.
You will sow for joy and reap in sorrow
But never surrender your wish for tomorrow.
You will take delight in the indrawn breath
That gives you life which leads to death.

I want to wean you from the womb.
Come out, my child, of that warm dark room.
You will not find its like this side of the tomb.

Soft Pedal at the SEC

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, June 10

THE sincerity of the New Deal stands or falls by the administration of the Securities Act. Here is a work of reform demanded by the entire country and promised with all solemnity by the President. The Securities and Exchange Commission is more than an instrument for the administration of a law, it is a pledge to American investors of a new order of truthfulness, hence of safety. The SEC has made many decisions since it was established, and it would be impossible to devise a generalization covering them all. But its most fundamental decision was in the Northern States Power case, and this indicated a broad line of policy. Both the case and the policy are subjects of acute private controversy, and deserve much wider discussion.

Made early in the commission's history, even before its members were confirmed by the Senate, the Northern States Power decision was arrived at by a three-to-two vote by the commission and was followed by dissension to the point that the chief of the registration division resigned. Ferdinand Pecora and Judge Robert E. Healy voted against the ruling. Pecora soon after resigned to become a justice of the New York Supreme Court. His disappearance from the work of safeguarding investors may or may not have been due specifically to disappointment over the Northern States Power decision and its implications. He had been offered the judgeship before the case was decided. Certainly he did not like the way things were going. He saw that he was not going to be chairman of the commission, which he thought had been promised, and the judgeship fulfilled a lifelong desire. It was a pleasant and convenient exit.

The ruling has never been published. The majority opinion was written by James M. Landis. At first the intention was to publish both the majority opinion and the dissent. Mr. Pecora, by resigning, was relieved of writing his dissent. Judge Healy's dissent and Mr. Landis's opinion ought to be available, and a press release of the commission of November 21, 1934, promised early publication. But the promise was not kept, and one must conclude that the SEC does not court public discussion of this crucial case. In Washington the decision is still being passionately discussed. Did the SEC "pull its punch" in this case? Does Landis's opinion fulfil the promise of reform made to the country? Was the decision an assurance to Wall Street that the SEC after all was going to be easy to work with? And was Joseph P. Kennedy made chairman as a pledge to this effect?

The rights and wrongs of the Northern States Power case are not too technical for the layman to form his own judgment. Here was a utility subsidiary which asked the commission for authorization to float a \$10,000,000 bond issue. In its prospectus it supplied a balance sheet which showed an earned surplus. In other words, the balance sheet shouted to the investor: "Lend us your money, we are earning enough to pay it back." Appended to the bal-

ance sheet was the auditor's report which gave an appraisal of the company's statements, this being required by the rules of the SEC. In a recondite way the auditor revealed the truth about the Northern States Power Company, and it was an unpleasant truth. He gave the information that the company had previously issued bonds at a discount. To repay these bonds at par it needed to lay aside more money from earnings than it had received from the bondholders, and this it had not done. Instead, it wrote up its capital assets by revaluing its property, and then it met the amount of the bond discount out of this write-up. If it had laid aside actual earnings—to which bondholders were entitled—the earned surplus would have been less, and the subsidiary would not have been able to pay \$1,100,000 in dividends to the parent company. But the earned surplus was not stated to be less, and the new investor was being asked to buy new bonds on the basis of a surplus which was not truthfully represented.

The question the SEC had to decide was whether it should approve the prospectus with the misleading balance sheet, or whether it should require that the balance sheet show the facts revealed in the auditor's report. To the layman this may appear to be a simple issue. If truth in prospectuses is to be the new rule in Wall Street, why not tell it in the balance sheet? But the commission, by a majority, decided that it was enough to have the facts in the auditor's report, and that the balance sheet need not include them. The auditor, in his report, did not say in so many words that the balance sheet was incorrect or untruthful. He said that there was an alternative way of presenting the facts, and that if the bond discount were met out of earnings, the surplus would disappear and the earnings over a ten-year period would be less. That does not imply that the bond issue was not safeguarded, for there were capital assets enough. But if the balance sheet had been drawn in a more truthful way the new issue would not have appeared so attractive to investors.

Now the right of a company to meet a bond discount out of a capital surplus is not recognized by auditors of the highest standing. Hence the layman may be astonished to learn that this question of telling the truth in balance sheets is highly controversial. What the majority of the SEC believes is that an investor should not trust a balance sheet anyway, should not expect it to be clear and truthful. Its doctrine is that no balance sheet can be guaranteed, since into its composition go scores of highly subjective decisions, in which a company will state its facts to suit its own purposes. If the investor wants protection he should read the auditor's report. If he finds it difficult to understand the technical verbiage and follow the fine print of the auditor's report, that is his misfortune, and he had better not undertake to invest his own money. Even if there is a simple fact, like the write-off of a bond discount, the majority of the commission believes that it need not go into the balance sheet, for it cannot there be properly explained and criticized. It should be in the auditor's report, since it is better

to have the explanation and criticism than to have the plain figure of a correct surplus. For if it is correctly stated in the balance sheet, the auditor might not have occasion to explain it. The majority felt that there was more truth for investors if the truth were left out of the balance sheet, since this meant getting the auditor's analysis.

The layman may be pardoned if he is perplexed by such an argument. Is there a choice here at all? Why not tell the truth in both places? This may be a layman's question, and completely foolish. At any rate the commission did not hit upon this way out. It ruled that the Northern States Power was to be permitted to publish an unreliable balance sheet, which simply meant that the investor, if he wanted safety, had to learn to read fine print and technical language and draw his own inferences.

The Northern States Power case must not be taken as a solitary decision. It came at a time when major lines of policy were being drawn. It is related in detail because it best illustrates what the commission was doing in a broader way. It was only a matter of days after the decision that it adopted Form A-2, on which companies applied for registration of new securities. This replaced Form A-1, as used by the Federal Trade Commission, which undoubtedly was too detailed and involved and needed to be simplified. But A-2 was more than a simplification; it was a relaxation. For instance, it did not require a company to analyze its surplus for more than three years. Now a surplus is a historic affair, and needs to be told in its entirety if it is to be really revealed. Not only were corporations freed from telling all; they were absolved from stating the original cost of their properties. Companies also were required, in revealing chief shareholders, to name only those owning 10 per cent of the stock. It would give a better picture of control to name, instead, the ten largest shareholders.

A relaxation also took place in the rules laid down for companies applying for a listing of existing securities on exchanges. This came in Form 10, and it is doubtful whether the requirements of the SEC make for as much candor as the regulations already in force by the better stock exchanges. One minor advantage is that the information given the SEC is public. But companies in this category now need to tell the truth about their balance sheets only for a single year, and need make no analysis of their profit-and-loss account and their earned surplus for a longer period. This means that the guaranty of acceptance by the SEC is of hardly any value to the investor.

This is a résumé in abstract of the tenor of the SEC's policies. But nothing is so abstract as all that. The SEC is composed of human beings, who, in deciding questions, are (is not the Supreme Court also?) somewhat affected by the pressure of the moment, somewhat thinking of future effects. What was the position of the commission at the time the decision was made? What might be its ultimate effects? If Northern States Power had to change its balance sheet, so would a great many other companies. They would not only have to straighten out this matter of discounted bonds, since the write-off of bond discounts has been a frequent practice of "respectable" companies, but overhaul their balance sheets in other ways to make them conform to the new standard of truth. To the layman this might seem a wholly desirable process. It must be recalled that at the time Wall

Street was peculiarly hostile to the Roosevelt Administration, security issues were at a standstill, and there was in full effect a "strike" of capital. The current theory was that recovery depended on the capital-goods market, and unless the capital log-jam could be broken, business men would not borrow money for plant replacements and expansion. Any ruling made by the SEC which reflected on the honesty and trustworthiness of balance sheets would retard new issues and so prevent recovery. That may have been a factor which consciously or unconsciously weighed with the majority of the commission. At least it would have been natural for them to ask themselves whether it wasn't important to appease Wall Street and break the log-jam, just so long as the truth was not suppressed. And if they asked themselves whether they were serving their first purpose, protecting the investor, they could lull their qualms with the knowledge that the investor would be safe if he read and deciphered the fine print of an auditor's report, and learned not to trust a balance sheet.

There was still another factor. The Administration itself was most anxious that nothing should be done by the SEC to increase the hostility of Wall Street. By the Administration I mean the President and Secretary Morgenthau. Let no one think because Mr. Morgenthau is the President's right-hand man and his highly personal choice for the head of the Treasury that he is a financial radical put there to reform Wall Street. Secretary Morgenthau was letting the commission know that it must do nothing to frighten Wall Street. And in this the President heartily and vocally concurred. The days of talking of "money changers" and of hounding Wall Street were over when the Securities Act was passed. After that the President became engrossed with the need for recovery. To have been consistent he ought to have appointed either Mr. Landis or Mr. Pecora as chairman of the commission, and it should have gone full steam ahead to safeguard the investor in every conceivable way. Pecora, as I have said, thought he was promised the chairmanship. Landis also thought he was going to get it. Pecora had been the great prosecutor in the banking investigation; Landis had been one of the authors of the Securities Act. Either appointment would have been an assurance to the public that the spirit which gave birth to the act was going to administer it. Instead the President appointed Joseph P. Kennedy. Those in Washington at the time will long remember the groan that was heard throughout the New Deal army when this was done. That was early in the day of compromises, and the army had not been so frequently tantalized by its commander-in-chief. Kennedy's appointment, it was plain, if not a demonstration of affection for Wall Street, was at least a token of good-will. The fact of his selection spoke the soothing words: no danger. That as much as anything was what made a Supreme Court judgeship in New York appear so desirable to Pecora.

The President wanted a safe and sane commission. He and Secretary Morgenthau kept insisting that nothing aggravating be done. And in this atmosphere the commission was faced with the application of the Northern States Power Company. I do not say that Mr. Landis, who wrote the majority opinion, was obeying orders from "the skipper" or from Morgenthau, for I am sure he was not. But one is entitled to ask whether, if the atmosphere had been dif-

ferent, if the crusade to shield the investor from untruth by Wall Street had still been on, and the President had been pressing in the other direction, he would have written the identical opinion. The decision which he wrote puts on the soft pedal. The music may be the same, but it is not so forceful. And if tone-deaf investors do not hear it, that is their lookout.

A further word is offered in extenuation of the commission by its friends. It is that the task of the SEC is first of all to train Wall Street to work with it, and that after Wall Street is broken in, the commission can put on the screws. Some of the important places in the SEC are filled with first-class men, capable of administering the law in the spirit in which it was conceived. They have been planted with foresight to be ready when the time comes. There even is a program: Kennedy is to go when his work of accustoming Wall Street to the new machinery is finished. Presumably Landis will take his place. Ben Cohen, another author of the act, is available for one of the vacancies, and ultimately the New Deal crusading spirit can reign as the public thought it was going to reign from the outset.

That is, all this will happen, if crusades can ever be revived after having been initially compromised.

The SEC has done a great deal besides rule on the Northern States Power case. Much of its work has been useful to investors. Among the benefits are its decisions to (1) force investment trusts to tell what they are carrying in their portfolios; (2) require the publication of salaries and tradings of company officers; (3) require companies to revise over-optimistic statements; (4) bring about reorganization of the New York Stock Exchange; (5) require the presentation of a consolidated balance sheet in a prescribed form by corporations; (6) require the registration of large dealers in over-the-counter securities.

The public must decide whether these reforms offset the decision in the Northern States Power case and what it represents in policy. Probably the investor will think that he should have these reforms and a different ruling in the Northern States Power case as well. He cannot escape the conclusion that, despite the SEC, he is not being told what he is entitled to know by corporations, and that a certificate of the SEC still is not a guaranty of the full truth.

The Quintuplets Entertain

By LEE B. HARTSHORN

ON their first birthday the rosy little Dionnes splashed happily in their bath, and the waterproof mike carried their splashing and squealing to two continents of listeners. Outside the high fence that guards the Dafoe Hospital from the public a mixed crowd got post-broadcast glimpses of the famous five. The Honorable David Croll, Ontario's Minister of Welfare and sponsor of the bill that made the quintuplets "wards of the Crown," gowned in white, posed for the movies with one baby after another in his arms. Then the little French Canadian girls in faded gingham dresses and worn-out shoes peering through the fence saw their five little neighbors carried off to bed. "Ah, less mignonnes, les petites roses!" they cried.

Visitors from nearby towns, their big cars waiting, reporters and photographers from Eastern cities made up most of the crowd. Mme Ben Labelle and Mme Alex Legros, the midwives who helped bring the "quints" into the world, stood shyly at one side. They wore their best clothes, they had \$50 in their pockets given them in honor of the day, but they did not enter the hospital in company with the government, the Red Cross, the guardians. Other *habitants*, some in their Sunday best, some in overalls, lingered self-consciously around the edges of the crowd.

Across the road Oliva Dionne, the babies' father, worked steadily on the new porch of the old frame house which is already a landmark for thousands of touring motorists. That meant he would stick to his refusal to let the government build him a new big house, as it had recently offered to do, with new barns for a complete restocking of his farm, and that he would not yield to the showman who offered to replace the house and pay Papa Dionne \$10,000 a year to let him exhibit the quints' birthplace. He and Mrs. Dionne and the older little Dionnes scorned the festivities across the road and refused to accept a radio that

they might listen to the voices of their own babies.

Mrs. Dionne sat inside with guests from the Society of French Canadian Women, who had brought her flowers, and with a sob sister from New York, to whom alone she had "promised" to tell the story of her life. Leo Kervin, Oliva's manager, wandered between living-room and porch, persisting in his advice that they scorn government offers and hold out to get the babies back. Mrs. Dionne listened rather skeptically. Rose, the seven-year-old, was upstairs watching the party from the window.

At Corbeil, a few miles up the road, center of the parish in which the Dionnes live, Father E. T. McNally emphatically said nothing on the quintuplet controversy. He is wiser than Father D. Routhier, Oliva Dionne's first manager, who, when the babies were two days old—blue little things, scarcely alive—advised the father to sign a contract to exhibit them at the Century of Progress exposition. Oliva Dionne was to get 23 per cent of the profits and the priest 7, but the government stepped in and the contract went no farther. Father Routhier, successful church-builder, hoped to build a church in Corbeil. He was transferred to a parish far to the north.

The Empire Express, transcontinental Canadian Pacific train, stopped at Corbeil for the first time since Christmas to leave gifts, now, as then, for the quints. But Corbeil nourishes a just resentment that Callander has so far got most of the credit—and the trade—incidental to quintuplets. Callander, at the other end of the loop, is repairing its roads, building some wayside refreshment stands, painting its posters to read "Home of the Quintuplets." North Bay, a city of 20,000, a dozen miles away, plans four summer conventions that may leave \$50,000 in the city.

Nurse Louise de Kiriline smiled rather sadly at her little charges, knowing that in two days she would be away

on "indefinite leave," relieved of the antagonism that has grown up between her and the parents but homesick for the babies. An exceptional nurse, with no fault except a blunt manner, she had hoped to achieve a harmonious working arrangement with Mrs. Dionne. But one spoke in terms of science, the other in terms of "le bon Dieu." Nurse Yvonne Leroux plans to stay on, but aside from her delight in the babies can expect only a cloistered and limited life. The hospital is a sanitary glass cage for the babies, and for the nurses it has become almost a prison. Partisans of the Dionnes have watched their comings and goings, and have frequently criticized them, to such an extent that the nurses seldom go out and practically never entertain in their own hospital home. A provincial constable who has guarded the gate since the kidnap threat sighed with relief on the quint's birthday when he learned he would be transferred and his term at the hospital ended.

Everybody loves the babies. They are healthy, happy, and beautiful, and their living is a scientific achievement. They are Midas babies and everything they touch turns into gold. Their fortune, estimated now at almost \$200,000, undoubtedly will reach millions by the time they are young ladies. Practical business men compute their value in terms of indorsements not yet suggested—foods, clothes, cosmetics. Their birth has been called the "Callander bonanza." Father Routhier, the church through him, and Oliva Dionne were going to cash in first. The contracts of a year ago would have given nearly \$125,000 to the promoter and about \$50,000 to the parents. To the babies, nothing.

The parents' dilemma, distorted in the hackneyed terms of tear-jerking writers, is comprehensible. They have known only extreme frugality all their lives. They believe in miracles, in the church. They neither know nor trust the outside world. Science means nothing to them. Their code is a simple one of obedience within the family and the church. They believe their babies are theirs to protect and to control, just as their cows and pigs and the profits therefrom belong to them. The effect of much of the publicity and negotiating has been to belittle them and their background, and their feelings have been hurt because the simplicity of their lives becomes spectacular in the light of contrast. It is also true that their home is not the typical French Canadian picture—the white-washed log house, the kitchen scrubbed white with sand, the neat garden, the well-pruned orchard that one sees along the Corbeil road. It is dingy and down at the heel. With people, scrupulous and otherwise, coming at him from all sides offering money, how could Oliva Dionne be anything but confused? The first contract is a black mark against him, but Father Routhier was his manager, and Oliva always listens to his priest.

The church has kept its skirts clean since the Routhier *faux pas*. Priests who have advised the Dionnes or criticized the present set-up have acted individually. The Dionnes want nuns to care for their children; the guardians are willing, but the nuns approached on the subject have refused on the ground that their rules forbid. The guardians have also made it clear that the doctor must be in charge. While the government piles up money for five young Catholics, the church presses other matters, such as lower taxes on parochial schools.

The provincial government is doing well by the quint's, has excellent plans for them and their parents and brothers

and sisters. Inevitably, however, it is using the quint's for good-will publicity. David Croll, brilliant young member of the Ontario Cabinet, inspired by the quintuplets, has launched a successful "Adopt a Child" campaign which other Canadian provinces are emulating. In three weeks the campaign found homes for 800 orphans.

Emerging reassuringly from the picture, incorruptible and with no axes to grind, are the two local guardians, Dr. Dafoe and Judge J. A. Valin. The Judge, a French Canadian Catholic, seventy-eight years old, courtly and distinguished, has wealth and fame. He came reluctantly from retirement and the delights of country life to try to bring harmony into the quintuplet situation. He is invaluable because of his prestige, his reputation for impartiality, his standing with both nationalities. Doctor Dafoe, professionally and as a human being, is a great man. He has not been overrated. His simplicity, his faith in people, his kindness are balanced by a solid intellect and a wise sophistication. He can hold his own among the bright lights of Broadway or in the darkness of a country road, speeding to a sick patient.

Hemmed in by journalistic ethics, good and bad, and by the unfailing human interest of five babies in a row, the newspapers have hardly touched the real story of the quintuplets. High-pressure promoters and modern methods have been spectacular against a community life a hundred years behind the times. Never was there a community less prepared, less eager for sudden wealth or public acclaim. This was a settled parish. Its English, Irish, and Scotch Canadians have an Old World acceptance of their life. The French Canadians live as their ancestors lived on their farms in Normandy—in exactly the same way and according to the same lights. The Catholic church has been their mainstay and their guide and has assumed most of the responsibilities of their lives, their philosophy, and their conduct. Progress has not touched Corbeil. There are no electric lights, no telephones, no radios. What the priest cannot do, the midwife can. Midwives like Mme Labelle, who has delivered some three hundred babies at from \$1 to \$3 a baby, are sufficient for most needs. The doctor is called only in emergencies. To have many children is a woman's greatest honor, and the neighboring parish of Bonfield boasts 150 families with an average of 10 children each. If women at middle age often look tired and ill, they accept their lot patiently. The men work in the fields and forests, the women in the kitchen. There is jollity in the evenings when the work is done, square dances in the winter. Mass on Sunday is drama enough.

The depression has confused the people, but the quintuplets—their wealth and their importance to the outside world—have confused them more. The government gave the destitute farmers seed, but during the celebration of the quint's birthday they were observing *le rogation*, an interval of prayer for the fruitfulness of the soil, for rain for the crops. When the rain came, they were not surprised. Corbeil stands solidly with the Dionnes, whose babies are a miracle but their own. Callander is divided. Former friends are enemies; every outsider is mistrusted. Oil has been struck, and the community will share the quint's prosperity. The Dionnes are secure financially; the little doctor has a stable income. Money is coming in from tourists. There are more jobs. But the peaceful pattern of the community

has been broken and cannot be put together again. The life held out to the "royal babies" has made the future of their young neighbors look pretty dull. Many an *habitant* mother would have been happier if the quintuplets had been four.

Correspondence

Insurance Is Confiscation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Investigators of life insurance have long been aware that there is something wrong with insurance. They agree that it could be sold far more cheaply than it is. In their efforts to determine the reasons for its costliness, they have generally dwelt upon superficial abuses, ignoring the basic cause that makes the malpractices and extravagances of the companies possible. In our article *How Honest Is Life Insurance?* we suggested, perhaps too briefly, the fundamental wrong in life insurance. We maintained that the companies confiscate your overpayments when you die.

We treated this contention as incidental to our exposure of how the companies prevent overburdened policy-holders from adjusting their insurance. The life-insurance apologists who criticized our article evaded the charges and took refuge behind actuarial legerdemain. It does not occur to these apologists that the excesses of the companies would be impossible were it not for the fundamental swindle in insurance. If there were no such swindle, it would not have to be balked by rewriting; when our critics admit that only some replacements fail to help the insured, they give the show away.

James P. Sullivan, trying to ride two horses going in opposite directions, says, "I am sympathetic with any effort to expose the outrages which are daily perpetrated upon the public by the life-insurance companies." He is confident that his position is invulnerable because his sympathies lie on our side, but his argument is really indistinguishable from that of the companies. He says:

The policy is so calculated that upon the death of the insured the company does two things in one operation: first, it pays to the beneficiary the amount of savings which the insured has piled up in the policy out of the excess charges paid by him while carrying the policy; and, second, the company pays such additional amount as is necessary to increase the total payment to the beneficiary to the face amount of the policy.

Mr. Sullivan thus contends that, regardless of when the insured dies, there is no confiscation; yet in the same breath he speaks of "excess" charges. What can Mr. Sullivan mean by "excess"? If the excess charges are returned, they are not excess; if they are not returned, they are confiscated. Professor S. S. Huebner, in a textbook on life insurance, handles the problem of reserve-bearing policies this way:

But keeping the premium the same from year to year, instead of increasing it in accordance with increasing age, involves the payment during the earlier years of a sum over and above that required to pay the current cost of insurance. In other words, during the early years the company is accumulating a fund out of excess premiums which will be drawn upon in the later years when the same annual premium becomes insufficient to meet the current cost. *This overcharge in the yearly premiums does not belong to the company but is held in trust for the policy-holder at an assumed rate of interest for the purpose just indicated.*

That is, you are saving within your policy, you are building

a reserve which may never be needed. If the companies returned the unused portion of the reserve, in the event of your death, along with the full face amount of the protection you completely paid for, their leveling process would be fair. With the present set-up, any attempt at saving succeeds in decreasing the amount of net protection in your policy. The company applies your reserve toward settling your policy when it matures as a death claim. In brief, your reserve becomes self-insurance.

One cannot, however, speak of "excess" and "overcharges" without sensing the reality of confiscation. When you make such overpayments you are preparing for future needs; this is demonstrated in your policy. Refer to the "Table of Non-Forfeiture Values" in your policy to get some indication of what you forfeit when you die. In the column called "Extended Term Insurance," the company frankly confesses, in years and days, the extent of your accumulated overpayments. That is, a ten-year-old ordinary-life policy, taken out at age thirty-five, will have accumulated sufficient overpayments to extend the full protection in the policy for twelve more years. If the holder of such a policy dies at age forty-five, the company makes a neat appropriation of his twelve years' advance payments.

The ingenious actuarial argument that all your cash is returned but that a portion of your protection is confiscated is hardly an extenuation. It does not matter to the policy-holder from which pocket the company picks his overpayments, or "excess charges." In either case, there is confiscation. The only way to forestall this confiscation is to rewrite. When the companies as a last resort reluctantly do it for you, they call it a rewrite and admit its advantages; when an agent does it, he is a "twister"—and twisters do not stay in the insurance business long. The twister suggests such changes to policy-holders; rare indeed is the policy-holder whose company suggests it to him.

Mr. Linton's amazement that the "old" charge of confiscation constantly recurs is unwarranted. The charge is as old as leveled premium policies. Sheppard Homans, compiler of the American Experience Mortality Table, an actuary who completely understood insurance and its purposes, appreciated the truth of the accusation more than sixty years ago. He said:

There is but one function for the institution of life insurance and that is protection. There is but one form of contract issued by a legal-reserve company that will give the insured a square deal. The companies are introducing a feature which, while it increases the cost of insurance, does not increase the protection. Therefore the companies should be compelled to open a double-entry account with each policy-holder. Then, in the event of the insured dying before the investment part of his contract became effective, the company would be compelled to return to the beneficiary, in addition to the face of the policy, that amount he had placed with the company for a purpose he had failed to live to realize.

Philadelphia, June 4

MORT GILBERT
E. A. GILBERT

The Need for Twisting

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The interesting group of letters which you published in the June 12 issue of *The Nation* are characteristic of the insurance fraternity. Whenever a few of the many defects of the present life-insurance business are pointed out in print, the insurance brethren promptly bring down a shower of indignant protests, and by the use of sophistry, play on words, and hocus-pocus mathematical performances they attempt to convince themselves that there is really nothing wrong with the most perfect of all institutions.

The Gilberts have raised one of the most important prob-

lems now confronting the life-insurance business. Everyone knows that life insurance was tremendously overwritten in the prosperity days. The total amount of insurance written rose from less than fourteen billion dollars in 1909 to over ninety billion at the end of 1931. That this insurance was written on a high-pressure basis, and that the huge sums written were never commensurate with the true ability to pay, is evident from the tremendous lapse ratio which existed even in the good days. Even in the prosperous year of 1928, 1,165,952 ordinary policies, or 67.4 per cent of the total of 1,729,040 terminated policies that year, were surrendered or lapsed. As early in the depression as 1931 the number of ordinary policies terminated reached a record-breaking figure of 2,782,533, of which only 286,220, or 10.3 per cent, were terminated normally. In 1933, according to the New York Insurance Department, a total of 2,402,879 ordinary policies were surrendered or lapsed. The story of industrial insurance was, of course, much worse. These figures are startling. Millions of people simply cannot afford to carry the insurance they have been induced to buy. That many lapses could be avoided by a change to a cheaper policy and lower premium is obvious. There is a bitter need for "twisting."

President Linton of the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia does not deny in his letter that the companies seek to prevent "twisting." Insurance executives continue to use the worn-out alibi that they must do so in order to protect themselves against their agents. This theory is always perfect. Whatever is good in private life insurance is due to the mighty and high-salaried executives. Whatever is bad is due to the grabbing agents. But if the insurance companies cannot trust their own agents to protect the interests of their companies, how do they expect the rest of us to have faith in their representatives as protectors of the policy-holders' interests? May I call Mr. Linton's attention to the famous O'Farrell vs. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company decision, in which the court declared: "An insurance company which employs an agent of so little moral sense . . . ought not to be heard to plead exemption."

President Linton hides behind the hackneyed and exploded argument that policy-holders really have no reason to complain against questionable practices since whatever gains are made by mutual life-insurance companies "go into the funds from which dividends to policy-holders are drawn," and since "if there are any gains . . . they would inure to the entire group of policy-holders." This is a lot of boloney. Anti-social policies can never be a gain to policy-holders, and the salaries of insurance executives are guided by their production. Everybody knows that the dividends paid by mutual life-insurance companies come from overcharges. The stock company charges a lower rate of premium on non-participating policies in the first place. The mutual company charges a higher premium to start with and refunds the overcharges. As stated by Joseph B. MacLean, Assistant Actuary of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, in his book "Life Insurance," "the word 'dividend' is a misnomer, the 'dividend' being rather in the nature of a refund and not a return on investment as the term is generally used in commercial transactions."

To the impartial student it seems that the Gilberts have raised a pertinent issue crying for a remedy. Will our insurance executives continue to boast about their production records or will they help salvage policies which the depression is forcing millions of people to lapse, thereby losing the protection they tried for years to secure. The issue is vital and no amount of sophistry and hocus-pocus juggling will down it until it is settled right.

New York, June 7

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN,
Executive Secretary,
American Association for Social Security

Hapgood Not Anti-Semitic

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of May 15 you published a letter from Joshua Trachtenberg in which he states that I, as well as Theodore Dreiser, am anti-Semitic. "Dreiser says, Kick 'em out. Hapgood counters, Why kick 'em out? Given half a chance they'll stop being themselves and become something else. The words are different but the meaning is the same. For both, apparently, the Jew qua Jew is undesirable."

To me the Jew is not at all undesirable; quite the contrary. He is to me an important element in our cultural life. I don't know how Mr. Trachtenberg got that impression from my letters. I merely said that Dreiser's attitude tended to preserve characteristics which he apparently doesn't like. I didn't join him in the dislike.

In the second of my letters I stated, to be sure: "The second suggestion you make, assimilation, is not only rational but is actually taking place, and would take place much more rapidly and go as far as is socially desirable were there no anti-Semites who by their intolerance and cruelty retard this process of natural union."

I want to call Mr. Trachtenberg's attention to the phrase "as far as is socially desirable." What I meant by that was that I wanted some adjustment by means of which the Jews would be freed from their present intolerable situation without losing their specific characteristics, which, as I said above, seem to me to be a very important element in our national life. It is not necessary for me to state the reasons why the Jews are highly desirable in this country; it is quite obvious.

Winchester, N. H., May 20

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Labor and Industry

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By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE American Newspaper Guild in its second formal convention covered a vast amount of territory. The swing in sentiment during the course of a year was unmistakably not only toward trade unionism but toward the industrial pattern. One year ago in St. Paul the question of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor was tabled without discussion on the ground that as yet Guild members had insufficient knowledge to make argument profitable. In twelve months much had quite evidently been learned by debate and even more by experience. It was interesting to note that the men and women who had been closest to the Newark strike were the most radical in their votes. Ninety per cent of all the delegates who came from within fifty miles of the strike city were for affiliation with the A. F. of L., for the vertical union, in favor of an independent labor party, and against the Wagner labor bill.

Unlike the familiar line-up in the national conventions of major political parties the Eastern guilds were progressive and the West on the whole conservative, with the exception of the San Francisco group. For the most part the issues were sharply drawn and intelligently discussed by both sides. Fortunately the convention decided in its first session to be open and to stay open. Some of the progressives feared at first that this might result in some check of frankness. Another argument made for closed sessions was that it might not be a good idea to let the publishers know the precise lines of Guild strategy. But a convention of more than a hundred delegates is no good occasion for the discussion of strategy in the first place. Moreover, the Guild was at its best when it discussed the broad general principles before it for consideration and at its worst when one group or another endeavored to gain advantage by sneaking up on its foes either inside the convention or beyond it.

Many of the guildsmen came to Cleveland prepared for a bare-knuckle encounter, but in the judgment of one who sat in a ringside seat there was very little hitting below the belt, and though some of the rounds were furious there was no point at which science was thrown to the winds and the ring intrusted wholly to those who wished to stand toe to toe and slug it out to a conclusion. This Cleveland conclave was far and away more exciting than the gathering at St. Paul. All the opponents of affiliation with the A. F. of L. voted, naturally enough, to have the National Executive Board estopped from taking formal action unless a two-thirds' vote in favor of affiliation were received in a nationwide referendum. But some of the most ardent trade-union delegates were also for the two-thirds rule, since they believed that any suggestion of a mere majority would hardly please fence-sitting guildsmen and guildswomen and might not be too good a recommendation to the A. F. of L.

One would need to be a prophet to predict the result of the vote to be held late this summer. My own opinion is that the Guild will vote for affiliation by a good deal more than the necessary two-thirds. The vote in the convention was a little less than that, but several delegates were under

instructions not to vote for affiliation until a referendum provision had been assured, and one block of three affirmative votes was absent from the floor when the roll was called. Moreover, most of the delegations were instructed before the decision of the Supreme Court was announced. Everybody admitted that this would have a tremendous effect in making a tie-up essential to the Newspaper Guild. The open hint of the publishers that the five-day, forty-hour week is in danger in the large cities where it now obtains will also do much to increase the union following.

It is significant that in every election for a national office where there was a contest the union partisans won. In the case of the presidency there was no contest in spite of the fact that the lone candidate named took occasion to tell the delegates that he would consider election a clear mandate to go out and agitate for affiliation. The entire leadership is for development along trade-union lines—a decision confirmed only after full and open discussion.

The publishers in their recent convention in New York immediately went behind closed doors to discuss the freedom of the press. The editorial workers invited full reports. To be sure, their deliberations went practically unnoticed by the press except in Cleveland. Evidently the publishers believe that the country is not interested in the fact that newspaper reporters have taken the first necessary steps toward complete unionism. But it is not impossible that on some later occasion the publishers may change their minds as to the importance of this development.

The discussion of the Wagner labor-disputes bill aroused long and animated argument. One well-organized group took the position that the measure threatens compulsory arbitration and that it is merely one more trap to catch the unwary. Another section of the convention was of the opinion that the legislation at the very least is a step in the right direction, while still a third segment was for the Wagner measure because the New York delegation opposed it.

My own opinion was and is that opposition to the Wagner bill is too doctrinaire. Not for a moment do I think that the measure will do everything it hopes to accomplish. In particular it offers very little hope to newspapermen, for the journals of the land are prepared to cry that their business is intra-state. The odds seem to be that the Supreme Court would support such a contention. Of course labor must depend on its own strength in the long run. That is just as true of the Guild as of any other union. But newspapermen cannot afford to pool their objections to the Wagner bill with those of the Chamber of Commerce and the Publishers' Association.

The first business of the Guild at the moment is to get into the A. F. of L. A year ago such a possibility seemed an extremely long shot. Much of the progress made by newspapermen away from isolation is the result of their own hard work and intensive study of the problems in hand. But the publishers helped. Their intolerance has been, among other things, a shot in the arm.

Fascism in Pennsylvania

By AMY SCHECHTER

IN the steel towns of western Pennsylvania a fascist organization, openly advocating mob violence against militant workers and the leaders of the struggle against the steel trust, is being launched by the Americanism Commission of the American Legion under the name of the Constitutional Defense League. The league is headed by Michael P. Kane, present squire (magistrate) and former police chief of Aliquippa, the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation town. Kane has admitted that he is acting under the direction and with the full support of Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., national commander of the Legion, and Homer Chaillaux, director of its Americanism Commission. The creation of the Constitutional Defense League was nicely timed with the opening of the union-smashing drive announced by officials of the leading steel corporations at the meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute held on May 24 in New York City. The potentialities of the league in connection with the mine strike which coal operators expect to break when the agreement expires this month are obvious.

Army Day was chosen for the presentation of the program of the new organization. At a meeting sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars as well as the American Legion, held in Ellwood City, another Pennsylvania steel town, Squire Kane set forth the policy and aims of the League. Members of the Ellwood City Lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers who attended the meeting report that Kane, launching into a violent attack on the reds, among whom he included militant labor, the American Civil Liberties Union, Communists, people who do not attend church, the National Student League, and others, vehemently exhorted his hearers to take action: "Don't debate with them, it isn't a debatable question, punch them in the nose, take them for a ride, hang them if necessary!"

The steel workers' account of Kane's speech is corroborated by the report of the meeting in the *Ellwood City Ledger* and by statements made in the course of dissenting speeches by the Reverend Mr. Stevenson and Attorney Walter Braham, who followed Kane on the platform. The *Ledger* quotes Kane as saying: "... if we can't get laws, let's take the law into our own hands! When you hear them talk against us on the streets, take 'em out and hang a few of them! Let's nail a few of them to the mast! Take a punch at them!" The press report of Kane's speech also records that in calling attention to the anniversary and its significance he said that "we are now faced with another war—a conflict just as serious as that of 1918." Speaking of the struggle in the anthracite region, Kane, according to the *Ledger*, told of "3,200 Communists attacking the Luzerne County courthouse, whose only defenders were a small body of state police." "Whose blood will be spilled if this thing breaks out?" he asked. "Someone's will be spilled, and," he added significantly, "it won't be the blood of patriotic Americans. . . . We're going to battle them with the law if possible, with physical force if necessary." The Squire

praised the Hearst papers as "the only ones in the country fighting communism."

The fascist substance of Kane's remarks was so obvious that hot discussion was aroused even at this Army Day meeting. Subsequent speakers repudiated Kane's call to violence. The Reverend Mr. Stevenson said that he "was strong for a program of loyalty, but that he shrank from the aspect of violence that accompanied his initial acquaintance with the movement . . . that he was vitally interested in the league, but that he had been led to believe from editorials in the Hearst press that it was a fascist movement aimed at the suppression of all minorities." In the same issue that carried its report of the meeting the *Ellwood City Ledger* attacked Kane editorially for his speech as tending "to incite to mob violence," and for his advocacy of tactics which "would lead inevitably to suppression and persecution of all minorities—in a word, to fascism."

Picked by the Americanism Commission of the American Legion as state head of the Constitutional Defense League for Pennsylvania, Kane has qualifications for the job which would meet even Hitler's exacting requirements for a fascist leader. His native Aliquippa was an outstanding example of the feudally controlled company steel town until the spontaneous mass drive of the steel workers for organization in 1933 and 1934 broke through the terror there, and in Duquesne and other open-shop strongholds of the steel trust. Today Aliquippa has a lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers with between five and six thousand members, which supports the rank-and-file program in steel.

As chief of police of Aliquippa in the good old days, Mike Kane played a leading role in carrying through the company's repressive measures. I spoke with a number of workers who had known Kane in his chief-of-police phase. All agreed that he was and is a 100 per cent Jones and Laughlin man, and that he was noted for his brutality. He specialized in hounding the foreign-born workers, the Croats, Poles, Italians, and others that made up the bulk of the employees in the plant.

"Mike Kane's the guy that really started the terror in Aliquippa," one of these workers told me. "He used to ride that motor cycle of his around like an Indian. . . . He'd ride up the hill into Hunkeytown and club the workers . . . actually he'd club them himself . . . he'd yell at them, 'I'll clean these hunkeys out and teach them respect for the law.'" Leading union men said that when Kane was chief of police, it was impossible to obtain permits for labor meetings of any kind. Meetings of fraternal organizations were broken up if pro-union sentiments were expressed.

Satisfactory as were Kane's activities as chief of police, the steel companies have even more relevant proof of his qualifications to head their fascist organization. When the steel workers of Ambridge across the river from Aliquippa walked out during the great wave of coal and steel strikes in western Pennsylvania in the fall of 1933, Kane took a leading part in the attack on the Ambridge strikers by 200

armed men recruited and deputized by the sheriff of Beaver County, Charles L. O'Laughlin, in answer to the demand of the Ambridge steel companies. In that encounter one man was killed, and hundreds of men, women, and children were wounded and gassed. Kane, who was a captain in the army reserves and a Legion official, aided William Shaffer, head of the Aliquippa Post of the Legion, in equipping and drilling those of the 200 who were recruited in Aliquippa, and headed the line of march over the bridge into Ambridge. Statements regarding Kane's leading role in the attack made to me by Ambridge workers who were there on the picket line are fully corroborated by the stenographic report of testimony given in the hearings on the Ambridge episode, issued as part of the "Proceedings of the Governor's Commission on Special Policing in Industry in the State of Pennsylvania."

In the testimony concerning the attack—described in the report by Jacob Seligsohn, counsel for the strikers, as "a well-planned military attack, carried out according to military tactics"—Kane's name repeatedly appears as one of the two leaders "who had units of their own . . . the other men were just in line" (sheriff's testimony); and as one of those who "had charge of saying when the men should fire" (*ibid.*). Another witness for the steel companies, Attorney Joseph Knox Stone, admitted that Kane "drew a revolver and was going to fire" at a worker armed with a club, but someone else got in ahead of him and filled the picket full of buckshot.

The "Proceedings" set forth in concrete terms the strike-breaking role assigned to the American Legion in the steel towns, a role which the steel companies, with the aid of the national officials of the Legion, are now attempting to render official through the organization of the Constitutional Defense League. Senator W. D. Craig, representing the sheriff before the Governor's Commission, testified as follows:

The sheriff received demands from, I think, every one of the industrial plants in Ambridge that he provide protection for them against the conditions that existed . . . also they demanded of him that he assign them deputy sheriffs, the wages of which they agreed to pay.

Following this Sheriff O'Laughlin testified:

I immediately got William Shaffer, who was commander of the American Legion Post in Aliquippa, which is my home town. . . . I asked Mr. Shaffer if he could get me seventy-five boys with military experience. He told me: "Charlie, I'll get you a hundred and fifty if you want them." He did procure seventy-five men, whom he gathered together in the Aliquippa police station.

Other testimony brought out that Shaffer was an employee of Jones and Laughlin, and that the sheriff was formerly chief of the Jones and Laughlin Coal and Iron Police.

I went to see Squire Kane in his office across the alley from the Aliquippa police station, and found him pretty much of a dumb cop. Obviously the crude blood-and-thunder phrases he uses are his own—the fulminations of the blustering policeman who delighted in riding his motor cycle up into Hunkeytown and cursing and terrorizing the population. The subtler fascist phrases he is fond of parroting are taken directly from the *National Legionnaire*, the Hearst-inspired, red-baiting publicity sheet which the national office of the Legion in Indiana has been sending to post com-

manders and other officers since the first of the year, and from Belgrano's and Chaillaux's speeches and the Hearst press.

Kane is probably well on in the fifties; he is of Irish descent. (With the fascist's peculiar logic he prefaced his most violent remarks on Army Day by the statement that his "forefathers came to this country to escape persecution in the old country.") He was wise enough to abstain from violent talk in his interview. He was, indeed, extremely high-minded, and brought out his best phrases about the need of rescuing misguided workers from "subversive influences," of combating "subversive propaganda" by "teaching the beneficent powers of the United States," and so on.

The significant items which I gathered from the interview were the Squire's statements that the Constitutional Defense League is "an activity of the Americanism Commission of the American Legion"; that he receives "instructions, help, and advice" from the national Americanism Commission, specifically from Homer Chaillaux; that one man has been appointed in each Legion post to push the organization of the league; that the league is arranging a series of mass-meetings throughout the state of Pennsylvania; that Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., was to assist these mass-meetings, and was scheduled to speak at Newcastle under league auspices on the following day.

According to information given by a Legion commander who opposes the growing fascist trend of the Legion leadership, and corroborated by official statements in the *National Legionnaire*, the support given the Constitutional Defense League units in Pennsylvania by Belgrano and other national Legion officials is in line with a plan for the nation-wide organization of such units by Legion posts. Members of these units are to function as minute men or storm troops, ready for instant action at the call of "either federal or local authorities" in the war on all and any "subversive influences." The organization of these units is part of the "Americanism" program which the sixteenth annual convention of the Legion, held last fall in Miami, went on record as placing in the forefront of Legion activities for 1935. The program also features a drive to push through the Legion-Hearst legislative plans; passage of these laws will mean the complete abolition of freedom of speech, press, and assemblage in the United States.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent.

His latest book on Russia is "Soviet Journey," published last spring.

AMY SCHECHTER is a labor journalist.

FLORENCE CODMAN is the head of the publishing house of Arrow Editions.

MARK VAN DOREN, well known as poet and critic, published last winter a novel, "The Transients."

MARY MCCARTHY frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

HELEN NEVILLE contributes poetry and reviews to various periodicals.

Summer Fiction

Recent American Fiction

Creating the Modern American Novel. By Harlan Hatcher. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

“**C**REATING the Modern American Novel” is a somewhat over-ambitious title for this informed and competent handbook of recent fiction. Mr. Hatcher holds that no considerable body of significant fiction was created in America until the rise of the realistic creed abolished the respectable taboos, but beyond this he has few theories and devotes himself chiefly to fairly conventional estimates of a considerable number of writers. Dreiser is his hero. He writes a somewhat less enthusiastic chapter on the proletarians, adds a penultimate one called *Toward a New Romance*, with brief comments on Pearl Buck, Stark Young, Hervey Allen, and others, and ends hopefully with the conviction that since the public has come to accept any honest purpose in fiction, great things are to be expected of it.

Like almost all books on the same subject this one leaves the reader with a certain sense of dissatisfaction, which is probably less the fault of the author than of the enterprise itself. In the first place, any twenty-five-year accumulation of respectable and popular novels is bound to constitute an unwieldy mass of material from which it becomes extremely difficult to extract the relatively small amount of significance it contains. One simply cannot write literary criticism about, say, a hundred thousand pages of print, and the result is that one is bound to do no more than indicate the subject matter of various books and then pass very generalized judgments upon them. The result may be a useful guidebook to a vast accumulation, but it can hardly constitute very original or very penetrating literary criticism.

Take this matter of realism. Mr. Hatcher leans heavily upon both the word and the idea. Yet he does not anywhere suggest a very satisfactory definition of either—beyond expressing on various occasions a suitable contempt for those who admit the existence of certain “facts of life” while holding with Hamlet that it is not meet they should be set down. But the problem of realism is not solved when one has come to admit the duty of the writer to present the truth as he sees it. “My Antonia” and “God’s Little Acre” were written by authors equally devoted to the realistic creed, if it means no more than that. So too, for that matter, was “Hudson River, Bracketed.” The real question is not what is real, but rather—and each of these are separate questions—what constitutes the most interesting, the most typical, the most instructive, or the most novel aspect of reality. When, to take an extreme example, the proletarian novelist calls the novels of Joseph Hergesheimer “unreal,” what he really means is that he considers the kind of people with whom Hergesheimer deals untypical, unimportant, reprehensible, and dull.

The insurgent American novel, says Mr. Hatcher, was a revolt against a creed among whose accepted articles were “the sanctity of marriage, the heavenly origin of the moral code, the infallibility of St. Paul, the depravity of Mrs. Warren, the utopian life of an American village, the altruism of big business, the superiority of the male to the female, the inevitability of progress, the good life on a Midwestern farm.” Not only is that true, but it illustrates very well what is probably the best way of getting at the most important—though of course not fundamentally literary—differences between the various recent and contemporary schools of fiction. Mrs. Wharton is not a semi-realist, Mr. Dreiser a real-realist, and Mr. Dos Passos a super-realist. And when they are classified, as they often are,

on the basis of some such fantastic arrangement, all that the classifiers really mean is that the most passionate conviction of each was about a different set of things.

Of course, technically, literary criticism of a different sort is possible, but it is extremely difficult to produce about fiction in the mass, and it is hardly worth while except in the case of really distinguished work. Possibly a dozen novels written in America since 1900 merit criticism of the sort which has been given to Tolstoy or Henry James or Thomas Hardy. The rest had best be frankly treated for what they are—namely, documents for the study of the changing interests, enthusiasms, and convictions of the public to which they minister journalistically.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Twilight of the Dolls

The Wolf at the Door. By Robert Francis. Translated by Françoise Delisle. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THE question whether the reading of fairy tales is a good thing for children has long occupied psychologists and educators, but it has seldom been raised in connection with adults. It is no doubt assumed that normal individuals over the age of twelve are little likely to be interested in, and therefore subject to the psychological dangers of, the impalpable world into which this form of literature introduces us. Yet no less a psychologist and educator than Havelock Ellis, explaining the enormous critical and popular acclaim with which this fairy tale for grown-ups was received on its publication in France in 1932, would have us come to the following startling conclusion: “If, as Jaloux has remarked, Robert Francis leads us into a world made up of ‘fear of life and the individual’s faculty of escape from that fear by fantasy,’ we may perhaps think that ‘The Wolf at the Door’ is accurately adjusted to the needs of our troubled day.” This statement, taken in conjunction with a bit of information to be found later in Mr. Ellis’s introduction, makes this work seem important as providing an example of what is happening to the literary mind—at least in France, where it has received the Prix Femina and the approbation of most of the respectable critics in the country.

Almost the first thing that must be said about the book is that it is not French in mood or treatment; or rather that it belongs to a recent development in French fiction which seeks to soften the hard contours of the Latin imagination by importing a little fog and mist from the regions to the north. The greatest influence is that of Alain Fournier’s “Le Grand Meaulnes,” a work which stemmed from the Flemish wing of late nineteenth-century symbolism and which has owed its vogue in France to its strange hybridization of native realism and alien fantasy. From Fournier this young writer has derived both his diaphanous prose and the essential outline of his story. Alien also is the influence of Dickens in the broad and distinctly untraditional characterization of such figures as the dairyman Pamploix, the old gravedigger, the retired barge captain, and erratic Aunt Tirelo, who is like a French caricature of Betsy Trotwood. Add the Emily Brontë atmosphere in the nature descriptions, the Katharine Mansfield dialogue, the Lewis Carroll illogic in a few sections, and you have a notion not only of the variety of M. Francis’s literary sources but of their consistently foreign origin. “The Wolf at the Door” is as far as anything can be from the great tradition of French literature, the tradition of *la clarté française*.

Cast in the form of the reminiscences of one of the three daughters of a poor dairyman farmer living outside Amiens in the period following 1870, the story passes back and forth be-

tween dream and actuality, the real world of hunger, cold, and brutal humiliation and the imaginary world of infantile wish-fulfilment. Scenes that a Flaubert or a Zola might have treated shade imperceptibly into fantasies out of Andersen and Grimm. The three little girls are nearly always without sufficient food or clothing but they still have their dolls. These dolls play an important role throughout—symbols, of course, of the illusion on which the world both of little girls and of men is founded. They die, one after the other, as a result of old age or dampness or sudden violence. But the sisters, as they grow older, are unwilling to give them a decent burial. And in consequence they themselves become hardly distinguishable from the colorless and eviscerated derelicts of their childhood. "In short," the narrator admits, "the Pamploix family looked more like dolls than human beings." Before it is all over it is necessary for the youngest of them to marry a wandering doll-maker, who of course turns out to be the lost son of a neighboring nobleman.

It would not be hard for an industrious psychoanalyst to supply such an interpretation of the mentality that lies behind this book as would cause some people to dismiss it from further consideration. But despite everything M. Francis is a very gifted writer. The scene in which the mad sister Emilienne tears apart the suit of armor, the portrayals of various provincial types, the vivid evocation of places are all admirable on the strictly realistic plane. They give evidence of a creative talent which only through some unhappy accident spends itself in children's games. It becomes necessary to look beyond psychoanalysis for an explanation of this case of arrested development.

M. Francis was twenty-five and a convalescent when he wrote this book, but neither of these facts is probably as significant as the information that he is a member of the group in Paris which signed the manifesto entitled "Demain La France." Mr. Ellis does not take the trouble to point out that this group, which is "opposed to capitalism and Marxism alike," is essentially fascist in tendency. To suggest in so many words that this young writer's limitations can be laid to his political affiliations is of course absurd. But the similarity between the direction of his work, which is backward to the childhood of the individual as the only true domain of reality, and the direction of fascism, which is backward to the childhood of the race, is enough to remind us once again that there is a correlation to be made nowadays between the quality of a writer's work and the quality of his political vision. It is in both cases the question whether he is able to give up playing with dolls. A refusal as a man, in the sphere of political action, is bound to be paralleled by a refusal as an artist, in the sphere of the imagination.

WILLIAM TROY

The Other Kind of War Book

Paths of Glory. By Humphrey Cobb. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

WHEN the sort of thing Mr. Cobb writes about actually occurs, war offices try to hush it up. When partisans must defend it, as in the case of the exemplary courts martial and convictions of Soviet and Nazi "traitors," it is overrationalized. Where Mr. Cobb shows his skill is that in his setting it becomes so unassumingly logical and inevitable, one of the most terribly plausible stories that have been made out of war material.

In a series of short, swift incidents Mr. Cobb sends the 181st Regiment of French infantry, worn out by three weeks of line duty and unrested, back into the trenches to lead a third futile attack on the enemy's impregnable hill. He gives just enough indication of the reckless bravado that lets the egotistical Assolant pass for an able commander to make the man an un-

affected villain. Simply but sufficiently he marks the general's victims as sympathetic, lost individuals: the courageous, intelligent Didier; Férol, the hard-bitten ex-legionnaire; Langlois, a resigned war-time soldier who wishes most of all to live long enough to see his unborn child. Against the nameless mass of the regiment he silhouettes them by their jokes, their superstitions, the contents of a letter home, an order well obeyed. Slowly he brings them into focus as doomed personalities. The effectiveness of the German counter-barrage stalls the attack before it begins, but Assolant, deprived of the ribbon he wanted for his coat and furious with shame, must have examples for cowards. A jealous lieutenant offers Didier; a lottery chooses Langlois; Meyer, a Jew, would start trouble, so Férol is taken. When the executions begin, credence awakes. Before then the enormity of the crime is too great.

The smooth, brisk method, unadorned and seemingly effortless, is completely adequate. Details of short conversations, of the private conflict between Roget and Didier, of the death of Paolucci, carefully selected to precipitate the impending climax, show professional talent. Imperceptibly, almost casually at first, the tension tightens, stiffening just before the stark, indelible account of the bombardment, straining and breaking as Assolant gets his fiendish way. The familiar scenes of war, the butchery, farce, petty politics, and careless humanity, are all here, furnishing a hideous background for a further evil. The effect is electric, the impact on the reader sharp and stinging.

There may well be more profound implications in the story than have been obvious to me. While any truth about war carries its own cruel evidence, Mr. Cobb, by sharpening his circumstances down to an example of the most stupid and brutal official license and by clipping his style of his own personal sentiments and point of view, seems very consciously to limit his purpose, willing to rest the more general question behind the making of wars. Unlike such books as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Good-Bye to All That," this one strips opinion from testimony. The story is the chief factor. This is, of course, simply the opposite method of treating the material. And Mr. Cobb realizes the essential possibilities. His novel is a strange, new, desperate tale of horror.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Little Tombstones

Time: The Present. By Tess Slesinger. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

AMERICAN short stories of the last decade fall roughly into three classes. First there are the stories which describe minutely and quietly the warm dulness of rural life or the fleeting agonies and entrapments of metropolitan life. Ruth Suckow, the early Thyra Samter Winslow, Albert Halper, and Jack Conroy are the chief practitioners of this type of fiction. Their stories move you like a bit of family history told at the supper table. They are case histories, lacking in imagination and devoid of insight, and their authors seldom have anything to contribute to the clarification of the terrific vaguenesses which beset us all. Then there are the hysterical autobiographies, compact of flamboyant fancy and verbiage. The stories of Sherwood Anderson, Conrad Aiken, and Thomas Wolfe belong to this group. There is honest feeling in them, but it almost never rises from the plane of impulse to that of large emotion. In the main they are small, tender personal reminiscences of the sort which we all easily recognize, but their authors are not sufficiently skilful to lift these reminiscences from the level of pleasant nostalgia to that of perennial even though intermittent torment. Wolfe's persistent

piling up of relevant and irrelevant adjectives, to cite one example, does not conceal his inability to transform a bygone temporary worry into a lasting everyday ache. Finally, there are the sentimental he-man and she-woman stories, wherein the heroes and heroines yearn for the recapture of the elemental pleasures because of their dissatisfaction with the bogus refinements and false innocence of contemporary sophistication. There is a mawkish toughness in them, as in the stories by Hemingway, and a touch of simple-minded or dishonestly flippant heart-break, as in the fiction of Kay Boyle and Dorothy Parker. Such stories are generally little more than table talk mixed with picaresque malice unredeemed by insight. Miss Slesinger's present collection of eleven stories belongs to the third group.

Four of the pieces—*After the Party*, *The Times So Unsettled Are*, *Relax Is All*, and *The Friedmans' Annie*—are very commonplace performances, and need not detain us long. The first is an overwritten report of a typical New York literary party, and the second is a high-toned tear squeezer describing the effect of the depression upon two American lovers. *Relax Is All* is the ancient tale of the city office girl who achieves spiritual relief on top of a horse and in the arms of an impartial roustabout. *The Friedmans' Annie* is the even more ancient tale of the servant girl who is torn between devotion to her mistress and love for her sweetheart.

On Being Told That Her Second Husband Has Taken His First Love is self-descriptive. It is weighted with a fine pain and a realization of the hollowness of sexual emancipation and the solid joy of the old marital stability.

There have been days when these four walls were so dear to you, . . . times when they hemmed you in until you felt like a caged animal. Today you rather wish they pressed in closer. But the walls seem all made of doors today. Now the boredom that weighted pleasantly yesterday is gone.

The story has considerable force, but it is not very clearly worked out, and the ending, where the laundryman instead of the sinning husband rings the door bell, detracts a great deal from the honest workmanship preceding. *Mother to Dinner* deals with the conflict between a young woman's love for her husband and her devotion to her mother, and is much more neatly written. Katherine longs to achieve the same dependence upon Gerald that she has always had upon her mother, "but she could never achieve this intimacy in his presence: when Gerald was with her, when she *thought* about Gerald, it faded; there was more strangeness." The story is a bit too long, and the abrupt Dorothy Parkerish ending is a serious blemish upon it, but in general quality it is second only to the now celebrated *Missis Flinders*, one of the most delicate and searching abortion stories in our literature.

Margaret and Miles are intellectuals "with habits generated from the right and tastes inclined to the left." Margaret is furious at Miles for having insisted upon the abortion.

Hurt and hurt this man, her feeling told her; he is a man and could have made you a woman . . . giving up a baby for economic freedom, which meant that two of them would work in offices instead of one of them only, giving up a baby for intellectual freedom, which meant that they smoked their cigarettes bitterly and looked out of the window of a taxi on to streets and people and stores, and hated them all.

Missis Flinders, for all its good qualities, almost collapses at the end, where an irrelevant and improbable incident is dragged in in an attempt to intensify Margaret's bewilderment. The effect is the precise opposite.

The Answer on the Magnolia Tree, if cut by two-thirds, would form an expert portrait of the petty duplicities and hazy sexual yearnings of adolescent girls in a fashionable school. *Jobs in the Sky* is a stretched-out depression story, and *The*

Mouse-Trap, if heavily edited and drastically cut, could serve as a fairly faithful account of the slavery nurtured in business offices. *White on Black* tells what inevitably fails to happen when progressive educators try to wipe out the color line.

Miss Slesinger has a thin but real talent. Her sympathies are wider than Dorothy Parker's or Ernest Hemingway's, but she lacks their skill. She overwrites, and frequently she tries to hide lack of insight in verbiage. She is full of such meaningless phrases as "a lovely, hungry spring morning—perilously lovely." She is boisterously sensitive, and her discussions of sex are less enlightening than she seems to think. But she is a genuine short-story writer, because she has a good eye for the little tombstones of life. Her present book of stories, for all its faults, is far better than her novel, *"The Unpossessed."* In the latter she proved that the novel form was probably beyond her, because she has intellectual asthma. In *"Time: The Present"* she proves that the short-story form is well within her reach, but that she still has to learn that all inscriptions, even on little tombstones, are best when brief and clear.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Harry Met Me

Out of That Dream. By Katherine Newborg. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is the story of an American girl—granddaughter, perhaps, to Daisy Miller—during ten days of her twenty-second year. The action begins when she says goodby to her parents at Cannes and it ends when she meets Harry, the young American she is to marry, at the pier in New York. Thus it is the story of an ocean voyage, of a ship which itself is a universe, and of the things which happen in that universe to Redley Barden's mind. For it is in the girl's mind that the action takes place; if she is descended from Daisy Miller, she has inherited something also from Daisy's creator, who while he lived was vastly more subtle than his heroines, but who from his grave would seem now to be giving them something of himself.

Redley's voyage takes her from one familiarity, Cannes, to another one, New York. But the voyage itself is so special an experience that it can only be presented in terms of dream, and it is in such terms that Miss Newborg very skilfully presents it. The ship is as vivid as it is unreal, as particular as it is timeless; and the persons on it who count for Redley are cellophane figments at the same moment that they build themselves solidly into the philosophy she is in the process of forming. Some of them say things of permanent importance to her, things she will never be able to put out of her head; but they say them, so to speak, without sound, as things are said in dreams. There is something queer, indeed, about this voyage from its start. The captain is so much the god of the vessel, or its Prospero, that he might well be accused of imagining the fabric of the tale. Fragonard, the millionaire with the pale face and the beautiful eyes from whom Redley learns so much of love, disappears as mysteriously as he appears; another god, it is thinkable, made flesh for Redley's benefit and torture. The child Nancy who is traveling alone and the fat purser who would rather be back at home with his wife—these, to be sure, are realists untouched by the dream, and they speak with flat voices which have never been tempered by metaphysics; but in their capacity as outsiders they serve only to define the dominant mood, which makes itself felt like a fever in the body of the book—a fever which will run its course and permit Redley to disembark and be recognized by Harry, but which while it rages is both palpable and subtle, both measurable and mysterious.

That the novel is obviously the work of a young writer is so far from constituting a defect as almost to constitute a virtue. Redley's discoveries are the discoveries of youth, but they come here with a kind of authority which the excellence of the writing does not wholly, perhaps, explain. It is as if one of Henry James's maidens had contracted his complexity and had begun to express it by herself. The result is an able and interesting piece of fiction, possessed at its center of a certain secret power which the language of criticism is ultimately impotent to describe.

MARK VAN DOREN

Adventures of a Waif

I Love. By A. Avdeyenko. International Publishers. \$1.50.

THIS first novel by a Russian who was once a homeless waif is autobiographical. Avdeyenko loves life, he loves work, and, on 6 pages out of 283, he loves his Lena too. Sex triangles are no doubt a broader common denominator than the care of blast furnaces at Magnitogorsk, but one's job and one's profession, one's understanding of the world and one's emotional reaction to it play a much larger role in the conscious activity of man than sex. Avdeyenko is a most normal human being. Love enriches his life, but he just loves, and does not think or talk about it through long chapters designed to grant vicarious stimulation.

At eleven years of age, just when the Czar was overthrown, Avdeyenko lost the last member of his big family and became a thief, a member of a robbers' gang which stole, picked pockets, executed burglaries. The first part of the book tells why. Avdeyenko has a talent for graphic writing and especially for impressionistic, heightened description of pain. He depicts a youth tortured by starvation, nakedness, drunkenness, the prostitution of a sister, the exile of a brother for strike activity, the death of grandfather, father, and mother—all this against the background of a black, damp, hopeless mining village in the Ukrainian Donetsk coal basin.

Bolshevism does not change his existence. With an older accomplice, he robs a Trans-Siberian express. They quarrel over the loot. Avdeyenko kills his pal with a Finnish knife and is himself wounded in the battle. Skiers find him unconscious in the snow. He is cured in a hospital and then transferred to a commune for ex-thieves. Here the revolution gets its fangs into him. He resists. He yearns for freedom, cocaine, and adventure. He tries to escape but cannot because he is left free to. His education begins. He learns a trade; he learns to take pride in his work; he learns to love his comrades and his instructors. A new world grows up in place of his old world.

Magnitogorsk, greatest of Soviet construction projects, giant steel mill in the Ural Mountains, calls for engine drivers and assistants. Avdeyenko volunteers. The barracks are overcrowded and full of lice and bugs. Many workers desert. Accidents happen at the furnaces. Chaos reigns in the city that is rising from the Kirghiz pastures. Success as a locomotive driver becomes Avdeyenko's consuming passion. Nothing else matters. He cleans and polishes every part. He is at the depot long before hours. He undertakes the most difficult runs. Bolshevism injected the spirit of the football field into industry. Avdeyenko recreates that tense frantic atmosphere, that emotional investment which puts Five-Year Plans over the top. His efforts as a machinist are rewarded: the Communist Party accepts him into its ranks; the newspaper praises him; he is sent for vacation to a sanitarium. And Lena falls in love with him and he with Lena. What more could one man ask of life?

Today Alexander Avdeyenko—murderer, thief, train robber, and jail bird—is a best-selling Soviet author, a contributor

to the magazines and dailies, and a much-wanted speaker at factory meetings. He is one of a large number of ex-waifs whom the revolution has reclaimed.

The English translation of "I Love" is good. It was made and printed in the Soviet Union. Only the cloth covers of the book are of American manufacture.

LOUIS FISCHER

Miscellany

Blessed Is the Man. By Louis Zara. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

Ripeness Is All. By Eric Linklater. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Susan and Joanna. By Elizabeth Cambridge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The Poacher. By H. E. Bates. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Jezebel's Daughter. By A. R. Craig. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

IN New York at the moment one hears that raw beef is all the rage, and that any noon in any semi-fashionable restaurant one may observe a delicate young lady munching a bloody sandwich on whole-wheat bread. As simple and as clear-cut as this food fad is the present taste for raw meat in the arts, which may be symptomatic of public health or of the final decadence of a rotting society, but which is, in any case, so fervent and so widespread that it might be known as the Vitality Cult. In literature, as in the other arts, the producers have responded to the popular demand with some genuine vitality of writing and some very synthetic substitutes. Prolivity has been deified as a sign of fecundity, crudity as truth, and an overstocked sentence will be called Rabelaisian, while a minor cloacal anecdote becomes the stuff of life. In the midst of all this hothouse vigor a truly living novel meets its reader with a smart, decisive impact, and such is the astringent effect of Louis Zara's "Blessed Is the Man."

It is a first novel by a young writer whose short stories have already commanded some attention, and while it falls so short of perfection that it ends by being dull where it began by being breath-taking, it is still as exciting and as promising a first novel as one will find. The story itself concerns Jake Krakauer, a rough Russian-Jewish boy who came empty-handed to America in the late nineteenth century, and lived to be an important Chicago capitalist, covered with riches and years, possessions and progeny. But the tale of Jake the peddler's rise in the world becomes, in Mr. Zara's hands, more than the account of one man's successful acquisitiveness; it is a study of Jewish-American mores; it is a saga of Jewish-American life. To give his narrative this aura of secondary meanings, Mr. Zara has cultivated a remarkable prose style, a style which is adapted at every point to the story he is telling, to the class and race tradition which he sings. It is as simple and ebullient as Jake himself, yet in the rhythms of its sentences there sound the gay-sad cadences of the Russian folk tales, the interrogative intonations of Yiddish speech, the harsh, clipped accents of Chicago streets. As Russian, Jewish, and American elements were welded to form the character of Jake Krakauer, so their verbal symbols are united in unique and arresting prose. It is unfortunate that as the novel progresses, its rich blood runs somewhat thin; as the Americanization of the immigrant proceeds, the narrative tends to pour into a conventional, success-story mold, and with the aging of the hero the prose loses its first effervescence. These are faults, however, which suggest not an inherent deficiency in Mr. Zara's powers but merely an over-ambitious project for a first novel. His is naturally an abundant talent, but it has not yet learned to sustain itself.

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"Ripeness Is All" is an English county farce with pretensions. Beside Mr. Zara's book, which it in no way resembles, its pale heartiness trickles away in mere verbosity. Mr. Linklater, it is to be feared, belongs to the pseudo-vital school of writing, and though his humor has been labeled "Gargantuan," "robust," "bawdy," and "virile" more times than is decent, he remains, in essence, a pompous young pedant. In this very minor comedy of errors he continues to find amusement in the sex joke. A rich old gentleman dies, leaving behind him a will which assigns his fortune to whichever of the descendants of his father will have produced the greatest number of legitimate children five years after the making of the will. The fun lies in the immediate procreative scramble which precipitates all the heirs into routine difficulties. A mercenary romance between a homosexual aesthete and a female golfer comes in for a good deal of attention, and is finally worried into dulness by the author's too persistent mockery. In general the over-manipulated plot is unwound with a mechanical and spiritless exuberance. If Mr. Linklater were not so determinedly literary, he might actually write well, for even in this, the poorest of his novels, there are passages of real splendor.

"Susan and Joanna" is a bad successor to Miss Cambridge's pleasant novel "Hostages to Fortune." While the earlier book was a study of one English upper-middle-class marriage, this is a study of two such unions, and it is sad to observe that in doubling her subject Miss Cambridge has halved her skill. Two girls grow up together in the Cotswold country—Susan, a simple, open-hearted child of nature, and Joanna, an egoistic, ambitious, scholarly young woman. Both marry, Joanna taking Susan's rejected lover, and the novel centers about the first uncomfortable years of their new lives. Taken on its own terms, the book is unsuccessful, since Miss Cambridge, though she writes around it with endless patience, can never define with any precision the relationship between the two girls, let alone their marital ties.

"The Poacher" is another English country novel which should be infinitely disappointing to anyone who is familiar with Mr. Bates's short stories. The style is excellent—pointed, modern, concrete, pared—yet it fails to enliven an incredibly uninteresting, old-fashioned story. It is hard to understand why a man of Mr. Bates's youth and gifts should have found so unprofitable an outlet for his energies as this leaden tale of a nineteenth-century poacher and his war with the world.

"Jezebel's Daughter" is a piece of fiction which will annoy any friend of the Soviet Union, or indeed any lover of fair play. Recounting the love experiences of a young British engineer and his wife in Soviet Russia, it feigns a lofty impartiality, while it loads the dice against the Communists in an unconscionable but fortunately bromidic and dull-witted fashion. Those who like their art straight had better stay away from it, but Mr. Hearst would do well to buy it for the *Cosmopolitan*.
MARY MCCARTHY

Aristocrats Without Money

Tortilla Flat. By John Steinbeck. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

THE subject matter of "Tortilla Flat"—five men living by their wits on the thin edge of society—is surely grim enough, but Mr. Steinbeck's approach to it is wholly in the light-hearted, fantastic tradition; it suggests such novels as "Vile Bodies" and "South Wind." Yet it is an approach somewhat justified by the temperament of the characters—who manage to preserve, in the midst of their various vicissitudes, an equanimity comparable to the author's own.

Economically, these five *paisanos* living in a squalid section of Monterey, in Southern California, may occupy one of the

most desperate positions in the social scheme, but in their aristocratic immunity to the problems of such a position they deserve to rank with those gay and moneyed bohemians whom we encounter in the novels of Evelyn Waugh. Such necessities as rent and food scarcely seem to trouble them; as long as they can "lift" an occasional jug of wine, or enough money to pay for one, they are completely happy. The rent problem is permanently solved when Danny, the hero, falls heir to two houses, in one of which he installs his friend Pilon. Pilon agrees to pay him fifteen dollars a month—an agreement which neither party takes very seriously, since both know that whatever money flows in Pilon's direction is sure to be spent on wine. After a night of revelry Pilon's house burns down; and he and the two friends whom he has invited to join him go to live in Danny's house, where the question of rent has not even a nominal significance. The question of food is permanently settled when they annex to their clan a genial half-wit, practiced in the art of procuring hand-outs from back kitchens. All these situations are handled in the spirit of farce—a spirit with which the men themselves would seem to be in perfect agreement. Only Danny succumbs, somewhat unconvincingly, to a fit of despair, but neither this nor his suicide, to which it ultimately leads, supplies a tragic note; they are merely occasions for getting drunk in his honor and singing bawdy songs.

Mr. Steinbeck's attempt to impose a mood of urbane and charming gaiety upon a subject which is perpetually at variance with it is graceful enough, but the odds are against him. The traditional "smart" novel—such as "Tortilla Flat" aims to be—generally deals with a stratum of society with which such a mood is wholly consistent; in doing so, it avoids a certain confusion. The theme of such a novel as "Vile Bodies" was, of course, that of utter futility; but it was the kind of futility which lent itself inevitably to satire or farce, and each of its situations, no matter how absurd or impossible it might be, was entirely convincing, since it never seemed to yield implications other than those which the author had found in it. The futility in "Tortilla Flat" is of quite a different order; its situations are rife with possibilities which, despite the amount of indifference to them manifested by Mr. Steinbeck and his characters, it is not always easy to ignore.

HELEN NEVILLE

Shorter Notices

Kneel to the Rising Sun. By Erskine Caldwell. The Viking Press. \$2.

The mental level of Mr. Caldwell's characters being what it is, interest in most of these stories centers in situation rather than character. Incapable of anything beyond animal acquiescence in their lot, the creatures of his world exist less through their responses than through their failure to make normal or expected responses. Perhaps this is most strikingly illustrated in the title story, in which the Negro friend of the starving share-cropper, peering over a hog pen in which a man is being devoured, remarks, "That looks like it might be your pa." In Candy-Man Beechum, which has both the atmosphere and the movement of an old folk ballad, the last words of the colored man to the sheriff who has shot him down for no particular reason are hardly more than a mild rebuke. Sometimes, as in the even more terrible story of the railway worker's widow who sells her ten-year-old daughter to a stranger for twenty-five cents, the vocal response is altogether omitted. The essence of Mr. Caldwell's technique, in other words, is a kind of understatement. But understatement requires always the building up of some particularly rare or monstrous situation, and not all the situations that Mr. Caldwell has chosen are

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as out of the way as rape and murder. Some of the items—The Walnut Hunt, Maud Island, Honeymoon—strike the jaded reader as rather trivial anecdotes. The real difficulty with Mr. Caldwell's method is that he can make his people interesting only by placing them in situations which require constant refinement or enlargement. Moreover, his method does not seem appropriate to his theme. The gruesome title story is only justifiable in terms of its theme, the moral and social degradation resulting from economic conditions in one region of the South. But it is seriously to be questioned whether a technique which throws so much emphasis on action at the expense of psychology accomplishes very much either for the short story or the South.

Landtakers. By Brian Penton. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Landgrabbing by the white man has run a similar course on all frontiers: the long hard trek, the seizure of land, the attempt to destroy the natives that cannot be exploited, the desperate struggle to hold and develop what has been won. Yet, as this novel shows, the regional differences are pronounced, subtle, and persistent, accounting for distinctions in customs, points of view, nations. The last convict ship went to eastern Australia in 1840, but the gaolyard mind persisted long afterward. The hatred and resentment, the hopeless bitterness, of the "lag" mingled and contrasted with the hopefulness of the young adventurer spurred on by the promise of free land and quick riches. Yet even the latter had an obstacle to overcome that our own Western pioneers, who were largely the sons of pioneers, never knew. Australians were haunted, as they suffered the tropical heat and rains, cleared and settled the bush, by memories of the peace, the beauty, the ease of England. This nostalgia prodded them to success and threatened them with failure. It took Derek Cabell twenty years to conquer this torment and to learn that it accounted for neither his success as a settler nor his failure as a man. Written with insight and a bold, sure talent for narrative, "Landtakers" is one of those unusual books in which history and fiction make an impressive synthesis.

Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind. By Michael Fessier. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

This up-to-the-minute, grisly fantasy has already been likened to the work of William Faulkner, Dashiell Hammett, James M. Cain, Ernest Hemingway, and Hans Christian Andersen. Once this roll call of famous names has been intoned, the novel has been quite adequately defined. Mr. Fessier's story of the little old man with the green eyes who was the incarnation of evil and the lovely naked girl who was innocent beauty itself has not sufficient originality to demand adjectives of its own. That it lends itself so readily to comparisons is not evidence of its author's literary powers, but rather of his mimetic skill. Mr. Fessier is at all times the parrot-like student of his masters, never their equal. He has caught their tricks of style, but not their substance; so that the novel often seems like an unconscious parody. It must be added that the blend of symbolism and hard-boiled realism does not produce too successful a compound. The realism cheapens the symbolism, and the symbolism, childish as it is, makes the realism seem silly. It invokes an image of Al Capone playing with paper dolls at Alcatraz.

The Unknown Quantity. By Herman Broch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

This story of a German astronomical assistant who discovers love—"the unknown quantity"—is not as trite as it sounds. Richard Hieck devotes himself to an exact science in a kind of subconscious revolt against the nebulous yet somehow dominant spell of his father's personality. The elder Hieck

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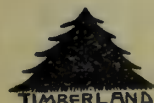


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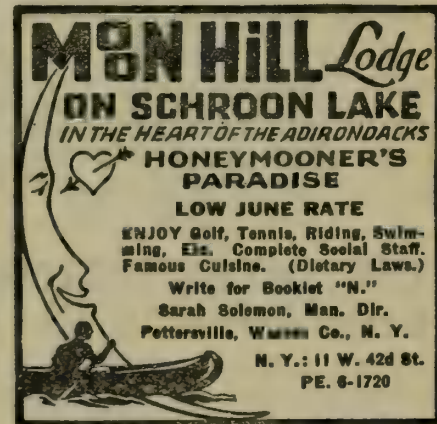
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HACKING TO JUSTICE

As the seventh article in his candid series on "F. D. R.—The Boss In the Back Room," Mr. Ward presents "Hacking to Justice on Gift Horses From Farley." It tells why Mr. Cummings's department runs—but gets nowhere. Mr. Ward's articles will be published in book form next fall. Meanwhile, Nation readers enjoy them now!

GIANNINI FIGHTS MORGAN

The proposed Banking Act of 1935 has been called the most important piece of banking legislation laid before Congress since the Civil War. The major issue, of course, is the control of social credit but there is a minor sectional and personal issue. It has to do with the question whether Morgan is to continue determining the credit policies of the nation as a whole. Opposing Morgan and the New York banking fraternity is the California banker, Giannini. Sassoon G. Ward explains the Giannini wrath and ventures a prediction or two as to the outcome of the legislation.

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THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF AUTHORS

André Malraux, author of "Man's Fate," reports on the International Conference of Authors in Paris. The principal topic of discussion at the conference—"The Defense of Culture."

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was a strange creature—half man, half wraith—who because of his very eeriness was able to control the lives of his children during his own lifetime, and even, more or less disastrously, from beyond the grave. Two of the children leave home, another decides to enter a convent, a fourth drowns himself; and Richard's choice of astronomy as a life-work is to be taken as a desire to explore and master that mysterious night world which had so strong a hold on his father's destiny. With the death of his brother, however, Richard becomes aware of a world of reality beyond the assumptions of science, and in a sudden desire to be received into it declares himself to the girl with whom, in the words of one of the students, he has been "carrying on a mathematical flirtation." It is this episode which, ostensibly, is intended to bring the hero closer to life; actually, however, it is the most lifeless part of the book. While there are several good analyses of the state of Richard's feelings, Richard himself is only barely realized, and the girl has no existence whatever. There is enough originality and insight in Herr Broch's novel to warrant the expectation that he will some day turn out a much better one; but at present he seems, like his hero, to be at the crossroads between shadowland and reality, and to be attempting to resolve both by scientific analysis.

The Man Who Had Everything. By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

In "The Man Who Had Everything" Louis Bromfield is to be observed at the nadir of his powers. This is the kind of novel that seniors in college dream of writing, sometimes begin, and, fortunately, seldom finish. An ungainly, embarrassing exposé of the soul is understandable and even touching in youth; the unveiling of Mr. Bromfield's mature form and spirit is only ludicrous. This stark piece of narcissism, which Bromfield palms off as a novel, has to do with a playwright who has success, money, adulation, women, but not happiness. In an attempt to retrieve the simple realities of existence this fictional character returns to France to seek his partner in a war-time romance. He finds her a matron, widowed, grown into the soil, too fine and honest for his soiled hands to touch, and returns to America to mate with one of his own kind, and live on, a bitterly unhappy but enlightened nomad. This fatuous tale is told in a style that is painfully platitudinous. Christ showed himself a neater prosateur when he asked his disciples, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Drama

EXCEPT in one respect "Earl Carroll's Sketch Book" (Winter Garden) is so thoroughly routine a musical revue that it would be difficult to find anything to say about it. It does seem to me, however, that this year Mr. Carroll's "most beautiful girls in the world" really are fresher, prettier, and more shapely than usual. I am willing to grant that this impression may be the result of our late spring, but whatever aberrations may have affected my judgment, no one who attends the performance can deny that at least I had all the evidence before me or that Mr. Carroll saw to it that nothing relevant was concealed. Though I was not embarrassed by repeated demonstrations of the fact that his girls had nothing to hide, I did blush slightly during a few of the patriotic scenes—especially during one in which Lincoln gives his blessing to a romance between a Northern girl and a Southern soldier, and during another built around a pacifist ditty in which logic is happily reinforced by the fact that "the manufacturers of munitions" rhymes neatly with "unfortunate conditions."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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THE DISMISSAL of Ewing Y. Mitchell as Assistant Secretary of Commerce threatens the Roosevelt Administration with serious scandal for the first time. Mr Mitchell is not to be lightly disregarded. A picturesque personality, who satisfies the American tradition in having risen to high position after having been a Senate page boy and studying law in night school, he is at least a man to take seriously. He accepted his position promising Secretary Roper not "to approve of any contract which will cost the government a single unnecessary dollar, or to approve the appointment of a single person not qualified for and worthy of the place," and he warned him he would get him into trouble. Obviously he spent much time at the department complaining about inefficiency and dishonesty. Finally the President asked for his resignation; he refused to tender it and was removed. The President is put in the awkward position of defending Secretary Roper, the weakest man in the Cabinet, and of ousting a man whose offense, if any, is having displayed too much zeal in cleaning up an important department of government. The motives behind the dismissal are two-fold. Troublemakers either have to be removed or they have to prove their indictments. Mr. Mitchell was given a chance to report his observations to the Department of Justice, and as he has

been thrown out and the Department of Commerce remains unscathed he could not have produced evidence for criminal prosecution. But that will not whitewash the department. The other motive was Mitchell's opposition to the Pendergast machine in his home state of Missouri. The machine was out "to get him" and knew it had succeeded, even before the correspondence about resignation passed between him and the President.

THE PRESIDENT feels the sting of the hornet in Mr. Mitchell's accusation that the contract for laying up the Leviathan was made at his own direction. "This is a plain attempt," Mr. Mitchell wrote him on May 30, "to make a gift of government funds without any consideration whatever to those interested in the company, prominent among whom are P. A. S. Franklin, John N. Franklin, Vincent Astor, and Kermit Roosevelt. I fear that your approval of this contract, if you did approve it, must have been obtained through misrepresentation or the withholding from you of vital information." The Leviathan was to have been operated five years, for which the United States Lines Company was paid a subsidy of \$3,000,000. The company laid the ship up and should have paid back part of the subsidy. Instead, the government made a contract waiving \$1,720,000 of indemnity, apparently on the ground that the company was going to build a smaller ship. But as the ship had to be built if a valuable mail contract was not to be lost, and as it could not be built if the company did not borrow \$7,000,000, presumably from the government, the acting comptroller general criticized the contract in clear terms. According to Mitchell, who bases his charge on a memorandum of Director Peacock of the Shipping Board, the contract was then made by direction of the President himself. Just as this charge is ventilated the whole scandal of ship subsidies comes before Congress, (we discuss it at length on a later page) and the President is in a predicament because he cannot find anyone to fight the shipping interests for his program of open as against concealed subsidies. It is at least unfortunate that he should now have to justify a contract benefiting his friend Vincent Astor, or confess that he has been misinformed and have to repudiate it.

RUMORS are beginning to be heard that Mussolini is willing to settle with Abyssinia without recourse to war. The reasons advanced for this sudden change of heart are at least plausible. Recent developments at Geneva have indicated that open hostilities can not be resorted to without a break with the League, a step which is particularly distasteful in view of the present European situation. While the report of an agreement between Abyssinia and the Egyptian government regarding the development of an irrigation project at Lake Tsana appears to have been premature, British public opinion—conservative as well as liberal—has definitely swung against Italy, and has not been appeased by Mussolini's attack on British imperialism. Furthermore, there is growing evidence of discontent and opposition to the war preparations within Italy. Letters received in this

country from relatives in Italy tell of anti-war demonstrations and rioting in cities and villages throughout the entire peninsula. The recent action of the Italian government barring the *New York Times* because of an editorial hinting that Mussolini might be overthrown, together with the expulsion of David Darrah, correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, also suggests that all is not well in the Fascist domain. Despite his newspaper connections, Mr. Darrah is known as one of the most able and honest of American foreign correspondents, and his expulsion on three-hours' notice cannot even be matched in Nazi Germany. While a military adventure such as that as appears to have been contemplated in Abyssinia may frequently be prompted by a desire to allay domestic unrest, a serious increase in disaffection might cause the project to be abandoned.

PRESIDENT CÁRDENAS'S victory over General Calles, virtual dictator through a number of administrations, should have a profound influence on the Mexican revolutionary movement. During the brief time in which he has been in office, Cárdenas has done much to reawaken the revolutionary fervor of the early days of Calles's power. Because of his scrupulous fairness in protecting the rights of labor in recent strikes, he has gained the enthusiastic support of student and labor organizations. Moreover, he has been solidly behind the movement to eliminate the reactionary influence of the church in the field of education. While all of this may be good political strategy on the part of Cárdenas, he has shown himself to be far more independent than any recent president. Meanwhile Calles, one of the wealthiest men in Mexico, appears to have discredited himself completely by calling on the government to show an iron hand in putting down strikes. Having overreached himself in his anti-labor stand, he has been compelled to retire, at least temporarily, from public life. Whether the present left-wing clique can retain power against the church and other reactionary elements if it splits irrevocably with Calles remains to be seen. The chances would appear to be distinctly in its favor, however, if the United States continues to refrain from interfering in the situation.

IF HUEY LONG could have conducted his filibuster on behalf of a genuine share-the-wealth amendment to the pension section of the Security bill, he would have made a far better investment of his profligate energy. Speeches on security in the Senate, however, are to be limited, so this self-immolation was denied the Kingfish. His filibuster against the NRA, not being on a theme to arouse the lower middle class to whom he must appeal, cannot rate as more than a timely personal recapture of the front page. It cost him more than the vitality he poured out, he lost friends in the Senate, and gave his enemies their first proof that he could be beaten at his own tricks. Long's friends were offended because he made the filibuster into a one-man show, and shut them out. His enemies heretofore have feared that if they stood up to him he would enter their constituencies and fight them in the next campaign. This time they braved the lightning. Significantly, Senator Schwollenbach, a radical, took the lead in forcing the issue. If Long is to be held off it will not be by the Farleys, Robinsons, and Harrisons, but by men of the left who refuse to sanction his Louisiana dictatorship merely because his doctrines have a

radical sound. The filibuster was an arresting piece of showmanship, and anyone who can inject occasional comedy into the legislative drama of Washington is a benefactor. But in this instance Long was a clown and not a demagogue and did not help himself.

THE NRA lives on with a skeleton staff, waiting for the time when either the Constitution is amended or Congress finds some way of restoring it to fuller powers without crossing the Supreme Court. The President, in appointing its new chief personnel, forecast future legislation. In the waiting periods, Leon C. Marshall, as head of a new division of review, will compile the records of the two years' of experience. James L. O'Neill becomes the new administrator, and with his self-effacing temperament reflects the subdued status of the organization which General Johnson once thought the greatest social advance since the Sermon on the Mount. George L. Berry will be assistant administrator to advise on labor questions, and Philip Murray is on the advisory council with William Green, so that labor keeps its hand in. Leon Henderson, whose sense of public service as head of the planning and research division made frequent trouble for the soft pedalers, has been rewarded by being omitted from the new advisory council and will be offered "another post." Walton H. Hamilton, however, will be there to watch out for the public interest. The job to relish is Marshall's, for the work of compiling the history of the Blue Eagle will be one of continuous adventure, and for anyone with a social conscience an opportunity for the highest kind of service. Properly interpreted this history should keep a new NRA from becoming what the old one was in so many aspects, a legalization of sharp practice. Now that the NRA has been saved from extinction, it will serve to gauge the present velocity of events to recall that the great NRA parade astounded the world only a little more than twenty-one months ago.

THE SIMPLE REASONABLENESS of examining Tom Mooney's charge that he was convicted on perjured evidence has at last been discovered in California, and the state supreme court has issued a writ of habeas corpus returnable June 27. On that day the attorney general must disprove the allegations of perjury, or the famous prisoner will go free. Seventeen years ago Mooney appealed to this same court but it ruled it was powerless to go beyond the records of the actual trial. The same argument by the state was used before the United States Supreme Court this year to which Mooney applied for a writ of habeas corpus. In the decision on that action the state of California was told that its argument was contrary to constitutional law and Mooney was advised to try again in his own state. The time table of this case will stand as an enduring monument to prejudice, but we share the confidence of millions of Mooney's friends that he will win a belated victory now that the case is to be reopened.

AS USUALLY HAPPENS in such cases, the alumni of Rensselaer Polytechnic have endorsed the action of Acting President Edwin S. Jarrett in dropping Granville Hicks from his post of assistant professor of English because of "retrenchment policies." The college paper, the *Polytechnic*, has apologized to the alumni for its former support

of Mr. Hicks, Major General Edward Murphy Markham has made his scheduled patriotic commencement address, and all the officials of the Institute seem to feel that the Hicks episode is a matter of the past. We think differently. The ousting seems to have been based wholly upon the fact that Mr. Hicks is a Communist, which is to say, it was a flagrant violation of academic freedom. We hope that the American Association of University Professors and the American Civil Liberties Union will bring the Institute promptly to account. Meanwhile the friends of academic freedom may contemplate the following revealing statement by Acting President Jarrett:

We were founded by a capitalist of the old days. We have developed and prospered under the capitalist regime. The men we have sent forth and who have become industrial leaders have, in their generosity, and for the benefit of the youth of the country, richly endowed us. We have trained men eager to work under that system, full of confidence that the doctrine of rugged individualism is the doctrine which, supported by strong self-effort and self sacrifice, fighting bravely the battle of legitimate competition will bring to them financial independence and protection from adversity. We are proud of those alumni and we are proud of their adherence to the inexorable human laws. I think we should stand four-square to the world and declare our faith. In my opinion as the years pass, time will vindicate us just as surely as the past has approved of us. If we are condemned as the last refuge of conservatism, let us glory in it.

LITTLE LIGHT has been thrown on the situation in North China by the developments of the past week. The Central Political Council at Nanking has shown unexpected courage in refusing to accept Japan's blanket demands, though in placing the final decision upon the shoulders of Chiang Kai-shek they have in effect capitulated. All of Japan's immediate demands have already been granted. A new garrison commander, mayor, and police commissioner have assumed office at Tientsin. The local offices of the Kuomintang in North China have been closed, and the ex-Manchurian troops under Yu Hsueh-chung have been removed. In Inner Mongolia, General Sung Cheh-yuan has accepted the Japanese demands in full. Anti-Japanese agitation is being rigorously suppressed in all parts of the country, and a three-year-old ban on the advertising of Japanese products has been lifted. The apathy of the Chinese population in the face of these concessions is explicable only by the fact that it has been kept in almost complete ignorance regarding the crisis. Nevertheless there are certain demands, such as the recognition of Manchoukuo, which Nanking has apparently refused to grant. Since it is inconceivable that China should defy the Japanese army single-handed, partial encouragement has probably been received in some foreign capital. Although the rumor that Ambassador Quo Tai-chi had appealed for British support under the Nine-Power Pact may have been premature, a showdown between the powers and Japan cannot be postponed indefinitely.

THE EMPHASIS which the Japanese authorities have placed on the Tangku truce in the recent crisis has strengthened the belief that this agreement contained a number of secret protocols in addition to its published terms. While the exact nature of these provisions can only be surmised from subsequent developments, they would appear to

embody the substance of the Twenty-one Demands. The existence of such a secret document would explain the long list of concessions which Nanking has so readily granted in the past twelve months. Among the first was the restoration of through railway service between Peiping and Mukden—vigorously protested at the time by patriotic Chinese groups. This was followed by a resumption of postal communications between Manchoukuo and China, the establishment of a tariff favorable to Japanese goods, the setting up of customs posts along the Great Wall, and the refunding of the notorious "Nishihara" loans. The recent demands for the withdrawal of Nanking troops below the Yellow river and the abandonment of all Kuomintang activities in North China were also possibly included in the original agreement, the supposition being that the Japanese militarists deliberately postponed the enforcement of these provisions until Chinese public opinion should have been brought under control.

OFFICIAL MEDICINE took a long step forward last week when the House of Delegates at the Atlantic City convention of the American Medical Association approved voluntary budgeting for medical care with either prepayment or post-payment. At the same time the convention went on record as opposed to any form of compulsory health insurance. Less than three years ago the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, composed of eminent physicians and laymen, advocated in its final report the establishment of voluntary agencies through which persons of low incomes could be given full medical and hospital care for relatively small fixed periodic payments. The day the report was made public the official *Journal* of the American Medical Association bitterly attacked it as communistic. "Socialized medicine" was thereafter the target of excited opposition from county and state medical societies all over the country. It is gratifying that the American Medical Association has now officially eaten its words. Possibly three years from now the association will take another step forward by eating its words of last week in opposition to compulsory health insurance.

MAX BAER, the former heavyweight champion of the world, who was defeated on points by Jimmy Braddock, may be dead so far as eminence in the ring is concerned, but to us the memory of his brief career will always remain green. Whether or not he was a master of the art of boxing we are not competent to say, but he brought something new and refreshing to the prize ring. He brought contempt to it. The great boxers of the past—John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Gentleman Jim Corbett, Jess Willard, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey—were mighty sluggers first and last, but they all took their business very seriously, even when widespread corruption robbed them of more than 50 per cent of their earnings. Max Baer also could hit powerfully, as Primo Carnera and Max Schmeling will long remember, but he had no illusions about what he was doing, and he never uttered a single word about the "character-building qualities" of boxing. The ring was not a field of glory to him. It was a rostrum for heaping contempt upon his opponent and upon the assembled fans. So great was his scorn that though both his hands were injured he almost laughed Jimmy Braddock to defeat. Jimmy may have the crown, but to us the champion of champions is still Maxie.

Stop the Ship-Subsidy Plunder!

HIDING behind the argument of national defense, the shipowners are preparing again to raid the Treasury for their enormous profit. This was a familiar spectacle under a Republican Administration. It reached a climax of shamelessness in the Jones-White act of 1928. Now it is being repeated, hardly more subtly, in the Bland-Copeland bill on which early action is expected in Congress. Despite the traditional hostility of the Democratic party to subsidies, despite the President's message to Congress, asking that subsidies, since they were to be continued, be paid openly and not through building loans and mail contracts, the shipping interests are demonstrating that they are stronger than parties.

They themselves drafted the Bland-Copeland bill, and it was introduced a few days after the President's message. If nobody chanced to study it, it would pass the House Merchant Marine committee unanimously, and might slide through Congress without a record vote. Since it was sponsored by two Democrats it easily could be mistaken for an Administration bill. But the bill was studied—there are still some public-spirited Congressmen—and it was found to continue the plunder of the Act of 1928 under a new and even more rapacious guise. Construction subsidies and loans were to remain, and even mail contracts could be made. According to Congressman Moran, the first to expose it, shipowners under the bill could borrow up to 88 per cent of the value of ship, and then operate it with government help the maximum of which was not clearly specified. The possibility of making new mail contracts has since been deleted, but the bill remains a fraud, and merely perpetuates the scandal of subsidies in other forms.

Now it should have fallen to Secretary Roper to defend the President and the country from this bill. If he were a loyal Secretary of Commerce, instead of a special lobbyist, he would have done so. Instead, when asked point-blank by the House committee for his judgment on the bill he replied that while it differed from the President's recommendations, he did not object to it. The committee likewise asked Postmaster General Farley for his judgment, and he declined to give an opinion. Thus the President has no one in his Cabinet to lead a fight for him against the shipping interests, and Moran, Brewster, and Wearin in the House committee and Black in the Senate have been like snipers firing on a marching army. Even if the bill is reported to both houses with minority reports, there is no certainty of its being defeated.

It would not be enough to defeat it, since legislation to protect the public must be passed in its place. The shipping interests are in a happy position. If they fail to get the Bland-Copeland bill, and no legislation is passed, the Shipping Board remains, it has a melon of \$20,000,000 ready to cut, and the only action left to the government to end the mail-subsidy scandal is for the President to cancel existing contracts. This he can do until October 31. But this will stir up a hornet's nest of litigation, and with the memory of the canceled air-mail contracts he will be loath to do it.

The only available substitute for the Bland-Copeland

legislation is government ownership, proposed by Senator Black and Congressman Moran. Since the government is putting up nearly all the cost for building and operating the merchant marine, they argue it might as well own it outright, and since objection is made to government operation Moran is willing to have private operation by license.

We prefer not to have any ship subsidy whatever, since we do not share the mystic faith in the benefits of a subsidized merchant marine. If foreign shippers carry our freight at reasonable rates we are leaving to them one avenue for paying their debts to this country. The only argument against relying on foreign ships is that in time of war we are left without enough vessels to safeguard our interests. The chief of these interests is the transport of men and supplies to fight abroad. It is still the official conception that national defense entails our being able to send four million Americans to fight overseas. It is a defiance of public opinion to maintain this conception and to enrich shipowners to carry it out. If there is any proposition which would lose in a national referendum it is this idea that we must be prepared to repeat the calamity of 1917. The other argument is that in time of a war in which we do not participate we shall not be able to continue our neutral trade because of the shortage in shipping. No doubt shipping costs would be high. But this is a question of dollars and cents. Is it not cheaper to pay this cost for the duration of a foreign war than to pour out annually our tens of millions to enrich a handful of shipowners?

We are not so sanguine as to expect Congress, trained by years of propaganda by shipowners, to abandon subsidies altogether, so we must come back to the Roosevelt policy of paying out public money openly, and ending the sickening abuses of the past. Government ownership is at least an honest solution of the problem. If the government is going to advance 88 per cent of the cost of new ships, and pay the differential between American and foreign costs of operation, it might as well assume all the responsibility, own its own fleet, and get it operated as efficiently as possible. That will close off the era of corruption described in the report of the Black committee on mail and air contracts. It will put an end to the shipowners' lobby and to the firm of Ira S. Campbell (presumed to be the author of the Bland-Copeland bill), drawing a legal fee of \$252,000 for representing one company of shipowners in Washington. Then the shipping men who honeycomb the Department of Commerce can be weeded out, and that department made more capable of rendering disinterested public service. When it comes to socialization we prefer to socialize something other than losses which a government-owned merchant marine might amount to. But if this is the only price for ending the plunder of the Treasury by shipping interests, we are ready to see it paid. It is an insult to American intelligence for the owners to argue that government ownership is "bol-shevism," hence un-American. But we can understand their delight in an Americanism which lets the Treasury buy their ships, and the Post Office pay the entire cost of operating them, while they wave the flag and pocket the profits.

The Banking Bill in Danger

THE banking bill for the moment is being held up by Senator Glass in his subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. There it is being subjected to one-sided criticism by witnesses specially drawn from the reactionary Senator's friends. Ominously, the bill vanished last week from the President's "must" program, the first victory of the obstructionist campaign of the bankers. We have called this bill a "vestige of the New Deal," and it is well to restate the principles at stake. First comes the basic political issue of giving the people through their elected representatives in Congress a part in shaping monetary policy. The bankers ask that it should be entrusted entirely to them without responsibility to the representatives of the nation. The underlying economic issue runs parallel to this. Banker control makes the dollar safe for the creditor class; "political" control would at least open up the possibility that the debtors when hard-pressed by falling prices, might influence monetary policy.

The framers of the Constitution gave Congress the power to coin money and to regulate its value, not for the reasons of abstract political theory, but to protect the creditor or propertied class. State legislatures were too prone to resort to paper money issues so it was thought that the power to issue money could be more safely entrusted to a body operating under the elaborate system of checks and balances of the federal government. Despite Constitutional precautions, however, the will of the majority occasionally has made itself felt, since the majority is invariably blind to the "blessings" of falling prices. A threat to the creditor class arose after the panic of 1907. The phrase "banking reform," so distasteful to bankers, became current. The situation was serious enough to call for delay and the appointment of a commission. The Aldrich Commission recommended a central bank under banker control. With the "right" men at the helm there was no objection to centralization. But with the advent of Wilson the plan had to be abandoned and a compromise worked out. The result was a decentralized reserve system, with the majority of the directors of the regional reserve banks elected by bankers, but the central, coordinating Reserve Board appointed by the President. The set-back for the bankers proved, however, only temporary. Under the benevolence of the Republican regime the substance of power was quickly transferred again to the centers of finance. The governors of the reserve banks, not even mentioned in the Federal Reserve Act, became the dominating group in the system. The Federal Reserve Board in Washington was weak and allowed the initiative to be taken by New York. The Banking Act of 1933, prepared by the reactionary Glass, still further weakened the Board by expressly denying it the right to initiate open-market operations. The bankers had been bailed out of their difficulties and strengthened in their control over the banking system.

And then they were suddenly confronted with a bill to put the Federal Reserve Board in full control of the banking system. Marriner S. Eccles, the new Governor, a West-erner with heretical views on money, spending, and taxation,

had stolen a march on them. But the bankers rallied to the fight. Their first task was to restate the issue in a way to enlist public sympathy. Eccles had put it straightforwardly as public control vs. banker control. They twisted this around, making it inflation vs. sound money; experimenting and tinkering vs. the lessons of history; theorists vs. practical men; independent vs. political domination. J. M. Warburg's contribution was the formula that the issue was popular control of the people's money as represented by the Federal Reserve banks vs. political domination as represented by the Reserve Board. Aldrich warned against entrusting such great power to a political board. Owen D. Young and Ogden Mills stressed the necessity of insulating the central bank from the popular will.

We wish we could be convinced that the bankers are in any danger of losing control. The history of the New Deal is not reassuring. The Government still is predominantly "their" Government, and the apparatus of the capitalist state has a marvelous faculty for absorbing and rendering harmless anyone thrust up into it as an expression of popular discontent. There is still, however, a chance that the center of gravity of banking control will be shifted somewhat from the financial oligarchy toward the political democracy. Much depends on Eccles. Will he be absorbed by the bankers and the established bureaucracy? We urge him not to compromise like other liberals who have come into the Administration with high principles which they have thrown overboard as soon as the opposition showed power. And we counsel the President to save this, one of the last remaining measures to give the people a greater share in deciding their economic destiny.

Sweet Prince

IT is generally conceded that all actors want to act Hamlet, but for some reason it is not so generally recognized that all writers want to write about him. Three distinguished players—Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and John Gielgud—promise to interpret the interesting if dilatory gentleman in New York next fall, and *The Nation* seizes upon the news as an opportunity to realize one of its own suppressed desires. For the first time in history it will take a strong editorial position on a question which has been endlessly debated in all centers of learning from the most ancient halls to the littlest and reddest of provincial school-houses. Why, after interrupting the ghost with the impatient admonition "Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love may sweep to my revenge," did Hamlet then proceed to delay so long? Beside this great question all others—even the question how he came to speak of the "bourne from which no traveler returns" just after he had been talking with such a traveler—sink into insignificance.

We fancy our own theory quite a bit and we have never seen it advanced before, but first of all we must repudiate with indignation and horror that most recent and most dispiriting of hypotheses advanced by the learned American scholar, Professor Stoll, who has cynically maintained that the dilatoriness of Hamlet is due solely to the fact that the play must not be allowed to end too soon.

Revenge stories, he points out, were very popular in the theater of the time but offered a serious technical problem because something had to come between the realization of the wrong and the wracking of the revenge if the piece was to fill the three hours which an Elizabethan audience expected. Shakespeare being a practical man, took the easiest way out and made his hero delay with a fine disregard for the psychological explanations which critics have ever since been busy trying to supply.

Now Professor Stoll argues his case with an impressive array of learning, but if Shakespeare had no better reason than that, then all we can say is that it behooves us to invent one, and so we suggest that Hamlet delayed because he was a man hesitating between two worlds—the medieval and the modern; because the motives which urged him to act had their origin in a medieval system of thought which his deepest self no longer accepted.

Everybody admits, of course, that he had some doubts about the authenticity of the ghost. Philosophy was against its acceptance, and philosophy was triumphant in Hamlet's mind when he spoke of the "bourne from which no traveler returns." But that is not all. The idea that marriage with a deceased husband's brother constituted the mysterious sin of incest was a medieval idea, and so was the whole conception of the duty of private vengeance. Hamlet was living in a world dominated by these medieval ideas and he supposed that he accepted them; but he was also a thinker, and his deepest thoughts were modern thoughts.

In the end, custom and the weight of current opinion drove him into the catastrophe which represents the triumph of the dying world, but Hamlet seemed criminally slow, even to himself, because Hamlet was "ahead of his time." He did not delay because he was mad or because his adventures had to fill five acts. He delayed because, like all men who have got beyond the system of thought current in their time, he was able neither to act as that system of thought supposed that he should nor, by his own effort, create the intellectual atmosphere in which he could function effectively. He was hesitating between the world which was dead and the world which was powerless to be born. And like all who hesitate he was lost—except to the future. Shakespeare himself was living in an age just emerging from medievalism into the Renaissance. Why should he not have embodied in his greatest character the perplexities of such a time?

We do not expect any of the three Hamlets of the next season to be exactly ours. Mr. Barrymore will doubtless return to his portrait of a youth afflicted with the Oedipus complex, and Mr. Howard will probably present us with a playful prince whose intricate fancies interest him far more than the messy business which has imposed itself upon him. As for Mr. Gielgud, he comes highly recommended from London, but we should be sorely disappointed if by any improbable chance he should have hit upon a theory like ours. One of the nicest things about an interpretation of Hamlet is that no one wants to share it, and we can think of only one thing which would be likely to make the world lose interest in a play which happens to be, among other things, practically fool-proof. If Professor Stoll, *The Nation*, or anybody else should actually solve "the problem," then "Hamlet" would retire to those shelves where only students disturb the dust on Heywood and Chapman.

Mr. Hearst Presents Andrew Smith

AS the latest of a series of violent anti-Soviet diatribes, the *New York Journal* and other Hearst papers have been running some articles by one Andrew Smith, former member of the American Communist Party. Unlike several of Hearst's previous authorities on Russia, there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Smith actually lived and worked in the Soviet Union. Facsimiles are presented of his passport, rent receipts, and other documents that Russians so delight in. Details are given which indicate at least a superficial knowledge of present-day Soviet life.

Mr. Smith's conclusions regarding conditions in a Soviet state bear a striking resemblance to those of his predecessors in the Hearst press. All Russia is a vast prison where workers and peasants are enslaved by the "Stalinist Party." "Under the dictatorship of the proletariat, labor is terrorized, strangled, voiceless"; and the people have been reduced "to indescribable poverty." Mr. Smith seeks to substantiate these assertions by recounting his own misery as an employee of *Elektrozavod*, one of Moscow's leading factories. He submits a detailed budget to show that it was impossible for him to live on his salary of 450 rubles a month.

A list of his expenditures for rent, subscription to the state loan, income tax, party and trade-union dues, and miscellaneous other expenses, including contributions, shows a total of 205 rubles, leaving only 245 rubles for food and clothing. But five articles of food alone—butter, pork, salami, smoked fish and bread—are listed as costing 278 rubles. The deficit was met by selling his American-made clothing.

Presented in neat tabular form this statement is rather convincing until one examines the figures closely. Then certain blatant discrepancies appear. One notes, for example, that the total amount allotted to rent in the facsimile of his rent receipt is 23.50 rubles a month as against the 45 rubles specified in the text, while the payment on the government loan appears to be 10 rubles instead of 50. In the list of foods, one finds the amount of butter consumed by two persons entered as three and a half kilograms a month—nearly eight pounds—which is surely adequate to prevent starvation. Incidentally butter is one of the most scarce and high-priced of all foods in the Soviet Union. Fifteen pounds of pork, four and a half of salami, and nine of smoked fish is perhaps not an unreasonable amount, but again it is interesting to observe that the Smiths managed to choose the most expensive foods. But in addition, the two of them consumed 45 kilos—the equivalent of 99 loaves—of bread! This entire food basket, Mr. Smith assures us, was worth only \$5 in gold prices. To substantiate this, he quotes Torgsin figures which give evidence of having been deliberately falsified.

One of the documents reproduced by the *Journal* was a certificate from the *Elektrozavod*, dated February 5, 1935, which was described as Mr. Smith's "discharge for vacation." The Russian on the certificate, however, reads "discharged for loafing." Is it possible that Mr. Hearst has been taken for another ride?

One Year of Tariff Reciprocity

A YEAR has passed since President Roosevelt signed the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act which was to have been the first step in a much-needed revision in American commercial policy. Armed with the power to make tariff concessions up to 50 per cent in reciprocal agreements, the Administration has opened negotiations with eighteen countries during these twelve months. In many cases preliminary conversations had already been under way with these nations for over a year before the final passage of the act. Yet to date just five reciprocal pacts have been signed under the new law, only one of which—that with Cuba—is of any real importance. Our aggregate dutiable imports from the remaining four countries with which we have reached agreement—Brazil, Belgium, Haiti, and Sweden—are less than 3 per cent of our total dutiable imports, while our exports to these countries are less than 5 per cent of the total. A treaty which had been concluded with Colombia prior to the passage of the act was dropped.

To imply that the Administration's tariff program has been a complete failure because of the small number of agreements concluded would be manifestly unfair to Secretary Hull and those of his assistants who have worked conscientiously to bring about genuine tariff reductions. The United States has made tariff concessions on more than a hundred different items, and the potential market for American exports has been enlarged by even more substantial concessions on the part of the various foreign countries. In some instances the reductions made by the United States have served to correct the most flagrant abuses in American tariff policy. Lowering of the duty on sugar, for example, from a cent and a half a pound to nine-tenths of a cent should mean a direct benefit to Cuban producers of at least \$20,000,000 annually, and the 50 per cent reduction in the duty on manganese provided in the Brazilian agreement adjusts one of the most indefensible of America's tariffs. No one will deny that the Administration's program has made an appreciable breach in the log-jam of international trade.

A close examination of each of the pacts reveals, however, that the progress made is much less than is commonly supposed. The effect of the two most important reductions made by the United States—those on sugar and tobacco—is virtually nullified by the imposition of drastic quota restrictions on the importation of these products. There will always be a suspicion, moreover, that the generosity shown by the United States toward Cuban sugar may be explained by the fact that approximately two-thirds of the sugar mills in Cuba are American-owned. The other reductions made by the United States, though praiseworthy, either are on articles that constitute an insignificant portion of our trade or will have little effect on the total volume of imports. In the Belgian pact the United States made concessions averaging 24 per cent on forty-eight dutiable items. Of these, ten are not produced in the United States, while eighteen are exported in greater quantities than they are imported—indicating that the United States possesses a definite competitive advantage without recourse to tariffs.

The most fundamental weakness in the agreements

thus far completed lies in the fact that in each instance the United States has obviously obtained much greater concessions than it has granted. In the case of Brazil and Haiti this was inevitable, as the amount of dutiable imports from these countries is insignificant. The meagerness of the State Department's concessions to Brazil has been defended on the ground that Brazil enjoys a favorable balance of trade with this country. This excuse can scarcely be applied to the Belgian pact; yet the volume of trade covered by Belgium's reductions was approximately three times as large as those upon which we made concessions, and the reductions were much more substantial in size. In the case of Cuba the discrepancy was not so marked, but it is significant that our exports to Cuba during the first few months in which the pact was in force increased more than our imports.

To the average American this will simply be interpreted as an indication of the success of the new trade policy. Despite repeated warnings by economists, the public as a whole remains export- rather than import-minded. The emphasis on exports was normal as long as we were a debtor country, and was not particularly serious as long as we continued to invest vast sums abroad. But as a creditor unwilling to indulge in further foreign investment, it is evident that we must accept an increase in imports or witness a continued decline in exports, accompanied by a complete loss of our remaining foreign investments. This fundamental adjustment can only be achieved if our tariff concessions are substantially larger than those of other nations.

It is at this point that the Administration's tariff program shows every sign of breaking down. As the most powerful commercial nation in the world, the United States is in a position to demand more than it concedes. The very terminology of the bargaining process with its emphasis on "concessions" and "trade advantages" makes it difficult for the government to keep long-range objectives in mind when negotiating a specific agreement. It is scarcely an accident, for example, that the first two pacts signed under the new policy were with the only two important countries which sell us more than they purchase from us, while no pact has been concluded with our best customers.

Further evidence of the effect of nationalistic psychology upon the Administration's trade policy may be found in the decision not to extend the reductions made in bilateral agreements to countries which discriminate against American exports. This is in effect an abandonment of America's traditional emphasis on equality of treatment, and is difficult to distinguish in principle from the two-schedule tariff system set up by many European countries. Debtor nations may be forced by economic pressure to resort to retaliatory or defensive commercial policies, but for a creditor to adopt any measure which obstructs imports and creates international animosity is suicidal. Unless some means can be found to curb the nationalistic passions which are aroused by the bargaining process, there is real danger that the Administration's tariff program will fall of its own weight or be transformed into an aggressive weapon which will accentuate the errors of our outworn commercial policy.

Issues and Men

Roosevelt as Administrator

A DISTINGUISHED Southern editor has asked me if I would not "explain in *The Nation* the reason for the President's ceaseless change of administrators." He adds: "Nobody can run any business if its executives are shuffled every two or three months." I do not know that I can throw much light upon the subject. But it is easy to understand the uneasiness of my Southern colleague as he contemplates the ever-growing list of the President's appointees who have flitted in and out of the Administration and the New Deal. Here are some of the names: Lewis Douglas, O. M. W. Sprague, Clarence Darrow, Raymond Moley, S. Clay Williams, General Johnson, Dean G. Acheson, Under Secretary of the Treasury, and now Donald Richberg. At least three of the President's closest Brain Trust advisers at the outset of his Administration, Professors Warren and Rogers and A. A. Berle, Jr., have retired, while in the famous purge of the AAA four members of the legal department were dropped, Jerome Frank was transferred to another position, Frederick C. Howe demoted, and Gardiner Jackson dropped. Mr. Woodin's retirement from the Treasury does not count because he was fatally ill and voluntarily resigned. There are now rumors that J. P. Kennedy, the head of the Securities Exchange Commission, and James A. Moffett, Administrator of the Housing Act, will retire. The office of special adviser to the President on foreign trade, to which George S. Peek was shifted out of the AAA, has been abolished. The President also lost Lloyd K. Garrison, the successful chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, but that was because Glenn Frank, head of the University of Wisconsin, would not give him up.

This does seem like a staggeringly long list, and it could be considerably lengthened by the addition of other advisers, like Bernard Baruch, who are occasionally called in and then dropped again. I have no doubt that there are defenders of the President who would point to the tremendous number of appointments made and insist that the mortality caused by the Presidential ax is not great if viewed from the percentage angle. The fact is, however, that many of these men were very much in the public eye when they were dropped, Raymond Moley, for example—that is, if he was dropped and did not go of his own accord—and the net result has been a growing feeling of uneasiness in the minds of many who, like my Southern friend, think that this connotes vacillation, unsteadiness of purpose, and inability to judge men well. They are worrying all the more because of the temporary chaos occasioned by the startling decision of the Supreme Court. Whom else will the President turn to now? they ask as they read of his sending for Felix Frankfurter and General Johnson, and how long will he be guided by these men?

It is true that your great administrator is born and not made. I fancy that the all-important quality is the ability to pick the right kind of men for the jobs in hand and then to give them authority. The great executive

whom we have come to know through movies and the *Saturday Evening Post*, who sits at his glass-topped desk with his finger on the pulse of everything that is going on in his \$100,000,000 corporation, exists surely, if he exists anywhere, only because he has got the right assistants and is making them work like dogs while he shows off. That President Roosevelt is really successful in choosing his lieutenants, I am inclined to doubt. He certainly departed from tradition in picking many of the men whose names I have listed above. That does not mean that he should not have turned to college professors and other outsiders. But the speed with which many of them returned to their non-governmental tasks certainly seems to indicate a serious clash of opinions, to say the least. And when one looks at the Cabinet and the New Deal as a whole one feels profoundly the lack of hard-hitting administrators—yes, even of the type of Hugh Johnson, who despite his many faults set up a big department, got a lot done in quick time, and challenged the public imagination.

I do not think that the President has been guilty of many drastic and illegal removals like that of Mr. Humphreys, in which case the Supreme Court has overruled him, but there have been plenty of the ordinary kind of removals, and many of his administrative errors and shortcomings are undoubtedly due to his failure to live up to what he wrote in "On Our Way": "We need a trained personnel in government; we need disinterested as well as broad-gauged public officials." The National Civil Service Reform League in its annual report criticized the President for using these words and then, "for practical reasons," compromising "with the patronage hunters when that seemed politically expedient." The report points out that the President has created sixty new agencies of which "all but a half-dozen have been permitted to elect their staffs without reference to either the civil-service law or the salary classification regulating compensation in the old departments." If we are to be fair to the President, however, it should be pointed out that his Administration has drawn into the public service many men of the finest quality, men and women also who have given up better jobs to serve the government patriotically. Whenever I go to Washington I hear enthusiastic reports of the character and service of the second-rank men in the departments and bureaus, and that helps to reconcile me to many ununderstandable appointments to the diplomatic service and to other positions. At least four members of the Cabinet could with advantage be dropped, and of course the Postmaster General heads the list. Fortunately his retirement has been announced, and I am sure that my Southern friend will neither be disturbed by it nor lay it up against the President.

Iswald Garrison Villard

The Army Runs Amuck

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

THE biggest military scandal of the year was accidentally revealed by a printer's error and hushed within twenty-four hours. The American people were unpleasantly surprised to read in their papers—some of their papers, not all—on May 1 that the United States army was planning to construct an air base near the Canadian border. At the very hour when the May Day sun was glinting on banners demanding peace they learned that the army intended to sacrifice the hundred-year-old tradition of an unguarded Canadian frontier—a tradition that is by all odds the chief glory of our inglorious foreign policy, and that is understood and cherished by many a plain American who knows nothing and cares nothing about the Open Door or the freedom of the seas. It was not intended that the American people should know anything about this air base until it was built. Had not a page of secret testimony crept into an otherwise innocuous report of the activities of the House Military Affairs Committee, the damage would have been done and a permanent breach effected in our relations with Canada. The nature of that secret testimony reveals not only a new spirit of bellicosity in our War Department but also a determined effort by the army to shake off all controls and go its own militaristic way.

The author of this wretched plan to bring to the United States a European border of steel and stone was Brigadier General Charles E. Kilbourne, assistant chief of staff. After telling the House committee how ardently he desired an air base near Canada, he admitted that its construction might cause repercussions among the people of our neighbor on the north. For that reason, he told his hearers, who offered no objections, it would be wise to mark this military air base on the map as "an intermediate point for transcontinental flight." "It means the same thing," he said. The border air base was duly included in the air-base bill; an air-base bill having become necessary to take care of an increased appropriation for airplanes which the army had won, just as a still further increase in the number of airplanes will be required next year to equip the new air bases, in the immemorial manner of army growth since the republic was founded. General Kilbourne's new baby was received with shouts, but not of joy, by the few commentators who leaped upon the issue, and the next day President Roosevelt denounced the scheme, declaring that during his Administration the Canadian border would remain just a line on the map. This was stirring, but the effect was spoiled by the President's further warning that it would be well to keep secret testimony really secret hereafter.

As a matter of fact, even if there was some high-handedness in the army's grab for a new air base, it ill became the Chief Executive to wax very wroth about it. The army's recent arrogance has been carefully nurtured in the bosom of the New Deal. The swivel-chair generals were not left out in the cold while a new order was being established for so many other groups; they got theirs. Hardly had the echoes of the inauguration speech died away before they were given their head; now, with the bit in their teeth,

they are loping swiftly to the goals dear to the military heart. In increased appropriations (the new army allotment is \$401,998,179, the greatest in peace-time history), in an amazingly enlarged scope of activity (control over 360,000 CCC boys, with more to come, appointment of army officers to more than thirty code authorities, army management of more than \$344,000,000 of the civil PWA projects), in constant diversion of "relief" funds to army purposes under guise of "made work," and, above all, in the strange subservience of the Democratic House and Senate to the military establishment, the General Staff and the War College have been made to feel that a new day has dawned. Without throwing any particular bouquets to Mr. Hoover, justice demands that it be recorded that his vision of the proper sphere of the military was much steadier and clearer than that of the present Administration. Before Roosevelt the army was afraid of the House Military Affairs Committee; it is not afraid now.

It was the House Military Affairs Committee which granted the army its \$400,000,000 appropriation. It was this same House Military Affairs Committee which last June charged Major General Benjamin B. Foulois, chief of the army air corps, with "dishonesty, inefficiency, and incompetency" in connection with the purchase of army airplanes. It appeared then that General Foulois had rather freely stretched the law in an attempt to spend \$7,500,000 for airplanes without competitive bidding, a pleasant army custom which has done much for the bank balances of leaders in the aviation industry. The House committee recommended, quite reasonably, that Foulois be removed from his position of responsibility for purchase of additional airplanes until this little matter was finally determined. The War Department promised to investigate. That was last June. The House Military Committee made two formal requests of the War Department that it act on the matter. It received two separate and solemn assurances that Secretary Dern, through the Inspector General of the Army, was investigating. By the anniversary of the original charges it was impossible to keep silent much longer, and Secretary Dern delivered his report on General Foulois. That report is a small masterpiece. The formal charges against Foulois were three: (a) the airplane business, (b) the allegation that he had made rash promises as to the Army's ability to fly the air mail, and (c) that, in general, he had made exaggerated statements to the House Military Committee on subjects unrevealed. Secretary Dern found that the general was innocent of wrong-doing in his airplane purchases; that his statement as to Army ability to fly the mail was no more than "optional"; that the General had made some exaggerated statements and should be reprimanded. Put it all together and it spells whitewash. After the Dern report was made known, Representative Rogers of New Hampshire, chairman of the House Military subcommittee that had made the original charges, denounced Foulois from the floor of the House as an intentional violator of the law and "a liar and a perjurer under oath before our committee, time

and time again." The Committee's request that Foulois be relieved as chief of the air corps is blithely ignored. He will remain, and it will be his duty to handle the slew of money which his own accusers on the House Committee will put into his hands to buy more airplanes. The Inspector General's report remains secret. The reprimand means nothing. The Army has investigated itself and found itself innocent.

Last spring and summer there was a grand-jury probe of army purchasing that promised to rock the country. Washington was full of stories of mismanagement of a \$10,000,000 PWA fund earmarked for army motorization. (General Foulois's airplanes were also to be constructed with PWA money; the New Deal doesn't annoy the army with petty questions as to the disposition of the precious relief funds it doles out so sparingly to the cities.) It was whispered that a lobby had the entire motorization program under control; that only one brand of car was being bought; that astute lobbyists were permitting army officers to win easily at poker in hotel-room sessions. The grand jury considered and reconsidered, then disbanded without making recommendations, after earnest conferences with Secretary of War Dern and Assistant Secretary of War Woodring—who is still unrebuked for his suggestion that a system of "economic storm troops" be fashioned from CCC and veterans' organizations, under army command. At least one Washington correspondent declared that the grand jury had filed a blistering secret report with President Roosevelt; if the President has come to any conclusions on the basis of the report he has kept them to himself.

Hardly had the grand-jury incident been got out of the way, and the Foulois explosion put on the records, when the House Military Affairs Committee began to probe into army lobbying activities. In January of this year the committee reported (a) that an officer in the office of the Judge Advocate General had "puffed and inflated" awards on patent claims, and may thereby have caused the government to sustain "an unwarranted loss of approximately \$7,000,000"; (b) that a "high official" supplied valuable information regarding specifications to a lobbyist; (c) that Colonel Williams (who was recently court-martialed) was lent \$2,000 by a lobbyist on an unsecured note, on which payment was never made, and that the officer tried to secure return of the note without paying; (d) that when this lobbyist was a fugitive from justice, the officer met him but did nothing to secure his arrest; (e) that army officials approached lobbyists and sought fees from them for services; (f) that "corrupt business agents have sought and have obtained special consideration and information from weak and dishonest government officials."

This was a remarkable report in more ways than one. After developing all this information, the House Military Affairs Committee was suddenly afflicted with that shyness which seems to overcome all in the presence of the nation's military. It announced that it would not reveal the names of the guilty parties, "because the War Department is making its own investigation." (The War Department later did reveal the name of one of the guilty parties, Colonel Williams, and then carefully refrained from giving the name of the lobbyist involved.) This, mind you, was the same War Department that had already stalled the same House committee for seven months on the Foulois business by using the same excuse, that it was making its own investi-

gation. If anyone suggested that the Federal Trade Commission should turn an investigation of the utilities over to the leading utility executives, there would be a proper storm at Washington. But when a precisely parallel procedure is followed in an investigation of the army, it is accepted as a matter of course.

I do not cite these graft stories because of a determination to prove the army dishonest. Something deeper and more important is involved. The question at issue is the attitude of the army, the arrogance it has recently assumed as contrasted with the decent humility it ought to display in a country where it has never previously been allowed to take the lead in any major policy, and where it was wisely established that the military should forever be restrained by the hand of an elected civilian commander-in-chief. Now, for the first time, the reins are loose, and the army is going places. When the House of Representatives wanted to leave the recently ordered increase in the army's enlisted strength to the discretion of the President, General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, strongly suggested that an increase should be put into effect immediately, and Congress obligingly enlarged the personnel from 118,750 to 165,000.

The Senate killed a suggestion by Senator Royal S. Copeland that \$132,000,000 be added to the army's already bloated budget for the construction of new army posts, but the thought was freely expressed on the Senate floor that the army would get the money anyway from the famous \$4,880,000,000 works-relief fund. We may therefore look forward to a total military expenditure during the next fiscal year of well over half a billion dollars. (The navy has already drawn an allocation of \$238,000,000 of works-relief funds for new ships.) When the Nye Munitions Investigating Committee of the Senate was seriously considering the nationalization of arms manufacture, it was army officers who scotched the plan by appearing, under the chaperonage of Secretary of War Dern, to denounce such a scheme as "suicidal." The army's passion for expansion has been inflamed by CCC operations to the extent of an army-inspired bill calling for military training in the several thousand camps already established and in the thousands more contemplated by the civilian commander-in-chief, also to be financed out of works-relief funds. The CMTC and the ROTC establishments have been greatly expanded, to give us more officers for the military work that our good-neighbor policy is supposed to render unnecessary.

More than ever before in our history our army has assumed a definite peace-time political status, has become a directing influence. It has developed a program that does violence to some of our oldest national beliefs; the Canadian air base was a sample. Its goal, even if the hot vaporings of Storm Trooper Woodring be discounted as not representative, is a "civilian" officership of 220,000 (Lieutenant Colonel Orvel Johnson, director general of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps Association, speaking), plus 600,000 CCC boys, plus a standing army of 165,000. Guiding that army, shaping national policy to expand it, directing our thinking in many channels, will be a military leadership coddled by the New Deal and ever more closely approximating the typical European military machine with its fingers in many departments of the national life. If we want that sort of thing, all right, but let's recognize that it is coming and prepare ourselves mentally for it.

Once Again the "Yellow Peril"

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

ON January 6, 1935, George West wrote in the *New York Times* that "feeling against the Japanese has abated in California, its place being taken by resentment against the Filipino and Mexican laborer." Although Filipino and Mexican laborers have indeed replaced the Japanese, the feeling against the Japanese has not appreciably abated. In fact, a strong and determined drive against them was launched about the first of the year and is now well under way. It differs, however, from previous crusades both in motivation and objectives, being based upon implications inherent in Mr. West's observation that the Japanese have moved forward economically. The Japanese, in other words, are no longer a troublesome menial class but the visibly successful representatives of a powerful competitive nation. Previous crusades against them have been conducted on the low level of race hatred and nationalistic bigotry. The present campaign is conditioned by the troubled trade relations between Japan and America, the determination of American industrialists to exclude Japan from the markets of Central and South America, and the emergence of the resident Japanese into the capitalistic sphere.

The older chauvinism, however, is not dead. It has never been given a chance to die. Like the Chinese issue in the seventies, it has been part of the stock in trade of every California politician for the last two decades. Since 1924, for example, anti-Japanese feeling has been capitalized by the California Joint Immigration Committee, an important cog in the political machine of Senator Hiram Johnson. Nominally this committee is supported by the American Legion, the State Federation of Labor, and the Native Sons of the Golden West, but actually it is ruled by Senator Johnson through his close allies, C. C. McClatchy, publisher of the politically powerful *Sacramento Bee*, and V. S. McClatchy. While the committee has no official standing, it has great power and influence. U. S. Webb, for many years attorney general of the state, is one of its directors. Assisted by its parent organization and the influence of such officials as Attorney General Webb and Senator Johnson, and ably supported by the Hearst press, whose continued loyalty to Senator Johnson is predicated upon a strong anti-Japanese alliance, the California Joint Immigration Committee has been largely responsible for keeping anti-Japanese feeling alive in California.

The present campaign began with a hubbub in the Hearst papers about "inequitable Oriental competition sapping the economic life of America and retarding recovery." A survey of industrial plants was made to convince harassed local merchants that Japanese competition was responsible for their woes. Figures were quoted to show that Japanese imports have increased since January 1, chiefly through the port of Los Angeles, but it was not explained that this increase was largely caused by goods intended for transshipment to South America. At the same time American industrialists began instituting suits against Japanese merchants and firms for alleged patent infringements.

During the current session of the California legislature numerous measures directed against the Japanese were introduced—bills to drive them from the fishing business; to require all foreign-language newspapers to print at least 20 per cent of their reading matter in English, a measure aimed primarily at the Japanese vernacular newspapers; to make it unlawful for aliens ineligible to citizenship, to "acquire, possess, enjoy, use, cultivate, occupy, or transfer real property or any interest therein and have in whole or in part the beneficial use thereof, or have possession, custody, care, or control of real property"; to provide an elaborate system for the registration of ineligible aliens; to make it unlawful for "any person, firm, or corporation to employ any alien unlawfully residing in the United States."

Not only was this hostile legislative program supported by powerful lobbies, but mysterious propaganda machines began to function. In Southern California the Committee of One Thousand was formed to boycott all things Japanese. Its publication, the *American Defender*, has repeated all the stock calumnies: Japanese truck gardeners use human excrement as fertilizer, thus creating epidemics of "bacillary dysentery"; the Japanese have laid plans to seize the Philippines; the Japanese are active in the opium rings; the Japanese spray their vegetables with "a too powerful solution of lead arsenate," thus killing Americans; the security of California is threatened by the presence of so many Japanese and by the Japanese fishing fleet; the Japanese are training the Peruvians as allies for a war against the United States, and so forth. From the issue of April 27 this specimen is taken:

Wherever the Japanese have settled, their nests pollute the communities like the running sores of leprosy. They exist like the yellowed, smoldering discarded butts in an over-full ashtray, vilifying the air with their loathsome smells, filling all who have the misfortune to look upon them with a wholesome disgust and a desire to wash.

Because there are no Japanese on the relief rolls, the *American Defender* indignantly concludes that Japanese have driven Americans from their jobs, whereas it is well known that the Japanese have always taken care of their own unemployed.

Anti-Japanese propaganda in California has always been characterized by its offensive stupidity. Consider the arguments in support of the fishing bills. According to the legend, the Japanese have an enormous fleet of fishing boats operating out of California harbors; these boats, being constructed in Japan, may be instantly converted into minelayers and torpedo boats; the entire fleet is manned by Japanese naval officers disguised as fishermen. What are the facts? Of a total of twenty-seven boats between 115 and 135 feet long in the fishing fleets on the entire Pacific Coast, only two belong to Japanese, the rest being owned chiefly by Italians, Finns, and Portuguese. Of a total of twenty-three boats between 85 and 110 feet in length in the fishing fleet, only ten are operated by Japanese. Yet this fleet of twelve boats, working under the guns of the United

States navy and under the constant scrutiny of its powerful intelligence service, is supposed to threaten the security of California.

In the present session of Congress various California irresponsibles, assured of powerful press support, have charged that there are 500,000 armed Japanese in the United States and that 2,000 trained Japanese naval officers operate fishing boats off the coast of California. As to the first charge, there were only 138,834 Japanese in continental United States in 1930; aliens, moreover, are prohibited by law in California from owning or possessing firearms. As to the second, out of 5,399 licensed fishermen in the state only 680 are Japanese. The "naval officers'" legend has this slender factual basis: in order not to be arrested should they ever return to Japan, all male Japanese between certain ages must register each year that they are "not available for active military service," being absent from their country. So registering, they are listed by Japan as "reserves"; hence, technically, the 676 alien fishermen may be considered part of the potential military forces of Japan.

Irresponsible as such talk is, it has an immediate effect. When, on April 9 last, a so-called Filipino mess boy on the United States army transport Chaumont was found to be an alien Japanese, the Pacific Coast newspapers blazed with indignation. Questioned about their information on the fishing bills, the same newspapers told a local committee of Japanese in Los Angeles that it had been obtained from the intelligence division of the United States navy. On April 28 a company in Santa Barbara announced that it had applied to the government for permission to manufacture gas masks to sell to civilians: "We believe that the time is now here when we should be as prepared as the Japanese." On May 5, when Japanese merchants purchased four old American ships for scrap iron, the headlines broke forth again.

Consider, also, the stupidity of the economic drive against the Japanese. The spear-head of this attack has always been the Alien Land Law. First passed in 1913 but reenacted as an initiative measure in 1919, it contains sweeping prohibitions aimed directly at the Japanese. According to George West, the act has "effectually stopped land ownership by Japanese." But exactly the contrary is the fact. The act is a dead letter. It is no longer enforced, nor is there any sentiment for its enforcement. Moreover, this change in sentiment took place long before the United States Supreme Court held certain provisions of the act unconstitutional (*Morrison vs. California*, 291 U. S. 82). The truth is that the effect of the act has been to solidify Japanese-American relations. Originally intended to drive the Japanese from California, the law has created a situation which makes this virtually impossible. Since it prohibits an alien Japanese from owning or leasing agricultural lands, it has forced Japanese and Americans into a conspiracy to violate the law. They are now partners in an unholy and highly profitable conspiracy to violate the very measure that binds them together.

What has happened in agriculture has occurred generally. In the case of *Jordan vs. Tashiro* (278 U. S. 123), the court held that it was lawful for ineligible aliens to form corporations to carry on commercial ventures. Most Japanese businesses in California are for this reason incor-

porated, a majority of the stock standing in the name of American citizens. It would be difficult, therefore, to single out one industry or business in California owned exclusively by Japanese. To strike at the Japanese today means to strike at American capital. In San Diego the impressive Chula Vista Celery Association is jointly owned and controlled by Japanese and American interests. In the farming area near San Luis Obispo the Japanese-American alliance is also strong, as it is in Fresno and in the Imperial Valley. The Union Flower Market in Los Angeles is owned and controlled by Japanese and American capital; the canneries at San Pedro, which can more than 120,000,000 pounds of fish annually, are dependent upon Japanese fishermen and laborers; the Ninth Street Market in Los Angeles, which does an annual business of about \$50,000,000, and the Seventh Street Market, with an annual business of about \$70,000,000, are controlled by Japanese and American interests.

Although anti-Japanese propaganda is patently stupid and unrealistic, it can be indulged in with impunity despite the strong economic position of the Japanese. In fact, the Japanese have been rendered more vulnerable by their success, their isolation, their homogeneity. Unlike the Chinese, the Filipinos, and the Mexicans, they have moved out of the menial class. They have become economic equals—temporarily "partners" by reason of a legislative accident—but this circumstance imperils them. Consider the facts. The Exclusion Act of 1924 made immigration a dead issue—although the California Council on Oriental Relations is now seeking to have the Japanese placed on a quota basis—but it isolated the resident Japanese. There are 97,456 Japanese in California, and as Edward K. Strong of Stanford University recently pointed out, "the Japanese problem is not only essentially a California problem but it is becoming more and more a Los Angeles County problem"—70.2 per cent of all Japanese in the United States reside in California and 25.5 per cent are concentrated in Los Angeles County.

Moreover, this tendency to concentrate is increasing. There is no likelihood whatever that the Japanese population will disperse, nor is there any likelihood that it will be readily assimilated. The Japanese tend to form colonies. They have their own system of *gakuens* or Japanese-language schools, of which there are about two hundred in Southern California alone. They are economically and politically autonomous. Their various associations, particularly the Central Japanese Association, virtually govern the Japanese in California, settling disputes, conducting negotiations, keeping them out of trouble. As a successful alien group, located in a relatively small area so that their success is the more conspicuous, they invite the fire of American chauvinists. Will their economic alliances protect them? The present assault has somewhat slackened, but it will unquestionably be revived. Unlike other alien groups the Japanese are members of a race which is, by popular legend, the future enemy of the United States. Every disturbance in trade between Japan and America, every recrudescence of the "yellow peril" for campaign stuff, will affect the resident Japanese. They have emerged from the status of menials, but without full realization of their position they are unwitting pawns in the great game now being played in the Pacific.

Giannini Fights Morgan

By SASSOON G. WARD

THE proposed Banking Act of 1935 has been called the most important piece of banking legislation laid before Congress since the Civil War. It is all of that. The issue posed by this bill is not unfamiliar in American financial history. Andrew Jackson dealt with it when he vetoed the recharter of the Bank of the United States and withdrew the government's deposits from the bank. Jackson suspected that the management of the bank was working against him. Woodrow Wilson thought he had triumphed over the money trust when he created the Federal Reserve System, but it was later discovered that he was wrong: the Federal Reserve Board allowed control of the system to slip away to New York. Roosevelt has good reason to suppose that after twelve years of Republican rule the Federal Reserve is staffed with people who are unsympathetic to him. The major issue, of course, is the social control of credit, but there is a minor sectional and personal issue. It has to do with the question whether Morgan is to continue determining the credit policies of the nation as a whole.

A. P. Giannini, the San Francisco banker, replying to some remarks of James P. Warburg of New York, put it this way: "If he lays so much importance on who has the control, it surely must be because he knows full well that the control of money is a real power for good or evil. Personally I would rather that this power be exercised by a public body in the public interest than by the New York banking fraternity."

This is no demagogic point Giannini makes. One has only to recall what happened to the Labor government in Great Britain in 1931 to realize the difference it makes to a party in power to have the management of the bank of issue on the other side. But the point sounds strange when it comes from Giannini's lips, for he is a director of the National City Bank and its largest single stockholder. His main banking interests, however, are in California, and in spite of his big investment in the National City Bank he has little use for Wall Street and the New York banker. The voice he raises against "the New York banking fraternity" results in part from a personal grudge against Wall Street. Yet, in a larger sense, it is the voice of many bankers outside the Eastern money centers. It is, particularly, the voice of Marriner S. Eccles, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, a Western banker like Giannini and the man most responsible for the controversial sections of the bill.

The new banking bill represents the first serious challenge to New York control of the Federal Reserve that has come along since the system was founded in 1914. During the war the Federal Reserve's principal function was to help the government raise money. A far greater part of that money was raised in New York than anywhere else, and New York was able to call the tune. After the war the weak Federal Reserve Board was completely dominated by the New York bank, headed by the strongest, most compelling man in the system, Governor Benjamin Strong. It was New York which worked out credit policies, set the trend for rediscount rates, and carried on relations with

European banks of issue. The Federal Reserve Board differed with the New York bank on credit policies in 1929, but Charles E. Mitchell, a director of the New York bank, set the board's plans at naught by breaking the board-inspired boycott of the call-loan market, and the views of the New York bank were made to prevail.

Mr. Eccles would put an end to dictation of Federal Reserve policy from New York and get insurance against a revolt by the New York banks against the Roosevelt program. His bill would take control of the open-market committee away from New York and give it to the board, which would have the power of veto over choices for governor of the regional banks. It would give the Federal Reserve the right to make advances on real-estate loans, which would help the New York banks very little but banks in other parts of the country a whole lot. By giving the Federal Reserve Board, through the open-market committee, the right to force regional banks to invest in government securities, his bill would deprive the New York banks of the power they now have of sabotaging the government's spending program by refusing to buy Treasury issues.

The Republican Party was quite willing to let the New York bank run the Federal Reserve show. So long as this situation obtained, the New York banks found no fault with Federal Reserve Board governors, notably Eugene Meyer, who occupied themselves deeply and almost exclusively in furthering the interests of the President who appointed them. Not one Wall Street banking voice was raised in protest against Meyer's activities in behalf of Hoover, but it is obviously something else again if the board is put under the political thumb of a Democratic President.

Thus under the banner of regional autonomy, traditional Federal Reserve principles, and keeping the politicians out of the reserve banks, the New York bankers are making a concerted effort to keep control of the Federal Reserve from passing to Washington. So long as the New York bank is not required to bow to the will of the board, the principal voice in the system's affairs stays in New York. The New York bank has more than a third of the assets of the twelve regional banks combined, and it can mold the system's policy by giving or withholding consent to measures proposed.

Giannini has been mentioned as typical of the banker anxious to see the bill pass so that New York's power can be curbed. In point of fact, the bill might be called a Giannini bill. It is difficult to think of any other banker who would get so much out of it. If the New York bank were made to play second fiddle to the board, Giannini and his like would be the better able to get a hearing for their ideas in Federal Reserve quarters. Nobody gets more out of deposit insurance than Giannini. The bill would make real estate and other long-term assets eligible for discount at the Federal Reserve, and no other Federal Reserve member has as large an amount of these assets which it might turn in for discounting as the Giannini bank. As Giannini has told some of his intimates, "We could sleep nights if this section of the bill were passed."

The privilege of borrowing from the Federal Reserve on real-estate loans would free Giannini of any fear that he would have to come back, hat in hand, to the New York bankers as he once did. His banks were heavy borrowers a few years ago, and the New York banks advanced the funds he needed until the day when the RFC was established. In view of the service rendered to Giannini at that time, New York bankers think it ungrateful of him to denounce them publicly now. But the reasons for his feud with the New York bankers antedate the loans they made to his banks. It is a case of ignoring the fact that a man has saved you from drowning and remembering only that he once slighted you socially.

New York bankers understand well enough the reason for the Giannini wrath. In 1928 he tried to land a New York Clearing House bank so that he could extend his banking interests to New York in impressive fashion. He controlled two small banks in New York, but they did not serve the purpose. At length he succeeded in obtaining control of the Bank of America from the Jonas brothers and in the open market. But he had no sooner added this bank to his string than he was told by a Morgan partner, Francis D. Bartow, that he would have to distribute the stock to shareholders in Bancitaly, the Giannini holding company. It was explained to Giannini that it was considered unsafe for a Clearing House bank to be part of a

chain system. He might be the biggest thing in banking in California, but New York bankers wanted no share of him or his methods. It was a cut that he never forgave or forgot.

His dislike for New York bankers became even more violent when, during his temporary retirement from business, his successor sold the Bank of America to the National City Bank and in the merger virtually all of the former's capital funds disappeared, indicating that National City had seized the opportunity to write off some large losses. Giannini charged then that Wall Street had used the Bank of America to strengthen National City. After that deal Giannini, who thought he had retired, conducted a proxy fight against his successor, Elisha Walker, and defeated him soundly. Giannini demanded a place on the National City Bank board and was able to get it because he had Hiram Johnson insert in the Banking Act of 1933 a provision giving bank stockholders the right to vote their holdings cumulatively for one or two directors.

Before Roosevelt and Eccles and he get through they may have the headquarters of the Federal Reserve shifted from New York to Washington. One thing favors their success: in this same Eccles, former Mormon missionary to Wales, they have the most forceful person ever to sit on the Federal Reserve Board. And he does not have much use for New York.

Mental Tests as Social Reflectors

By EDNA BRAND MANN

MY job as a psychologist working in the New York City schools, involved giving Stanford Binet intelligence tests to four, five, or six children daily for over a year. My main objective was their I. Q. rating, but it often occurred to me that the answer to a single standardized test question, regardless of whether it was scored correct or not, revealed more about a particular child than his I. Q.

I asked a group of children to define charity. In the poor schools I found it commonly defined as "to go and get money." In the private schools there was agreement that "charity means to give things to the poor," one of the favored lads adding, "I'm sick of giving toys to the damned poor." A picture of a Dutch home in which were portrayed a woman and a little girl, crying, was interpreted by poor children thus: "She wants something to eat and the mother can't give it to her"; and by the more fortunate group: "She doesn't like to eat, but her mother is making her."

Such tests give us leads which penetrate as deep into our mores as we care to look. The child's responses to the test situation are a product of his life experience and often carry the flavor and color of his personality, his home, the social forces shaping all of us. Reactions which no standardized norms can help us to score may on occasion make the actual test look silly, as witness Martha's comment while the examiner was adding up her final test rating with busy exactness. She said, "You really can't do so good when you have things on your mind and nothing in your stomach."

In general, however, the standard intelligence tests turn out to be valid. Binet's brilliant findings of some twenty-five years ago still work as he foresaw—that far and farther. For example, Binet discovered that an average three-year-old child, when shown a picture, will enumerate the objects in it; a seven-year-old will describe them; and a twelve-year-old will interpret them. These types of responses characterize the three levels of development. But when, today, six-year-old Johnny takes one look at a standardized picture showing a stiff early American room with a weeping lady and departing gentleman, he scores twelve years and then some, because this is his interpretation: "The husband is going away because his wife goes with other mens."

George Washington leaving for the war is a more usual response to this picture. Johnny's, less noble, is also less remote in its inspiration. In fact, it is home brew. Johnny is an O'Reilly. His mother is a janitress, and has eight children and one tooth. Her husband is unemployed. Next door to the O'Reillys live the Murphys. The Murphys have five children. Mr. Murphy is unemployed. Mrs. Murphy also is a janitress. In one way or another, Mrs. O'Reilly, with her one tooth and eight children and \$80 rent collected from tenants and not turned over to the landlord, effectively captivated Mr. Murphy, and the two of them eloped, deserting mates and minors until the \$80 and the romance came to a simultaneous conclusion two months later. During this A. W. O. L. period the deserted spouses managed their flocks in their own fashion. The Murphy children gave no evidence of a hiatus in their

household. But poor Mr. O'Reilly's offspring, despite his earnest efforts, came dribbling into school at all hours, unkempt, dirty. It made it no easier for the distracted father that one of the children was feeble-minded and one crippled.

When Mrs. O'Reilly returned home she was greeted with such ardor as she had never in her married life experienced. But Mr. Murphy met a door shut resolutely in his face. His wife had learned a lesson. It had been demonstrated to her satisfaction that it was easier to get along without Mr. Murphy than with him. The little Murphys clamored for "Father" at sight of him. She admitted that this was true but not important.

So goes love in the tenements, where the ugly urgencies of life reduce bodies and spirits to their lowest common denominators while the six-year-olds look on and register.

"What is the difference between poverty and misery?" This is a routine test question to which Jimmy, twelve, clean-necked and slick of hair, answered: "Poverty is when you are poor and miserable. Misery is when you are not poor—just miserable for nothing." The answer must be scored minus, but, as I was soon to learn, so must Jimmy's life, from which the answer had sprung.

Jimmy was the last of his family I had tested in that school. They ranged from the first to the sixth grade. All of his siblings were bright. So was Jimmie. On the day I tested him, his mother had been summoned to school by his class teacher and I heard the storm of complaints with which she was greeted: "Jimmy is the sore spot in the class—fresh, lazy, sullen, tardy every day." This and much more the teacher poured into the mother's ear, throwing in a reference to Jimmy's recent appearance in Juvenile Court to explain a stolen purse.

"Jimmy is my nicest child at home," the mother spoke up in her turn. "If there is an errand to do the others will try to put it off on someone else; Jimmy runs to do it. Jimmy does the dishes every night. Jimmy knows I feel sick a lot. I am pregnant again. Jimmy is always telling the others to be quieter and to be good. I am sorry he is bad at school. He is my nicest child at home." She added that he had confessed to his father that his gang had taken the pocket-book, but he refused to tell who had done it; his father had taken him to court to make an example of him. "Jimmy is always honest," she finished. This the school had found out, but Jimmy's softer side was news.

A home visit disclosed an absolutely clean and bare home—dark, crowded, crushing in its gloom. To smile or laugh in it is simply unthinkable. Jimmy's mother is overworked as janitress. The father gets odd jobs when he can. He is a stern disciplinarian, a decent man according to his lights, bowed down by his own failure as provider and by the burdens of his mounting family. One child has a tubercular eye; all except Jimmy appear wan and undernourished. There are eight of them now and another coming. The mother has acute diabetes. She says calmly, "It will be fatal for me to have this child in my condition." She seems relieved at the thought.

At the clinic which she attends for diabetic treatment, she was told that it would be dangerous for her to become pregnant again. She and her husband are Catholics; yet they were eager to cooperate in a plan whereby they might limit the only surplus heaven had ever sent them. The hospital

referred Jimmy's mother to a Catholic physician for instruction on birth-control technique. She explained her case to the doctor. This is what happened.

"Are you a Catholic?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

"You know what our church teaches?"

"I was sent here by the clinic because I have diabetes and must not have any more children. I have had fifteen children and eight are living. I want only forty."

"You are a Catholic."

"But I was not born a Catholic. I only became one after I married."

"That makes no difference. The holy church to which you belong forbids birth control."

So was her sixteenth pregnancy indorsed by the church.

And somehow or other, the months rolled by and Jimmy's mother did not die, but gave birth to a fifth son. The hospital records that this was the first child in its history born of an acutely diabetic mother who did not die. But—one more? What of this newest little Jimmy? He wears the clothes that the school principal has begged from charity. He suckles from a mother exhausted and embittered. What will he eat when she is dry? What chance has he? "Poverty is when you are poor and miserable. Misery is when you are not poor—just miserable for nothing." I believe Jimmy knew what he meant.

Whenever a child in a poor-neighborhood school comes to me for examination these days looking clean and well-fed, I hazard the guess that he lives in an institution. Usually it is so. I make it a point to ask these children, "Where did you like it better, in your own home, or in this home?" With few exceptions the preference is for the institution. "I get more to eat now." "I have more children to play with." "I go swimming on Saturdays." "We go to camp in the summer."

"I like home better," one fat little boy with an I.Q. of 80 (very dull) told me, "because the food here is lousy."

"What did you have for breakfast?" I asked.

"Aw—orange juice and eggs and cocoa and toast."

Mildly I suggested that was a very nice breakfast.

"Lousy," the boy insisted. "If I was home now by my mother, I'd get pancakes and coffee."

"Do you think you'd be so strong as you are now?" I tried.

"Aw, my father ate coffee and pancakes all his life and he was a cop till he died."

"What language do you speak at home?" I asked one little girl, whose vocabulary score was particularly low.

"English," she answered.

"Nothing but English?"

"Oh, Italian too. My father always curses my mother in Italian."

"Curse means to curse your mother. To say dirty words at her—but not me doesn't," one little colored girl confided to me when I asked her to tell me the meaning of the word. Then she added with gusto: "My father don't live with my mother—but he comes and sees us sometimes. Then he always gets awful mad and hollers and curses."

"Why? What makes him mad?"

"When my ma asks him for money, he gets awful mad. He says that's all she thinks of when she sees him."

"What does health mean?" One sleepy-eyed youngster who sold newspapers till midnight and was overinclined to doze in school answered thus: "Health is like my teacher says. My teacher says, 'Do you think I am screaming for my health?'"

One dull gawky boy of thirteen, dirty, unkempt, smelly, did not get his worldly notions from school, or from his home, or from his father who worked on a garbage heap. In his moronic person the power of the films will be forever crystallized for me.

I put to him the test question, "What's the thing for you to do before beginning something very important?" The answer came, "Tell the butler not to disturb me."

It might have been the same lad, but it wasn't, who proved the efficacy of the New Deal ballyhoo.

To the question, "What is the difference between a president and a king?" he replied, "A king is bad. He has an army and kills people. A president is good. He cures the depression."

As to the end of the depression, consider this for a long-range estimate by one bright ten-year-old. Asked, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" he answered, "Unemployed."

Plus or minus and how much? The psychologist retires. Let the vocational-guidance experts score that one—and learn some of the facts of life in the process.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

MORE OUTSTANDING TOURS

A TRIP through Mexico conducted by Dr. C. W. Weiant will emphasize little-known rural districts, the centers of Indian culture, and sites of great archaeological discoveries—untraveled territory for the average visitor to Mexico. Dr. Weiant has lived, studied, and worked in Mexico, in the villages as well as in the capital. The entire trip from New York and back lasts forty days; much of the travel will be by motor car. The rate is \$425, first class throughout. The party is limited to twelve members. Address Dr. C. W. Weiant, 55 West Forty-second Street, New York.

A Jewish Youth Tour of Palestine has been arranged under the sponsorship of a committee of prominent Zionists here and abroad. On shipboard Moses Feinstein will lecture on modern Hebrew literature and Jewish history, and there will be a conversation course in Hebrew. The rate is \$360, third class on the ocean. The thirty-six-day stay in Palestine may be shortened to twenty-one days and the time saved spent in Egypt; the cost is the same. Address Rosen Palestine-Oriental Tours, 122 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A party of physicians and their families will visit Soviet Union health resorts and other medical institutions this summer and attend some of the sessions of the International Physiological Congress. There are several rates; the lowest, third class throughout, is \$408.50, for nineteen days in Russia. The ocean crossing includes a voyage through the Mediterranean. Address Amalgamated Bank Travel Department, 11 Union Square, New York.

A group of American dancers will study during July at the Mary Wigman School of the Dance in Dresden. The tour is under the leadership of Virginia Stewart, who has arranged two previous dance tours, and is herself a dancer, teacher, and writer on the modern dance. The rate, including travel expenses third class, most living expenses, and tuition in the

school is \$285. Address Virginia Stewart, 1400 South Santa Anita Drive, Arcadia, California.

A travel opportunity for girls under college age is "Guests in Europe," arranged under the joint auspices of student and cultural organizations here and abroad. Several alternative routes through Europe are offered. A week at a European student vacation center affords opportunity to live and play with foreign students. Of several choices, a typical tour of nearly seven weeks costs \$473, third class. Address The Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL ORGANIZATIONS

Sometimes the unattached traveler wearies of his splendid isolation and wants to throw in his lot with other travelers—not fellow-Americans. There are opportunities if he knows where to find them, and they are generally very inexpensive. The Workers' Travel Association, a non-commercial organization affiliated with the British Labor Party, gives great value for the money. It has no snob appeal; standards of travel are simple. The W. T. A. arranges all sorts of tours, week-ends, and holiday trips in Great Britain as well as on the Continent. For example: "A camping holiday in skiff or punt on the River Thames from Whitsun to the end of September" for two pounds five shillings a week. The Head Office is at Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

The National Union of Students of England and Wales arranges inexpensive walking, hiking, and cycling trips, as well as regular tours, on the Continent with foreign students as guides and hosts. The N. U. S.'s best-developed service is in Austria, where the outdoors is so inviting. American students may join one of the British groups by applying to the National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. Those who prefer to throw in their lot with students of other nationalities may do so by getting in touch with the organization in Austria which collaborates with the N. U. S. in its arrangements for British students. Address Amt für Studentenvanderungen, Schreyvogelgasse 3, Vienna 1, Austria.

EVENTS WORTH REMEMBERING

The best festivals, pardons, processions, and other folk celebrations occur unadvertised, and their exact dates depend upon the harvest and the weather. If a visitor has luck he may stumble on village festivities almost any Sunday by driving out into rural Germany, Austria, Italy, France. But some fixed events occur each summer which carry great interest for the traveler. A few are indicated below.

Brussels World Exhibition, featuring communication, transport, electricity, and radio-electricity, as well as colonial exhibitions. Art exhibitions include paintings from the fifteenth century.

Malvern Festival, England, July 29 to August 24. Plays: Bernard Shaw's "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," Ben Jonson's "Volpone," Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," Arthur Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance," and "1066 and All That," book and lyrics by Reginald Arkell, music by Alfred Reynolds.

Eleventh Haslemere Festival, Surrey, England, July 22 to August 3. Music from the Middle Ages to the eighteenth century played on contemporary instruments. The festival is under the direction of the famous Dolmetsch family, makers of old instruments.

Two-hundred-fifteenth meeting of the Three Choirs Festival, in the Worcester Cathedral, England, September 1 to 6. Choir recital, orchestra and chamber-music concerts.

English Folk Dance Festivals. Information on times and places may be obtained from the English Folk Dance and Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1, London.

Open-Air performances of "William Tell," Interlaken, Switzerland, July 7, 14, 21, 28; August 4, 11, 18, 25; September 1, 8.

Open-Air performances in the Antique Theatre at Carcassonne, France, July 13-15, in celebration of the French Independence Day.

Festivals on the Grand Canal, Venice, June 16 and again November 1. The celebrations, part sacred and part secular, commemorate the deliverance of the city from plagues.

Biennial International Art Exhibition, Venice, includes painting, theater, cinema, music, and classical dancing. All summer.

Theater Festival in Moscow, September 1-10. The program includes productions at the Children's Theater, Puppet Theater, ballet; the sensational "Lady Macbeth of Mensk," an opera which aroused great interest when performed here; Kirshon's "City of Winds," "Egyptian Nights," and other outstanding plays of the Russian theater.

Correspondence

The *American Mercury* Strike

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Because of the Supreme Court's recent decision on the NRA codes, the National Labor Relations Board has dismissed the case of the Office Workers' Union against the *American Mercury*. While this ends the matter officially, the publisher and editor of the magazine, believing that their position in this dispute has been misrepresented throughout, feel it their duty to make a complete statement of the true facts concerning the strike recently called by some of their employees.

The only issue in the strike, from the *Mercury's* point of view, has been the right of its editor to dismiss a confidential employee who had, in his opinion, proved unsatisfactory. The strikers, however, have alleged that they walked out (a) because two of their number were discharged for union activities, and (b) because certain demands they made were not met. An examination of the facts reveals the complete inaccuracy of these allegations.

The charge that two employees were dismissed because of union activities becomes absurd when account is taken of the following:

1. One of the employees, the secretary of the publisher, resigned five days before the strike, and her resignation was accepted.

2. In testimony before the Regional Labor Board, and now of record, the strikers admitted that they had never informed the owners of the *Mercury* of the existence of the union prior to April 29, twenty-four hours before the walk-out. It was also testified that the union had been formed in secret, and that no employee other than those who struck knew of its existence until that date.

3. Documentary proof exists in the office of the New York Times that on April 26 the editor of the *Mercury* sent to the Times an advertisement seeking a "secretary-stenographer for a magazine editor." The employee who was discharged—allegedly for union activities—was the only secretary-stenographer in the office of the editor. It is therefore obvious that this employee could not have been dismissed for union activities, an advertisement for her successor having been inserted in the Times three days before the publisher or editor, according to the strikers' own testimony, knew of the existence of the union.

The second allegation, that all the strikers' demands were

refused by the publisher, also proves inaccurate in view of the following facts:

1. The strikers stated that they were fighting for a minimum wage of \$21 a week. The truth is that only one permanent and one temporary subscription clerk received \$17. The other employees received from \$21 to \$35. Although a \$17 wage was above the NRA minimum and above that paid by most publications for similar work, the *Mercury* agreed to establish a minimum of \$21. The lowest salary now being paid by the magazine is \$21.

2. The strikers stated that they were fighting for two weeks' vacation with pay. The truth is that on presentation of this demand the shop committee was told that their demand was unnecessary because all employees were to be given two weeks' summer vacation with full pay instead of the one week with pay and one without allowed them last year by the former owners of the magazine. The present staff of the *Mercury* will be given vacations this summer on the new basis.

3. The strikers stated that they were fighting for the restoration of pay cuts. The truth is that since the present owners of the *Mercury* bought the magazine in January, 1935, there have been no pay cuts. The last reduction was made by the former owners in April, 1933. In spite of universally unfavorable business conditions, an increase was given to most members of the staff in January, 1934.

4. The strikers stated that they were fighting for recognition of their union and for the principle of collective bargaining. The truth is that when the existence of a union in his office was announced to the publisher, he replied that the *Mercury* would recognize the union and would deal with the shop committee.

These are the incontrovertible facts.

Readers of *The Nation* at this point may well inquire, "Then what was the strike all about?" It is sufficient to reply that the suddenness with which the strike was called, the unfairness of its grounds, the vehemence with which it was pressed, and the impossibility of effecting a settlement in its early stages confirm the owners' belief that a radical group fomented this trouble in an effort to damage the *Mercury* because of its recent swing back from the extreme left position of its last editor to the liberalism which had always been its tradition in the past.

The *Mercury* will continue its liberal policy, regardless of such attacks, whether they come from the extreme left or from the extreme right.

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, Publisher
New York, June 7 PAUL PALMER, Editor

The Labor Board's Decision

[In connection with the foregoing letter, the findings and recommendations of the Regional Labor Board are of interest despite the fact that the recent Supreme Court decision against the NRA has rendered their enforcement impossible. We print them herewith.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

FINDINGS OF FACT

On March 27, 1935, the seven employees of American Mercury, Inc., joined the Office Workers' Union and elected a shop committee consisting of James Coffey and Edith Lustgarten. On Monday, April 29, at 9:30 a. m. this committee presented the business manager and owner of the company, Mr. Lawrence E. Spivak, with a letter setting forth various proposals and making known to the employer the unionization of the staff. These proposals covered vacations, wages, re-

striction of pay cuts, and a demand for recognition of the union. Mr. Spivak asked for time to consider the proposals, which was granted, and the committee returned the following morning. Mr. Spivak then informed the committee that Edith Lustgarten and Leah Epstein were discharged and that he would discuss the proposals with the other workers only after the committee had reported these two discharges to the union membership and upon condition that there would be no discussion of the discharges of Miss Lustgarten and Miss Epstein. He gave the committee forty-five minutes in which to decide if they wished to resume negotiations on that basis.

The workers refused to accept the discharges of their two coworkers, and a strike was called in which all seven employees participated. On May 2 the strikers sent a letter to Mr. Spivak asking for an opportunity to "discuss the reinstatement of the two girls you dismissed, our demands which you yourself said to Mr. Coffey were reasonable, and recognition of the union under Section 7-a of the NIRA."

Later that day Mr. Spivak addressed the following letter to the seven workers: "In spite of your actions, which are hardly compatible with loyalty, I will see Miss Lustgarten and Mr. Coffey, whom you named as your committee, at 5:45 this afternoon." At the appointed time Miss Lustgarten and Mr. Coffey appeared outside Mr. Spivak's office. With them was Miss Gertrude Lane, an organizer for the Office Workers' Union whom they had selected to bargain for them. Mr. Spivak refused to receive the shop committee with Miss Lane, despite their explanation that the employees had all asked that she be present at the conference. Upon his unequivocal refusal to receive the committee with Miss Lane, who was the chosen representative of the workers, the committee left. Repeated efforts of the Regional Labor Board to mediate in the strike have been unavailing.

At the hearing before the Board on May 8 the employers defended the charges of violation of Section 7-a in the discharge of Edith Lustgarten and Leah Epstein, and the refusal to bargain collectively with the chosen representatives of the employees on the following grounds:

1. That the employers had determined on Wednesday, April 25, to discharge Miss Lustgarten and had inserted an advertisement in the *New York Times* of April 28 seeking to replace her. Neither Miss Lustgarten nor Miss Epstein had been informed that this "ad" was being placed.

2. That Miss Epstein had virtually resigned her position in the week prior to the strike.

3. That they had only consented to see the two members of the shop committee on May 2 and the introduction of Miss Lane was unexpected, and that, furthermore, they did not know who she was.

The testimony disclosed that Miss Lustgarten had been in the employ of the firm for twelve years, working practically all of that time under three different editors, all of whom have informed the board that she was competent, adaptable, devoted, and had executed her manifold duties to their satisfaction. Her present employer, Mr. Paul Palmer, stated at the hearing that he had given her no previous intimation that her work was unsatisfactory, other than occasionally returning letters to be corrected.

Miss Epstein, who had been in the employ of the firm for six years with increasing responsibilities, had offered her resignation to Mr. Spivak on April 26 as a result of some friction between them, but the following day he offered to cooperate with her if she would do likewise. Miss Epstein construed this as a basis of understanding as a result of which her resignation was no longer in effect. There had never been any complaint about her work.

The union argues that the advertisement of April 28 from which the names of the employers were omitted, and of which

neither Miss Lustgarten nor Miss Epstein was notified, in no way mitigates the circumstances under which they were notified of their discharge on April 30, the day after their union membership and demands were made known to the employers. The insistence of the employers that these two discharges be accepted before any negotiations be entered upon with the remaining employees is not offset by the advertisement, which in any event may be properly construed as applying only to Miss Epstein. The expressed willingness of the management at the hearing to deal with the union is not in harmony with the singularly inept and antagonistic statement released to the press by Mr. Palmer on the day of the strike, which he stated still represents his views.

FINDINGS

1. The American Mercury, Inc., discharged Edith Lustgarten and Leah Epstein on April 29 under circumstances which can only be interpreted as a threat to the other union employees and was a violation of Section 7-a, as embodied in the Graphic Arts Code.

2. The refusal by the firm on May 2 to receive the shop committee when they were accompanied by the union representative, Miss Lane, constitutes a further violation of Section 7-a.

RECOMMENDATIONS

To restore a condition in harmony with the law the board recommends:

1. That Edith Lustgarten and Leah Epstein, together with the other five employees on strike, be reinstated immediately to their former positions without prejudice and with back pay to April 30, even though such reinstatement necessitates the discharge of employees engaged since the strike.

2. That the Office Workers' Union be recognized as the collective-bargaining agency and that every effort be made by negotiations between the American Mercury, Inc., and the Office Workers' Union to adjust all grievances of the employees.

ENFORCEMENT

Unless the Regional Labor Board receives written notification from the American Mercury, Inc., within three days from date hereof that the above recommendations have been complied with, the case will be forwarded to the National Labor Relations Board for appropriate action.

PAUL BRISSENDEN, Chairman
HOWARD S. CULLMAN, Employer Panel
MARY S. DREIER, Labor Panel

The New Deal and Its Critics

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I make a suggestion—a "constructive" one, if you please—in connection with your articles and editorials on the New Deal? It is this—that you tell us, in each case of any importance, what the point of view of the writer is. You tell us that so-and-so has written a book, is a contributor to magazines, a newspaper correspondent, and the like. But this, though interesting, is hardly important. The position or attitude of the writer, on the other hand, is obviously quite important.

Take Mr. Ward and his attacks on the New Deal and its champions or administrators. His article on Miss Perkins was very offensive, and I imagine you have received many protests against its flippancy, unfairness, and vulgarity. The distinguished social workers I know have great respect for Miss Perkins and believe her to be capable, sincere, and genuinely liberal. Mr. Ward peddled malicious gossip concerning her, and we are entitled to ask what his sources of information really were.

Mr. Ward's articles on Secretary Wallace and Mr. Hopkins are, of course, wholly pointless. Too bad the Secretary is a vegetarian and a religious mystic; but what has that to do with his persistent advocacy of tariff reduction, his able championship of agriculture, his denunciation of plutocracy? Mr. Hopkins has little to do with policy-making; he is a social worker of breadth and vision, and just what Mr. Ward complains of in his case is not clear to anyone who has a wholesome regard for facts. In fine, Mr. Ward is ill-tempered, sensational, and irresponsible. He has thrown no light whatever on the problems and contradictions of the New Deal. He has played into the hands of the bourbons and the sham "rugged individualists." Such tactics are unpardonable in one who professes advanced liberalism and would like to see more vigor, consistency, and courage in the White House.

The New Deal has much to answer for in respect of labor, the consumers, and the little fellows in business. That will be granted by every intelligent liberal. But not all the bitter critics of the New Deal are advanced liberals, or sensible radicals, or consistent and dogmatic Communists. Many of them are reactionaries and fanatical bourbons. Is Mr. Ward writing as a liberal, a radical, or an admirer of Hoover economics?

We don't expect the plutocrats and their servants and tools to like the New Deal, and we know that the Communists and Socialists do not like it. From enlightened and fair-minded liberals or practical and constructive radicals we have the right to expect sane, legitimate, balanced criticism, some appreciation of the difficulties faced by the Administration, a sense of reality and of proportion. Mr. Ward exhibits none of these qualities. *The Nation* is not the *New Masses* or a rabid tory organ; and it should treat the New Deal and the Roosevelt tactics and methods with common sense and a decent regard for the principles of clean controversy.

Chicago, April 12

VICTOR S. YARROS

Gary Cooper's Hussars

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Since the appearance of my article on the Hollywood Hussars in *The Nation* for May 29 I have been advised by Gary Cooper that he has withdrawn from that organization. Mr. Cooper told me that the character of the Hollywood Hussars was grossly misrepresented to him at the time that he consented to be "founder."

Upon investigation into the real purposes and function of the organization he immediately withdrew his membership and support.

Los Angeles, May 29

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Anti-Semitism on the Kungsholm

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of March 20 there was a letter concerning anti-Semitism on the Swedish-American liner Kungsholm.

I was a passenger on the cruise which terminated March 11, 1935. I am a Jew. During this cruise I observed none of the conditions which "Traveler" describes. The Jews were not allotted a section in the dining-room but were distributed freely.

Staterooms were assigned without regard to race. In the various sports conducted aboard ship, Jews competed freely with everyone else entered in the events.

May I add that I found both the cruise directors and the Gentile passengers free from any manifestations of race prejudice?

New York, April 5

LEONARD S. KANDELL

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. EVANS, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. HOLMES, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

- Section I. Bride and Groom
- Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
- Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
- Section IV. Married Courtship
- Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
- Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

- Female Sex Organs, Side View
 - The Internal Sex Organs
 - The External Sex Organs
 - Female Sex Organs, Front View
 - Entrance to Female Genital Parts
 - Male Sex Organs, Side View
 - Male Sex Organs, Front View
 - Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views
- (Detailed explanations accompany charts.)

“From a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly. As a general thing, even in so-called normal coitus, the man considers only himself and not the woman at all.”

COMMENTS

"This book is one of the clearest and most sensible expositions of the *ars amandi*. . . . The importance of the wife's reaching an organism and the technique of insuring that result are emphasized."

—Quarterly Review of Biology

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—Lancet (leading English medical journal)

"Tells the ordinary man and woman what they want to know, simply and directly. I should like to compel everyone—particularly men—to read it (they'd give women a straighter deal if they did)."

—Ethel Mannin in the New Leader

"Deals with the physical and psychological problems of coitus. . . . Can be freely recommended to patients who require guidance in their marital life. . . . It would certainly help men to understand the 'frigid wife'."

—General Practice

"The frank, yet delicate, handling of the subject makes the manual one that a physician may safely suggest."

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Labor and Industry

The Ladies' Auxiliary

By HEYWOOD BROWN

SINCE this seems to be the open season for making suggestions to the American Federation of Labor and other trade-union groups, I have a pet project of my own which I should like to present. It has no merit of novelty. I am only asking unionists to follow the set-up established by scores of large fraternal and religious organizations in this country. The practice which I have in mind must be acceptable to the American temper because it has long endured and been highly successful. I think, in all seriousness, that the A. F. of L. should undertake to organize the wives of union members into some sort of auxiliary organization.

Naturally I am not referring to the thousands of women who are active members of some union or other, although I believe that in spite of recent changes the labor movement in this country has given insufficient recognition to women in the matter of leadership. I also think there has been a lag in organizing industries where the workers are predominantly female. I think of houseworkers specifically, and to a lesser extent the same criticism can be made in regard to the unionizing of office workers. The teachers' union, also, should be much larger.

But these are irrelevant points. What I am speaking of is the organizing of women who keep the home while the trade-union husband works at his craft and is the wage-earner of the family. Surely nobody will deny that the vital factor in a strike is not the striker himself but the striker's wife or the striker's mother. The burden of the battle falls upon those members of the family who put the supper on the table. Naturally I am not ignoring the superb courage which these women have manifested in all the great labor struggles of the country. Not only have they managed to eke out existence with limited resources, or none at all, but they have served on the picket line and spoken at strike meetings to encourage the faint-hearted. In many a strike definite organization of the wives of the men has been accomplished.

But for the most part such set-ups have been temporary. To some extent the woman in the case is asked to take the strike on faith alone. Her husband believes that the cause is right and just and that the time has arrived when the militant move must be made. In too many cases it is considered that this is all she needs to know. This particular proletarian woman is asked to keep her labor knowledge and her labor views solely in her husband's name. I speak of course of the "women's auxiliary" as no mere device for arranging reception committees and attending to other trivia. Labor education on a large scale ought to be conducted for workers' wives. They should have a right to representation at union meetings. Certainly they deserve a voice when strike votes are taken or when new offers or settlements are up for consideration. The miner's wife or the newspaper reporter's wife knows a great deal better than he does just what a cut of \$5 a week is going to mean in the family budget. The question of working hours is of vital import-

ance to her since it so directly affects the entire schedule of the home.

I wish that in mentioning the "reporter's wife" I could say that this was a problem which the Newspaper Guild had solved. Parenthetically I might add that when a woman reporter happens to be the chief breadwinner I think that there might well be some sort of auxiliary to which her husband could belong. In several cities valuable Guild members have been lost because of pressure at home. Indeed, the phrase "a Guild wife" is generally employed by us to indicate somebody who is not too enthusiastic about the entire proposition. And I think that the blame lies less with the "Guild wife" than with the Guild itself. It has not created adequate machinery to acquaint these persons who have a vital stake in Guild activities with the reasons for the organization and its purposes. I know of one Guild wife who met her husband with a jaundiced eye when he came home quite justifiably late after a long and stormy session of the representative assembly in New York. "What does this Guild of yours ever do except meet?" she wanted to know.

It seems to me that the question was a fair one. Many a trade-unionist returns to his loved ones after really important discussion has been heard and action taken and parries their questions. "Well, what happened at the meeting tonight?" the wife of the member inquires. "Oh, just some routine business," he answers. "You wouldn't understand."

Old snobberies and misconceptions which once kept the white-collar worker from taking his proper and needful part in the labor movement are rapidly going down under the flood of facts and the channeling of reason. But this diffidence and false pride may still exist in some white-collar homes. The white-collar wife very often has been denied the chances of education which her husband has had in the laboratory of practical experience. One of the best results of the Newark strike was that it gave an opportunity for the wives of reporters to learn first hand what the fight was all about and the practical necessities which it entailed. The strike committee has testified that out of this group came help of a sort which was invaluable.

Any kind of auxiliary organization which is formed should naturally arrange for contacts with other groups. Newspaper work is only a small section of the labor movement. And that goes for other so-called white-collar groups. I trust that in another year or so the phrase will disappear. It is not helpful since its connotation is a snobbish one. I am prepared to say, speaking for myself and others, that I never noticed that the collars of reporters were particularly white. Still, for the sake of convenience and lacking any other label, I am saying that organizations of white-collar wives should for their own understanding and education be eager to hear the testimony of miners' wives and printers' wives and bricklayers' wives as to the manner in which they are affected by labor problems.

To be sure there are Guild wives who are already far ahead of anything which I have suggested. They tell of one who sat up to hear the news her husband would bring home concerning a strike vote which was to be taken by his newspaper unit. When he returned after midnight she said, "Well, did you vote to strike?"

"No," he replied a little ruefully, "we were talked into accepting a compromise."

"Well, good night to you," said this founding member of the women's auxiliary, "but as far as I'm concerned I should much prefer to have you take the spare bedroom at the end of the hall. Good night!"

The Wagner Labor-Disputes Bill

By JOEL SEIDMAN

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court holding the NIRA unconstitutional has intensified labor's fight for the Wagner labor-disputes bill, which has already passed the Senate and has been favorably reported to the House. The effect of the Schechter decision, however, will be to confine the application of the Wagner bill, if it is passed, to the narrow field of interstate commerce. This will deprive the vast bulk of workers in intrastate commerce and the service trades of any benefits under the bill. Very few workers will be at all affected, and, of these, the railroad workers already enjoy rights superior to those contained in the Wagner proposal. Within these narrow limits the bill seeks (1) to reestablish and make permanent the right to organize and bargain collectively contained in Section 7-a of the NIRA; (2) to embody in permanent legislation some of the better interpretations of that vague and loosely worded section made by the old National Labor Board and later by the National Labor Relations Board; (3) to establish majority rule; and (4) to provide means for prompt and effective enforcement.

The Wagner bill provides prompt enforcement by empowering the board to issue orders similar to those put out by the Federal Trade Commission. Such orders, if disobeyed, may be filed by the board with the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, along with a transcript of the case. The board's findings as to facts, if supported by the evidence, are to be conclusive. Judgment of the Circuit Court can be reviewed only by the United States Supreme Court. So much for the good intentions of the bill. Let us now examine what has been omitted and see whether any provisions can be twisted against labor by unscrupulous administrators or judges.

The most important portion of the bill is Section 7, which defines unfair labor practices. Subsection 1 makes it an unfair labor practice for an employer to "interfere with, restrain, or coerce" employees in the exercise of their rights to organize or bargain collectively. The difficulty here is that "interference," "restraint," and "coercion" are not defined. Does a lockout constitute coercion? Is the employment of strike-breakers restraint? Is it "interference" if spies are placed in the ranks of the workers, or thugs hired during a strike? May injunctions still be obtained, and the police ordered to beat up pickets? Workers know that all of these constitute interference, if not coercion, but our reactionary courts may think differently.

The next section forbids an employer "to dominate or interfere with the formation or administration of any labor organization or contribute financial or other support to it." This provision, aimed at the company union, is likewise

weak, for the courts will probably distinguish between influence and domination, and between advice and interference, and will hold that influence and advice are legal. The extent to which Senator Wagner has compromised on this issue is shown by comparing this section with the much stronger provision of his first bill, introduced March 1, 1934. That draft made it illegal for the employer "to initiate, participate in, supervise, or influence the formation, constitution, by-laws, other governing rules, operations, policies, or elections of any labor organization." Short of abolishing the company union, that proposal went as far as possible. The present one is relatively harmless. What labor really wants, of course, is to have the company union as such made illegal. This would present a minor problem in drafting, for the company union must be outlawed without at the same time outlawing a bona fide union operating in only one plant. The proper wording could be worked out by capable attorneys.

The next provision forbids "discrimination in regard to hire or tenure of employment or any term or condition of employment to encourage or discourage membership in any labor organization." The difficulty with this provision is in proving that a worker who broke a minor rule is actually being fired for union activity; or that, when work is slack, the persons laid off are actually selected because of their union sympathies. In an open shop if a union worker is fired or laid off, that should establish a presumption that union activity was the cause; and the worker should be reinstated unless the employer can conclusively prove that union membership or activity was in no way concerned. There is also the question of the reinstatement of strikers, which is not mentioned in the present bill. The rule as applied by the Labor Relations Board was that they should be reinstated if the employer had violated his obligation to bargain collectively before the strike was called. At least this much should be retained. As the Wagner bill now reads, the board may decide this point against labor—and the courts almost certainly will so decide it.

Another provision makes it an unfair practice for the employer "to refuse to bargain collectively with the representatives of his employees." Once more the language is too vague, for no definition of collective bargaining is attempted. Here again the original Wagner bill contained a much better provision. It made it an unfair practice for an employer to "refuse to recognize and/or deal with representatives of his employees, or to fail to exert every reasonable effort to make and maintain agreements with such representatives concerning wages, hours, and other conditions of employment." In the case of the Connecticut Coke Com-

The Nation

Exposes Fascism— Mr. Gary Cooper Resigns From Hollywood Hussars

In the issue of May 29, *The Nation* published "Hollywood Plays With Fascism" in which Carey McWilliams exposed the new fascist organizations sponsored by Gary Cooper and other Hollywood heroes.

The Los Angeles Post-Record of May 30 contained the following news item:

Gary Cooper, hero of the papier mache battlements, has lain aside his fur shako, his flowing dolman, his glittering saber, his steel-tipped lance with gaily fluttering pennon, and has got down off his horse.

He has withdrawn from the Hollywood Hussars.

This is a blow to the Hollywood Hussars, for the daring soldier of the location deserts of Hermosa Beach and the battlefields of Burbank has been represented in Hussar recruiting publicity as the founder. This publicity hardly jibes with the statement by Cooper upon his retirement from Hollywood military life. He said:

"When I was first approached about this organization, it was represented to me as a select Hollywood social group, devoted to equestrian sports. Shortly after that, I learned it was developing into an institution of national scope with political leanings. Being interested only in sportsmanship and not at all in politics, I had my name removed from the rolls of the organization."

Recent articles in the Post-Record revealed to the public the existence in Hollywood of several organizations of a military nature. . . .

Following publication of these facts in the Post-Record, Carey McWilliams wrote an article that appeared in *The Nation*, a liberal magazine of wide circulation, this week, under the title, "Hollywood Plays With Fascism."

Resignation of Cooper followed closely upon publication of these articles.

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pany, the old National Labor Board thus defined the term:

True collective bargaining involves more than the holding of conferences and the exchange of pleasantries. It is not limited to the settlement of specific grievances. Wages, hours, and conditions of employment may properly be the subject of negotiation and collective bargaining. While the law does not compel the parties to reach agreement, it does contemplate that both parties will approach the negotiations with an open mind and will make a reasonable effort to reach a common ground of agreement.

The board also held that the failure to reduce the agreement to writing was evidence of an unwillingness to bargain collectively.

The bill authorizes the board to investigate controversies and certify to the parties the names of the designated representatives "whenever a question affecting commerce arises concerning the representation of employees." This wording permits the employer to file a case, or the board to act on its own initiative. The current rules are much better, for they assert that only the workers can bring a case before the board. With an unfriendly board the unions will be constantly on the defensive, whereas in the past they appeared before the board only when they desired the board to assume jurisdiction. The power given to the board "to investigate such controversy" before certifying the names of the selected representatives opens the door to all types of control over internal policy.

The bill contains a clause legalizing the closed union shop, provided a majority of the workers desire it. The bill would be considerably improved, however, if it expressly provided that in cases where a majority of the workers desired a closed shop, the employer was bound to concede it.

The proposed board is given exclusive power to prevent any person from engaging in any unfair labor practice. This is far better than the chaotic system of independent and equally impotent boards recently in effect. There is some danger, however, in the use of "person" instead of "employer." The board, similarly, is given the needed power to compel the appearance of witnesses and the production of documents. Here again an element of danger is present, for in unfriendly hands this power might permit an inquisition into internal union affairs.

Section 13 of the bill provides that "nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike." This section must be read, however, in connection with a part of Section 1, which asserts that denial by employers of workers' rights to organize and bargain collectively leads to strikes which burden commerce. "Protection by law of the right to organize and bargain collectively removes this source of industrial unrest and encourages practices fundamental to the friendly adjustment of industrial strife," the bill states. It would be quite possible for an unfriendly board or court, taking these two sections together, to assert that a union must first resort to the board before calling a strike. Such a decision would be disastrous to labor, and could be prevented by clear, unambiguous language.

The bill, obviously, does not and cannot give workers equality of bargaining power with employers. This can be won only by the workers themselves. The chief merit of the bill is that, in a restricted field, it increases somewhat the opportunities for building strong unions.

Books

Pareto's Sociological System

The Mind and Society. By Vilfredo Pareto. Edited by Arthur Livingston, translated by Livingston and Bongiorno. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Four Volumes. \$20.

WERE Pareto alive today he would undoubtedly interpret the noisy reaction provoked by the publication of his work as a confirmation of one of his theorems. It is impossible, he holds, for most people to distinguish between an attempt to acquire knowledge of social processes and action which seeks to modify them. Like most of Pareto's theorems this states a truth at the cost of a more significant truth. So long as we do not confuse the objective implications for practice which a theory has in its relevant field with the subjective purposes in behalf of which it has been projected, the tendency to raise questions concerning the practical import of doctrine is quite healthy. For in that way the meaning of a theory is amplified, and leads are derived by which it may be put to experimental test. But whatever the practical implications of Pareto's doctrines are, they have as little to do with the theory and practice of fascism as the psychology of Pavlov, for example, has to do with the politics of the Russian government at whose hands its author has received honors and rewards. Many of Pareto's doctrines cannot be defended in Italy or Germany without bringing their professors into concentration camps. No matter how many honors Mussolini may have heaped upon Pareto *in absentia*, any talk about Pareto being the ideologist or prophetic apologist of fascism is sheer poppycock.

Pareto's work represents the most ambitious attempt of the twentieth century to construct a scientific system of sociology. "My wish is to construct a system of sociology on the model of celestial mechanics, physics, chemistry." In this brief notice I wish to state Pareto's chief claims and to raise some questions. Although I believe his work represents a brilliant failure, his errors and limitations are more instructive than many a lesser man's truths.

1. *Operationalism in Sociology.* Pareto's most abiding contribution to social thought is his demand that the experimental or operational theory of meaning be applied to a field in which for centuries sonorous phrases have concealed the absence of clear ideas. Whether it is an appeal to "natural law," "the spirit of the times," "the forces of progress," or other shibboleths of the academy or market-place, Pareto mercilessly exposes their multiple ambiguity, vagueness, and emotive connotations. He does not deny their enormous social influence. But their failure to denote specific existential patterns of behavior makes them experimentally *meaningless*. Although they may induce action, they cannot conduce to understanding. Every critical reader will enjoy the deftness with which Pareto lances the inflated proper nouns that figure in most sociological constructions. Unfortunately, Pareto himself does not adhere rigorously to his own principle. His theory of residues suffers, among other things, from his inability to isolate out of different social situations anything that fulfils the definition of a residue as an invariant predisposition to action or belief.

2. *Conception of Scientific Method.* A considerable part of Pareto's treatise is devoted to a fervent plea that the social sciences adopt the methods of the physical sciences and to an illustrative analysis of those methods. This raises two questions: whether such methodological reduction is possible, and whether Pareto's conception of the nature of scientific method is adequate.

Extending a method which he helped introduce into mathe-

matical economics, Pareto argues for the abandonment of a simple cause-effect relation between configurations of events. Instead of saying that certain relations of production are the "cause" of a system of morals or that a determinate form of religious worship is the "effect" of a given geographical milieu, we are to replace the concept of causality with that of interdependence or functional correlation. Since the form of a society is determined by all its elements, if we can assign quantitative indices to these elements and solve the equations describing their interdependence, this would give us exhaustive knowledge of the system. Pareto admits that we cannot assign quantitative indices to the elements, and that even if we could, the equations could not be solved. He would also have to admit that if we were to make any further progress in social studies than the truism that a society is determined by all its elements, we must restrict ourselves to limited phases of social interaction, operate with specific hypotheses, and be content with piecemeal knowledge. But where shall we begin? With what hypotheses? And in what direction and whose cost shall we experiment to test the validity of our hypotheses? And it is precisely at this point that the *normative* element in social theory, which Pareto is so anxious to extrude, enters. At the heart of every social theory, some ideal, value, or preference is to be found which determines not the truth of any body of doctrine but the selection of the central hypotheses whose truth is to be "experimentally" tested in fateful, because irreversible, action.

What strikes one over and over again in Pareto's discussion of scientific method is his underestimation of the nature and role of hypothesis. He asserts that "no study that aims at discovering some uniformity in the relation of social facts can be called useless." He holds that any historical analyses which conjecture "what would have happened had a certain event never occurred are altogether fatuous." He maintains that the assumptions of scientific method about the intelligibility of the world order do not involve any metaphysical presuppositions. These as well as many other beliefs betoken a rather smug and nearsighted empiricism. It would not be difficult to show that for purposes of solving a specific problem some uniformities between facts *must* be dismissed as irrelevant; that unless we could say what would *probably* have occurred if certain events had not taken place, we cannot pretend to understand those events; and that if we probe the basic assumptions of scientific method we uncover a whole nest of metaphysical propositions.

3. *Residues.* According to Pareto the elements which determine the form of a society may be roughly classified into three groups: physical, historical, and internal. Chief among the elements of the third group are residues—a fancy synonym for instincts. They are the most constant elements in human behavior. Specific forms of conduct (derivatives) may vary; so may the theories and beliefs which attend them (derivations). But changes both in conduct and belief are primarily determined by complexes of residues (sentiments) which remain comparatively invariant throughout history. The sociological moral to be drawn is that whoever desires to control human behavior and to make people receptive to new beliefs must appeal not to logic but to sentiment. The only thing new about this celebrated theory of residues is its ponderous classificatory subdivisions and the extravagant claims made for it. Its whole significance is summed up in a sentence tucked away in a long footnote: "The centuries roll by, human nature remains the same." Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct" is, I suppose, the definitive refutation of this favorite theme song of all Tories. It is important to observe, however, that in constructing his theory Pareto violates all the scientific cautions

he urges upon others. Every residue is "inferred out of" ■ specific social and historical milieu. If they are reduced to ■ schedule of biological impulses, the specific *social* forms they take go begging for explanation. If residues are not biological drives, then since they are never found in a pure form but always expressed in various historical traditions, it is extremely hazardous to assert that they have the same role and significance ■ we go from culture to culture. It is very questionable, for example, whether there is anything in human beings which corresponds to a love of power as such. Even if there is, ■ love of power expressed in a desire to win ■ laurel wreath in Greek society is, in origin, form, and effects, sufficiently different from a desire to win ■ prize in the Irish sweepstakes to make us chary of classifying them under the same invariant sentiment. For all his historical erudition Pareto never took ■ *historical* approach to the social facts he considered. This is the fundamental weakness of all his work. He saw that history without social theory is blind. He failed to see that sociology without history is empty.

4. *Derivations*. Derivations is the technical term Pareto uses for what is popularly known as rationalization. Applied to social classes, it is what Marx called ideology. Pareto's insight into the social role of these vital lies goes deep. He attacks as the commonest fallacy of moralists and reformers the assumption that people act as they do because of the beliefs they hold. It is far truer to say that they believe as they do because of the way they behave. Truest of all, according to Pareto, is the proposition that both conduct and belief spring from the same residual root. Derivations are always present except when behavior is purely instinctive or purely logical—and that means almost all the time. Pareto's contention that most of human behavior is non-logical is sound enough. But I cannot help believing that he has underestimated the importance of the fact that men seek, find, and accept "derivations." Pareto admits, but apparently only as an afterthought, that man is a reason-finding animal, too. It should not be hard, with only ■ fraction of the effort Pareto consumed, to establish cases of the opposite sort, to accumulate evidence showing how "reasons" influence human behavior when physical conditions are irrelevant, historical tradition is silent, and interests and residues are deadlocked.

5. *Circulation des élites*. Pareto regards the homogeneity of society as a myth for simpletons. The simplest division Pareto recognizes is the source of one of his most interesting theories. Every society is divided into two classes—a *non-élite* which embraces the lower strata of the population and an *élite* which includes all who enjoy the fruits of recognized excellence. The élite in turn divide into a governing élite and ■ non-governing élite. The governing élite we always have with us. Whenever its members lack qualities of vigor, will, discipline, and readiness to use force, it recruits into its ranks the stronger members of the non-élite. If it fails to do so, the reins of power are torn from its hands by ■ revolution. "History is the graveyard of aristocracies." But aristocracies there will always be. Power may be taken in the name of all; its very nature is such, however, that it must be wielded by ■ few. Pareto seems to enjoy ■ grim satisfaction at the prospect. If this theory is not interpreted as an innocuous truism to the effect that there will always be leaders, it calls for at least two comments. Certain "experiments" remain to be tried which may require us to reinterpret this alleged law. These involve the separation of economic and political power, the destruction of the monopoly of higher education, and the introduction of democratic processes of control into industry. Under such conditions leadership may not involve exploitation or government rest upon special bodies of armed men. Secondly, even if the élite—the lions and foxes together—will always prey upon the sheep, there may be certain institutional

safeguards regulating the number of sheep to be sacrificed and the manner of their selection. And perhaps the sheep will console themselves with the reflection that the wolves, which are sure to be around, may be worse.

One final word of tribute to the editor, Mr. Livingston. The English edition is in every way superior not merely to the French translation but to the original. A paradox? Whoever goes to these four volumes will solve it for himself.

SIDNEY HOOK

Roscoe Conkling

The Gentleman from New York: A Life of Roscoe Conkling.

By Donald Barr Chidsey. Yale University Press. \$4.50.

IT was more than time for ■ new life of Roscoe Conkling. The only previous one, by ■ nephew, was such ■ biased and passionate laudation as to be quite unworthy. This absence of other biographies of Conkling is the more remarkable because of the number of studies of the careers of other men who bulked large in the period in which Conkling made his mark on the politics of New York State and the nation. One reason has doubtless been the cold, unappealing character of the man himself. Mr. Chidsey describes him as ■ handsome, conceited, harsh, narrow-minded, supercilious, and haughty politician, who had "a profound hatred of publicity," who "scorned to reach for the Presidency," and who had "a genius for embroilment." He had no sense of humor, always took himself extremely seriously, despised reformers—though in the Reconstruction days he himself ranked as a radical—and was hated by most people.

On the other hand, he had ■ magnificent presence, was a natural-born and superb orator in the verbose and highfaluting style of his time, was the darling of womankind, whom he loved too well, was an expert pistol shot and boxer, and above all was scrupulously honest, retiring from public life "not merely poor but in debt." At all times a hard worker, he was an excellent lawyer, with an extraordinary ability to move juries to bring in the most patently unjust verdicts. Outwardly his career was just the type the American people admire most: he came from a respectable family, he was graduated from a small but excellent school, studied law, and then by his own merit rose rapidly, his career in this respect paralleling Stephen A. Douglas's very closely. Conkling was admitted to the bar when barely twenty, became district attorney of Oneida County when twenty and a half and mayor of Utica at twenty-eight, and ■ few months later was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket. From then on he was in a field which he adorned and adored, remaining in the House until elected Senator in 1867, which position he held until his sensational resignation in 1881.

With all his research—not too deep apparently—Mr. Chidsey throws little new light upon Conkling's career. For this Conkling himself is in part to blame, for he left practically no biographical material. His only surviving descendant does not even possess his autograph, and the Library of Congress has been unable to find any material about him. The two great periods of Conkling's career are therefore not further illuminated in the volume before us. That is a great pity, because Conkling did play ■ large part in what has been called the "era of hate." Moreover, Mr. Chidsey's volume is spoiled in the eyes of the reviewer because, following plenty of examples, it is written in what is meant to be a snappy newspaper style, utterly out of place in a work which aspires to be taken as serious history. This may be illustrated by the chapter headings themselves. Here are some of them: Such a Handsome Man; He Didn't Like Blaine; The Turkey-Gobbler Strut;

Andy Fights It Out; Poor Horace Greeley. This style may help to sell the book, but it hardly gives assurance that here is the definitive life of Conkling. Nor does the following off-hand disposal of the question of the Senator's relations with the loveliest—and unhappiest—woman in Washington in Reconstruction days: "The human thing to do is to assume that these two dabbled in adultery. The safest and most sensible conclusion, however, is that they were very dear friends"—which is kindly, but hardly final.

So, too, dealing with the tremendous excitement caused by the resignation of both the Senators from New York in their quarrel with President Garfield over patronage, this volume gives us nothing new, though it restates the case clearly. Conkling's action at this time is extremely difficult to explain except on the ground that his vanity betrayed him. He apparently felt sure that he would be immediately reelected and he was not—not even though he abased himself to win back his seat. After that his political career was at an end. He had refused the Chief Justiceship and a Cabinet position, but after that defeat there was nothing left for him in political life. He returned to the law, unsullied in a dreadfully corrupt period, and practiced for seven years, profoundly dreaded by his legal opponents and respected by the whole bar, and finally died as a result of exposure in the great blizzard of 1888 when not yet sixty. It is hard to realize how great a role he played, since he left so few tangibles as a result of his long service in Washington. Nor can we realize how feeling rose to a white heat about him when Garfield was assassinated by a disappointed office-seeker and the blame was largely laid at Conkling's door. But those were days when men still had faith in the future and were not in dire economic straits.

Finally it must be stated in fairness that Mr. Chidsey has tried to hold the scales even as to his subject. He does not seek to make a hero out of him nor does he conceal any of his faults—far from it—as, for example, when he says of him: "Though financially honest, surely he was a political crook—a domineering, thundering, blundering boss, a bully, a tyrant. . . . He was essentially parochial. He was not a really great man, certainly not a great statesman." Harsh and sweeping as this statement is, it still does not convince me that this is the final judgment to be passed upon this extraordinary figure.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Jungle Odyssey

The Vortex. By José Eustasio Rivera. Translated by Earle K. James. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

THIS odyssey of the South American jungles by the Colombian poet and geographer Rivera, having gone through nine Spanish editions, now appears in an English translation. The book depicts the adventures, in the pampas and in the rubber country, of a hot-blooded young poet and the woman whom he has seduced and persuaded to flee with him. The life of the cattle lands, as Rivera describes it, is lawless and primitive enough for any ten-cent movie audience, but when the scene changes to the jungles the megalopolitan reader will protest in unbelieving horror. For as man rapes the jungle, so is the jungle resentful against man, and it undermines his morals as surely as it does his health and his sanity. The pictures of wretchedness, of brutality, that Rivera draws, are difficult to credit; yet so authentic do they seem that it is impossible to doubt them.

The author does not underestimate the importance of the economic motive. It is with the hope of acquiring wealth—enough to get out of the jungle, to buy a farm, to sleep with a white woman—that workers steal and cheat and murder

their companions; the same desires impel the foremen to enslave their men with crooked bookkeeping and induce the arch-knaves, the entrepreneurs, to carry on their civil wars and mass assassinations. But, Rivera remarks sardonically, nobody makes any money out of it. The price of rubber is driven so low that even the bosses are exploited. The only actual gainers are the unthinking users of rubber in the cities, the people who drive automobiles and enjoy the benefits of electricity.

The book is not a particularly well-tailored job. Some fifty pages in the middle section are narrated at second-hand by an incidental character, and, however valuable sociologically, have nothing at all to do with the main plot. The translator's experiment of rendering the pampas and jungle vernacular into American slang is not a happy one; the resulting dialogue is banal, the dropped *g*'s and the *ain't*s are frequently annoying. But these deficiencies do not impair the terrific impact of the book; its indictment of the system which produces a fundamental necessity of modern civilization strikes one like a slash across the face.

JEAN WINKLER

Clown or Comic Poet?

No Thanks. By E. E. Cummings. Gold Eagle Press. \$2.

SYMPATHETIC readers of modern poetry no longer swince at the grammatical acrobatics of E. E. Cummings, at his telescoped word combinations, ritualistic use of slang, or capricious pagination. Today nobody will find these tricks either revolutionary or revolting; they are no longer expressive of a bewildering if delightful disorder but rather of a special and personal kind of order to which the instructed reader has learned to respond. But a poet does not produce most expertly, as some contend, when assured of the sympathy of his audience. Of the new poems collected in "No Thanks" only the satiric poems are up to Cummings's earlier level of performance. There are to be found in the new volume a few love poems and, as is to be expected, numerous attempts at a lyrical justification of what many people still consider unjustifiable joys; but the rhetoric in these idealizations of what is spontaneous in experience is fatally lacking in spontaneity. Only the comic poems are exciting.

Much as I admire Cummings's wit I should like to distinguish it from that of those funmakers who are not only admired but loved. Would it not be possible to distinguish the comic poet from the comedian or professional comic performer and to locate Cummings somewhere between these two types? For though it would be absurd to exclude Cummings from the company of the comic poets, it would be uncritical to ignore that peculiarity in Cummings's comic gift that separates him from them. Nor do I think Cummings would object to the distinction I have made or prefer the company of the comic poets to that of the professional comedians. His tumbling words, gyrating syntax, images of elephants, mice, balloons, clowns, and acrobats were certainly calculated to suggest the professional showman, and so too, is the emphasis he has always laid on grammatical and typographical devices of surprise. I imagine there must be profound resemblance between the experience of Mr. Cummings when meditating a verbal novelty and that of a circus manager dreaming beforetime the unveiling of a new freak. And the value of Cummings's poetry, to me at least, lies in its capacity for bringing the adult reader to that condition of curiosity, breathlessness, and lust to be astonished which a child experiences on his first visit to the circus.

A comic poet, on the other hand, is primarily a critic. His jokes are also analyses, or miraculously suggestive of

analyses. His laughter appears to be wrenched from him by his vision of the absurd. He was not better prepared to laugh at human absurdity than other men. On the contrary he was more helpless before the spectacle of human weakness than most of us are. He did not come among us with an ideal of comic performance which in all his encounters with a defective human nature he was mainly anxious to perfect. Hence the authority of his laughter. We feel that there was no choice for him but to laugh, that his jokes are proportionate to his own need and also the measure of ours. And we sense a mathematically accurate equation between the seriousness of the human weakness he happens to be ridiculing and the perfection of his performance.

With the professional comedian we have a man who wants to make us laugh, who is capable of making us laugh, and who subjugates us to his talent. He may even reveal the most profound of human weaknesses in order to gain his effect, but it was the effect he was after, and only as a by-product of the process of gaining it did he communicate to us any certain knowledge of ourselves. With the clown we have a man with an ideal of comic performance. This is his ultimate. A better joke to the professional comedian means a longer roll of laughter, laughter on the spot which the manager can hear. And the hierarchy of his comic performances is established solely by the accidents of his sensibility.

In this connection one cannot fail to note that Mr. Cummings takes it for granted that he is simply exploiting the human weaknesses he sees, takes it for granted that his satire is equally deadly whether its object is a profound or minor frailty, and that, since to gain an effect is his ultimate, he will, in every case, be sure to do as cleverly as he can.

I would not have it appear that I am trying to build up a one-to-one correspondence between Mr. Cummings and the professional comedian. I am simply trying to underline a tendency, an emphasis in Cummings's poetry which distinguishes the experience behind it from the experience of the comic poet and relates it to the experience of the circus clown. I have no doubt extended the margin of difference between the comic poet and the clown; perhaps their similarities far exceed their differences. And if, to make this distinction, I set forward an over-idealized conception of the comic poet and his function, let it be clearly understood that I in nowise intend the category of professional comedian as a category of blame.

LIONEL ABEL

Labor's Status Today

Labor and the Government. An Investigation of the Role of the Government in Labor Relations by the Twentieth Century Fund. Alfred L. Bernheim, Director of Study. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$2.75.

THIS investigation by the Twentieth Century Fund comes at an opportune time. The use of codes as a means of protecting hours and wages has been rendered ineffective by the decision of the Supreme Court. On the other hand, the Wagner-Connery labor-disputes bill, providing for collective bargaining, has passed the Senate, and has been reported out of the Committee on Labor in the House. The Special Committee which sponsored the investigation and made the recommendations for the legislation includes William H. Davis, former compliance director of the NRA; Henry S. Dennison, formerly chairman of the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA; and William M. Leiserson, chairman of the National Mediation Board (railroads), and formerly secretary of the National Labor Board, of which Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, was chairman.

The growth of trade unions and employers' associations, with the latter's resistance to collective bargaining, are briefly reviewed; company unions are analyzed in some detail; the structure and work of the labor boards are described, as well as the labor provisions of the codes; and the problems of collective bargaining and government intervention in labor disputes are discussed. Out of the tentative and confused efforts of the government to provide a machinery for settling industrial disputes, and of the last three administrations to protect and foster labor organizations without interference, a recognition has grown of the need of collective bargaining and of the correlative necessity of the majority rule. Most of the recommendations of the committee are embodied in Senator Wagner's bill. They had been independently completed at about the same time that the bill was drafted.

The analysis of company unions is illuminating. As an agency of collective bargaining a company union, irrespective of its organization or the degree to which it is controlled by the employer, is necessarily inadequate, for collective bargaining connotes diversity as well as identity of interest; and a company union lacks the bargaining strength of an independent trade union. It is isolated industrially and spiritually, tied to management, without dues or strike benefits, and, above all, represented by men who can never forget that they will lose their jobs if they bargain too vigorously. In practice company unions are usually advisory bodies, without technical help or independent leadership, unfamiliar with competing market areas, adequate only to dispose of individual grievances. And that, of course, is why they are so popular among industrialists. Most employers do not want their powers challenged or balanced by the unified strength of labor; they do not wish to deal with "outsiders"; and, above all, they are opposed to the collective bargaining which is calculated to achieve collective agreements. They do not see why anyone should dictate to them what they should "give" their employees. They are glad to listen to "individual grievances"; and company unions furnish an adequate machinery for the handling of such grievances. There is hardly an employer, summoned before the labor boards, who does not refer to his employees in their relations to him as a "happy family." Perhaps this sentimental approach is peculiar to a country which still disguises the ruthlessness of its frontier outlook in such sweetened twaddle. And the company union, like the professional strike-breaking agency, "is a phenomenon peculiar to this country."

The book summarizes the work of the various labor boards in the past two years, with their vaguely defined structure, conflicting jurisdiction, and inadequate powers. For a while the National Labor Board was successful in mediation and conciliation. Its powers to hold elections proved ineffective, since it could not subpoena payrolls; and when this power was given to its successor, the National Labor Relations Board, the employers, under the practice allowing them a right to appeal from election orders, hung up the elections in the courts. Where elections were held under the auspices of all the boards, with one exception the percentage of voting which ran in favor of the trade unions was 67.5 per cent, 30 per cent for some form of company union or employee representation plan, and 2.5 per cent for individual or "other" form of representation. The Automobile Labor Board was the exception, with the corresponding percentages 12 per cent, 11.4 per cent, and 76.6 per cent. Of the several reasons given for this striking difference in result the chief is that in the automobile elections the voting was for individuals whose affiliation was not stated, as was pointed out by Dr. Leiserson in an article in *The Nation*.

The Program of Action, the last chapter, is a lucid and vigorous statement of principles and suggestions. "The effective development of collective bargaining presents, we believe, the most immediately pressing problem in the relation of the

federal government to labor." This approach "should be the keystone of the government's labor policy, in order that there may now be introduced some rough measure of equality into the bargaining power of employers and employees." The creation of a Federal Labor Commission is advocated, "independent of any department of the government." Stress is laid on the desirability of separating all federal mediation and conciliation in labor disputes from the administration of labor law. This may, I think, be questioned, in view of the competent work of the Regional Labor Boards in settling cases, without affecting the development of a body of labor law by the National Board. There is always the danger of mediation's slowing the disposition of the complaints and weakening the position of the unions. But the problem cannot be treated academically, with a rigid theoretic separation. The answer will emerge from experience. I believe that it is an administrative problem rather than a matter of principle. And I have begun to suspect separation of powers!

FRANCIS BIDDLE

An Academic "Disaster"

Myself. By John R. Commons. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, last autumn, there came from the press two books—one big, one little—by the dean of American labor economists, John R. Commons. The big book is called "Institutional Economics." It is full of theories of value, transactions, and "going concerns," but almost empty of institutions. The little book, wholly without institutional pretensions, sets out the development of the institution that is—Commons.

For thirty years Professor Commons has been teaching economics at the University of Wisconsin. Before coming to Wisconsin he had been for relatively short periods on the faculties of Wesleyan, Oberlin, Indiana, and Syracuse. Before that he had been an investigator of labor and industrial conditions for the Civic Federation and the United States Industrial Commission, which he considers to have been "the first governmental agency to bring together a staff of trained economists." "It was," he remarks, "the original 'brain trust.'" Still earlier he had been a teacher in a country school (from which "I had to resign in three months . . . vowing that never again would I teach"); an itinerant vendor of subscriptions to the *Christian Union* ("never a subscription did I take . . . I was a cold, wet failure"); a working printer; a student at Oberlin, from which institution he was graduated in 1888, after what he describes as a "bad" record, "by the indulgence of my professors"; a graduate student at the Johns Hopkins University, where, when he undertook to pinch-hit for Professor Richard T. Ely in his John Stuart Mill course, "the boys floored me and I considered myself a disaster" and where "I failed completely on a history examination . . . and never reached the degree of Ph.D. . . . but [where] I learned a lot about political economy."

Professor Commons was at Wesleyan only one year. "Three months before the year was ended," Commons writes, "President Raymond notified me that I would not be needed the next year, because I was a failure as a teacher." He goes on:

I determined, on being dismissed from Wesleyan, that I would spring on my students all of my inconsistencies, all of my doubts of economic theory, all of my little schemes for curing economic, political, and sociological disease. Perhaps that would interest them. And it did. Henceforth for more than forty years, they could see that I was not an authority, did not know much of anything, but was getting ideas from them and incorporating their ideas into mine. . . . My subject matter was prosperity and

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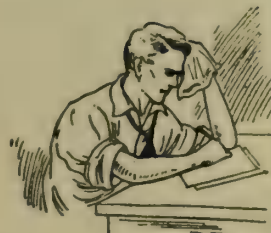
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depression; unions and unemployment; schemes that I was working on at the time; what the business men, farmers, laborers, politicians were doing about it; what the economists' theories would lead them to do; what I would do and you would do; and how we would justify it, if we could.

The candor with which John R. Commons, the recipient of three honorary LL.D. degrees, former member of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission, and of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, former president of the American Economic Association, teacher of college students and of legislators and leader of American labor economists, relates these early episodes is a little disconcerting. One knows that he is over-modest. Yet there is truth in Professor Commons's protestations about his career as a teacher. His genius is not that of rousing the undergraduate "rabble" from the college lecture platform; nor is it precisely that of the Socratic question poser, though it is akin to it. His gift, it seems, is that of an inciting, contagious, and persistent curiosity—a questing eagerness to investigate. Advanced students were his collaborators on the job; students in his classes got, not systematic lectures but, "regardless of logical sequence," the budget of project-items, questions posed, methods of inquiry, progress reports, reviews of findings, and interpretations of results involved in the investigation that happened to be under headway with him at the moment. And one wonders whether this also is not teaching. At any rate this remarkable man without a Ph.D. has been the inciting cause and inspiration of many doctor's dissertations by his younger coworkers; some of these have been nearly as good—and this is saying much—as his own work. To the same man belongs no little share of the credit for the signal record of economic progress that has been achieved in the state of Wisconsin, and for the repercussions of the "Wisconsin idea" throughout the nation. Academic "disasters" like John R. Commons are, unhappily, so rare that we tend to make heroes of them.

P. F. BRISSENDEN

Shorter Notices

Ladies Whose Bright Eyes. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

For obvious reasons, "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" calls to mind Mark Twain's story of the Connecticut Yankee. It concerns a hard-fisted British publisher who emerges from a twentieth-century train wreck to find himself wandering about the English countryside in the year 1326. The denizens of that century and neighborhood mistake him for a Greek slave coming from the Crusades to the home of his dead master, bearing with him the gold cross of St. Joseph of Arimathea. Since the able-bodied men are absent, fighting either for the Holy Sepulcher or for Queen Isabella in her Scottish wars, the ladies welcome the pilgrim, and, quite literally, take him to their bosoms. Abbesses and noblewomen squabble over the disposition of his cross and person, until at last a tournament of women is fought to decide the question. When his true love wins the tournament, overcoming not only ladies but a full-sized knight, Mr. Sorrell begins to regain consciousness in a hospital where a nurse has the face of his medieval lady. Unlike Mark Twain's classic, Mr. Ford's work does not altogether rely on the comedy of anachronism for its effects, and, indeed, the novel reaches its lowest points when its hero answers medieval French with modern slang. At its best, Mr. Ford's achievement is this: that within the framework of a humorous fable, he has recreated, with erudition and pleasant nicety of detail, the rhythm, the touch, and the smell of fourteenth-century England.

"Nothing Like Leather." By V. S. Pritchett. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Chronicling the rise of Matthew Burkle from an office boy in a tannery to a war-time profiteer, "Nothing Like Leather" redeems its sluggishness and its occasional affectations by a deep insight into human character and a sensuous warmth of language. Although Pritchett once held a job in a tannery, he seems to have neglected to study its workings from the inside, and is interested less in social than in psychological conflict. Henrietta, whose life is a series of accumulated frustrations, finally blossoms into a womanhood whose sharp edges have been softened down through love. Matthew Burkle, unaware of Henrietta's disappointments, envies her, and in her the ownership of the tannery. Yet he cheats her of sexual fulfillment as he cheats his wife of moral satisfaction. Pritchett has depicted with accuracy and skill Burkle's acquisitiveness, his naive and contradictory gropings into the folds of his own mind. In the end Burkle drowns in a tanning pit, caught in the tannery forever by death, as he was caught in it during life. This conclusion, however fitting, too fitting perhaps, has a ludicrous rather than a pathetic quality. Nevertheless, "Nothing Like Leather" has a resilience and an aliveness generally lacking in the recent English novel.

Low Ceiling. By Lincoln Kirstein. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Lincoln Kirstein's poems are highly intellectual. They lack therefore the immediate appeal of sensuous and emotional verse. But because this poet is entirely sincere and technically very expert, his long inner arguments are interesting. His is the position of the aesthete who finds he must accept the transition to a new society. Old values, traditional literature impede him. Like the younger English poet—by whom, doubtless, he is influenced—he looks toward the communist vision of a new world. He sees, however, the destruction necessary before the vision becomes reality. As a poet he analyzes his own state of mind and the state of the decaying civilization around him. Usually Mr. Kirstein's method is the expansion of a thought or an image into all its intellectual ramifications. Each observation calls up its opposite and its affiliated ideas. In scholarly and critical language he states each predicament the intellectual of today must find himself lodged in. The pros and the cons are all given. The result is that Mr. Kirstein's reader will be more fascinated by the complexity of his mind than by the rarely portrayed emotional drama of his verse.

Contributors to This Issue

SAMUEL GRAFTON is on the staff of the *New York Post*. CAREY MCWILLIAMS, a California lawyer, is the author of a biography of Ambrose Bierce.

SASSOON G. WARD is the pseudonym of a newspaperman who writes extensively on financial subjects.

EDNA BRAND MANN is at present psychologist of the Women's House of Detention in New York.

JOEL SEIDMAN is instructor in labor history at Brookwood College.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is director of the travel bureau The Open Road.

SIDNEY HOOK is assistant professor of philosophy at New York University.

LIONEL ABEL contributes reviews to various literary periodicals.

FRANCIS BIDDLE is chairman of the National Labor Relations Board.

P. F. BRISSENDEN is a member of the Economics Department of Columbia University.

